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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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**img: 1-a**  
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img: 1-b  
sig: A1r

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 fload:

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 approach,  
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,

*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'care,  
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 coniuratæ 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 ioyntly 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 deuice,  
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 ranks.  
wln 0141                   But *Don Rogero* worthy man of warre,

Marcht



*The Spanish Tragedie.*

wln 0142 Marcht forth against him with our Musketiers,  
wln 0143 And stopt the mallice of his fell approach.  
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 & cuspidе 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  
wln 0229  
wln 0230  
wln 0231  
wln 0232  
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wln 0242  
wln 0243  
wln 0244  
wln 0245  
wln 0246  
wln 0247  
wln 0248  
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 dismist,  
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  
wln 0267  
wln 0268  
wln 0269  
wln 0270  
wln 0271  
wln 0272  
wln 0273  
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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,

Infort 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  
wln 0298  
wln 0299  
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wln 0314  
wln 0315  
wln 0316  
wln 0317  
wln 0318  
wln 0319  
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 chiualrie.

*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.*

B2

Yes,

*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 enuies 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 0400

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

wln 0401

*Villuppo* follow vs for thy reward.

Exit *Vice*.

wln 0402

*Villup.* Thus haue I with an enuious forged tale,

wln 0403

Deceiued the King, betraid mine enemy,

wln 0404

And hope for guerdon of my villany.

*Exit.*

wln 0405

Enter *Horatio* and *Bel-imperia*.

wln 0406

*Bel.* Signior *Horatio*, this is the place and houre,

wln 0407

Wherein I must intreat thee to relate,

wln 0408

The circumstance of *Don Andreas* death:

wln 0409

Who liuing was my garlands sweetest flower,

wln 0410

And in his death hath buried my delights.

wln 0411

*Hor.* For loue of him and seruice to your selfe,

wln 0412

I nill refuse this heauy dolefull charge.

wln 0413

Yet teares and sighes, I feare will hinder me.

wln 0414

When both our Armies were enioynd in fight.

wln 0415

Your worthie chiuallier amidst the thikst,

wln 0416

For glorious cause still aiming at the fairest,

wln 0417

Was at the last by yong *Don Balthazar*,

wln 0418

Encountred hand to hand: their fight was long,

wln 0419

Their harts were great, their clamours menacing,

wln 0420

Their strength alike, their strokes both dangerous.

wln 0421

But wrathfull *Nemesis* that wicked power,

wln 0422

Enuying at *Andreas* praise and worth,

wln 0423

Cut short his life to end his praise and woorth.

wln 0424

She, she her selfe disguisde in armours maske,

wln 0425

(As *Pallas* was before proud *Pergamus*.)

wln 0426

Brought in a fresh supply of Halberdiers,

wln 0427

Which pauncht his horse and dingd him to the ground,

wln 0428

Then yong *Don Balthazar* with ruthles rage,

wln 0429

Taking aduantage of his foes distresse,

wln 0430

Did finish what his Halberdiers begun,

wln 0431

And left not till *Andreas* life was done.

wln 0432

Then though too late incenst with iust remorse,

wln 0433

I with my band set forth against the Prince,

wln 0434

And brought him prisoner from his Halberdiers.

wln 0435

*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  
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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  
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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 deuse 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 deuse 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 faouours 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.

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 enjoy our right.

*The Spanish Tragedie.*

wln 0546  
wln 0547  
wln 0548

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

wln 0549  
wln 0550  
wln 0551

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

wln 0552  
wln 0553  
wln 0554

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

wln 0555  
wln 0556

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

wln 0557  
wln 0558  
wln 0559

Was English *Robert* Earle of Glocester,  
Who when king *Stephen* bore sway in Albion,  
Arriued with fiue and twenty thousand men,

wln 0560  
wln 0561

In Portingale, and by successe of warre,  
Enforced the King then but a Sarasin,  
To beare the yoake of the English Monarchie.

wln 0562  
wln 0563  
wln 0564

*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.

wln 0565  
wln 0566

But say *Hieronimo*, what was the next?

wln 0567  
wln 0568

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

wln 0569  
wln 0570  
wln 0571

Was *Edmond* Earle of Kent in Albion,  
When English *Richard* wore the Diadem.  
He came likewise and razed Lisbon walles,

wln 0572  
wln 0573  
wln 0574

And tooke the King of Portingale in fight:  
For which, and other such like seruice done,  
He after was created Duke of Yorke.

wln 0575  
wln 0576  
wln 0577

*King.* This is another speciall argument,  
That Portingale may daine to beare our yoake,  
When it by little England hath beene yoakt:

wln 0578  
wln 0579

But now *Hieronimo* what were the last?

wln 0580  
wln 0581

*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

As by his Scutchin plainely may appeare.

wln 0583

He with a puissant armie came to Spaine,

wln 0584

And tooke our King of Castile prisoner.

wln 0585

*Embass.* This is an argument for our Viceroy,

wln 0586

That Spaine may not insult for her successe,

wln 0587

Since English warriours likewise conquered Spaine,

wln 0588

And made them bow their knees to Albion.

wln 0589

*King.* *Hieronimo*, I drinke to thee for this deuise.

wln 0590

Which hath pleasde both the Ambassador and me:

wln 0591

Pledge me *Hieronomo*, if thou loue the King.

wln 0592

Takes the Cup of *Horatio*.

wln 0593

My Lord, I feare we sit but ouer-long.

wln 0594

Vnlesse our dainties were more delicate.

wln 0595

But welcome are you to the best we haue.

wln 0596

Now let vs in that you may be dispatcht,

wln 0597

I think our councill is already set.

wln 0598

*Exeunt omnes.*

wln 0599

*Andrea.*

wln 0600

Come we for this from depth of vnder ground,

wln 0601

To see him feast that gaue me my deaths wound?

wln 0602

These pleasant sights are sorrow to my soule,

wln 0603

Nothing but league, and loue and banqueting?

wln 0604

*Reuenge.*

wln 0605

Be still *Andrea* ere we goe from hence,

wln 0606

Ile turne their freendship into fell despight,

wln 0607

Their loue to mortall hate, their day to night,

wln 0608

Their hope into dispaire, their peace to warre,

wln 0609

Their ioyes to paine, their blisse to miserie.

wln 0610

Actus Secundus.

wln 0611

Enter *Lorenzo* and *Balthazar*.

wln 0612

*Lorenzo.*

wln 0613

MY Lord, though *Bel-imperia* seeme thus coy,

wln 0614

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 disdain,  
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  
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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 reposeth 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

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

wln 0690

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

wln 0691

*Lor.* What villaine ifs and ands?

wln 0692

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

wln 0693

*Balthazar* starts back.

wln 0694

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

wln 0695

*Ped.* Euen him my Lord.

wln 0696

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

wln 0697

And thou shalt finde me kinde and liberall:

wln 0698

Stand vp I say, and feareles tell the truth.

wln 0699

*Ped.* She sent him letters which my selfe perusde,

wln 0700

Full fraught with lines and arguments of loue,

wln 0701

Preferring him before Prince *Balthazar*.

wln 0702

*Lor.* Swear on this crosse, that what thou saiest is true,

wln 0703

And that thou wilt conseale what thou hast tolde.

wln 0704

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

wln 0705

*Lor.* In hope thine oath is true, heeres thy reward,

wln 0706

But if I proue thee periurde and vniust,

wln 0707

This very sword whereon thou tookst thine oath,

wln 0708

Shall be the worker of thy tragedie.

wln 0709

*Ped.* What I haue saide is true, and shall for me,

wln 0710

Be still conceald from *Bel-imperia*.

wln 0711

Besides your Honors liberalitie,

wln 0712

Deserues my duteous seruice, euen till death.

wln 0713

*Lor.* Let this be all that thou shalt doe for me,

wln 0714

Be watchfull when, and where these louers meete,

wln 0715

And giue me notice in some secret sort.

wln 0716

*Ped.* I will my Lord.

wln 0717

*Lor.* Then shalt thou finde that I am liberall,

wln 0718

Thou knowst that I can more aduaunce thy state

wln 0719

Then she, be therefore wise and faile me not.

wln 0720

Goe and attend her as thy custome is,

wln 0721

Least absence make her think thou doost amisse.

wln 0722

Exit *Pedringano*.

wln 0723

Why so: *T am armis quam ingenio*:

wln 0724

Where words preuaile not, violence preuailes.

wln 0725

But



*The Spanish tragedie.*

wln 0726

But golde doth more then either of them both.

wln 0727

How likes Prince *Balthazar* this stratageme?

wln 0728

*Bal.* Both well, and ill: it makes me glad and sad:

wln 0729

Glad, that I know the hinderer of my loue,

wln 0730

Sad, that I feare she hates me whome I loue.

wln 0731

Glad, that I know on whom to be reueng'd,

wln 0732

Sad, that sheele flie me if I take reuenge.

wln 0733

Yet must I take reuenge or dye my selfe,

wln 0734

For loue resisted growes impatient.

wln 0735

I think *Horatio* be my destinde plague,

wln 0736

First in his hand he brandished a sword,

wln 0737

And with that sword he fiercely waged warre,

wln 0738

And in that warre he gaue me dangerous wounds,

wln 0739

And by those wounds he forced me to yeeld,

wln 0740

And by my yeelding I became his slaue.

wln 0741

Now in his mouth he carries pleasing words,

wln 0742

Which pleasing wordes doe harbour sweet conceits,

wln 0743

Which sweet conceits are lim'd with slie deceits,

wln 0744

Which slie deceits smooth *Bel-imperias* eares,

wln 0745

And through her eares diue downe into her hart,

wln 0746

And in her hart set him where I should stand.

wln 0747

Thus hath he tane my body by his force,

wln 0748

And now by sleight would captiuat my soule:

wln 0749

But in his fall ile tempt the destinies,

wln 0750

And either loose my life, or winne my loue.

wln 0751

*Lor.* Lets goe my Lord, your staying staies reuenge,

wln 0752

Doe you **hut** follow me and gaine your loue,

wln 0753

Her fauour must be wonne by his remooue.

Exeunt.

wln 0754

Enter *Horatio* and *Bel-imperia*.

wln 0755

*Hor.* Now Madame, since by fauour of your loue,

wln 0756

Our hidden smoke is turnd to open flame:

wln 0757

And that with lookes and words we feed our thought

wln 0758

Two chiefe contents, where more cannot be had.

wln 0759

Thus in the midst of loues faire blandishments,

wln 0760

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.*

*The Spanish tragedie.*

wln 0798                   *Bal.* Ambitious villaine, how his boldenes growes!  
wln 0799                   *Bel,* Then be thy fathers pleasant bower the field,  
wln 0800                   Where first we vovd a mutuall amitie:  
wln 0801                   The Court were dangerous, that place is safe:  
wln 0802                   Our howre shalbe when *Vesper* ginnes to rise,  
wln 0803                   That summons home distresfull trauellers.  
wln 0804                   There none shall heare vs but the harmeles birds.  
wln 0805                   Happelie the gentle Nightingale,  
wln 0806                   Shall carroll vs a sleepe ere we be ware.  
wln 0807                   And singing with the prickle at her breast,  
wln 0808                   Tell our delight and mirthfull dalliance.  
wln 0809                   Till then each houre will seeme a yeere and more.  
wln 0810                   *Hor.* But honie sweet, and honorable loue.  
wln 0811                   Returne we now into your fathers sight,  
wln 0812                   Dangerous suspition waits on our delight.  
wln 0813                   *Lor.* I, danger mixt with ielous despite,  
wln 0814                   Shall send thy soule into eternall night.

*Exeunt.*

wln 0815                                   Enter *King of Spaine, Portingale Embassadour,*  
wln 0816   *Don Ciprian, &c.*

wln 0817                   *King.* Brother of Castile, to the Princes loue:  
wln 0818                   What saies your daughter *Bel-imperia*?  
wln 0819                   *Cip.* Although she coy it as becomes her kinde,  
wln 0820                   And yet dissemble that she loues the Prince:  
wln 0821                   I doubt not I, but she will stoope in time.  
wln 0822                   And were she froward, which she will not be,  
wln 0823                   Yet heerein shall she follow my aduice,  
wln 0824                   Which is to loue him or forgoe my loue.  
wln 0825                   *King,* Then Lord Embassadour of Portingale,  
wln 0826                   Aduise thy King to make this marriage vp,  
wln 0827                   For strengthening of our late confirmed league,  
wln 0828                   I know no better meanes to make vs freends.  
wln 0829                   Her dowry shall be large and liberall,  
wln 0830                   Besides that, she is daughter and halfe heire,  
wln 0831                   Vnto our brother heere *Don Ciprian,*  
wln 0832                   And shall enioy the moitie of his land.  
wln 0833                   Ile grace her marriage with an vnckles gift,

D

And

*The Spanish Tragedie.*

wln 0834

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.

wln 0835

wln 0836

wln 0837

wln 0838

*Embas.* Ile make the motion to my soueraigne Liege,  
And worke it if my counsaile may preuaile.

wln 0839

wln 0840

wln 0841

wln 0842

wln 0843

*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.

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

*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.

*Exit*

*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 affords,  
Endeuour you to winne your daughters thoughts,  
If she giue back, all this will come to naught.

*Exeunt.*

wln 0867

wln 0868

wln 0869

Enter *Horatio*, *Bel-imperia*, and *Pedringano*.

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

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  
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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 ieous 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 0907 *Hor.* But first my lookes shall combat against thine.

wln 0908 *Bel.* Then ward thy selfe, I dart this kisse at thee.

wln 0909 *Hor.* Thus I retort the dart thou threwst at me.

wln 0910 *Bel.* Nay then to gaine the glory of the field,  
wln 0911 My twining armes shall yoake and make thee yeeld.

wln 0912 *Hor.* Nay then my armes are large and strong with:  
wln 0913 Thus Elmes by vines are compast till they fall.

wln 0914 *Bel.* O let me goe, for in my troubled eyes,  
wln 0915 Now maist thou read that life in passion dies.

wln 0916 *Hor.* O stay a while and I will dye with thee,  
wln 0917 So shalt thou yeeld, and yet haue conquerd me.

wln 0918 *Bel.* Whose there *Pedringano*? we are betraide.

wln 0919 Enter *Lorenzo, Balthazar, Cerberin, Pedringano,*  
wln 0920 disguised.

wln 0921 *Lor.* My Lord away with her, take her aside,

wln 0922 O sir forbear, your valour is already tride.

wln 0923 Quickly dispatch my maisters,

wln 0924 *Thy* hang him in the Arbor.

wln 0925 *Hor.* What will you murder me?

wln 0926 *Lor.* I thus, and thus, these are the fruits of loue.

wln 0927 They stab him.

wln 0928 *Bel.* O saue his life and let me dye for him,

wln 0929 O saue him brother, saue him *Balthazar*:

wln 0930 I loued *Horatio* but he loued not me.

wln 0931 *Bal.* But *Balthazar* loues *Bel-imperia*.

wln 0932 *Lor.* Although his life were still ambitious proud,

wln 0933 Yet is he at the highest now he is dead.

wln 0934 *Bel.* Murder, murder, helpe *Hieronimo* helpe.

wln 0935 *Lor.* Come stop her mouth away with her. *Exeunt.*

wln 0936 Enter *Hieronimo* in his shirt, &c.

wln 0937 *Hiero.* What out cries pluck me from my naked bed,

wln 0938 And chill my throbbing hart with trembling feare,

wln 0939 Which neuer danger yet could daunt before.

wln 0940 Who cals *Hieronimo*? speak, heere I am:

wln 0941 I did not slumber, therefore twas no dreame,

No,

*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 griefe, 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  
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wln 1000  
wln 1001  
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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 betraid:  
Ile kisse thee now, for words with teares are staine.

*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

*Noster in extincto moriatur pectora sensus:*

wln 1016

*Ergo tuos oculos nunquam (mea vita) videbo.*

wln 1017

*Et tua perpetuus sepeliuit lumina somnus:*

wln 1018

*Emoriar tecum Sic, sic iuuat ire sub vmbras,*

wln 1019

*Attamen absistam properato cedere **letho**,*

wln 1020

*Ne mortem vindicta tuam **tam** nulla sequatur.*

wln 1021

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

wln 1022

*Andrea.*

wln 1023

Broughtst thou me hether to increase my paine?

wln 1024

I lookt that *Balthazar* should haue been slaine:

wln 1025

But tis my freend *Horatio* that is slaine,

wln 1026

And they abuse faire *Bel-imperia*.

wln 1027

**Or** whom I doted more then all the world,

wln 1028

Because she lou'd me more then all the world.

wln 1029

*Reuenge.*

wln 1030

Thou talkest of haruest when the corne is greene,

wln 1031

The end is crowne of euery worke well done:

wln 1032

The Sickle comes not till the corne be ripe.

wln 1033

Be still, and ere I lead thee from this place,

wln 1034

Ile shew thee *Balthazar* in heauy case.

wln 1035

Actus Tertius.

wln 1036

Enter *Viceroy* of Portingale, *Nobles*, *Alexan-*

wln 1037

*dro*, *Villuppo*.

wln 1038

*Viceroy.*

wln 1039

INfortunate condition of Kings,

wln 1040

Seated amidst so many helpeles doubts:

wln 1041

First we are plast vpon extreamest height,

wln 1042

And oft supplanted with exceeding heat,

wln 1043

But euer subiect to the wheele of chance?

wln 1044

And at our highest never ioy we so,

wln 1045

As we both doubt and dread our ouerthrow.

wln 1046

So striueth not the waues with sundry winds,

wln 1047

As fortune toyleth in the affaires of kings,

That

*The Spanish tragedie.*

wln 1048 That would be feard, yet feare to be beloued,  
wln 1049 Sith feare or loue to Kings is flatteries  
wln 1050 For instance Lordings, look vpon your King,  
wln 1051 By hate depriued of his dearest sonne,  
wln 1052 The onely hope of our successiue line.

wln 1053 *Nob.* I had not thought that *Alexandros* hart,  
wln 1054 Had beene enuenomde with such extreame hate:  
wln 1055 But now I see that words haue seuerall workes,  
wln 1056 And theres no credit in the countenance.

wln 1057 *Vil.* No, for my Lord, had you behelde the traine,  
wln 1058 That fained loue had coloured in his lookes,  
wln 1059 When he in campe consorted *Belthazar*:  
wln 1060 Farre more inconstant had you thought the Sunne,  
wln 1061 That howerly coasts the center of the earth,  
wln 1062 Then *Alexandros* purpose to the Prince.

wln 1063 *Vice.* No more *Villuppo*, thou hast said enough,  
wln 1064 And with thy words thou slaiest our wounded thoughts.  
wln 1065 Nor shall I longer dally with the world:  
wln 1066 Procrastinating *Alexandros* death:  
wln 1067 Goe some of you and fetch the traitor forth,  
wln 1068 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.

wln 1071 *Alex.* But in extreames, what patience shall I vse?  
wln 1072 Nor discontents it me to leaue the world,  
wln 1073 With whome there nothing can preuaile but wrong.

*Nob.* Yet hope the best.

wln 1076 *Alex.* Tis Heauen is my hope.  
wln 1077 As for the earth it is too much infect,  
wln 1078 To yeeld me hope of any of her mould.

wln 1079 *Vice.* Why linger ye? bring forth that daring feend,  
wln 1080 And let him die for his accursed deed

wln 1081 *Alex.* Not that I feare the extremitie of death,  
wln 1082 For Nobles cannot stoop to seruile feare.  
wln 1083 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  
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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

img: 18-b  
sig: E2r

*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 murtherer,  
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.

wln 1182 Whats heere? a letter, tush, it is not so,  
wln 1183 A Letter written to *Hieronimo*.

**Red incke.**

wln 1184 *Bel.* For want of incke receiue this bloudie writ,  
wln 1185 Me hath my haples brother hid from thee,  
wln 1186 Reuenge thy selfe on *Balthazar* and him,  
wln 1187 For these were they that murdred thy Sonne.  
wln 1188 *Hieronimo*, reuenge *Horatios* death,  
wln 1189 And better fare then *Bel-imperia* doth.

wln 1190 *Hiero* What meanes this vnexpected miracle?  
wln 1191 My Sonne slaine by *Lorenzo* and the Prince.  
wln 1192 What cause had they *Horatio* to maligne?  
wln 1193 Or what might mooue thee *Bel-imperia*,  
wln 1194 To accuse thy brother, had he beene the meane?

E2

*Hieronimo*

*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  
wln 1221 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 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  
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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 Will stand betweene me and ensuing harmes.  
wln 1306 Besides, this place is free from all suspect:  
wln 1307 Heere therefore will I stay and take my stand.

Enter the watch.

wln 1308  
wln 1309 *1* I wonder much to what intent it is,  
wln 1310 That we are thus expresly chargde to watch?  
wln 1311 *2* Tis by commandement in the Kings own name.  
wln 1312 *3* But we were neuer wont to watch and ward,  
wln 1313 So neere the Duke his brothers house before.  
wln 1314 *2* Content your selfe, stand close, theres somewhat int.

Enter *Serberine*.

wln 1315  
wln 1316 *Ser.* Heere *Serberine* attend and stay thy pace,  
wln 1317 For heere did *Don Lorenzos* Page appoint,  
wln 1318 That thou by his command shouldst meet with him.  
wln 1319 How fit a place if one were so disposde,  
wln 1320 Me thinks this corner is to close with one.

wln 1321 *Ped.* Heere comes the bird that I must ceaze vpon,  
wln 1322 Now *Pedringano* or neuer play the man.

wln 1323 *Ser.* I wonder that his Lordship staies so long,  
wln 1324 Or wherefore should he send for me so late?

wln 1325 *Ped.* For this *Serberine*, and thou shalt ha'te.

Shootes the Dagge.

wln 1327 So, there he lyes, my promise is performde.

The Watch.

wln 1329 *1* Harke Gentlemen, this is a Pistol shot.  
wln 1330 *2* And heeres one slaine, stay the murderer.

wln 1331 *Ped.* Now by the sorrowes of the soules in hell,

He striues with the watch.

wln 1333 Who first laies hand on me, ile be his Priest,

wln 1334 *3* Sirra, confesse, and therein play the Priest,

wln 1335 Why hast thou thus vnkindely kild the man?

wln 1336 *Ped.* Why, because he walkt abroad so late.

wln 1337 *3* Come sir, you had bene better kept your bed,

wln 1338 Then haue committed this misdeed so late.

wln 1339 *2* Come to the Marshals with the murderer.

*The Spanish tragedie.*

wln 1340  
wln 1341  
wln 1342  
wln 1343  
wln 1344

*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.*

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

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 mischiefe 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

To exasperate and hasten his reuenge.

wln 1377

With your complaints vnto my L. the King.

wln 1378

This their dissention breeds a greater doubt.

wln 1379

*Bal.* Assure thee *Don Lorenzo* he shall dye,

wln 1380

Or els his Highnes hardly shall deny.

wln 1381

Meane while, ile haste the Marshall Sessions,

wln 1382

For die he shall for this his damned deed.

*Exit Balt.*

wln 1383

wln 1384

*Lor.* Why so, this fits our former pollicie,

wln 1385

And thus experience bids the wise to deale.

wln 1386

I lay the plot, he prosecutes the point,

wln 1387

I set the trap, he breakes the worthles twigs,

wln 1388

And sees not that wherewith the bird was limde.

wln 1389

Thus hopefull men that meane to holde their owne,

wln 1390

Must look like fowlers to their dearest freends.

wln 1391

He runnes to kill whome I haue holpe to catch,

wln 1392

And no man knowes it was my reaching fatch.

wln 1393

Tis hard to trust vnto a multitude,

wln 1394

Or any one in mine opinion,

wln 1395

When men themselues their secrets will reueale.

wln 1396

*Enter a messenger with a letter.*

wln 1397

*Lor.* Boy.

wln 1398

*Page.* My Lord.

wln 1399

*Lor.* Whats he?

wln 1400

*Mes.* I haue a letter to your Lordship.

wln 1401

*Lor.* From whence?

wln 1402

*Mes.* From *Pedringano* that's imprisoned.

wln 1403

*Lor.* So, he is in prison then?

wln 1404

*Mes.* I my good Lord.

wln 1405

*Lor.* What would he with vs?

wln 1406

He writes vs heere to stand good L. and help him in distres.

wln 1407

Tell him I haue his letters, know his minde,

wln 1408

And what we may let him assure him of.

wln 1409

Fellow, be gone: my boy shall follow thee.

*Exit Mes.*

wln 1410

wln 1411

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 scuruiest, 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,  
**Und** 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  
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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 And where the soule that should be shrinde in heauen,  
wln 1559 Solelie delights in interdited things,  
wln 1560 Still wandring in the thornie passages,  
wln 1561 That intercepts it selfe of hapines.  
wln 1562 Murder, O bloody monster, God forbid,  
wln 1563 A fault so foule should scape vnpunished.  
wln 1564 Dispatch and see this execution done,  
wln 1565 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.*

wln 1580 Where shall I run to breath abroad my woes,  
wln 1581 My woes whose weight hath wearied the earth?  
wln 1582 Or mine exclames that haue surcharged the aire,  
wln 1583 With ceasles plaints, for my deceased sonne?  
wln 1584 The blustering winds conspiring with my words,  
wln 1585 At my lament haue moued the leaueles trees.  
wln 1586 Disroabde the medowes of their flowred greene,  
wln 1587 Made mountains marsh with spring tides of my teares,  
wln 1588 And broken through the brazen gates of hell,  
wln 1589 Yet still tormented is my tortured soule,  
wln 1590 With broken sighes and restles passions,  
wln 1591 That winged mount, and houering in the aire,  
wln 1592 Beat at the windowes of the brightest heauens,  
wln 1593 Solliciting for iustice and reuenge:  
wln 1594 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

To be reuenged on their villanies.

wln 1668

*Maid.* Madame these humors doe torment my soule.

wln 1669

*Isa.* My soule, poore soule thou talkes of things

wln 1670

Thou knowst not what, my soule hath siluer wings,

wln 1671

That mounts me vp vnto the highest heauens,

wln 1672

To heauen, I there sits my *Horatio*,

wln 1673

Backt with a troupe of fiery Cherubins,

wln 1674

Dauncing about his newly healed wounds

wln 1675

Singing sweet hymnes and chaunting heauenly notes,

wln 1676

Rare hermony to greet his innocence,

wln 1677

That dyde, I dyde a mirrour in our daies.

wln 1678

But say, where shall I finde, the men, the murderers,

wln 1679

That slew *Horatio*, whether shall I runne,

wln 1680

To finde them out, that murdered my Sonne.

*Exeunt.*

wln 1681

*Bel-imperia* at a window.

wln 1682

*Bel.* What means this outrage that is offred me?

wln 1683

Why am I thus sequestred from the Court?

wln 1684

No notice, shall I not know the cause,

wln 1685

Of this my secret and suspitious ils?

wln 1686

Accursed brother, vnkinde murderer.

wln 1687

Why bends thou thus thy minde to martir me?

wln 1688

*Hieronimo*, why writ I of thy wrongs?

wln 1689

Or why art thou so slacke in thy reuenge?

wln 1690

*Andrea*, O *Andrea* that thou sawest,

wln 1691

Me for thy freend *Horatio* handled thus,

wln 1692

And him for me thus causeles murdered.

wln 1693

Wel, force perforce, I must constraine my selfe,

wln 1694

To patience, and apply me to the time,

wln 1695

Till heauen as I haue hoped shall set me free.

wln 1696

Enter *Christophill*.

wln 1697

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

wln 1698

*Exeunt.*

wln 1699

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

wln 1700

*Lor.* Boy, talke no further, thus farre things goe well,

wln 1701

Thou art assurde that thou sawest him dead?

wln 1702

*Page.* Or els my Lord I liue not.

*The Spanish Tragedie.*

wln 1703

*Lor.* Thats enough.

wln 1704

As for his resolution in his end,

wln 1705

Leaue that to him with whom he soiourns now.

wln 1706

Heere, take my ring, and giue it *Chirstophill*,

wln 1707

And bid him let my Sister be enlarg'd,

wln 1708

And bring her hither straight.

Exit *Page*.

wln 1709

This that I did was for a policie,

wln 1710

To smooth and keepe the murder secret,

wln 1711

Which as a nine daies wonder being ore-blowne,

wln 1712

My gentle Sister will I now enlarge.

wln 1713

*Bal.* And time *Lorenzo*, for my Lord the Duke,

wln 1714

You heard enquired for her yester-night.

wln 1715

*Lor.* Why? and my Lord, I hope you heard me say,

wln 1716

Sufficient reason, why she kept away.

wln 1717

But thats all one, my Lord, you loue her?

wln 1718

*Bal.* I.

wln 1719

*Lor.* Then in your loue beware, deale cunningly,

wln 1720

Salue all suspitions, onely sooth me vp,

wln 1721

And if she hap to stand on tearmes with vs,

wln 1722

As for her sweet hart, and concealement so,

wln 1723

Iest with her gently, vnder fained iest

wln 1724

Are things concealde, that els would breed vnrest.

wln 1725

But heere she comes.

wln 1726

Enter *Bel-imperia*.

wln 1727

*Lor.* Now Sister.

wln 1728

*Bel.* Sister, no thou art no brother, but an enemy.

wln 1729

Els wouldst thou not haue vsde thy Sister so,

wln 1730

First, to affright me with thy weapons drawne,

wln 1731

And with extreames abuse my company:

wln 1732

And then to hurry me like whirlwinds rage,

wln 1733

Amidst a crew of thy confederates:

wln 1734

And clap me vp where none might come at me,

wln 1735

Nor I at any to reueale my wrongs.

wln 1736

What madding fury did possesse thy wits?

wln 1737

Or wherein ist that I offended thee?

wln 1738

*Lor.* Aduise you better *Bel-imperia*,

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  
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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 fauourite *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

*Bel.* But why had I no notice of his ire?

wln 1777

*Lor.* That were to adde more fewell to your fire.

wln 1778

Who burnt like *Aetne* for *Andreas* losse.

wln 1779

*Bel.* Hath not my Father then enquirde for me?

wln 1780

*Lor.* Sister he hath, and thus excusde I thee.

wln 1781

He whispereth in her eare.

wln 1782

But *Bel-imperia*, see the gentle prince,

wln 1783

Looke on thy loue, beholde yong *Balthazar*.

wln 1784

Whose passions by thy presence are increast,

wln 1785

And in whose melanchollie thou maiest see,

wln 1786

Thy hate, his loue: thy flight, his following thee.

wln 1787

*Bel.* Brother you are become an Oratour,

wln 1788

I know not I, by what experience,

wln 1789

Too pollitick for me, past all compare,

wln 1790

Since last I saw you, but content your selfe,

wln 1791

The Prince is meditating higher things,

wln 1792

*Bal.* Tis of thy beauty then that conquers Kings.

wln 1793

Of those thy tresses *Ariadnes* twines,

wln 1794

Where with my libertie thou hast surprisde.

wln 1795

Of that thine iuorie front my sorrowes map,

wln 1796

Wherein I see no hauen to rest my hope.

wln 1797

*Bel.* To loue, and feare, and both at once my Lord,

wln 1798

In my concept, are things of more import,

wln 1799

Then womens wits are to be busied with.

wln 1800

*Bal.* Tis I that loue.

wln 1801

*Bel.* Whome?

wln 1802

*Bal.* *Bel-imperia*.

wln 1803

*Bel.* But I that feare.

wln 1804

*Bal.* Whome?

wln 1805

*Bel.* *Bel-imperia*.

wln 1806

*Lor.* Feare your selfe?

wln 1807

*Bel.* I brother.

wln 1808

*Lor.* How? (loose.

wln 1809

*Bel.* As those, that what they loue, are loath, and feare to

wln 1810

*Bal.* Then faire, let *Balthazar* your keeper be,

wln 1811

*Bel.* No, *Balthazar* doth feare as well as we.

wln 1812

*Est tremulo metus pauidum iunxere timorem,*

*Et*

*The Spanish Tragedie.*

wln 1813 *Et vanum stolidæ proditiōnis opus.* Exit.  
wln 1814 *Lor.* Nay, and you argue things so cunningly,  
wln 1815 Wee le goe continue this discourse at Court,  
wln 1816 *Bal.* Led by the loadstar of her heauenly lookes,  
wln 1817 Wends poore oppressed *Balthazar*,  
wln 1818 As ore the mountains walkes the wanderer,  
wln 1819 Incertain to effect his Pilgrimage. *Exeunt.*

wln 1820 Enter two Portingales, and *Hieronimo*  
wln 1821 meets them.

wln 1822 *I* By your leaue Sir.

wln 1823 *Hiero.* Good leaue haue you, nay, I pray you goe,  
wln 1824 For ile leaue you, if you can leaue me so.

wln 1825 *2* Pray you which is the next way to my L. the Dukes.

wln 1826 *Hiero.* The next way from me.

wln 1827 *1* To his house we meane.

wln 1828 *Hiero.* O hard by, tis yon house that you see.

wln 1829 *2* You could not tell vs, if his Sonne were there.

wln 1830 *Hiero.* Who, my Lord *Lorenzo*?

wln 1831 *1* I Sir.

wln 1832 He goeth in at one doore and comes out at another.

wln 1833 *Hiero.* Oh forbear, for other talke for vs far fitter were.

wln 1834 But if you be importunate to know,

wln 1835 The way to him, and where to finde him out,

wln 1836 Then list to me, and Ile resolue your doubt.

wln 1837 There is a path vpon your left hand side,

wln 1838 That leadeth from a guiltie conscience,

wln 1839 Vnto a forrest of distrust and feare.

wln 1840 A darkesome place and dangerous to passe,

wln 1841 There shall you meet with melancholly thoughts,

wln 1842 Whose balefull humours if you but vpholde,

wln 1843 It will conduct you to dispaire and death:

wln 1844 Whose rockie cliffes, when you haue once behelde,

wln 1845 Within a hugie dale of lasting night,

wln 1846 That kindled with the worlds iniquities,

wln 1847 Doth cast vp filthy and detested fumes.

wln 1848 Not far from thence where murderers haue built,

*The Spanish tragedie.*

wln 1849

A habitation for their cursed soules:

wln 1850

There in a brazen Caldron fixt by *Ioue*,

wln 1851

In his fell wrath vpon a sulpher flame:

wln 1852

Your selues shall finde *Lorenzo* bathing him,

wln 1853

In boyling lead and blood of innocents.

wln 1854

1 Ha, ha, ha.

wln 1855

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

wln 1856

*Exit.*

wln 1857

2 Doubtles this man is passing lunaticke,

wln 1858

Or imperfection of his age doth make him dote.

wln 1859

Come, lets away to seek my Lord the Duke.

wln 1860

Enter *Hieronimo* with a Ponyard in one hand,

wln 1861

and a Rope in the other.

wln 1862

*Hiero.* Now Sir, perhaps I come and see the King,

wln 1863

The King sees me, and faine would heare my sute.

wln 1864

Why is not this a strange and seld seene thing.

wln 1865

That standers by with toyes should strike me mute.

wln 1866

Go too, I see their shifts, and say no more,

wln 1867

*Hieronimo*, tis time for thee to trudge.

wln 1868

Downe by the dale that flowes with purple gore,

wln 1869

Standeth a firie Tower, there sits a iudge,

wln 1870

Vpon a seat of steele and molten brasse:

wln 1871

And twixt his teeth he holdes a fire-brand,

wln 1872

That leades vnto the lake where hell doth stand.

wln 1873

Away *Hieronimo* to him be gone:

wln 1874

Heele doe thee iustice for *Horatios* death.

wln 1875

Turne down this path thou shalt be with him strait,

wln 1876

Or this, and then thou needst not take thy breth.

wln 1877

This way, or that way: soft and faire, not so:

wln 1878

For if I hang or kill my selfe, lets know

wln 1879

Who will reuenge *Horatios* murther then?

wln 1880

No, no, fie no: pardon me, ile none of that:

wln 1881

He flings away the dagger & halter.

wln 1882

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

wln 1883

He takes them vp againe.

And



*The Spanish tragedie.*

wln 1884 And heere Ile haue a fling at him thats flat.  
wln 1885 And *Balthazar* ile be with thee to bring,  
wln 1886 And thee *Lorenzo*, heeres the King, nay, stay,  
wln 1887 And heere, I heere, there goes the hare away.

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 grace,

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.  
*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:

*Exit.*

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 Embassador.

*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.

wln 2025 *Ser.* Heere are a sort of poore Petitioners,  
wln 2026 That are importunate and it shall please you sir,  
wln 2027 That you should plead their cases to the King.

wln 2028 *Hiero.* That I should plead their seuerall actions,  
wln 2029 Why let them enter, and let me see them.

Enter

*The Spanish tragedie.*

wln 2030

Enter three Cittizens and an olde Man.

wln 2031

1 So I tell you this for learning and for law,

wln 2032

Theres not any aduocate in Spaine,

wln 2033

That can preuaile, or will take halfe the paine,

wln 2034

That he will in pursuite of equitie.

wln 2035

*Hiero.* Come neere you men that thus importune me,

wln 2036

Now must I beare a face of grauitie,

wln 2037

For thus I vsde before my Marshalship,

wln 2038

To pleade in causes as Corrigedor.

wln 2039

Come on sirs, whats the matter?

wln 2040

2 Sir an Action.

wln 2041

*Hiero.* Of Batterie?

wln 2042

1 Mine of debt.

wln 2043

*Hiero.* Giue place.

wln 2044

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

wln 2045

3 Mine an Eiectione firma by a Lease.

wln 2046

*Hiero.* Content you sirs, are you determind,

wln 2047

That I should plead your seuerall actions?

wln 2048

1 I sir, and heeres my declaration,

wln 2049

2 And heere is my band.

wln 2050

3 And heere is my lease.

wln 2051

They giue him paper:

wln 2052

*Hiero.* But wherefore stands yon silly man so mute,

wln 2053

With mournfull eyes and hands to heauen vprearde?

wln 2054

Come hether father, let me know thy cause.

wln 2055

*Senex.* O worthy sir, my cause but slightly knowne,

wln 2056

May mooue the harts of warlike Myrmydons,

wln 2057

And melt the Corsicke rockes with ruthfull teares.

wln 2058

*Hiero.* Say Father, tell me whats thy sute?

wln 2059

*Senex.* No sir, could my woes

wln 2060

Giue way vnto my most distresfull words,

wln 2061

Then should I not in paper as you see,

wln 2062

With incke bewray, what blood began in me.

wln 2063

*Hiero.* Whats heere? the humble supplication

wln 2064

Of *Don Bazulto* for his murdred sonne.

wln 2065

*Senex.* I Sir.

wln 2066

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

*The Spanish Tragedie.*

wln 2067 My sonne, oh my sonne *Horatio*.  
wln 2068 But mine, or thine, *Bazulto* be content.  
wln 2069 Heere, take my hand-kercher and wipe thine eies,  
wln 2070 Whiles wretched I, in thy mishaps may see,  
wln 2071 The liuely portraict of my dying selfe,  
wln 2072 He draweth out a bloudie Napkin.  
wln 2073 O no, not this, *Horatio* this was thine,  
wln 2074 And when I dyde it in thy deerest blood,  
wln 2075 This was a token twixt thy soule and me,  
wln 2076 That of thy death reuenged I should be.  
wln 2077 But heere, take this, and this, what my purse?  
wln 2078 I this and that, and all of them are thine,  
wln 2079 For all as one are our extremeties.  
wln 2080 1 Oh, see the kindenes of *Hieronimo*.  
wln 2081 2 This gentlenes shewes him a Gentleman.  
wln 2082 *Hiero.* See, see, oh see thy shame *Hieronimo*,  
wln 2083 See heere a louing Father to his sonne:  
wln 2084 Beholde the sorrowes and the sad laments,  
wln 2085 That he deliuereth for his sonnes dicease.  
wln 2086 If loues effects so striues in lesser things,  
wln 2087 If loue enforce such moodes in meaner wits,  
wln 2088 If loue expresse such power in poore estates:  
wln 2089 *Hieronimo*, When as a raging Sea,  
wln 2090 Tost with the winde and tide ore turnest then  
wln 2091 The vpper billowes course of waues to keep,  
wln 2092 Whilest lesser waters labour in the deepe.  
wln 2093 Then shamest thou not *Hieronimo* to neglect,  
wln 2094 The sweet reuenge of thy *Horatio*.  
wln 2095 Though on this earth iustice will not be found:  
wln 2096 Ile downe to hell and in this passion,  
wln 2097 Knock at the dismall gates of *Plutos* Court,  
wln 2098 Getting by force as once *Alcides* did,  
wln 2099 A troupe of furies and tormenting haggas,  
wln 2100 To torture *Don Lorenzo* and the rest.  
wln 2101 Yet least the triple headed porter should,  
wln 2102 Denye my passage to the slimy strond:  
wln 2103 The *Thracian* Poet thou shalt counterfeite:

Come

*The Spanish Tragedie.*

wln 2104 Come on olde Father be my *Orpheus*,  
wln 2105 And if thou canst no notes vpon the Harpe,  
wln 2106 Then sound the burden of thy sore harts greefe,  
wln 2107 Till we do gaine that *Proserpine* may graunt,  
wln 2108 Reuenge on them that murdred my Sonne,  
wln 2109 Then will I rent and teare them thus and thus,  
wln 2110 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 *Bazulto* remains till *Hieronimo* enters againe, who  
wln 2125 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  
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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 2214

Seest thou this entertainement of these Kings?

wln 2215

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

wln 2216

*Cas.* And knowest thou why this meeting is?

wln 2217

*Lor.* For her my Lord, whom *Balthazar* doth loue,

wln 2218

And to confirme their promised marriage.

wln 2219

*Cas.* She is thy Sister?

wln 2220

*Lor.* Who *Bel-imprria*, I my gracious Lord,

wln 2221

And this is the day, that I haue longd so happily to see.

wln 2222

*Cas.* Thou wouldst be loath that any fault of thine,

wln 2223

Should intercept her in her happines.

wln 2224

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

wln 2225

*Cas.* Why then *Lorenzo* listen to my words:

wln 2226

It is suspected and reported too,

wln 2227

That thou *Lorenzo* wrongst *Hieronimo*.

wln 2228

And in his sutes towards his Maiestie,

wln 2229

Still keepst him back, and seeks to crosse his sute.

wln 2230

*Lor.* That I my Lord?

wln 2231

*Cas.* I tell thee Sonne my selfe haue heard it said,

wln 2232

When to my sorrow I haue beene ashamed

wln 2233

To answeere for thee, though thou art my sonne,

wln 2234

*Lorenzo*, knowest thou not the common loue,

wln 2235

And kindenes that *Hieronimo* hath wone,

wln 2236

By his deserts within the Court of Spaine?

wln 2237

Or seest thou not the K. my brothers care,

wln 2238

In his behalfe, and to procure his health?

wln 2239

*Lorenzo*, shouldst thou thwart his passions,

wln 2240

And hee exclaime against thee to the King,

wln 2241

What honour wert in this assembly,

wln 2242

Or what a scandale wert among the Kings,

wln 2243

To heare *Hieronimo* exclaime on thee.

wln 2244

Tell me, and looke thou tell me truely too,

wln 2245

Whence growes the ground of this report in Court.

wln 2246

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

wln 2247

To stop the vulgar liberall of their tongues:

wln 2248

A small aduantage makes a water breach,

wln 2249

And no man liues that long contenteth all.

wln 2250

*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-imperia*, *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

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.

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

Enter *Hieronimo* and a Seruant.  
*Hiero.* And wheres the Duke?  
*Ser.* yonder.  
*Hiero.* Euen so: what new deuice 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 agreeued 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,

img: 34-b  
sig: I2r

*The Spanish tragedie.*

wln 2323

As loues not me, and hate my Lord too much.

wln 2324

Should I suspect *Lorenzo* would preuent,

wln 2325

Or crosse my sute, that loued my Sonne so well.

wln 2326

My Lord, I am ashamed it should be said.

wln 2327

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

wln 2328

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

wln 2329

*Cas.* There then pause, and for the satisfaction of the

wln 2330

*Hieronimo* frequent my homely house, (world,

wln 2331

The Duke of Castile *Ciprians* ancient seat,

wln 2332

And when thou wilt, vse me, my sonne, and it:

wln 2333

But heere before Prince *Balthazar* and me,

wln 2334

Embrace each other, and be perfect freends.

wln 2335

*Hiero.* I marry my Lord, and shall:

wln 2336

Freends (quoth he) see, Ile be freends with you all.

wln 2337

Specially with you my louely Lord,

wln 2338

For diuers causes it is **sit** for vs,

wln 2339

That we be freends, the world is suspitious,

wln 2340

And men may think what we imagine not.

wln 2341

*Bal.* Why this is freendly doone *Hieronimo*.

wln 2342

*Lor.* And that I hope olde grudges are forgot.

wln 2343

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

wln 2344

*Cas.* Come on *Hieronimo* at my request,

wln 2345

Let vs entreat your company to day.

wln 2346

*Exeunt.*

wln 2347

*Hiero.* Yor Lordships to commaund,

wln 2348

*Pha:* keep your way.

wln 2349

**Mi.** *Chi mi fa? Pui Correzza Che non sule*

wln 2350

*Tradito viha o trade vule.*

*Exit.*

wln 2351

Enter *Ghoast* and *Reuenge*.

wln 2352

*Ghost.*

wln 2353

Awake *Erictha*, *Cerberus* awake,

wln 2354

Sollicite *Pluto* gentle *Proserpine*,

wln 2355

To combat *Achinon* and *Ericus* in hell.

wln 2356

For neere by *Stix* and *Phlegeton*:

wln 2357

Nor ferried *Caron* to the fierie lakes,

wln 2358

Such fearfull sights, as poore *Andrea* see?

*The Spanish Tragedie.*

wln 2359

*Reuenge* awake.

wln 2360

*Reuenge.*

wln 2361

Awake, for why?

wln 2362

*Ghost.*

wln 2363

Awake *Reuenge*, for thou art ill aduisde,

wln 2364

**Thsleepe**, away, what, thou art warnd to watch.

wln 2365

*Reuenge.*

wln 2366

Content thy selfe, and doe not trouble me.

wln 2367

*Ghost.*

wln 2368

Awake *Reuenge*, if loue as loue hath had,

wln 2369

Haue yet the power or preuailance in hell,

wln 2370

*Hieronimo* with *Lorenzo* is ioynde in league,

wln 2371

And intercepts our passage to reuenge:

wln 2372

Awake *Reuenge*, or we are woe **degone**.

wln 2373

*Reuenge.*

wln 2374

Thus worldlings ground what they haue dreamd vpon,

wln 2375

Content thy selfe *Andrea*, though I sleepe,

wln 2376

Yet is my mood solliciting their soules,

wln 2377

Sufficeth thee that poore *Hieronimo*,

wln 2378

Cannot forget his sonne *Horatio*.

wln 2379

Nor dies *Reuenge* although he sleepe a while,

wln 2380

For in vnquiet, quietnes is faind:

wln 2381

And slumbring is a common worldly wile,

wln 2382

Beholde *Andrea* for an instance how,

wln 2383

*Reuenge* hath slept, and then imagine thou,

wln 2384

What tis to be subiect to destinie.

wln 2385

Enter a dumme shew.

wln 2386

*Ghost.*

wln 2387

Awake *Reuenge*, reueale this misterie.

wln 2388

*Reuenge.*

wln 2389

The two first the nuptiall Torches boare,

wln 2390

As brightly burning as the mid-daies sunne:

wln 2391

But after them doth *Himen* hie as fast,

wln 2392

Clothed in sable, and a Saffron robe,

wln 2393

And blowes them out, and quenbeth them with blood,

*The Spanish Tragedie.*

wln 2394

As discontent that things continue so.

wln 2395

*Ghost.*

wln 2396

Sufficeth me thy meanings vnderstood,

wln 2397

And thanks to thee and those infernall powers,

wln 2398

That will not tollerate a Louers woe,

wln 2399

Rest thee for I will sit to see the rest.

wln 2400

*Reuenge.*

wln 2401

Then argue not for thou hast thy request.

wln 2402

*Exeunt.*

wln 2403

Actus Quartus.

wln 2404

Enter *Bel-imperia* and *Hieronimo*.

wln 2405

*Bel-imperia.*

wln 2406

IS this the loue thou bearest *Horatio*?

wln 2407

Is this the kindnes that thou counterfeites,

wln 2408

Are these the fruits of thine incessant teares?

wln 2409

*Hieronimo*, are these thy passions?

wln 2410

Thy protestations, and thy deepe laments,

wln 2411

That thou wert wont to wearie men withall.

wln 2412

O vnkind Father, O deceitfull world,

wln 2413

With what excuses canst thou shew thy selfe?

wln 2414

With what dishonour, and the hate of men,

wln 2415

From this dishonour and the hate of men:

wln 2416

Thus to neglect the losse and life of him,

wln 2417

Whom both my letters, and thine owne beliefe,

wln 2418

Assures thee to be causles slaughtered.

wln 2419

*Hieronimo*, for shame *Hieronimo*:

wln 2420

Be not a History to after times,

wln 2421

Of such in gratitude vnto thy Sonne.

wln 2422

Vnhappy Mothers of such children then,

wln 2423

But monstrous Fathers, to forget so soone

wln 2424

The death of those, whom they with care and cost

wln 2425

Haue tendred so, thus careles should be lost.

wln 2426

My selfe a stranger in respect of thee,

wln 2427

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  
wln 2472  
wln 2473  
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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 please 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,  
See heere my Lords. He shewes them a book.  
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

Your Sister *Bel-imperia* to make one,

wln 2502

For whats a play without a woman in it?

wln 2503

*Bel.* Little intreaty shall serue me *Hieronomo*,

wln 2504

For I must needs be employed in your play.

wln 2505

*Hiero.* Why this is well, I tell you Lordings,

wln 2506

It was determined to haue beene acted,

wln 2507

By Gentlemen and schollers too,

wln 2508

Such as could tell what to speak.

wln 2509

*Bal.* And now it shall be plaide by Princes and Courtiers

wln 2510

such as can tell how to speak:

wln 2511

If as it is our Country manner,

wln 2512

You will but let vs know the argument.

wln 2513

*Hiero.* That shall I roundly: the Cronicles of Spaine

wln 2514

Recorde this written of a Knight of Rodes,

wln 2515

He was betrothed and wedded at the length,

wln 2516

To one *Perseda* an Italian dame.

wln 2517

Whose beauty rauished all that her behelde,

wln 2518

Especially the soule of *Soliman*,

wln 2519

Who at the marriage way the cheefest guest.

wln 2520

By sundry meanes sought *Soliman* to winne,

wln 2521

*Persedas* loue, and could not gaine the same.

wln 2522

Then gan he break his passions to a freend,

wln 2523

One of his Bashawes whom he held full deere,

wln 2524

Her had this Bashaw long solicited,

wln 2525

And saw she was not otherwise to be wonne,

wln 2526

But by her husbands death this Knight of Rodes.

wln 2527

Whome presently by trecherie he slew,

wln 2528

She stirde with an exceeding hate therefore,

wln 2529

As cause of this slew *Soliman*.

wln 2530

And to escape the Bashawes tirannie,

wln 2531

Did stab her selfe, and this the Tragedie.

wln 2532

*Lor.* O excellent.

wln 2533

*Bel.* But say *Hieronimo* what then became of him

wln 2534

That was the Bashaw?

wln 2535

*Hiero.* Marrie thus, moued with remorse of his misdeeds

wln 2536

Ran to a mountain top and hung himselfe.

wln 2537

*Bal.* But which of vs is to performe that parte,

*H[\*]ro.*





*The Spanish tragedie.*

wln 2611 The King to iustice or compassion:  
wln 2612 I will reuenge my selfe vpon this place,  
wln 2613 Where thus they murdered my beloued Sonne.  
wln 2614 She cuts downe the Arbour.  
wln 2615 Downe with these branches and these loathsome bowes,  
wln 2616 Of this vnfortunate and fatall pine.  
wln 2617 Downe with them *Isabella*, rent them vp,  
wln 2618 And burne the roots from whence the rest is sprung:  
wln 2619 I will not leaue a root, a stalke, a tree,  
wln 2620 A bowe, a branch, a blossome, nor a leafe,  
wln 2621 No, not an hearb within this garden Plot.  
wln 2622 Accursed complot of my miserie,  
wln 2623 Fruitlesse for euer may this garden be.  
wln 2624 Barren the earth, and blislesse whosoever,  
wln 2625 Immagines not to keep it vnmanurde:  
wln 2626 An Easterne winde comixt with noisome aires,  
wln 2627 Shall blast the plants and the yong saplings,  
wln 2628 The earth with Serpents shalbe pestered  
wln 2629 And passengers for feare to be infect,  
wln 2630 Shall stand aloofe, and looking at it, tell  
wln 2631 There murdred dide the sonne of *Isabell*.  
wln 2632 I heere he dide, and heere I him imbrace,  
wln 2633 See where his Ghoast solicates with his wounds,  
wln 2634 Reuenge on her that should reuenge his death,  
wln 2635 *Hieronimo* make haste to see thy sonne,  
wln 2636 For sorrow and dispaire hath scited me,  
wln 2637 To heare *Horatio* plead with *Radamant*,  
wln 2638 Make haste, *Hieronimo* to holde excuse.  
wln 2639 Thy negligence in pursute of their deaths,  
wln 2640 Whose hatefull wrath bereu'd him of his breath.  
wln 2641 Ah nay, thou dost delay their deaths,  
wln 2642 Forgiues the murderers of thy noble sonne,  
wln 2643 And none but I bestirre me to no end,  
wln 2644 And as I curse this tree from further fruit,  
wln 2645 So shall my wombe be cursed for his sake,  
wln 2646 And with this weapon will I wound the brest,  
wln 2647 The haples brest that gae *Horatio* suck.

{She stabs  
her selfe.

*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,

wln 2655

To giue the King the coppie of the plaie:

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,

wln 2661

That when the traine are past into the gallerie,

wln 2662

You would vouchsafe to throwe me downe the key.

wln 2663

*Cas.* I will *Hieronimo*.

Exit *Cas*.

wln 2664

*Hiero.* What are you ready *Balthazar*?

wln 2665

Bring a chaire and a cushion for the King.

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*,

wln 2673

Recall thy wits, recompt thy former wrongs,

wln 2674

Thou hast receiued by murder of thy sonne.

wln 2675

And lastly, not least, how *Isabell*,

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 griefe,  
wln 2748                    That with *Persedaes* beautie is encreast.  
wln 2749                    If by *Persedaes* griefe be not releast.  
wln 2750                    *Bel.*    Tyrant, desist solicensing vaine sutes,  
wln 2751

Relentles



*The Spanish tragedie.*

wln 2752 Relentles are mine eares to thy laments,  
wln 2753 As thy butcher is pittillesse and base,  
wln 2754 VVhich seazd on my *Erasto*, harmelesse knight.  
wln 2755 Yet by thy power thou thinkest to commaund,  
wln 2756 And to thy power *Perseda* doth obey:  
wln 2757 But were she able, thus she would reuenge  
wln 2758 Thy treacheries on thee ignoble Prince: *Stab him.*  
wln 2759 And on herselfe she would be thus reuengd *Stab herselfe.*  
wln 2760 *King.* VVell said olde Marshal, this was brauely done.  
wln 2761 *Hiero.* But *Bel-imperia* plaies *Perseda* well.  
wln 2762 *Vice.* were this in earnest *Bel-imperia*,  
wln 2763 You would be better to my Sonne then so.  
wln 2764 *King.* But now what followes for *Hieronimo*?  
wln 2765 *Hiero,* Marrie this followes for *Hieronimo*.  
wln 2766 Heere breake we off our sundrie languages,  
wln 2767 And thus conclude I in our vulgare tung.  
wln 2768 Happely you think, but bootles are your thoughts,  
wln 2769 That this is fabulously counterfeit,  
wln 2770 And that we doo as all Tragedians doo.  
wln 2771 To die to day, for (fashioning our scene)  
wln 2772 The death of *Aiæx*, or some Romaine peere,  
wln 2773 And in a minute starting vp againe,  
wln 2774 Reuiue to please to morrowes audience.  
wln 2775 No Princes, know I am *Hieronimo*,  
wln 2776 The hopeles Father of a haples Sonne,  
wln 2777 Whose tung is tun'd to tell his latest tale,  
wln 2778 Not to excuse grosse errors in the play,  
wln 2779 I see your lookes vrge instance of these words,  
wln 2780 Beholde the reason vrging me to this,  
wln 2781 *Shewes his dead sonne.*  
wln 2782 See heere my shew, look on this spectacle:  
wln 2783 Heere lay my hope, and heere my hope hath end:  
wln 2784 Heere lay my hart, and heere my hart was slaine:  
wln 2785 Heere lay my treasure, heere my treasure lost:  
wln 2786 Heere lay my blisse, and heere my blisse bereft.  
wln 2787 But hope, hart, treasure, ioy, and blisse:  
wln 2788 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 riuer 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.  
wln 2846 He runs to hang himselfe.  
wln 2847 *King.* O hearken *Vice-roy*, holde *Hieronimo*,  
wln 2848 Brother, my Nephew, and thy Sonne are slaine.  
wln 2849 *Vice.* We are betraide, my *Balthazar* is slaine,  
wln 2850 Breake ope the doores, runne saue *Hieronimo*.  
wln 2851 *Hieronimo*, doe but enforme the King of these euent,  
wln 2852 Ypon mine honour thou shalt haue no harme.  
wln 2853 *Hiero.* *Vice-roy*, I will not trust thee with my life,  
wln 2854 Which I this day haue offered to my Sonne: (to die?)  
wln 2855 Accursed wretch, why staiest thou him that was resolued  
wln 2856 *King.* Speak traitor, damned, bloody murderer speak,  
wln 2857 For now I haue thee I will make thee speak:  
wln 2858 Why hast thou done this vnderuening deed?  
wln 2859 *Vico.* Why hast thou murdered my *Balthazar*?  
wln 2860 *Cas.* Why hast thou butchered both my children thus?  
wln 2861 *Hiero.* O good words, as deare to me was my *Horatio*,  
wln 2862 As yours, or yours, or yours my L. to you.

*The Spanish Tragedie.*

wln 2863 My guiltles Sonne was by *Lorenzo* slaine,  
wln 2864 And by *Lorenzo* and that *Balthazar*,  
wln 2865 Am I at last reuenged thorowly.  
wln 2866 Vpon whose soules may heauens be yet auenged,  
wln 2867 With greater far then these afflictions.  
wln 2868 *Cas.* But who were thy confederates in this?  
wln 2869 *Vice.* That was thy daughter *Bel-imperia*.  
wln 2870 For by her hand my *Balthazar* was slaine  
wln 2871 I saw her stab him.  
wln 2872 *King.* Why speakest thou not?  
wln 2873 *Hiero.* What lesser libertie can Kings affoord  
wln 2874 Then harmeles silence? then affoord it me:  
wln 2875 Sufficeth I may not, nor I will not tell thee.  
wln 2876 *King.* Fetch forth the tortures.  
wln 2877 Traitor as thou art, ile make thee tell. (Sonne,  
wln 2878 *Hiero.* Indeed thou maiest torment me as his wretched  
wln 2879 Hath done in murdring my *Horatio*.  
wln 2880 But neuer shalt thou force me to reueale,  
wln 2881 The thing which I haue vowd inuiolate:  
wln 2882 And therefore in despight of all thy threats,  
wln 2883 Pleasde with their deaths, and easde with their reuenge:  
wln 2884 First take my tung, and afterwards my hart.  
wln 2885 *King.* O monstrous resolution of a wretch,  
wln 2886 See Vice-roy, hee hath bitten foorth his tung,  
wln 2887 Rather then to reueale what we requirde.  
wln 2888 *Cas.* Yet can he write.  
wln 2889 *King.* And if in this he satisfie vs not,  
wln 2890 We will deuise the'xtreamest kinde of death,  
wln 2891 That euer was inuented for a wretch.

wln 2892 Then he makes signes for a knife to mend his pen.  
wln 2893 *Cas.* O he would haue a knife to mend his Pen.  
wln 2894 *Vice.* Heere, and aduise thee that thou write the troth,  
wln 2895 Looke to my brother, saue *Hieronimo*.

wln 2896 He with a knife stabs the Duke and himselfe.  
wln 2897 *King.* What age hath euer heard such monstrous deeds?

*The Spanish Tragedie.*

wln 2898 My brother and the whole succeeding hope,  
wln 2899 That Spaine expected after my discease,  
wln 2900 Go beare his body hence that we may mourne,  
wln 2901 The losse of our beloued brothers death.  
wln 2902 That he may be entom'd what ere befall,  
wln 2903 I am the next, the neerest, last of all.

wln 2904 *Vice.* And thou *Don Pedro* do the like for vs,  
wln 2905 Take vp our haples sonne vntimely slaine:  
wln 2906 Set me with him, and he with wofull me,  
wln 2907 Vpon the maine mast of a ship vnmand,  
wln 2908 And let the winde and tide hall me along,  
wln 2909 To *Sillas* barking and vntamed greefe:  
wln 2910 Or to the lothsome poole of *Acheron*,  
wln 2911 To weepe my want for my sweet *Balthazar*,  
wln 2912 Spaine hath no refuge for a Portingale.

wln 2913 *The Trumpets sound a dead march, the King of Spaine mour-*  
wln 2914 *ning after his brothers body, and the King of Portingale bea-*  
wln 2915 *ring the body of his Sonne.*

wln 2916 Enter *Ghoast* and *Reuenge*.

wln 2917 *Ghoast.*  
wln 2918 I, now my hopes haue end in their effects,  
wln 2919 When blood and sorrow finnish my desires:  
wln 2920 *Horatio* murdered in his Fathers bower,  
wln 2921 *Vilde Serberine* by *Pedringano* slaine,  
wln 2922 False *Pedringano* hangd by quaint deuice,  
wln 2923 Faire *Isabella* by her selfe misdone,  
wln 2924 Prince *Balthazar* by *Bel-imperia* stabd,  
wln 2925 The Duke of Castile and his wicked Sonne,  
wln 2926 Both done to death by olde *Hieronimo*.  
wln 2927 My *Bel-imperia* falne as *Dido* fell,  
wln 2928 And good *Hieronimo* slaine by himselfe:  
wln 2929 I these were spectacles to please my soule.  
wln 2930 Now will I beg at louely *Proserpine*,  
wln 2931 That by the vertue of her Princely doome,  
wln 2932 I may consort my freends in pleasing sort,

*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]

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## 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*.