The Spanish Tragedy

by Thomas Kyd

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THE SPANISH TRAGEDIE

1587

By Thomas Kyd

Containing the lamentable end of DON HORATIO, and BEL-IMPERIA: with the pittiful death of olde HIERONIMO. Newly corrected and amended of such grosse faults as passed in the first impression.

At London

Printed by Edward Allde, for

Edward White

TRANSCRIBER'S NOTE:

[Edited by John Matthews Manly, 1897. This electronic text is based on the earliest extant edition, which is undated but was printed before 1618. Some bracketed text is verbatim from Manly's edition. However, some bracketed text is taken from alternate editions which Manly originally supplied in footnotes. As the editor of this electronic edition, I have sometimes chosen the clearer of two alternatives, sacrificing the specificity of Manly's footnoted edition in favor of a text that has a better chance of being read and understood by a modern audience. I have also excluded the insertions supposed to have been written by Ben Johnson, as well as the additional dialogue from III.xiii and IV.iii. Some alternate dialogue has been included as has been labeled as such.]

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DRAMATIS PERSONAE.

GHOST OF ANDREA | REVENGE | the Chorus. KING OF SPAIN. VICEROY OF PORTUGAL. DON CIPRIAN, duke of Castile. HIERONIMO, knight-marshall of

Spain. BALTHAZAR, the Viceroy's son. LORENZO, Don Ciprian's son [and Bel-imperia's brother]. HORATIO, Hieronimo's son. ALEXANDRO | VILLUPPO | lords of Portual. PEDRINGANO, servant of Bel-imperia. SERBERINE, servant of Balthazar. Spanish General, Portuguese Embassador, Old Man, Painter Page, Hangman, Citizens, Soldiers, Attendants, &c. BEL-IMPERIA, Lorenzo's sister. ISABELLA, Hieronimo's wife. PAGE. MESSENGER. CHRISTOPHEL. SERVANT. SENEX (DON BAZULTO). CITIZENS.

SCENE: Spain; and Portugal.

ACTVS PRIMVS.

[Prologue]

Enter the GHOAST OF ANDREA, and with him REUENGE. GHOAST. When this eternall substance of my soule Did liue imprisond in my wanton flesh, Ech in their function seruing others need, I was a courtier in the Spanish court: My name was Don Andrea; my discent, Though not ignoble, yet inferiour far To gratious fortunes of my tender youth, For there, in prime and pride of all my yeeres, By duteous seruice and deseruing loue, In secret I possest a worthy dame, Which hight sweet Bel-imperia by name. But in the haruest of my sommer ioyes Deaths winter nipt the blossomes of my blisse, Forcing diuorce betwixt my loue and me; For in the late conflict with Portingale My valour drew me into dangers mouth Till life to death made passage through my wounds. When I was slaine, my soule descended straight To passe the flowing streame of Archeron; But churlish Charon, only boatman there, Said that, my rites of buriall not performde, I might not sit amongst his passengers. Ere Sol had slept three nights in Thetis lap, And slakte his smoaking charriot in her floud, By Don Horatio, our knight-marshals sonne, My funerals and obsequies were

done. Then was the fariman of hell content To passe me ouer to the slimie strond That leades to fell Auernus ougly waues. There, pleasing Cerberus with honied speech, I past the perils of the formost porch. Not farre from hence, amidst ten thousand soules, Sate Minos, Eacus and Rhadamant; To whome no sooner gan I make approach, To craue a pasport for my wandring ghost, But Minos in grauen leaues of lotterie Drew forth the manner of my life and death. "This knight," quoth he, "both liu'd and died in loue; And for his loue tried fortune of the warres; And by warres fortune lost both loue and life." "Why then," said Eacus, "convey him hence To walke with lovers in our field of loue And the course of euerlasting time Vnder greene mirtle-trees and cipresse shades." "No, no!" said Rhadamant, "it were not well With louing soules to place a martialist. He died in warre, and must to martiall fields, Where wounded Hector liues in lasting paine, And Achilles Mermedons do scoure the plaine." Then Minos, mildest censor of the three, Made this deuice, to end the difference: "Send him," quoth he, "to our infernall king, To dome him as best seemes his Maiestie." To this effect my pasport straight was drawne. In keeping on my way to Plutos court Through dreadfull shades of euer-glooming night, I saw more sights than thousand tongues can tell Or pennes can write or mortall harts can think. Three waies there were: that on the right hand side Was ready way vnto the foresaid fields Where louers liue and bloudie martialists, But either sort containd within his bounds; The left hand path, declining fearfuly, Was ready downfall to the deepest hell, Where bloudie Furies shakes their whips of steele, And poore Ixion turnes an endles wheele, Where vsurers are choakt with melting golde, And wantons are imbraste with ougly snakes, And murderers groane with neuer-killing wounds, And periured wights scalded in boiling lead, And all foule sinnes with torments ouerwhelmd; Twixt these two waies I trod the middle path, Which brought me to the faire Elizian greene, In midst whereof there standes a stately towre, The walles of brasse, the gates of adamant. Heere finding Pluto with his Proserpine, I shewed my pasport, humbled on my knee. Whereat faire Proserpine began to smile, And begd

that onely she might giue me doome. Pluto was pleasd, and sealde it with a kisse. Forthwith, Reuenge, she rounded thee in th' eare, And bad thee lead me though the gates of horn, Where dreames haue passage in the silent night. No sooner had she spoke but we weere heere, I wot not how, in the twinkling of an eye. REUENGE. Then know, Andrea, that thou ariu'd Where thou shalt see the author of thy death, Don Balthazar, the prince of Portingale, Depriu'd of life by Bel-imperia: Heere sit we downe to see the misterie, And serue for Chorus in this tragedie.

[ACT I. SCENE 1.] [The Spanish Court] Enter SPANISH KING, GENERALL, CASTILLE, HIERONIMO. KING. Now say, l[ord] generall: how fares our campe? GEN. All wel, my soueraigne liege, except some few That are deceast by fortune of the warre. KING. But what portends thy cheerefull countenance And posting to our presence this in hast? Speak, man: hath fortune giuen vs victorie? GEN. Victorie, my liege, and that with little losse. KING. Out Portugals will pay vs tribute then? GEN. Tribute, and wonted homage therewithall. KING. Then blest be Heauen, and Guider of the heauens, From whose faire influence such iustice flowes! CAST. O multum dilecte Deo, tibi militat aether, Et coniuratae curato poplite gentes Succumbent: recto soror est victoria iuris! KING. Thanks to my loving brother of Castille. But, generall, vnfolde in breefe discourse Your forme of battell and your warres successe, That, adding all the pleasure of thy newes Vnto the height of former happines, With deeper wage and gentile dignitie We may reward thy blisfull chiualrie. GEN. Where Spaine and Portingale do ioyntly knit Their frontiers, leaning on each others bound, There met our armies in the proud aray: Both furnisht well, both full of hope and feare, Both menacing alike with daring showes, Both vaunting sundry colours of deuice, Both cheerly sounding trumpets, drums and fifes, Both raising dreadfull clamors to the skie, That valleis, hils, and riuers made rebound And heauen it-selfe was frighted with the sound. Our battels both were pitcht in squadron forme, Each corner strongly fenst with wings of shot; But, ere we ioyned and came to push of pike, I brought a squadron of our readiest shot From out our rearward to

begin the fight; They brought another wing to incounter vs; Meane-while our ordinance plaid on either side, And captaines stroue to haue their valours tride. Don Pedro, their chiefe horsemens corlonell, Did with his cornet brauely make attempt To break our order of our battell rankes; But Don Rogero, worthy man of warre, Marcht forth against him with our musketiers And stopt the mallice of his fell approach. While they maintaine hot skirmish too and fro, Both battailes ioyne and fall to handie blowes, Their violent shot resembling th' oceans rage When, roaring lowd and with a swelling tide, It beats vpon the rampiers of huge rocks, And gapes to swallow neighbor-bounding lands. Now, while Bellona rageth heere and there, Thick stormes of bullets ran like winters haile, And shiuered launces darke the troubled aire; Pede pes & cuspide cuspis, Arma sonant armis vir petiturque viro; On euery side drop captaines to the ground, And souldiers, some ill-maimde, some slaine outright: Heere falls a body sundred from his head; There legs and armes lye bleeding on the grasse, Mingled with weapons and vnboweled steeds, That scattering ouer-spread the purple plaine. In all this turmoyle, three long hovres and more The victory to neither part inclinde, Till Don Andrea with his braue lanciers In their maine battell made so great a breach That, halfe dismaid, the multitude retirde. But Balthazar, the Portingales young prince, Brought rescue and encouragde them to stay. Heere-hence the fight was eagerly renewd, And in that conflict was Andrea slaine,— Braue man-at-arms, but weake to Balthazar. Yet, while the prince, insulting ouer him, Breathd out proud vaunts, sounding to our reproch, Friendship and hardie valour ioyned in one Prickt forth Horatio, our knight-marshals sonne, To challenge forth that prince in single fight. Not long betweene these twain the fight indurde, But straight the prince was beaten from his horse And forcst to yeeld him prisoner to his foe. When he was taken, all the rest fled, And our carbines pursued them to death, Till, Phoebus waning to the western deepe, Our trumpeters were chargd to sound retreat. KING. Thanks, good l[ord] general, for these good newes! And, for some argument of more to come, Take this and weare it for thy soueraignes

sake. Giue him his chaine. But tell me now: hast thou confirmed a peace? GEN. No peace, my liege, but peace conditionall, That, if with homage tribute be well paid, The fury of your forces wilbe staide. And to this peace their viceroy hath subscribde, Giue the K[ING] a paper. And made a solemne vow that during life His tribute shalbe truely paid to Spaine. KING. These words, these deeds become thy person wel. But now, knight-marhsall, frolike with thy king, For tis thy sonne that winnes this battels prize. HIERO. Long may he liue to serue my soueraigne liege! And soone decay unless he serue my liege! A [trumpet] a-farre off. KING. Nor thou nor he shall dye without reward. What meanes this warning of this trumpets sound? GEN. This tels me that your Graces men of warre, Such as warres fortune hath reseru'd from death, Come marching on towards your royall seate, To show themselues before your Maiestie; For so gaue I in charge at my depart. Whereby by demonstration shall appeare That all, except three hundred or few more, Are safe returnd and by their foes inricht. The armie enters, BALTHAZAR betweene LORENZO and HORATIO, captiue. KING. A gladsome sight! I long to see them heere. They enter and passe by. 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. [Exit a MESSENGER.] Hieoronimo, 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 martch on, but, ere they be dismist, We will bestow on euery soldier Two duckets, and on euery leader ten, That they may know our largesse welcomes them. Exeunt all [the army] but BAL[THAZAR], LOR[ENZO], and HOR[ATIO]. [KING.]

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, 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 gratious. 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 the weapon and enioyde it first. HOR. But first I forc'd him lay his weapons downe. KING. Let goe his arm, vpon my priviledge! 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 is iust and wise, And might seeme partiall in this difference, Inforct 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 to right. Will both abide the censure of my doome? LOR. I craue no better than your Grace awards. HOR. Nor I, although I sit beside my right. KING. Then by iudgement thus your strife shall end: You both deserue and both shall haue reward. Nephew, thou tookst his weapon[s] and his horse: 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 regard they 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.

[ACT I. SCENE 2.]

[Portugal: the VICEROY'S palace.] 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 feede our sorrowes with 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 grounde. I, I, this earth, image of melancholly, Seeks him whome fates [adiudge] to miserie! Heere let me lye! Now am I at the lowest! Qui iacet in terra non habet vnde cadat. In me concumpsit vires fortuna nocendo, Nil superest vt iam possit obesse magis. Yes, Fortune may bereaue me of my crowne— Heere, take it now; let Fortune doe her worst, She shall now rob me of this sable weed. O, no, she enuies none but pleasent things. Such is the folly of despightfull chance, Fortune is blinde and sees not my deserts, So is she deafe and heares not my laments; And, coulde she heare, yet is she willfull mad, And therefore will not pittie my distresse. Suppose that she coulde pittie me, what then? What helpe can be expected at her hands Whose foote is

standing on a rowling stone And minde more mutable then fickle windes? Why waile I, then, wheres hope of no redresse? O, yes, complaining makes my greefe seeme lesse. My late ambition hath distaind my faith, My breach of faith occaisioned bloudie warres, Those bloudie warres haue spent my treasur[i]e, And with my treasur[i]e my peoples blood, And with the blood my ioy and best beloued,— My best beloued, my sweet and onely sonne! O, wherefore went I not to warre my-selfe? The cause was mine; I might haue died for both. My yeeres were mellow, but his young and greene: My death were naturall, but his was forced. ALEX. No doubt, my liege, but still the prince suruiues. VICE. Suruiues! I, where? ALEX. In Spaine, a prisoner by michance of warre. VICE. Then they haue slaine him for his fathers fault. ALEX. That were a breach to common lawe of armes. VICE. They recke no lawes that meditate reuenge. ALEX. His ransomes worth will stay from foule reuenge. VICE. No; if he liued, the newes would soone be heere. VILLUP. My soueraign, pardon the author of ill newes, And Ile bewray the fortune of thy sonne. VICE. Speake on; Ile guerdon thee, what-ere it be. Mine eare is ready to receiue ill newes, My hart growne hard gainst mischiefes battery; Stand vp, I say, and tell thy tale at large. VILLUP. Then heare that truth which these mine eies have seene: When both the armies were in battell ioyned. Don Balthazar amidst the thickest troupes, To winne renowme, did wondrous feats of armes; Amongst the rest I saw him hand-to-hand In single fight with their lord generall. Till Alexandro, that heere counterfeits Vnder the colour of a duteous freend, Discharged a pistol at the princes back, As though he would haue slaine their generall, But therwithall Don Balthazar fell downe; And when he fell, then we began to flie; But, had he liued, the day had sure bene ours. ALEX. O wiched forgerie! O traiterous miscreant! VICE. Hold thou thy peace! But now, Villuppo, say: Where then became the carkasse of my sonne? VILLUP. I saw them drag it to the Spanish tents. VICE. I, I, my nightly dreames haue tolde me this! Thou false, vnkinde, vnthankfull, traiterous beast! Wherein had Balthazar offended thee, That thou should betray him to our foes?

Wast Spanish golde that bleared so thine eyes That thou couldst see no part of our deserts? Perchance, because thou art Terseraes lord, Thou hadst some hope to weare this diademe If first my sonne and then my-selfe were slaine; But thy ambitious thought shall breake thy neck. I, this was it that made thee spill his bloud! Take the crowne and put it on againe. But Ile now weare it till they bloud be spilt. ALEX. Vouchsafe, dread soueraigne, to heare me speak! VICE. Away with him! his sight is second hell! Keepe him till we determine his death. If Balthazar be dead, he shall not liue. [They take him out.] Villuppo, follow vs for thy reward. Exit VICE[ROY]. VILLUP. Thus haue I with an enuious forged tale Deceiued the king, betraid mine enemy, And hope for guerdon of my villany.

[ACT I. SCENE 3.]

[Spain: the palace] Enter HORATIO and BEL-IMPERIA. BEL. Signior Horatio, this is the place and houre Wherein I must intreat thee to relate The circumstance of Don Andreas death, Who liuing was my garlands sweetest flower, And in his death hath buried my delights. HOR. For loue of him and seruice to yourself, [Ile not] refuse this heauy dolefull charge; Yet teares and sighes, I feare, will hinder me. When both our armies were enioynd in fight, Your worthie chiualier admist the thikst, For glorious cause still aiming at the fairest, Was at the last by yong Don Balthazar Encountered hand-to-hand. Their fight was long, Their harts were great, their clamours menacing, Their strength alike, their strokes both dangerous; But wrathfull Nemesis, that wicked power, Enuying at Andreas praise and worth, Cut short his life to end his praise and woorth. She, she her-selfe, disguisde in armours maske, As Pallas was before proud Pergamus, Brought in a fresh supply of halberdiers, Which pauncht his horse and dingd him to the ground. Then yong Don Balthazar, with ruthles rage, Taking aduantage of his foes distresse, Did finish what his halberdiers begun; And left not till Andreas life was done. Then, though too late,

incenst with iust remorce, I with my band set foorth against the prince, And brought him prisoner from his halba[r]diers. BEL. Would thou hadst slaine him that so slew my loue! 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 and 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 wear 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 solitude best fits my cheereles mood.— Yet what auailes 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 loue Horatio, my Andreas freend, The more to spight the prince that wrought his end; And, where Don Balthazar, that slew my loue, 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 madam, but in pleasing seruitude. BEL. Your prison then, belike, is your conceit. BAL. I, by conceite 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 work 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 gracios 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! there but words of course, And but deuise to driue me from this place. She, going in, lets fall her gloue, which HORATIO, comming out, takes vp. HOR. Madame, your gloue. BEL. Thanks, good Horatio; take it for thy paines. [BEL-IMPERIA exits.] BAL. Signior Horatio stoopt in happie time! HOR. I reapt more grace that I deseru'd or hop'd. LOR. My lord, be not dismaid for what is past; You know that women oft are humerous: These clouds will ouerblow with little winde; Let me alone, Ill scatter them my-selfe. Meane-while let vs deuise to spend the time In some delightfull sports and reuelling. HOR. The king, my lords, is comming hither straight To feast the Portingall embassadour; Things were in readiness before I came. BAL. Then heere it fits vs to attend the king, To welcome hither our embassadour, And learne my father and my countries health. Enter the banquet, TRUMPETS, the KING, and EMBASSADOUR. KING. See, lord embassador, how Spaine intreats Their prisoner Balthazar, thy viceroyes sonne: We pleasure more in kindenes than in warres. EMBASS. Sad is our king, and Portingale laments, Supposing that Don Balthazar is slaine. BAL. [aside] So am I, slaine by beauties tirannie!— You see, my lord, how Balthazar is slaine: I frolike with the Duke of Castilles sonne, Wrapt euery houre in pleasures of the court, And graste with fauours of his Maiestie. KING. Put off your

greetings till our feast be done; Now come and sit with vs, and taste our cheere. Sit to the banquet. Sit downe, young prince, you are our second guest; Brother, sit downe; and nephew, take your placel Signior Horatio, waite thou vpon our cup, For well thou hast deserued to be honored. Now, lordings, fall too: Spaine is Portugall, And Portugall is Spaine; we both are freends; Tribute is paid, and we enioy our right. But where is olde Hieronimo, our marhsall? He promised vs, in honor of our guest, To grace our banquet with some pompous iest. Enter HIERONIMO with a DRUM, three KNIGHTS, each with scutchin; then he fethces three KINGS; they take their crownes and them captiue. Hieronimo, this makes contents mine eie, Although I sound well not the misterie. HIERO. The first arm'd knight that hung his scutchin vp He takes the scutchin ahd giues it to the KING. Was English Robert, Earle of Glocester, Who, when King Stephen bore sway in Albion, Arriued with fiue and twenty thousand men In Portingale, and, by successe of warre, Enforced the king, then but a Sarasin, To beare the yoake of the English monarchie. KING. My lord of Portingale, by this you see That which may comfort both your king and you, And make your late discomfort seeme the lesse. But say, Hieronimo: what was the next? HIERO. The second knight that hung his scutchin vp He doth as he did before. Was Edmond, Earle of Kent in Albion. When English Richard wore the diadem, He came likewise and razed Lisbon walles, And tooke the king of Portingale in fight,— For which, and other suche seruice done, He after was created Duke of Yorke. KING. This is another speciall argument That Portingale may daine to beare our yoake, When it by little England hath beene yoakt. But now, Hieronimo, what were the last? HIERO. The third and last, not least in our account, Dooing as before. Was, as the rest, a valiant Englishman, Braue Iohn of Gaunt, the Duke of Lancaster, As by his scuthcin plainely may appeare: He with a puissant armie came to Spaine And tooke our Kinge of Castille prisoner. EMBASS. This is an argument for our viceroy That Spaine may not insult for her successe, Since English warriours likewise conquered Spaine And made them bow their knees to Albion. KING. Hieronimo, I

drinke to thee for this deuice, Which hath pleasde both the embassador and me: Pledge me, Hieronimo, if thou loue the king! Takes the cup of HORATIO. My lord, I feare we sit but ouer-long, Vnlesse our dainties were more delicate,— But welcome are to you the best we haue. Now let vs in, that you may be dispatcht; I think our councell is already set. Exeunt omnes. [CHORUS.] ANDREA. Come we for this from depth of vnder ground,— To see him feast that gaue me my deaths wound? These pleasant sights are sorrow to my soule: nothing but league and loue and banqueting! REUENGE. Be still, Andrea; ere we go from hence, Ile turne their freendship into fell despight, Their loue to mortall hate, their day to night, Their hope into dispaire, their peace in warre, Their ioyes to paine, their blisse to miserie.

ACTUS SECUNDUS.

[ACT II. SCENE 1.]

[The DUKE's castle.] Enter LORENZO and BALTHAZAR. LORENZO. My lord, though Bel-imperia seeme thus coy, Let reason holde you in your wonted ioy: In time the sauage bull sustaines the yoake, In time all haggard hawkes will stoope to lure, In time small wedges cleaue the hardest oake, In time the [hardest] flint is pearst with softest shower; And she in time will fall from her disdaine, And rue the sufferance of your freendly paine. BAL. No; she is wilder, and more hard withall, Then beast or bird, or tree or stony wall! But wherefore blot I Bel-imperias name? It is my fault, not she that merits blame. My feature is not to content her sight; My wordes are rude and worke her no delight; The lines I send her are but harsh and ill, Such as doe drop from Pan and Marsias quill; My presents are not of sufficient cost; And, being worthles, all my labours lost. Yet might she loue me for my valiancie. I; but thats slandred by captiuitie. Yet might she loue me to content her sire. I; but her reason masters [her] desire. Yet might she loue me as her brothers freend. I; but her

hopes aime at some other end. Yet might she loue me to vpreare her state. I; but perhaps she [loues] some nobler mate. Yet might she loue me as her beauties thrall. I; but I feare she cannot loue at all. LOR. My lord, for my sake leaue these extasies, And doubt not but weele finde some remedie. Some cause there is that lets you not be loued: First that must needs be knowne, and then remoued. What if my sister loue some other knight? BAL. My sommers day will turne to winters night. LOR. I haue already founde a strategeme To sound the bottome of this doubtfull theame. My lord, for once you shall be rulde by me; Hinder me not what ere you heare or see: By force or faire meanes will I cast about To finde the truth of all this question out. Ho, Pedringano! PED. Signior. LOR. Vien qui 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 conueniance in Andreas love, For which thou wert adiudg'd to punishment; I stood betwixt thee and thy punishment, And since thou knowest how I haue favored 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 than me! [Draws his sword.] PED. Oh stay, my lord! LOR. Yet speak the truth, and I will guerdon thee And shield thee from what-euer can ensue, And will conceale what-euer proceeds from thee; But, if

thou dally once againe, thou diest! PED. If madame Bel-imperia be in loue— LOR. What, villaine! ifs and ands? PED. Oh stay, my lord! she loues Horatio! BALTHAZAR starts back. LOR. What! Don Horatio, our knight-marshals sonne? PED. Euen him, my lord. LOR. Now say but how knoest thou he is her loue, And thou shalt finde me kinde and liberall. Stand vp, I say, and feareles tell the truth. PED. She sent him letters,—which my-selfe perusde,— Full-fraught with lines and arguments of loue, Perferring him before Prince Balthazar. LOR. Sweare on this crosse that what thou saiest is true, And that thou wilt conseale what thou hast tolde. PED. I sweare to both, by him that made vs all. LOR. In hope thine oath is true, heeres thy reward. But, if I proue thee periurde and vniust, This very sword whereon thou tookst thine oath Shall be the worker of thy tragedie. PED. What I haue saide is true, and shall, for me, Be still conceald from Bel-imperia. Besides, your Honors liberalitie Deserues my duteous seruice euen till death. LOR. Let this be all that thou shall doe for me: Be watchfull when and where these louers meete, And giue me notice in some secret sort. PED. I will, my lord. LOR. Then thou shalt finde that I am liberall. Thou knowest that I can more aduance thy state Then she: be therefore wise and faile me not. Goe and attend her as thy custome is, Least absence make her think thou doost amisse. Exit PEDRINGANO. Why, so, Tam armis quam ingenio: Where wordes preuaile not, violence preuailes. But golde doth more than either of them both. How likes Prince Balthazar this strategeme? BAL. Both well and ill; it makes me glad and sad: Glad, that I know the hinderer of my loue; Sad, that I fear she hates me whome I loue; Glad, that I know on whome to be reueng'd; Sad, that sheele flie me if I take reuenge. Yet must I take reuenge or dye my-selfe; For loue resisted growes impatient. I think Horatio be my destind plague: First, in his hand he brandished a sword, And with that sword he fiercely waged warre, And in that warre he gaue me dangerous wounds, And by those wounds he forced me to yeeld, And by my yeelding I became his slaue; Now, in his mouth he carries pleasing words, Which pleasing wordes doe harbour sweet conceits, Which sweet conceits are lim'd

with slie deceits, Which slie deceits smooth Bel-imperias eares, And through her eares diue downe into her hart, And in her hart set him, where I should stand. Thus hath he tane my body by force, And now by sleight would captiuate my soule; But in his fall Ile tempt the Destinies, And either loose my life or winne my loue. LOR. Lets goe, my lord; [our] staying staies reuenge. Doe but follow me, and gaine your loue; Her fauour must be wonne by his remooue. Exeunt.

[ACT II. SCENE 2.]

[The Duke's Castle]

Enter HORATIO and BEL-IMPERIA. HOR. Now, madame, since by fauour of your love Our hidden smoke is turnd to open flame, And that with lookes and words we feed our thought,— Two chiefe contents where more cannot be had,— Thus in the midst of loues faire blandeshments Why shew you signe of inward languishments? 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 may 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, aboue. BAL. O sleepe, mine eyes; see not my loue prophande! Be deafe, my ears; heare not my discontent! Dye, hart; another ioyes what thou deseruest! LOR. Watch still, mine eyes, to see this loue disioyned! 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 cheifely meditate? HOR. On dangers past and pleasures to ensue. BAL. On pleasures past and dangers to ensue! BEL. What

dangers and what pleasures 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 [warre] as breakes no bond of peace. Speake 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, gratious madame, then appoint the field Where triall of this warre shall first be made. BAL. Ambitious villaine, how his boldenes growes! BEL. Then be thy fathers pleasant bower in the field,— Where first we vowd a mutuall amitie. The court were dangerous; that place is safe. Our howre shalbe when Vesper ginnes to rise, That summons home distresfull trauellers. There none shall heare vs but the harmeles birds: Happelie the gentle nightingale Shall carroll vs a-sleepe ere we be ware, And, singing wit the prickle at her breast, Tell our delight and mirthfull dalliance. Till then, each houre will seeme a yeere and more. HOR. But, honie-sweet and honorable loue, Returne we now into your fathers sight; Dangerous suspition waits on our delight. LOR. I, danger mixt with iealous despite Shall send thy soule into eternalle night! Exeunt.

[ACT II. SCENE 3.]

[The Spanish court.] Enter the KING OF SPAINE, PORTINGALE EMBASSADOUR, DON CIPRIAN, &c. KING. Brother of Castille, to the princes loue What saies your daughter Bel-imperia? CIP. Although she coy it, as becomes her kinde, And yet dissemble that she loues the prince, I doubt not, I, but she will stoope in time; And, were she froward,—which she will not be,— Yet heerin shall she follow my aduice, Which is to loue him or forgoe my loue. KING. Then, lord embassadour of Portingale, Aduise thy king to make this marriage vp For strengthening of our late-confirmed league; I know no better meanes to make vs

freends. Her dowry shall be large and liberall; Besides that she is daughter and halfe heire Vnto our brother heere, Don Ciprian, And shall enioy the moitie of his land, Ile grace her marriage with an vnckles gift, And this is it: in case the match goe forward, The tribute which you pay shalbe releast; And, if by Balthazar she haue a sonne, He shall enioy the kingdome after vs. EMBAS. Ile make the motion to my soueraigne liege, And worke it if my counsaile may preuaile. KING. Doe so, my lord; and, if he giue consent, I hope his presence heere will honour vs In celebration of the nuptiall day,— And let himselfe determine of the time. EM. Wilt please your Grace command me ought besid? KING. Commend me to the king; and so, farewell! But wheres Prince Balthazar, to take his leaue? EM. That is perfourmd alreadie, 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-marshalls sonne. EM. Betweene vs theres a price already pitcht, And shall be send 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 make some little paines To winne faire Bel-imperia from her will; Young virgins must be ruled by their freends. The prince is amiable, and loues her well; If she neglect him and forgoe his loue, She both will wrong her owne estate and ours. Therefore, whiles I doe entertaine the prince With greatest pleasure that our court affoords, Endeauor you to winne your daughters thought. If she giue back, all this will come to naught. Exeunt.

[ACT II. SCENE 4.]

[HORATIO's garden.] Enter HORATIO, BEL-IMPERIA, and PEDRINGANO. HOR. Now that the night begins with sable wings To ouer-cloud the brightnes of the sunne, And that in darkenes pleasures may be done, Come, Bel-imperia, let vs to the

bower, And there is 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 known if any make approach. PED. [aside] In-steed of watching, Ile deserue more golde By fetching Don Lorenzo to this match. Exit PED[RINGANO]. HOR. What means 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 preuailed! Ile conquer my misdoubt, And in thy loue and councell drowne my feare. I feare no more; loue now is all my thoughts! Why sit we not? 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 iealous 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 not 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 warres. 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. HOR. But, first, my lookes shall combat against thee. BEL. Then ward thy-selfe! I dart this kiss as thee. HOR. Thus I [return] the dart thou threwest at me! BEL. Nay then, to gaine the glory of the field, My twining armes shall yoake and make thee yeeld. HOR. Nay then, my armes are large and strong withall: Thus elmes by vines are compast till they fall. BEL. O, let me goe, for in my troubled eyes Now maist thou read that life in passion dies! HOR. O, stay a-while, and I will dye with thee; So shalt thou yeeld, and yet haue conquerd me. BEL. Whose there? Pedringano? We are betraide! Enter LORENZO, BALTHAZAR, CERBERIN, PEDRINGANO, disguised. LOR. My

lord, away with her! take her aside! O sir, forbeare, your valour is already tride. Quickly dispatch, my maisters. Th[e]y hang him in the arbor. HOR. What, will you murder me? LOR. I; thus! and thus! these are the fruits of loue! They stab him. BEL. O, saue his life, and let me dye for him! O, saue him, brother! saue him, Balthazar! I loued Horatio, but he loued not me. BAL. But Balthazar loues Bel-imperia. LOR. Although his life were still ambitious, proud, Yet is he at the highest now he is dead. BEL. Murder! murder! helpe! Hieronimo, helpe! LOR. Come, stop her mouth! away with her! Exeunt. Enter HIERONIMO in his shirt, &c. HIERO. What outcried pluck me from my naked bed, And chill my throbbing hart with trembling feare, Which neuer danger yet could daunt before? Who cals Hieronimo? speak; heare I am! I did not slumber; therefore twas no dreame. No, no; it was some woman cride for helpe. And heere within this garden did she crie, And in this garden must I rescue her. But stay! what murderous spectacle is this? A man hanged vp, and all the murderers gone! And in the bower, to lay the guilt on me! This place was made for pleasure not for death. He cuts him downe. Those garments that he weares I oft haue seene,— Alas! it is Horatio, my sweet sonne! O, no; but he that whilome was my sonne! O, was it thou that call'dst me from my bed? O, speak, if any sparke of life remaine! I am thy father. Who hath slaine my sonne? What sauadge monster, not of humane kinde, Hath heere beene glutted with thy harmeles blood, And left they bloudie corpes dishonoured heere, For me amidst these darke and dreadfull shades To drowne thee with an ocean of my teares? O heauens, why made you night, to couer sinne? By day this deed of darknes had not beene. O earth, why didst thou not in time deuoure The [vile] prophaner of this sacred bower? O poore Horatio, what hadst thou misdoone To leese thy life ere life was new begun? O wicked butcher, what-so-ere thou wert, How could thou strangle vertue and desert? Ay me, most wretched! that haue lost my ioy In leesing my Horatio, my sweet boy! Enter ISABELL. ISA. My husbands absence makes my hart to throb. Hieronimo! HIERO. Heere, Isabella. Helpe me to lament; For sighes are stopt, and all my teares are

spent. ISA. What worlde of griefe—my sonne Horatio! O wheres the author of this endles woe? 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 and euerlasting storme; For outrage fits our cursed wretchedness. 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 [stainde]. ISA. And Ile close vp the glasses of his sight; For once these eyes were onely my delight. HIERO. Seest thou this handkercher besmerd with blood? It shall not from me till I take reuenge; Seest thou those 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 of both 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 awhile; So shall we sooner finde the practise out, And learne by whome 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 ver educet herbas HIERO[NIMO] sets his brest vnto his sword. Misceat, et nostro detur medicina dolori; Aut siqui faciunt annorum obliuia succos Prebeat; ipse metam megnum quaecunque per orbem Gramina sol pulchras eiecit lucis in oras. Ipse bibam quicquid meditatur saga veneni, Quicquid et irarum ui caeca nenia nectit. Omnia perpetiar, lethum quoque, dum semel omnis Nost in extincto moriatur pectore sensus. Ergo tua perpetuus speeliuit limunia somnus? Emoriar tecum: sic, sic iuuat ire sub vmbras! Attamen absistam properato cedere letho, Ne mortem vindicta tuam tum nulla sequatur. Heere he throwes it from him and beares the body away. [CHORUS.] ANDREA. Broughtst thou me hether to increase my paine? I lookt that Balthazar should haue been slaine; But tis my freend Horatio that is slaine, And they abuse faire Bel-imperia, On whom I doted more then all the world,

Because she lou'd me more then all the world. REUENGE. Thou talkest of haruest, when the corne is greene; The end is [growne] of euery worke well done; The sickle comes not till the corne be ripe. Be still, and, ere I lead thee from this place, Ile shew thee Balthazar in heauy case.

ACTUS TERTIUS.

[ACT III. SCENE 1.]

[The Portuguese court.] Enter VICEROY OF PORTINGALE, NOBLES, ALEXANDRO, VILLUPPO. VICEROY. Infortunate condition of kings, Seated amidst so many helples doubts! First,we are plast vpon extreamest height, And oft supplanted with exceeding hate, But euer subiect to the wheele of chance; And at our highest neuer ioy we so As we doubt and dread our ouerthrow. So striueth not the waues with sundry winds As fortune toyleth in the affaires of kings, That would be feard, yet feare to be beloued, Sith feare and loue to kings is flatterie. For instance, lordings, look vpon your king, By hate depriued of his dearest sonne, The only hope of our successiue line. NOB. I had not thought that Alexandros hart Had beene enuenomde with such extreame hate; But now I see that words haue seuerall workes, And theres no credit in the countenance. VIL. No, for, my lord, had you beholde the traine That fained loue had coloured in his lookes When he in campe consorted Balthazar, Farre more inconstant had you thought the sunne, That howerly coasts the center of the earth, Then Alexandros purpose to the prince. VICE. No more, Villuppo! thou hast said enough, And with thy words thou saiest our wounded thoughts. Nor shall I longer dally with the world, Procrastinating Alexandros death. Goe, some of you, and fetch the traitor forth, That, as he is condemned, he may dye. Enter ALEXANDRO, with a NOBLE-MAN and HALBERTS. NOB. In such extreames will nought but patience serue. ALEX. But in extreames what patience

shall I vse? Nor discontents it me to leaue the world, With whome there nothing can preuaile but wrong. NOB. Yet hope the best. ALEX. Tis heauen my hope: As for the earth, it is too much infect To yeeld me hope of any of her mould. VICE. Why linger ye? bring froth that daring feend, And let him die for his accursed deed. ALEX. Not that I feare the extremitie of death— For nobles cannot stoop to seruile feare— Doo I, O king, thus discontented liue; But 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 accusde! 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. [EM.] Stay! hold a-while! and heer, with pardon of His Maiestie, lay hands vpon Villuppo! VICE. Embassadour, what newes nath vrg'd this sodain entrance? EM. Know, soueraigne l[ord], that Balthazar doth liue. VICE. What saiest thou? liueth Balthazar, our sonne? EM. Your Highnes sonne, L[ord] 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 commend, Giues him letters Are happie witnesses of his Highnes health. The KING lookes on the letters, and proceeds. VICE. [reads] "Thy sonne doth liue; your tribute is receiu'd; Thy peace is made, and we are satisfied. The rest resolue vpon as things proposde For both our honors and they benefite." EM. These are his Highnes farther articles. He giues him more letters. VICE. Accursed wrech to intimate these ills Against the life and reputation Of noble Alexandro! come, my lord, vnbinde him! [To ALEXANDRO] Let him vnbinde thee that is bounde to death, To make a quitall for thy discontent. They vnbinde him. ALEX. Dread lord,

in kindnes you could do no lesse, Vpon report of such a damned fact; But thus we see our innocence hath sau'd The hopeles like which thou, Villuppo, sought By thy suggestions to haue massacred. VICE. Say, false Villuppo, wherefore didst thou thus Falsely 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 for reward and hope to be preferd, Thus haue I shamelesly hazarded his life. VICE. Which, villaine, shalbe ransomed with thy death, And not so meane a torment as we heere Deuised for him who thou saidst slew our sonne, But with the bitterest torments and extreames That may be yet inuented for thine end. ALEX[ANDRO] seemes to intreat. Intreat me not! Goe, take the traitor hence! Exit VILLUPPO. And, Alexandro, let vs honor thee With publique notice of thy loyaltie. To end those things articulated heere By our great l[ord], the mightie king of Spaine, We with our councell will deliberate. Come, Alexandro, keepe vs company. Exeunt.

[ACT III. SCENE 2.]

[Spain: near the DUKE's castle.] Enter HIERONIMO. HIERO. Oh eies! no eies but fountains fraught with teares; Oh life! no life, but liuely fourme of death; Oh world! no world, but masse of publique wrongs, Confusde and filde with murder and misdeeds; Oh sacred heauens, if this vnhallowed deed, If this inhumane and barberous attempt, If this incomparable murder thus Of mine, but now no more my sonne Shall pass vnreueald and vnreuenged passe, How should we tearme your dealings to be iust, If you vniustly deale with those that in your iustice trust? The night, sad secretary to my mones, With direfull visions wake my vexed soule, And with the wounds of my distresfull sonne Solicite me for notice of his death; The

ougly feends do sally forth of hell, And frame my hart with fierce inflamed thoughts; The cloudie day my discontents records, Early begins to regester my dreames And driue me forth to seeke the murtherer. Eies, life, world, heauens, hel, night and day, See, search, show, send, some man, some meane, that may! A letter falleth. Whats heere? a letter? Tush, it is not so! A letter for Hieronimo. [Reads] "For want of incke receiue this bloudie writ. Me hath my haples brother hid from thee. Reuenge thy-selfe on Balthazar and him, For these were they that murdered thy sonne. Hieronimo, reuenge Horatios death, And better fare then Bel-imperia doth!"— What meanes this vnexpected miracle? My sonne slaine by Lorenzo and the prince? What cause had they Horatio to maligne? Or what might mooue thee, Bel-imperia, To accuse they brother, had he beene the meane? Hieronimo, beware! thou art betraide, And to intrap they life this traine is laide. Aduise thee therefore, be not credulous: This is deuised to endanger thee, That thou, by this, Lorenzo shoulst accuse. And he, for thy dishonour done, show draw Thy life in question and thy name in hate. Deare was the life of my beloved sonne, And of his death behoues me to be aueng'd: Then hazard not thine own, Hieronimo, But liue t'effect thy resolution! I therefore will by circumstances trie What I can gather to confirme this writ, And, [harken] neere the Duke of Castiles house, Close if I can with Belimperia, To listen more, but nothing to bewray. Enter PEDRINGANO. Now, Predringano! 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 me for my lady Bel-imperia. LOR. What to doo, Hieronimo? Vse me.

[Dialogue from the undated and the 'A' manuscript.]

HIERO. Oh, no, my lord, I dare not, it must not be; I humbly thank your lordship.

[End of insertion.]

[Dialogue from the 1618, 1623, and 1633 editions.]

HIERO. Who? You, my lord? I reserue your favour for a greater honour; This is a

very toy, my lord, a toy. LOR. All's one, Hieronimo; acquaint me with it. HIERO. Y faith, my lord, tis an idle thing. I must confesse I ha bin too slacke, too tardy, To remisse vnto your Honour. LOR. How now, Hieronimo? HIERO. In troth, my lord, it is a thing of nothing: The murder of a sonne or so, my lord,— A thing of nothing.

[End of insertion.]

LOR. Why then, farewell! HIERO. My griefe in hart, my thoughts no tung can tell. Exit. LOR. Come hither, Pedringano; seest thou this? PED. My lord, I see it, and suspect it too. LOR. This is that damned villain Serberine, That hath, I feare, reuealde Horatios death. PED. My lord, he could not; twas so lately done, And since he hath not left my company. LOR. Admit he haue not; his conditions such As feare or flattering words may make him false. I know his humour, and there-with repent That ere I vsde him in this enterprise. But, Pedringano, to preuent the worst, And cause I know thee secret as my soule, Heere, for thy further satisfaction, take thou this! Giues him more golde. And harken to me; thus it is deuisde: This night thou must—and prithee so resoule— Meet Serberine at St. Luigis Parke,— Thou knowest tis heere hard by behinde the house; There take thy stand, and see thou strike him sure, For dye he must, if we do meane to liue. PED. But how shall Serberine be there, my lord? LOR. Let me alone, Ile send him to meet The prince and me where thou must doe this deed. PED. It shalbe done, my l[ord]; it shall be done; And Ile goe arme my-selfe to meet him there. LOR. When things shall alter, as I hope they wil, Then shalt thou mount for this, thou knowest my minde. Exit PED[RINGANO]. Che le Ieron! Enter PAGE. PAGE. My lord. LOR. Goe, sirra, To Serberine, and bid him forthwith meet The prince and me at S. Luigis Parke, Behinde the house, this euening, boy. PAGE. I goe, my lord. LOR. 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 practices, 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 practice to preuent mishap, And thus one ill another must expulse. This slie enquiry of Hieronimo For Bel-imperia, breeds suspition; And [thus] suspition 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 tis 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 shall be my freend; For dye they shall,— Slaues are ordein[e]d to no other end. Exit.

[ACT III. SCENE 3.]

[San Luigi's Park.] Enter PEDRINGANO with a pistoll. PED. Now, Pedringano, bid thy pistoll holde; And holde on, Fortune! Once more fauour me! Giue but successe to mine attempting 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 sretcht, 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 stand betweene me and ensuing harmes. Besides, this place is free from all suspect. Heere therefore will I stay and take my stand. Enter the WATCH. I WATCH. I wonder much to what intent it is That we are thus expresly chargd to watch. II WATCH. This by commandement in the kings own name. III WATCH. But we were neuer wont to watch and ward So neere the duke his brothers house before. II WATCH. Content your-selfe, stand close, theres somewhat int. Enter SERBERINE. SER. [aside] Heere, Serberine, attend and stay thy pace; For heere did Don Lorenzos page appoint That thou by his command shouldst meet with him. How fit a place, if one were so disposde, Me thinks this corner is to close with one. PED. [aside] Heere comes the bird that I must ceaze

vpon; Now, Pedringano, or neuer play the man! SER. [aside] I wonder that his lordship staies so long, Or wherefore should he send for me so late. PED. For this, Serberine; and thou shalt ha'te! Shootes the dagge. So, there he lyes; my promise is performde. The WATCH. I WATCH. Harke, gentlemen, this is a pistol shot! II WATCH. And heeres one slaine; stay the murderer! PED. Now, by the sorrowes of the soules in hell, He striues with the WATCH. Who first laies hands on me, Ile be his priest! III WATCH. Sirra, confesse, and therein play the priest. Why hast thou thus vnkindely kild the man? PED. Why, because he walkt abroad so late. III WATCH. Come sir, you had bene better kept your bed Then haue committed this misdeed so late. II WATCH. Come to the marshalls with the murderer! I WATCH. On to Hieronimos! helpe me heere To bring the murdred 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.

[ACT III. SCENE 4.]

[The DUKE's castle] 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 [unexpected] harmes do hurt vs most. BAL. Why, tell me, Don Lorenz,—tell me, man, If ought concernes our honor and your owne! LOR. Nor you nor me, my lord, but both in one; But I suspect—and the presumptions great— That by those base confederates in our fault Touching the death of Don Horatio We are all 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— [Enter PAGE.] 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 exasperate and hasten his reuenge With your complaints vnto my l[ord] the king. This their dissention breeds a greater doubt. BAL. Assure thee, Don Lorenzo, he shall dye, Or els his Highnes hardly shall deny. Meane-while, Ile haste the marshall sessions, For die he shall for this damned deed. Exit BALT[HAZAR]. LOR. [aside] Why, so! this fits our former pollicie; And thus experience bids the wise and deale. I lay the plot, he prosecutes the point; I set the trap, he breakes the worthles twigs, And sees not that wherewith the bird was limde. Thus hopefull men, that means to holde their owne, Must look, like fowlers, to their dearest freends. He runnes to kill whome I haue hope to catch, And no man knowes it was my reaching [fetch]. Tis hard to trust vnto a multitude,— Or any one, in mine opinion, When men themselues their secrets will reueale. Enter a MESSENGER with a letter. LOR. Boy. PAGE. My lord. LOR. Whats he? MES. I haue a letter to your lordship. LOR. From whence? MES. From Pedringanos that's imprisoned. LOR. So he is in prison then? MES. I, my good lord. LOR. What would he with vs? [Reads the letter.] He writes vs heere To stand good l[ord] and help him in distres. Tell him I haue his letters, know his minde; And what we may, let him assure him of. Fellow, be gone; my boy shall follow thee. Exit MES[SENGER]. [Aside] This works like waxe! Yet once more try thy wits.— Boy, goe conuay this purse to Pedringano,— Thou knowest the prison,—closely giue it him, And be aduisde that none here there-about. Bid him be merry still, but secret; And, though the marshall sessions be to-day, Bid him not doubt of his deliuerie. Tell him his pardon is already signde, And thereon bid him boldely be resolued; For, were he ready to be turned off,— As tis my will the vttermost be tride,— Thou with his pardon shalt attend him still. Shew him this boxe, tell him his pardons int; But opent not, and if thou louest

thy life, But let him wisely keepe his hopes vnknowne. He shall not want while Don Lorenzo liues. Away! PAGE. I goe, my lord, I runne! LOR. But, sirra, see that this be cleanely done. Exit PAGE. Now stands our fortune on a tickle point, And now or neuer ends Lorenzos doubts. One only thing is vneffected yet, And thats to see the executioner,— But to what end? I list not trust the aire With vtterance of our pretence therein, For feare the priuie whispring of the winde Conuay our words amongst vnfreendly eares, That lye too open to aduantages. Et quel che voglio io, nessun lo sa, Intendo io quel [che] mi bastera. Exit.

[ACT III. SCENE 5.]

[A street.] Enter BOY with the boxe. [BOY.] My maister hath forbidden me to look in this box, and, by my troth, tis likely, if he had not warned me, I should not haue had so much idle time; for wee [men-kinde] in our minoritie are like women in their vncertaintie; that they are most forbidden, they wil soonest attempt; so I now. By my bare honesty, heeres nothing but the bare emptie box! Were 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 all presuming of his pardon from hence. Wilt not be an odde iest, for me to stand and grace euery iest he makes, pointing my figner at this boxe, as who [should] say: "Mock on, heers thy warrant!" Ist not a scuruie iest that a man should iest himselfe to death? Alas, poor Pedringano! I am in a sorte sorie for thee, but, if I should be hanged with thee, I [could not] weep. Exit.

[ACT III. SCENE 6.]

[The court of justice.] Enter HIERONIMO and the DEPUTIE. HIERO. Thus must

we toyle in others mens extreames That know not how to rememdie our owne, And doe them iusties, when vniustly we For all our wrongs can compasse no redrese. But shall I neuer liue to see the day That I may come by iustice to the Heauens To know the cause that may my cares allay? This toyles my body, this consumeth age, That onley 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, & 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; But, sith he hath rememberd 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 martiallship 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, Pedrigano. PED. No I think not so. HEIRO. 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 fault approued and confest, And by our law he is condemned to die. HANG. Come on, sir! are you ready? PED. To do what, my fine officious knaue? HANG. To goe to this geere. PED. O, sir, you are to forward; thou woulst faine furnish me with a halter, to disfurnish me of my habit. So should I goe out of this geere, my raiment, into that geere, the rope. But, hangman, now I spy your knauery, Ile not change without 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 turnd off? HANG. I, truly. Come, are you ready? I pray [you], sir, dispatch, the day goes away. PED. What, doe you hang by the howre? If you doo, I may chance to break your olde custome. HANG. Faith, you haue [no] 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 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 truss? HANG. I, and many a faire yeere after, to trusse vp many an honester 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 prithee, request this good company to pray [for] 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 are so light, And where the soule that should be shrinde in heauen Solelie delights in interdicted things, Still wandring in the thornie passages That intercepts it-selfe of hapines! Murder? O bloudy monster! God forbid A fault so foule should scape vnpunished! Dispatch and see this execution done; This makes me to remember thee, my sonne. Exit HIERO[NIMO]. 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, conuey him hence; But let his body be vnburied. Let not the earth be chokt or infect What that which Heauens contemnes and men neglect. Exeunt.

[ACT III. SCENE 7.]

[HIERONIMO's house.] Enter HIERONIMO.

HIER. Where shall I run to breath abroad my woes,— My woes whose weight hath wearied the earth, Or mine exclaimes that haue surcharged the aire With ceasles plaints for my deceased sonne? The blustring winds, conspiring with my words, At my lament haue moued to leaueless trees, Disroabde the medowes of their flowred greene, Made mountains marsh with spring-tides of my teares, And broken through the brazen gates of hell; Yet still tormented is my tortured soule With broken sighes and restles passions, That, winged, mount, and houering in the aire, Beat at the windowes of the brightest heauens, Soliciting for iustice and reuenge. But they are plac't in those imperiall heights, Where, countermurde with walles of diamond, I finde the place impregnable, and they Resist my woes and giue my words no way. Enter HANGMAN with a letter. HANG. O Lord, sir! God blesse you, sir! The man, sir,— Petergade, sir: he that was so full of merie conceits— HIER. 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 pasport, 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[ord] worship. Exit HANGMAN. 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. [Reads] "My lord, I writ, as mine extreames require, 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? Bathazar and thou, Of whome my sone, 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 smootherd and so long conceald, Shall thus by this be [revenged] or reuealed? Now see I, what I durst not then suspect, That Bel-imperias letter was not fainde, Nor fained she, though falsly they haue wrongd Both her, my-selfe, Horatio and themselues. Now may I make compare twixt hers and this Of euerie accident. I neere could finde Till now, and now I feelingly perceiue, They did what Heauen vnpunisht [should] not leaue. O false Lorenzo! are these thy flattering lookes? Is this honour that thou didst my sonne? And, Balthazar,—bane to thy soule and me!— What this the ransome he reseru'd [for thee]? Woe to the cause of these constrained warres! Woe to thy basenes and captiuitie! Woe to thy birth, thy body and thy soule, Thy cursed father, and thy conquerd selfe! And band with bitter execrations be The day and place where he did pittie thee! But wherefore waste I mine vnfruitfull words, When naught but blood will satisfie my woes? I will goe plaine me to my lord the king, And cry aloud for iustice through the court, Wearing the flints with these my withered feet, And either purchase iustice by intreats Or tire them all with my reuenging threats. Exit.

[ACT III. SCENE 8.]

[HIERONIMO's house.] Enter ISABELL and her MAID. ISA. So that you say this hearb will purge the [eyes], And this the head? ah! but none of them will purge the hart! No, thers no medicine left for my disease, Nor any physick to recure the dead. She runnes lunatick. Horatio! O, wheres Horatio? MAIDE. Good madam, affright not thus your-selfe With outrage for your sonne Horatio; He sleepes in quiet in the

Elizian fields. ISA. Why did I not giue you gownes and goodly things, Bought you a wistle and a whipstalke too, To be reuenged on their villanies? MAIDE. Madame, these humors doe torment my soule. ISA. My soule? poore soule, thou talkes of things Thou knowest not what! My soule hath siluer wings, That mounts me vp vnto the highest heauens— To heauen? I, there sits up Horatio, Backt with troup of fierry cherubins Dauncing about his newly healed wounds, Singing sweet hymns and chaunting heauenly notes, Rare harmony to greet his innocence, That dyde, I, dyde a mirrour in our daies! But say, where shall I finde, the men, the murderers, That slew Horatio? whether shall I runne To finde them out, that murdered my sonne? Exeunt.

[ACT III. SCENE 9.]

[The DUKE's castle.] BEL-IMPERIA at a window. BEL. What meanes this outrage that is offred me? What am I thus sequestred from the court? No notice? shall I not know the cause Of these my secret and suspitious ils? Accursed brother! vnkinde murderer! Why bends thou thus thy minde to martir me? Hieronimo, why writ I of they wrongs, Or why art thou so slack in thy reuenge? Andrea! O Andrea, that thou sawest Me for thy freend Horatio handled thus, And him for me thus causeles murdered! Well, force perforce, I must constraine my-selfe To patience, and apply me to the time, Till Heauen, as I haue hoped, shall set me free. Enter [CHRISTOPHEL.] CHRIS. Come, Madame Bel-imperia, this [must] not be! Exeunt.

[ACT III. Scene 10.]

[A room in the DUKE's castle.] Enter LORENZO, BALTHAZAR and the PAGE. LOR. Boy, talke no further; thus farre things goe well. Thou art assurde that thou sawest him dead? PAGE. Or els, my lord, I liue not. LOR. Thats enough. As for this resolution at his end, Leaue that to him with whom he soiourns now. Heere, take my ring, and giue it [Christophel], And bid him let my sister be enlarg'd, And bring her

hither straight. Exit PAGE. This that I did was for a policie, To smooth and keepe the murder secret, Which as a nine daies wonder being ore-blowne, My gentle sister will I now enlarge. BAL. And time, Lorenzo; for my lord the duke, You heard, enquired for her yester-night. LOR. Why! and, my lord, I hope you have heard me say Sufficient reason why she kept away; But thats all one. My lord, you loue her? BAL. I. LOR. Then in your loue beware; deale cunningly; Salue all suspititons; only sooth me vp, And, if she hap to stand on tearmes with vs, As for her sweet-hart, and concealement so, Iest with her gently; vnder fained iest Are things concealde that els would breed vnrest. But heere she comes. Enter BEL-IMPERIA. LOR. Now, sister. BEL. Sister? No! Thou art no brother, but an enemy, Els wouldst thou not haue vsde thy sister so: First, to affright me with thy weapons drawne, And with extreames abuse my company; And then to hurry me like whirlwinds rage Amidst a crew of thy confederates, And clap my vp where none might come at me, Nor I at any to reueale my wrongs. What madding fury did possesse thy wits? Or wherein ist that I offended thee? LOR. Aduise you better, Bel-imperia; 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 arbor there Found Bel-imperia with Horatio— BEL. How then? 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 meanely 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 instrument? 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 fauorite 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. BEL. But why I had no notice of his ire? LOR. That were to adde more fewell to your fire, Who burnt like Aetne for Andreas losse. BEL. Hath not my father then enquird for me? LOR. Sister, he hath; and this excusde I thee. He whispereth in her eare. But, Bel-imperia, see the gentle prince; Looke on thy loue; beholde yong Balthazar, Whose passions by the presence are increast, And in whose melachollie thou maiest see Thy hate, his loue, thy flight, his following thee. BEL. Brother, you are become an oratour— I know not, I, by what experience— Too politick for me, past all compare, Since I last saw you. But content your-selfe; The prince is meditating higher things. BAL. Tis of thy beauty, then, that conquers kings, Of those thy tresses, Ariadnes twines, Wherewith my libertie thou hast surprisde, Of that thine iuorie front, my sorrowes map, Wherein I see no hauen to rest my hope. BEL. To loue and feare, and both at once, my lord, In my conceipt, are things of more import Then womens wit are to be busied with. BAL. Tis that I loue thee. BEL. Whome? BAL. Bel-imperia. BEL. But that I feare? BAL. Whome? BEL. Bel-imperia. LOR. Feare your-selfe? BEL. I, brother. LOR. How? BEL. As those That, [when] they loue, are loath and feare to loose. BAL. Then, faire, let Balthazar your keeper be. BEL. No, Balthazar doth feare as well as we; Et tremulo metui pauidum iunxere timorem, Et vanum stolidae proditionis opus. Exit. LOR. Nay, and you argue things so cunningly, Weele goe continue this discourse at court. BAL. Led by the loadstar of heauenly lookes, Wends poore oppressed Balthazar, As ore the mountains walkes the wanderer Incertain to effect his pilgrimage. Exeunt.

[ACT III. SCENE 11.]

[A street.] Enter two PORTINGALES, and HIERONIMO meets them. I PORT. By your leaue, sir.

[The following is inserted in the 1618, 1623, and 1633 editions.]

HIER. Tis neither as you thinke, nor as you thinke, Nor as you thinke, you'r wide all: These slippers are not mine, they were my sonne Horatios. My sonne? And what's a sonne? A thing begot Within a paire of minutes, there-about; A lump bred up in darknesse, and doth serue To ballance those light creatures we call women, And at nine monethes end creepes foorth to light. What is there yet in a sonne to make a father Dote, rave or runne mad? Being born, it pouts, Cries, and breeds teeth. What is there yet in a sonne? He must be fed, be taught to goe and speake. I, and yet? Why might not a man love A calfe as well, or melt in passion over A frisking kid, as for a sonne? Me thinkes A young bacon or a fine smooth little horse-colt Should moove a man as much as doth a son; For one of these in very little time Will grow to some good use, whereas a sonne, The more he growes in stature and in yeeres, The more unsquar'd, unlevelled he appeares, Reckons his parents among the ranke of fooles, Strikes cares upon their heads with his mad ryots, Makes them looke old before they meet with age.— This is a son! And what a losse were this, Considered truely! Oh, but my Horatio Grew out of reach of those insatiate humours: He lovd his loving parents, he was my comfort And his mothers joy, the very arme that did Hold up our house, our hopes were stored up in him. None but a damned murderer could hate him! He had not seene the backe Of nineteene yeere, when his strong arme unhorst The proud prince Balthazar; and his great minde, Too full of honour tooke him unto mercy, That valient but ignoble Portingale. Well! Heaven is Heaven still! And there's Nemesis, and Furies, And things called whippes, and they sometimes doe meet With murderers! They doe not alwayes scape,— That is some comfort! I, I, I; and then Time steales on, and steales and steales, till violence Leapes foorth like

thunder wrapt in a ball of fire, And so doth bring confusion to them all.

[End of insertion.]

Good leaue haue you; nay, I pray you goe, For Ile leaue you, if you can leaue me so. II PORT. Pray you, which is the next way to my l[ord] the dukes? HIERO. The next way from me. I PORT. To the house, we meane. HIERO. O hard by; tis yon house that you see. II PORT. You could not tell vs if his sonne were there? HIERO. Who? my lord Lorenzo? I PORT. I, sir. He goeth in at one doore and comes out at another. HIERO. Oh, forbeare, For other talke for vs far fitter were! But, if you be importunate to know The way to him and where to finde him out, Then list to me, and Ile resolue your doubt: There is a path vpon your left hand side That leadeth from a guiltie conscience Vnto a forrest of distrust and feare,— A darksome place and dangerous to passe,— There shall you meet with melancholy thoughts Whose balefull humours if you but [behold], It will conduct you to dispaire and death: Whose rockie cliffes when you haue once behelde, Within a hugie dale of lasting night, That, kindled with worlds of iniquities, Doth cast vp filthy and detested fumes,— Not far from thence where murderers haue built A habitation for their cursed soules, There, in a brazen caldron fixed by Iove In his fell wrath vpon a sulpher flame, Your-selues shall finde Lorenzo bathing him In boyling lead and blood of innocents. I PORT. Ha, ha, ha! HIERO. Ha, ha, ha! why, ha, ha, ha! Farewell, good ha, ha, ha! Exit. II PORT. Doubtles this man is passing lunaticke, Or imperfection of his age doth make him dote. Come, lets away to seek my lord the duke. [Exeunt.]

[ACT III. SCENE 12.]

[The Spanish court.] Enter HIERONIMO with a ponyard in one hand, and a rope in the other. HIERO. Now, sir, perhaps I come to see the king, The king sees me, and faine would heare my sute: Why, is this not a strange and seld-seene thing That

standers by with toyes should strike me mute? Go too, I see their shifts, and say no more; Hieronimo, tis time for thee to trudge! Downe by the dale that flowes with purple gore Standeth a firie tower; there sits a iudge Vpon a seat of steele and molten brasse, And twixt his teeth he holdes afire-brand, That leades vnto the lake where he doth stand. Away, Hieronimo; to him be gone: Heele doe thee iustice for Horatios death. Turne down this path, thou shalt be with him straite; Or this, and then thou needst not take thy breth. This way, or that way? Soft and faire, not so! For, if I hang or kill my-selfe, lets know Who will reuenge Horatios murther then! No, no; fie, no! pardon me, ile none of that: He flings away the dagger & halter. This way Ile take; and this way comes the king, He takes them up againe. And heere Ile haue a fling at him, thats flat! And, Balthazar, Ile be with thee to bring; And thee, Lorenzo! Heeres the king; nay, stay! And heere,—I, heere,—there goes the hare away! Enter KING, EMBASSADOR, CASTILLE, 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! [aside] 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 exreamely ouer-ioyd To heare his sonne so princely entertainde, Whose death he had so solemnely bewailde, This, for thy further satisfaction And kingly loue, he kindely 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 be come himselfe To see the marriage rites solemnized And in the presence of the court of Spaine To knit a sure [inextricable] 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 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 doe 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 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 means this outrage? Will none of you restraine his fury? HIERO. Nay, soft and faire; you shall not need to striue! Needs must he goe that the diuels driue. Exit. KING. What accident hath hapt [to] Hieronimo? I haue not seene him to demeane him so. LOR. My gratious lord, he is with extreame pride Conceiued of yong Horatio, his sonne, And couetous of hauing himselfe The ransome of the yong prince, Balthazar, Distract, and in a manner lunatick. KING. Beleeue me, nephew, we are sorie for 't; This is the loue that fathers beare their sonnes. 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 helpelesly 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 embassadour, That he may be a witnes of the match Twixt Balthazar and Bel-imperia, And that we may prefixe a certaine time Wherein the marriage shalbe solemnized, That we may haue

thy lord the vice-roy heere. EM. Therein your Highnes highly shall content His maiestie, that longs to heare from hence. KING. On then, and heare you, lord embassadour. Exeunt.

[ACT III. SCENE 13.]

[HIERONIMO's house.] Enter HIERONIMO with a book in his hand. [HIERO.] Vindicta mihi. I, heauen will be reuenged of euery ill, Nor will they suffer murder vnrepaide! 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 resultion. For he that thinks with patience to contend To quiet life, his life shall easily end. Fata si miseros iuuant, habes selutem; Fata si vitam negant, habes sepulchrum: If destinie thy miseries doe ease, Then hast thou health, and happie shalt thou be; If destinie denie thee life, Hieronimo, Yet shalt thou be assured of a tombe; If neither, yet let this thy comfort be: Heauen couereth him that hath no buriall. And, to conclude, I will reuenge his death! But how? Not as the vulgare wits of men, With open, but ineuitable ils; As by a secret, yet a certaine meane, Which vnder kindeship wilbe cloked best. Wise men will take their opportunitie, Closely and safely fitting things to time; But in extreames aduantage hath no time; And therefore all times fit not for reuenge. Thus, therefore, will I rest me in unrest, Dissembling quiet in vnquietnes, Not seeming that I know their villanies, That my simplicitie may make them think That ignorantly I will let all slip; For ignorance, I wot, and well they know, Remedium malorum iners est. Nor ought auailes it me to menace them. Who, as a wintrie storme vpon a plaine, Will beare me downe with their nobilitie. No, no, Hieronimo, thou must enioyne Thine eies to obseruation, and thy tung To milder speeches then thy spirit affoords, Thy hart to patience, and thy hands to rest, Thy cappe to curtesie, and they knee to bow, Till to reuenge thou

know when, where and how. How now? what noise, what coile is that you keepe? A noise within. Enter a SERVANT. SER. Heere are a sort of poore petitioners That are importunate, and it shall please you, sir, That you should plead their cases to the king. HIERO. That I should plead their seuerall actions? Why, let them enter, and let me see them. Enter three CITIZENS and an OLDE MAN [DON BAZULTO]. I CIT. So I tell you this: for learning and for law There is not any aduocate in Spaine That can preuaile or will take halfe the paine That he will in pursuite of equitie. HIERO. Come neere, you men, that thus importune me! [Aside] Now must I beare a face of grauitie, For thus I vsde, before my marshalship, To pleide the causes as corrigedor.— Come on, sirs, whats the matter? II CIT. Sir, an action. HIERO. Of batterie? I CIT. Mine of debt. HIERO. Giue place. II CIT. No, sir, mine is an action of the case. III CIT. Mine an eiectionae firmae by a lease. HIERO. Content you, sirs; are you determined That I should plead your seuerall actions? I CIT. I, sir; and heeres my declaration. II CIT. And heere is my band. III CIT. And heere is my lease. They giue him papers. HIERO. But wherefore stands you silly man so mute, With mournfall eyes and hands to heauen vprearde? Come hether, father; let me know thy cause. SENEX, [DON BAZULTO]. O worthy sir, my cause but slightly knowne May mooue the harts of warlike Myrmydons, And melt the Corsicke rockes with ruthfull teares! HIERO. Say, father; tell me whats thy sute! [BAZULTO]. No, sir, could my woes Giue way vnto my most distresfull words, Then should I not in paper, as you see, With incke bewray what blood began in me. HIERO. Whats heere? "The Humble Supplication Of Don Bazulto for his Murdered Sonne." [BAZULTO]. I, sir. HIERO. No, sir, it was my murdred sonne! Oh, my sonne, my sonne! oh, my sonne Horatio! But mine or thine, Bazulto, be content; Heere, take my hand-kercher and wipe thine eies, Whiles wretched I in thy mishaps may see The liuely portraict of my dying selfe. He draweth out a bloudie napkin. O, no; not this! Horatio, this was thine! And when I dyde it in thy deerest blood, This was a token twixt thy soule and me That of thy death reuenged I should be. But heere: take this,

and this! what? my purse? I, this and that and all of them are thine; For all as one are our extremeties. I CIT. Oh, see the kindenes of Hieronimo! II CIT. This gentlenes shewes him a gentleman. HIERO. See, see, oh, see thy shame, Hieronimo! See heere a louing father to his sonne: Beholde the sorrowes and the sad laments That he deliuereth for his sonnes dicease. If loues effects so striues in lesser things, If loue enforce such moodes in meaner wits, If loue expresse such power in poor estates, Hieronimo, as when a raging sea, Tost with the winde and tide, ore-turneth then The vpper-billowes, course of waues to keep, Whilest lesser waters labour in the deepe, Then shamest thou not, Hieronimo, to neglect The [swift] reuenge of thy Horatio? Though on this earth iustice will not be found, Ile downe to hell and in this passion Knock at the dismall gates of Plutos court, Getting by force, as once Alcides did, A troupe of furies and tormenting hagges, To torture Don Lorenzo and the rest. Yet, least the triple-headed porter should Denye my passage to the slimy strond, The Thracian poet thou shalt counterfeite; Come on, old father, be my Orpheus; And, if thou canst no notes vpon the harpe, Then sound the burden of thy sore harts greefe Till we do gaine that Proserpine may graunt Reuenge on them that murd[er]red my sonne. Then will I rent and teare them thus and thus, Shiuering their limmes in peeces with my teeth! Teare the papers. I CIT. Oh, sir, my declaration! Exit HIERONIMO and they after. II CIT. Saue my bond! Enter HIERONIMO. II CIT. Saue my bond! III CIT. 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 [DON BAZULTO]. BAZULTO remaines till HIERONIMO enters againe, who, staring him the face, speakes: And art thou come, Horatio, from the depth, To aske for iustice in this vpper earth? T[o] tell thy father thou art vnreuenged? 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, begone; For iustice is exiled

from the earth. H[i]eronimo will beare thee company. Thy mother cries on righteous Radamant For iust reuenge against the murderers. [BAZULTO]. Alas, my l[ord], whence springs this troubled speech? HIERO. But let me looke on my Horatio: Sweet boy, how art thou chang'd in deaths black shade! Had Proserpine no pittie on thy youth, But suffered thy fair crimson-colourd spring With withered winter to be blasted thus? Horatio, thou are older then thy father: Ah, ruthless 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 Horatios 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 thy sonne; Thou art the liuely image of my griefe: Within thy face sorrowes I may see; The eyes are [dim'd] with teares, they cheekes are wan, They 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.

[ACT III. SCENE 14.]

[The Spanish court.] 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 they nephews sake, And greet the Duke of Castile. PEDRO. It shall be so. KING. And now to meet these Portaguise; For, as we now are, so sometimes were these, Kings and commanders of the westerne Indies.

Welcome, braue vice-roy, to the court of Spaine! And welcome, all his honorable traine! Tis not vnknowne to vs for why you come, Or haue so kingly crost the seas. Suffiseth it, in this we note the troth And more then common loue you lend to vs. So is it that mine honorable neece, For it beseemes vs now that it be knowne, Already is betroth'd to Balthazar; And, by appointment and our condiscent, To-morrow are they to be married. To this intent we entertaine thy-selfe, Thy followers, their pleasure, and our peace. Speak, men of Portingale, shall it be so? If I, say so; if not, say so flatly. VICE. Renowned king, I come not, as thou thinkst, With doubtfull followers, vnresolued men, But such as haue vpon thine articles Confirmed thy motion and contented me. Know, soueraigne, I come to solemnize The marriage of they beloued neece, Faire Bel-imperia, with my Balthazar,— With thee, my sonne, whom sith I liue to see, Heere, take my crowne, I giue it to her and thee, And let me liue a solitarie life, In ceaseless praiers, To think how strangely heauen hath thee preserued. KING. See, brother, see, how nature striues in him! Come, worthy vice-roy, and accompany They freend, [to strive] with thine extremities: A place more priuate fits this princely mood. VICE. Or heere or where your Highnes thinks it good. Exeunt all but CAST[TILE] and LOR[ENZO]. CAS. Nay, stay, Lorenzo; let me talke with you. Seest thou this entertainement of these kings? LOR. I doe, my lord, and ioy to see the same. CAS. And knowest thou why this meeting is? LOR. For her, my lord, whom Balthazar doth loue, And to confirme their promised marriage. CAS. She is thy sister. LOR. Who? Bel-imperia? I, my gratious lord, and this is the day That I haue longd so happily to see. CAS. Thou wouldst be loath that any fault of thine Should intercept her in her happines? LOR. Heauens will not let Lorenzo erre so much. CAS. Why then, Lorenzo, listen to my words: It is suspected, and reported too, That thou, Lorenzo, wrongst Hieronimo, And in his sutes toward his Maiestie Still keepst him back and seekes to crosse his sute. LOR. That I, my lord? CAS. I tell thee, sonne, my-selfe haue heard it said, When to my sorrow I haue been ashamed To answere for thee, though thou art my sonne. Lorenzo, knowest

thou not the common loue And kindenes that Hieronimo hath wone By his deserts within the court of Spaine? Or seest thou not the k[ing] my brothers care In his behalfe and to procure his health? Lorenzo, shouldst thou thwart his passions, And he exclaime against thee to the king, What honour wert in this assembly, Or what a scandale were among the kings, To heare Hieronimo exclaime on thee! Tell me,—and loke thou tell me truely too,— Whence growes the ground of this report in court? LOR. My l[ord], it lyes not in Lorenzos power To stop the vulgar liberall of their tongues: A small aduantage makes a water-breach; And no man liues that long contenteth all. CAS. My-selfe haue seene thee busie to keep back Him and his supplications from the king. LOR. Your-selfe, my l[ord], hath seene his assions, That ill beseemde the presence of a king; And, for I pittied him in his distresse, I helde him thence with kinde and curteous words, As free from malice to Hieronimo As to my soule, my lord. CAS. Hieronimo, my sonne, mistakes thee then. LOR. My gratious father, beleeue me, so he doth; But whats a silly man, distract in minde To think vpon the murder of his sonne? Alas, how easie is it for him to erre! But, for his satisfaction and the worlds, Twere good, my l[ord], that Hieronimo and I Were reconcilde, if he misconster me. CAS. Lorenzo, that hast said; it shalbe so! Goe, one of you, and call Hieronimo. Etner BALTHAZAR and BEL-IMPERIA. BAL. Come, Bel-imperia, Balthazars content, My sorrowes ease, and soueraigne of my blisse,— Sith heauen hath [thee ordainded] to be mine, Disperce those cloudes and melanchollie lookes, And cleere them vp with those thy sunne-bright eies, Wherein my hope and heauens faire beautie lies! BEL. My lookes, my lord, are fitting for my loue, Which, new begun, can shew no brighter yet. BAL. New kindled flames should burne as morning sun. BEL. But not too fast, least heate and all be done. I see my lord my father. BAL. True, my loue; I will goe salute him. CAS. Welcome, Balthazar, Welcome, braue prince, the pledge of Castiles peace! And welcome Bel-imperia! How now, girle? Why commest thou sadly to salute vs thus? Content thy-selfe, for I am satisfied. It is not now as when Andrea liu'd; We haue forgotten

and forgiuen that, And thou art graced with a happeir loue. But, Balthazar, heere comes Hieronimo; Ile haue a word with him. Enter HIERONIMO and a SERUANT. HIERO. And wheres the duke? SER. Yonder. HIERO. Euen so. [aside] 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. LOR. Hieronimo, my father craues a word with you. HIERO. With me, sir? Why, my l[ord], I thought you had done. LOR. [aside] No; would he had! CAS. Hieronimo, I hear You finde your-selfe agreeued at my sonne, Because you haue not accesse vnto the king, 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 honorable freend? Graunt me the combat of them, if they dare! Drawes out his sword. Ile meet them face-to-face to tell me so! These be the scandalous reports of such As loues not me, and hate my lord too much. Should I suspect Lorenzo would preuent Or crosse my sute, that loued my sonne so well? My lord, I am ashamed it should be said. LOR. Hieronimo, I neuer gaue you cause. H[I]ERO. My good lord, I know you did not. CAS. There then pause, And, for the satisfaction of the world, Hieronimo, frequent my homely house, The Duke of Castile Ciprians ancient seat; And when thou wilt, vse me, my sonne, and it. But heere before Prince Balthazar and me Embrace each other, and be perfect freends. HIERO. I, marry, my lord, and shall! Freends, quoth he? See, Ile be freends with you all! Especially with you, my louely lord; For diuers causes it is fit for vs That we be freends. The world is suspitious, And men may think what we imagine not. BAL. Why this is freely doone, Hieronimo. LOR. And I hope olde

grudges are forgot. HIERO. What els? it were a shame it should not be so! CAS. Come on, Hieronimo, at my request; Let vs entreat your company to-day! Exeunt.

[CHORUS.]

Enter GHOAST and REUENGE. GHOST. Awake Erictho! Cerberus, awake! Sollicite Pluto, gentle Proserpine! To combat, Achinon and Ericus in hell! For neere by Stix and Phlegeton [there came.] Nor ferried Caron to the fierie lakes, Such fearfull sights, as poore Andrea see[s]? Reuenge awake! REUENGE. Awake? for-why? GHOST. Awake, Reuenge! for thou art ill aduisde To sleepe away what thou art warnd to watch! REUENGE. Content thy-selfe, and doe not trouble me. GHOST. Awake, Reuenge, if loue, as loue hath had, Haue yet the power of preuailance in hell! Hieronimo with Lorenzo is ioynde in league, And intecepts our passage to reuenge. Awake, Reuenge, or we are woe-begone! REUENGE. Thus worldings ground what they haue dreamd vpon! Content thy-selfe, Andrea; though I sleepe, Yet is my mood soliciting their soules. Sufficeth thee that poore Hieronimo Cannot forget his sonne Horatio. Nor dies Reuegne although he sleepe a-while; For in vnquiet, quietnes is faind, And slumbring is a common worldly wile. Beholde, Andrea, for an instance how Reuenge hath slept; and then imagine thou What tis to be subiect to destinie. Enter a Dumme-show. GHOST. Awake, Reuenge! reueale this misterie! REUENGE. The two first [do] the nuptiall torches beare, As brightly burning as the mid-daies sunne; But after them doth Himen hie as fast, Clothed in sable and saffron robe, And blowes them out and quencheth them with blood, As discontent that things continue so. GHOST. Sufficeth me; thy meanings vnderstood, And thanks to thee and those infernall powers That will not tollerate a louers woe. Rest thee; for I will sit to see the rest. REUENGE. Then argue not; for thou hast thy request. Exeunt.

[ACT IV. SCENE 1.]

[The DUKE's castle.] Enter BEL-IMPERIA and HIERONIMO. BEL-IMPERIA. Is this the loue that bearst Horatio? Is this the kindnes that thou counterfeits, Are these the fruits of thine incessant teares? Hieronimo, are these thy passions, Thy protestations and thy deepe laments, That thou wert wont to wearie men withall? O vnkinde father! O deceitfull world! With what excuses canst thou shew thy-selfe,— With what dishonour, and the hate of men,— Thus to neglect the losse and life of him Whom both my letters and thine owne beliefe Assures thee to be causeles slaughtered? Hieronimo! for shame, Hieronimo, Be not a history to after times Of such ingratitude vnto thy sonne! Vnhappy mothers of such chldren then! But monstrous fathers, to forget so soone The death of those whom they with care and cost Haue tendred so, thus careles should be lost! My-selfe, a stranger in respect to thee, So loued his life as still I wish their deathes. Nor shall his death be vnreuengd by me. Although I beare it out for fashions sake; For heere I sweare in sight of heauen and earth, Shouldst thou neglect the loue thou shoudlst retain And giue ouer and deuise no more, My-selfe should send their hatefull soules to hel That wrought his downfall with extreamest death! HIE. But may it be that Bel-imperia Vowes such reuenge as she hath dain'd to say? Why then, I see that heauen applies our drift, And all the saints doe sit soliciting For vengeance on those cursed murtherers. Madame, tis true, and now I find it so. I found a letter, written in your name, And in that letter, how Horatio died. Pardon, O pardon, Bel-imperia, My feare and care in not beleeuing it! Nor thinke I thoughtles thinke vpon a meane To let his death be vnreuenge'd at full. And heere I vow, so you but giue consent And will conceale my resolution, I will ere long determine of their deathes That causeles thus haue murderd my sonne. BEL. Hieronimo, I will consent, conceale, And ought that may effect for thine auaile, Ioyne with thee to reuenge Horatios death. HIER. On then, [and] whatsoeuer I deuise, Let me entreat you grace my practice, For-why the plots already in mine head.— Heere they are! Enter BALTHAZAR and LORENZO. BAL. How now, Hieronimo? What, courting Bel-imperia? HIERO. I, my lord, Such

courting as, I promise you, She hath my hart, but you, my lord, haue hers. LOR. But now, Hieronmimo, or neuer we are to intreate your helpe. HIE. My help? why, my good lords, assure your-selues of me; For you haue giuen me cause,—I, by my faith, haue you! BAL. It pleasde you at the entertainment of the embassadour, To grace the King so much as with a shew; Now were your stuide 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 yourselfe it would content them well. HIERO. Is this all? BAL. I, this is all. HIERO. While then ile fit you; say no more. When I was yong 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 showes them a book. Which, long forgot, I found this other day. Nor 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 wit 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 intreat, Your sister, Bel-imperia, to make one,— For whats a play without a woman in it? BEL. Little intreaty shall serue me, Hieronimo, For I must needs be imployed in your play. HIERO. Why, this is well! I tell you, lordings, It was determined to haue beene acted, By gentlemen and schollers too, Such as could tell what to speak. BAL. And now it shall be plaide by princes and courtiers, Such as can tell how to speak, If, as it is our country manner, You will but let vs know the argument. HIERO. That shall I roundly. The cronicles of Spaine Recorde this written of a knight of Rodes; He was betrothed, and

wedded at the length, To one Perseda, an Italian dame, Whose beatuie rauished all that her behelde, Especially the soule of Soliman, Who at the marriage was the cheefest guest. By sundry meanes sought Soliman to winne Persedas loue, and could not gaine the same. Then gan he break his passions to a freend, One of his bashawes whome he held full deere. Her has this bashaw long solicited, And saw she was not otherwise to be wonne But by her husbands death, this knight of Rodes, Whome presently by trecherie his slew. She, stirde with an exceeding hate therefore, As cause of this, slew [Sultan] Soliman, And, to escape the bashawes tirannie, Did stab her-selfe. And this [is] the tragedie. LOR. O, excellent! BEL. But say, Hieronimo: What then became of him that was the bashaw? HIERO. Marrie thus: moued with remorse of his misdeeds, Ran to a mountain top and hung himselfe. BAL. But which of vs is to performe that part? HIERO. O, that will I, my lords; make no doubt of it; Ile play the murderer, I warrent you; For I already haue conceited that. BAL. And what shall I? HIERO. Great Soliman, the Turkish emperour. LOR. And I? HIERO. Erastus, the knight of Rhodes. BEL. And I? HIERO. Perseda, chaste and resolute. And heere, my lords, are seueral abstracts drawne, For eache of you to note your [seuerall] partes. And act it as occasion's offred you. You must prouide [you with] a Turkish cappe, A black moustache and a fauchion. Giues paper to BAL[THAZAR]. You with a crosse, like a knight of Rhodes. Giues another to LOR[ENZO]. And, madame, you must [then] attire your-selfe He giueth BEL[-IMPERIA] another. Like Phoebe, Flora, or the huntresse [Dian], Which to your discretion shall seeme best. And as for me, my lords, Ile looke to one, And with the raunsome that the vice-roy sent So furnish and performe this tragedie As all the world shall say Hieronimo Was liberall in gracing of it so. BAL. Hieronimo, me thinks a comedie were better. HIERO. A comedie? fie! comedies are fit for common wits; But to present a kingly troupe withall, Giue me a stately-written tragedie,— Tragedia cothurnata, fitting kings, Containing matter, and not common things! My lords, all this [our sport] must be perfourmed, As fitting, for the first nights reuelling. The Italian tragedians were

so sharpe Of wit that in one houres meditation They would performe any-thing in action. LOR. And well it may, for I haue seene the like In Paris, mongst the French tragedians. HIERO. In Paris? mas, and well remembered!— Theres one thing more that rests for vs to doo. BAL. Whats that, Hieronimo? Forget not any-thing. HIERO. Each one of vs Must act his parte in vnknowne languages, That it may breede the more varietie: As you, my lord, in Latin, I in Greeke, You in Italian, and, for-because I know That Bel-imperia hath practised the French, In courtly French shall all her phrases be. BEL. You meane to try my cunning then, Hieronimo! BAL. But this will be a meere confusion, And hardly shall we all be vnderstoode. HEIRO. It must be so; for the conclusion Shall proue the inuention and all was good; And I my-selfe in an oration, That I will haue there behinde a curtaine, And with a strange and wondrous shew besides, Assure your-selfe, shall make the matter knowne. And all shalbe concluded in once scene, For theres no pleasure tane in tediousnes. BAL. [to LOR.] How like you this? LOR. Why thus, my lord, we must resolue, To soothe his humors vp. BAL. On then, Hieronimo; farewell till soone! HIERO. You plie this geere? LOR. I warrant you. Exeuent all but HIERONIMO. HIERO. Why, so! now shall I see the fall of Babilon Wrought by the heauens in this confusion. And, if the world like not this tragedie, Hard is the hap of olde Hieronimo. Exit.

[ACT IV. SCENE 2.]

[HIERONIMO's garden.] Enter ISABELLA with a weapon. [ISA.] Tell me no more! O monstrous homicides! Since neither pietie nor pittie moues The king to iustice or compassion, I will reuenge my-selfe vpon this place, Where thus they murdered my beloued sonne. She cuts downe the arbour. Downe with these branches and these loathsome bowes On this vnfortunate and fatall pine! Downe with them, Isabella; rent them vp, And burnes the roots from whence the rest is sprung! I will leaue not a root, a stalke, a tree, A bowe, a branch, a blossome, nor a leafe,— Not, not a hearb

within this garden plot, Accursed complot of my miserie! Fruitlesse for-euer may this garden be, Barren the earth, and blislesse whosoeuer Immagines not to keep it vnmanurde! An easterne winde comixt with noisome aires Shall blast the plants and yong saplings [here], The earth with serpents shalbe pestered, And passengers, for feare to be infect, Shall stand aloofe, and, looking at it, tell There murdred dide the sonne of Isabell. I, heere he dide, and heere I him imbrace! See where his ghoast solicites with his wounds Reuenge on her that should reuenge his death! Hieronimo, make haste to see thy sonne, For Sorrow and Dispaire hath scited me To heare Horatio plead with Radamant. Make haste, Hieronimo, to holde excusde Thy negligence in pursute of their deaths Whose hatefull wrath breau'd him of his breath. Ah, nay; thou dost delay their deaths, Forgiues the murderers of thy noble sonne; And none but I bestirre me,—to no end! And, as I cursse this tree from further fruit, So shall my wombe be cursed for his sake; And with this weapon will I wound this brest,— That haples brest that gaue Horatio suck! She stabs her-selfe.

[ACT IV. SCENE 3.]

[The DUKE's castle.] Enter HIERONIMO; he knocks up the curtaine. Enter the DUKE OF CASTILE. CAS. How now, Hieronimo? wheres your fellows, That you take all this paine? HIERO. O sir, it is for the authors credit To look that all things may goe well. But, good my lord, let me intreat your Grace To giue the king the coppie of the plaie: This is the argument of what we shew. CAS. I will, Hieronimo. HIERO. One more thing, my good lord. CAS. Whats that? HIERO. Let me intreat your Grace That, when the traine are past into the gallerie, You would vouchsafe to throwe me downe the key. CAS. I will Hieronimo. Exit CAS[TILE]. HIERO. What, are you ready, Balthazar? Bring a chaire and a cushion for the king. Enter BALTHAZAR with a chaire. Well doon, Balthazar; hang vp the title: Our scene is Rhodes. What, is your beard on? BAL. Halfe on, the other is in my hand. HIERO.

Dispatch, for shame! are you so long? Exit BALTHAZAR. Bethink thy-selfe, Hieronimo, Recall thy wits, recompt thy former wrongs Thou hast receiued by murder of thy sonne, And lastly, [but] not least, how Isabell, Once his mother and [my] deerest wife, All woe-begone for him, hath slaine her-selfe. Behoues thee then, Hieronimo, to be Reueng'd! The plot is laide of dire reuenge: On then, Hieronimo; persue reuenge, For nothing wants but acting of reuenge! Exit HIERONIMO. Enter SPANISH KING, VICE-ROY, the DUKE OF CASTILE, and their traine, [to the gallery]. KING. Now, viceroy, shall we see the tragedie Of Soliman, the Turkish emperour, Performde by pleasure by yor 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.

[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.]

Enter BALTHAZAR, BEL-IMPERIA, and HIERONIMO. BALTHAZAR. [acting] Bashaw, that Rhodes is ours yeeld Heauens the honor And holy Mahhomet, our sacred prophet! And be thou grac't with euery excelence 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 runnes al on Bel-imperia. HIERO. [acting] What-euer ioy earth yeelds betide your Maiestie! BALT. [acting] Earth yeelds no ioy without Persedaes loue. HIERO. [acting] Let then Peerseda on your Grace attend. BALT. [acting] She shall not wait on me, but I on her! Drawne by the influence of her lights, I yeeld. But

let my friend, the Rhodian knight, come foorth,— Erasto, dearer then my life to me,— That he may see Perseda, my beloued. Enter ERASTO [LORENZO]. KING. Heere comes Lorenzo: looke vpon the plot And tell me, brother, what part plaies he. BEL. [acting] Ah, my Erasto! Welcome to Perseda! LO. [acting] Thrice happie is Erasto that thou liuest! Rhodes losse is nothing to Erastoes ioy; Sith his Perseda liues, his life suruiues. BALT. [acting] Ah, bashaw, heere is loue betweene Erasto And faire Perseda, soueraigne of my soule! HIERO. [acting] Remooue Erasto, mighty Solyman, And then Perseda will be quickly wonne. BALT. [acting] Erasto is my friend; and, while he liues, Perseda neuer will remooue her loue. HIERO. [acting] Let not Erasto liue to greeue great Soliman! BALT. [acting] Deare is Erasto in our princely eye. HIERO. [acting] But, if he be your riuall, let him die! BALT. [acting] Why, let him die! so loue commaundeth me. Yet I greeve I that Erasto should so die. HIERO. [acting] Erasto, Soliman saluteth thee, And lets thee wit by me his Highnes will, Which is, thou shouldst be thus imploid. Stab him. BEL. [acting] Ay, me, Erasto! See, Solyman, Erastoes slaine! BALT. [acting] Yet liueth Solyman to comfort thee. Faire queene of beautie, let not fauour die, Both with gratious eye behlde his griefe, That with Persedaes beautie is encreast, If by Perseda griefe be not releast. BEL. [acting] Tyrant, desist soliciting vaine sutes; Relentles are mine eares to thy laments As thy butcher is pittilesse and base Which seazd on my Erasto, harmelesse knight. Yet by thy power thou thinkest to commaund, And to thy power Perseda doth obey; But, were she able, thus she would reuenge Thy treacheries on thee, ignoble prince; Stab him. And on herselfe she would be thus reuengd. Stab herselfe. KING. Well said, old marshall! this was brauely done! HIERO. But Bel-imperia plauies Perseda well. VICE. Were this in earnest, Bel-imperia, You would be better to my sonne then so. KING. But now what followes for Hieronimo? HIERO. Marrie, this followes for Hieronimo! Heere breake we off our sundrie languages, And thus conclude I in our vulgare tung: Happely you think—but bootles are your thoughts— That this is fabulously counterfeit, And that

we doo as all trageians doo,— To die to-day, for fashioning our scene, The death of Aiax, or some Romaine peer, And, in a minute starting vp againe, Reuiue to please tomorrows audience. No, princes; know I am Hieronimo, The hopeles father of a haples sonne, Whose tung is tun'd to tell his latest tale, Not to excuse grosse errors in the play. I see your lookes vrge instance of these words: Beholde the reason vrging me to this! Showes his dead sonne. See heere my shew; look on this spectacle! Heere lay my hope, and heere my hope hath end; Heere lay my hart, and heere my hart was slaine; Heere lay my treasure, heere my treasure lost; Heere lay my blisse, and heere my blisse bereft. But hope, hart, treasure, ioy and blisse,— All fled, faild, died, yea, all decaide with this. From froth these wounds came breath that gaue me life; They murdred me that made these fatall markes. The cause was loue whence grew this mortall hate: The hate, Lorenzo and yong Balthazar; The loue, my sonne to Bel-imperia. But night, the couerer of accursed crimes, With pitchie silence husht these traitors harmes, And lent them leaue—for they had sorted leasure— To take aduantage in my garden plot Vpon my sonne, my deere Horatio. There mercilesse they butcherd vp my boy, In black, darke night, to pale, dim, cruell death! He shrikes; I heard—and yet, me thinks, I heare— His dismall out-cry eccho in the aire; With soonest speed I hasted to the noise, Where, hanging on a tree, I found my sonne Through-girt with wounds and slaughtred, as you see. And greeued I, think you, at this spectacle? Speak, Portuguise, whose losse resembles mine! If thou canst weep vpon thy Balthazar, Tis like I wailde for my Horatio. And you, my l[ord], whose reconciled sonne Marcht in a net and thought himself vnseene, And rated me for a brainsicke lunacie, With "God amend that mad Hieronimo!"— How can you brook our plaies catastrophe? And heere beholde this bloudie hand-kercher, Which at Horatios death weeping dipt Within the riuer of his bleeding wounds! It as propitious, see, I haue reserued, And neuer hath it left my bloody hart, Soliciting remembrance of my vow With these, O these accursed murderers! Which now perform'd, my hart is satisfied. And to this end the bashaw I became, That might

reuenge me on Lorenzos life, Who therefore was appointed to the part And was to represent the knight of Rhodes, That I might kill him more conueniently. So, vice-roy, was this Balthazar thy sonne— That Soliman which Bel-imperia In person of Perseda murdered,— So[le]lie appointed to that tragicke part, That she might slay him that offended her. Poore Bel-imperia mist her part in this: For, though the story saith she should haue died, Yet I, of kindenes and care for her, Did otherwise determine of her end. But loue of him whome they did hate too much Did vrge her resolution to be such. And princes, now beholde Hieronimo, Author and actor in this tragedie, Bearing his latest fortune in his fist; And will as resolute conclude his parte As any of the actors gone before. And, gentles, thus I end my play! Vrge no more words, I haue no more to say. He runs to hang himselfe. KING. O hearken, vice-roy; holde Hieronimo! Brother, my newphew and they sonne are slaine! VICE. We are betraide! my Balthazar is slaine! Breake ope the doores; runne saue Hieronimo! Hieronimo, doe but enforme the king of these euents; Vpon mine honour, thou shalt haue no harme! HIERO. Vice-roy, I will not trust thee with my life, Which I this day haue offered to my sonne: Accursed wretch, why staiest thou him that was resolued to die? KING. Speak, traitor! damned, bloudy murderer, speak!— For, now I haue thee, I wil make thee speak! Why hast thou done this vndeseruing deed? VICE. Why hast thou murdered my Balthazar? CAS. Why hast thou butchered both my children thus? HIERO. O good words! As deare to me was Horatio As yours, or yours, my l[ord], to you. My guitles sonne was by Lorenzo slaine; And by Lorenzo and that Balthazar Am I at last reuenged thorowly,— Vpon whole soules may Heauens be yet auenged With far greater far then these afflictions! CAS. But who were thy confederates in this? VICE. That was thy daughter Bel-imperia; For by her hand my Balthazar was slaine,— I saw her stab him. KING. Why speakest thou not? HIERO. What lesser libertie can kings affoord Then harmles silence? That afford it me! Sufficeth I may not nor I will not tell thee. KING. Fetch forth the tortures! Traitor as thou art, Ile make thee tell! HIERO. Indeed? Thou maiest torment me as his

wretched sonne Hath done in murdring my Horatio; But neuer shalt thou force me to reueale The thing which I haue vowed inviolate. And therefore, in despight of all thy threats, Pleasde with their deaths, and easde with their reuenge, First take my tung, and afterwards my hart! He bites out his tongue. KING. O monstrous resolution of a wretch! See, Vice-Roy, he hath bitten foorth his tung Rather than reueale what we requirde. CAS. Yet can he write. KING. And if in this he satisfie vs not, We will deuise the 'xtreamest kinde of death That euer was inuented for a wretch. Then he makes signes for a knife to mend his pen. CAS. O, he would haue a knife to mend his pen. VICE. Here; and aduise thee that thou write the troth,— Look to my brother! saue Hieronimo! He with a knife stabs the DUKE and himself. KING. What age hath euer heard such monstrous deeds? My brother and the whole succeeding hope That Spaine expected after my dicease. Go beare his body hence, that we may mourne The losse of our beloued brothers death, That he may be entom'd, what-ere befall. I am the next, the neerest, last of all. VICE. And thou, Don Pedro, do the like for vs: Take vp our haples sonne vntimely slaine; Set me vp with him, and he with wofull me, Vpon the maine-mast of a ship vnmand, And let the winde and tide [hale] me along To Sillas barking and vntamed gulfe Or to the lothsome poole of Archeron, To weepe my want for my sweet Balthazar. Spaine hath no refuge for a Portingale! The trumpets sound a dead march, the KING OF SPAINE mourning after his brothers body, and the KING OF PORTINGALE bearing the body of his sonne.

[CHORUS.]

Enter GHOAST and REUENGE. GHOAST. I; now my hopes haue end in their effects, When blood and sorrow finnish my desires: Horatio murdered in his Fathers bower, Vilde Serberine by Pedrigano slaine, False Pedrigano hang'd by quaint deuice, Faire Isabella by her-selfe misdone, Prince Balthazar by Bel-imepria stabd, The Duke of Castile an his wicked sonne Both done to death by olde Hieronimo, My Bel-imperia falne as Dido fell, And good Hieronimo slaine by himselfe! I, these

were spectacles to please my soule. Now will I beg at louely Proserpine That, by the vertue of her princely doome, I may consort my freends in pleasing sort, And on my foes work iust and sharpe reuenge. Ile lead my freend Horatio through those feeldes Where neuer-dying warres are still inurde; Ile lead faire Isabella to that traine Where pittie weepes but neuer feeleth paine; Ile lead my Bel-imperia to those ioyes That vestal virgins and faire queenes possess; Ile lead Hieronimo where Orpheus plaies, Adding sweet pleasure to eternall daies. But say, Reuenge,—for thou must helpe or none,— Against the rest how shall my hate be showne? REUENGE. This hand shall hale them down to deepest hell, Where none but furies, bugs and tortures dwell. GHOAST. Then, sweet Reuenge, doo this at my request: Let me iudge and doome them to vnrest; Let loose poore Titius from the vultures gripe, And let Don Ciprian supply his roome; Place Don Lorenzo on Ixions wheele, And let the louers endles paines surcease, Iuno forget olde wrath and graunt him ease; Hang Balthazar about Chimeras neck, And let him there bewaile his bloudy loue, Repining at our ioyes that are aboue; Let Serberine goe roule the fatall stone And take from Siciphus his endles mone; False Pedringano, for his trecherie, Let him be dragde through boyling Acheron, And there liue dying still in endles flames, Blaspheming gods and all their holy names. REUENGE. Then haste we downe to meet thy freends and foes; To place thy freends in ease, the rest in woes. For heere though death [doth] end their miserie, Ile there begin their endles tragedie. Exeunt.

FINIS.

*** END OF THE PROJECT GUTENBERG EBOOK THE SPANISH TRAGEDIE ***

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