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## A Digital Anthology of Early Modern English Drama

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



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img: 1-a

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img: 2-a

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THE  
SPANISH TRAGEDY,  
Containing the lamentable  
end of *Don Horatio*, and *Bel-imperia*:  
with the pitiful death of  
old *Hieronimo*.

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

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

ACTUS PRIMUS.

Enter the Ghost of *Andrea*, and with him  
*Revenge*.

*Ghost*.

When this eternal substance of my soul,  
Did live imprisoned in my wanton flesh:  
Each in their function serving other's need,  
I was a Courtier in the Spanish Court.  
My name was *Don Andrea*, my descent  
Though not ignoble, yet inferior far  
To gracious fortunes of my tender youth:  
For there in prime and pride of all my years,  
By duteous service and deserving love,  
In secret I possessed a worthy dame,  
Which hight sweet *Bel-imperia* by name.  
But in the harvest of my summer joys,  
Death's winter nipped the blossoms of my bliss,  
Forcing divorce betwixt my love and me.  
For in the late conflict with Portingale,  
My valor drew me into danger's mouth,  
Till life to death made passage through my wounds.  
When I was slain, my soul descended straight,  
To pass the flowing stream of Acheron:  
But churlish *Charon* only boatman there,  
Said that my rites of burial not performed,  
I might not sit amongst his passengers.  
Ere *Sol* had slept three nights in *Thetis*' lap,

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And slaked his smoking Chariot in her flood:  
By *Don Horatio* our knight Marshal's son,  
My funerals and obsequies were done.

Then was the Ferryman of hell content,  
To pass me over to the slimy strand,  
That leads to fell *Avernus*' ugly waves:  
There pleasing *Cerberus* with honeyed speech,  
I passed the perils of the foremost porch.  
Not far from hence amidst ten thousand souls,  
Sat *Minos*, *Aeacus*, and *Rhadamanth*,  
To whom no sooner 'gan I make approach,  
To crave a passport for my wand'ring Ghost:  
But *Minos* in graven leaves of Lottery,  
Drew forth the manner of my life and death.  
This knight (quoth he) both lived and died in love:  
And for his love tried fortune of the wars,  
And by war's fortune lost both love and life.  
Why then said *Aeacus*, convey him hence,  
To walk with lovers in our fields of love:  
And spend the course of everlasting time,  
Under green myrtle trees and Cypress shades.  
No, no, said *Rhadamanth*, it were not well,  
With loving souls to place a Martialist,  
He died in war, and must to martial fields:  
Where wounded *Hector* lives in lasting pain,  
And *Achilles*' myrmidons do scour the plain.  
Then *Minos* mildest censor of the three,  
Made this device to end the difference.  
Send him (quoth he) to our infernal King:  
To doom him as best seems his Majesty:  
To this effect my passport straight was drawn.  
In keeping on my way to *Pluto's* Court,  
Through dreadful shades of ever glooming night:  
I saw more sights than thousand tongues can tell,  
Or pens can write, or mortal hearts can think.  
Three ways there were, that on the right-hand side,  
Was ready way unto the foresaid fields,  
Where lovers live, and bloody Martialists,  
But either sort contained within his bounds.  
The left-hand path declining fearfully,

Was ready downfall to the deepest hell.  
Where bloody furies shakes their whips of steel,  
And poor *Ixion* turns an endless wheel.  
Where Usurers are choked with melting gold,  
And wantons are embraced with ugly snakes:

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And murderers groan with never killing wounds,  
And perjured wights scalded in boiling lead,  
And all soul sins with torments overwhelmed.  
Twixt these two ways, I trod the middle path,  
Which brought me to the fair Elysian green.  
In midst whereof there stands a stately Tower,  
The walls of brass, the gates of Adamant.  
Here finding *Pluto* with his *Proserpine*,  
I showed my passport humbled on my knee.  
Whereat fair *Proserpine* began to smile,  
And begged that only she might give my doom.  
*Pluto* was pleased and sealed it with a kiss.  
Forthwith (*Revenge*) she rounded thee in th' ear,  
And bade thee lead me through the gates of **Horn**:  
Where dreams have passage in the silent night.  
No sooner had she spoke but we were here,  
I wot not how, in twinkling of an eye.

*Revenge.*

Then know *Andrea* that thou art arrived,  
Where thou shalt see the author of thy death:  
*Don Balthazar* the Prince of Portingale.  
Deprived of life by *Bel-imperia*:  
Here sit we down to see the mystery,  
And serve for *Chorus* in this tragedy.

Enter Spanish King, General, Castile, Hieronimo.

*King.*

Now say Lord General, how fares our Camp?  
*General* All well my sovereign Liege, except some few,  
That are deceased by fortune of the war.  
*King.* But what portends thy cheerful countenance,  
And posting to our presence thus in haste?  
Speak man, hath fortune given us victory?

*General* Victory my Liege, and that with little loss.

*King.* Our Portingals will pay us tribute then.

*General* Tribute and wonted homage therewithal.

*King.* Then blest be heaven, and guider of the heavens,  
From whose fair influence such justice flows.

*Castile* *O multum dilecte Deo, tibi militat aether,*

*Et coniuratae curvato **poplito** gentes*

*Succumbunt: recti soror est victoria iuris.*

*King.* Thanks to my loving brother of Castile.

But General, unfold in brief discourse,  
Your form of battle and your war's success.  
That adding all the pleasure of thy news,  
Unto the height of former happiness,  
With deeper wage and greater dignity,  
We may reward thy blissful chivalry.

*General* Where Spain and Portingale do jointly knit

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Their frontiers, leaning on each other's bound:  
There met our armies in their proud array,  
Both furnished well, both full of hope and fear:  
Both menacing alike with daring shows,  
Both vaunting sundry colors of device,  
Both cheerly sounding trumpets, drums and fifes.  
Both raising dreadful clamors to the sky,  
That valleys, hills, and rivers made rebound,  
And heaven itself was frightened with the sound.  
Our battles both were pitched in squadron form,  
Each corner strongly fenced with wings of shot,  
But ere we joined 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 encounter us:  
Meanwhile our ordinance played on either side,  
And Captains strove to have their valors tried.  
*Don Pedro* their chief horsemen's Colonel:  
Did with his Cornet bravely make attempt,  
To break the order of our battle ranks.  
But *Don Rogero* worthy man of war,

Marched forth against him with our Musketeers,  
And stopped the malice of his fell approach.  
While they maintain hot skirmish to and fro,  
Both battles join and fall to handy blows.  
Their violent shot resembling th' ocean's rage,  
When roaring loud and with a swelling tide,  
It beats upon the rampires of huge rocks,  
And gapes to swallow neighbor-bounding lands.  
Now while *Bellona* rageth here and there,  
Thick storms of bullets ran like winter's hail,  
And shivered Lances dark the troubled air.  
*Pede pes Et cuspide cuspis,*  
*Armi sonant armis vir petiturque viro.*  
On every side drop Captains to the ground,  
And Soldiers some ill maimed, some slain outright:  
Here falls a body sundered from his head,  
There legs and arms lie bleeding on the grass,  
Mingled with weapons and unbowelled steeds:  
That scattering overspread the purple plain.  
In all this turmoil three long hours and more,  
The victory to neither part inclined,  
Till *Don Andrea* with his brave Lanciers,  
In their main battle made so great a breach,  
That half dismayed, the multitude retired:  
But *Balthazar* the Portingales' young Prince,  
Brought rescue and encouraged them to stay:  
Here-hence the fight was eagerly renewed,

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And in that conflict was *Andrea* slain.  
Brave man at arms, but weak to *Balthazar*.  
Yet while the Prince insulting over him,  
Breathed out proud vaunts, sounding to our reproach,  
Friendship and hardy valor joined in one,  
Pricked forth *Horatio* our Knight Marshal's son,  
To challenge forth that Prince in single fight:  
Not long between these twain the fight endured,  
But straight the Prince was beaten from his horse,  
And forced to yield him prisoner to his foe:

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wln 0210

When he was taken, all the rest they fled,  
And our Carbines pursued them to the death,  
Till *Phoebus* waving to the western deep,  
Our Trumpeters were charged to sound retreat.  
*King.* Thanks good Lord General for these good news,  
And for some argument of more to come,  
Take this and wear it for thy sovereign's sake.  
Give him his chain,

But tell me now, hast thou confirmed a peace?  
*General* No peace my Liege, but peace conditional,  
That if with homage tribute be well paid,  
The fury of your forces will be stayed.  
And to this peace their Viceroy hath subscribed.  
Give the King a paper.

And made a solemn vow that during life,  
His tribute shall be truly paid to Spain.  
*King.* These words, these deeds, become thy person well.  
But now Knight Marshall frolic with thy King,  
For 'tis thy Son that wins this battle's prize.  
*Hieronimo* Long may he live to serve my sovereign liege,  
And soon decay unless he serve my liege.  
A tucket afar off.

*King.* Not thou nor he shall die without reward,  
What means this warning of this trumpet's sound?  
*General* This tells me that your grace's men of war,  
Such as war's fortune hath reserved from death,  
Come marching on towards your royal seat,  
To show themselves before your Majesty,  
For so I gave in charge at my depart.  
Whereby by demonstration shall appear,  
That all (except three hundred or few more)  
Are safe returned and by their foes enriched.

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The Army enters, *Balthazar* between *Lorenzo*  
and *Horatio* captive.  
*King.* A gladsome sight, I long to see them here.  
They enter and pass by.

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wln 0260  
wln 0261

Was that the warlike Prince of Portingale,  
That by our Nephew was in triumph led?  
*General* It was my Liege, the Prince of Portingale.  
*King.* But what was he that on the other side,  
Held him by th' arm as partner of the prize?  
*Hieronimo* That was my son my gracious sovereign,  
Of whom, though from his tender infancy,  
My loving thoughts did never hope but well:  
He never pleased his father's eyes till now,  
Nor filled my heart with overcloying joys.  
*King.* Go let them march once more about these walls,  
That staying them we may confer and talk,  
With our brave prisoner and his double guard.  
*Hieronimo,* it greatly pleaseth us,  
That in our victory thou have a share,  
By virtue of thy worthy son's exploit.

Enter again.

Bring hither the young Prince of Portingale,  
The rest march on, but ere they be dismissed,  
We will bestow on every soldier two ducats,  
And on every leader ten, that they may know  
Our largesse welcomes them.

Exeunt all but *Balthazar Lorenzo Horatio.*

Welcome *Don Balthazar,* welcome Nephew,  
And thou *Horatio* thou art welcome too:  
Young Prince, although thy father's hard misdeeds,  
In keeping back the tribute that he owes,  
Deserve but evil measure at our hands:  
Yet shalt thou know that Spain is honorable.

*Balthazar* The trespass that my Father made in peace,  
Is now controlled by fortune of the wars:  
And cards once dealt, it boots not ask why so,  
His men are slain, a weakening to his Realm,  
His colors seized, a blot unto his name,  
His Son distressed, a corrosive to his heart,  
These punishments may clear his late offense.

*King.* Ay *Balthazar,* if he observe this truce,

Our peace will grow the stronger for these wars:  
Meanwhile live thou though not in liberty,  
Yet free from bearing any servile yoke.  
For in our hearing thy deserts were great,  
And in our sight thyself art gracious.

*Balthazar* And I shall study to deserve this grace.

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

*Lorenzo* To me my Liege.

*Horatio* To me my Sovereign.

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*Lorenzo* This hand first took his courser by the reins.  
*Horatio* But first my lance did put him from his horse.  
*Lorenzo* I seized his weapon and enjoyed it first.  
*Horatio* But first I forced him lay his weapons down,  
*King.* Let go his arm upon our privilege.

Let him go.

Say worthy Prince, to whether didst thou yield?

*Balthazar* To him in courtesy, to this perforce:

He spake me fair, this other gave me strokes:  
He promised life, this other threatened death:  
He won my love, this other conquered me:  
And truth to say I yield myself to both.

*Hieronimo* But that I know your grace for just and wise,  
And might seem partial in this difference,  
Enforced by nature and by law of arms,  
My tongue should plead for young *Horatio's* right.  
He hunted well that was a Lion's death,  
Not he that in a garment wore his skin:  
So Hares may pull dead Lions by the beard.

*King.* Content thee Marshal thou shalt have no wrong,  
And for thy sake thy Son shall want no right.  
Will both abide the censure of my doom?

*Lorenzo* I crave no better than your grace awards.

*Horatio* Nor I, although I sit beside my right.

*King.* Then by my judgement thus your strife shall end,  
You both deserve and both shall have reward.  
Nephew, thou took'st his weapon and his horse,

His weapons and his horse are thy reward.

*Horatio* thou didst force him first to yield,  
His ransom therefore is thy valor's fee:  
Appoint the sum as you shall both agree.  
But Nephew thou shalt have the Prince in guard,  
For thine estate best fitteth such a guest.  
*Horatio's* house were small for all his train,  
Yet in regard thy substance passeth his,  
And that just guerdon may befall desert,  
To him we yield the armor of the Prince.  
How likes *Don Balthazar* of this device?

*Balthazar* Right well my Liege, if this proviso were,  
That *Don Horatio* bear us company,  
Whom I admire and love for chivalry.

*King.* *Horatio* leave him not that loves thee so,  
Now let us hence to see our soldiers paid,  
And feast our prisoner as our friendly guest.

*Exeunt.*

Enter *Viceroy, Alexandro, Villuppo.*

*Viceroy* Is our ambassador dispatched for Spain?

*Alexandro* Two days (my Liege) are passed since his depart.



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*Viceroy* And tribute payment gone along with him?  
*Alexandro* Ay my good Lord.  
*Viceroy* Then rest we here a while in our unrest.  
And feed our sorrows with some inward sighs,  
For deepest cares break never into tears.  
But wherefore sit I in a Regal throne,  
This better fits a wretch's endless moan.  
Yet this is higher than my fortune's reach,  
And therefore better than my state deserves.

Falls to the ground.

Ay, Ay, this earth, Image of melancholy,  
Seeks him whom fates adjudge to misery:  
Here let me lie, now am I at the lowest.  
*Qui iacet in terra non habet unde cadat,*  
*In me consumpsit vires fortuna nocendo,*  
*Nil superest ut iam possit obesse magis.*

Yes, Fortune may bereave me of my Crown:  
Here take it now, let Fortune do her worst,  
She will not rob me of this sable weed,  
O no, she envies none but pleasant things,  
Such is the folly of despiteful chance:  
Fortune is blind and sees not my deserts,  
So is she deaf and hears not my laments:  
And could she hear, yet is she wilful mad,  
And therefore will not pity my distress.  
Suppose that she could pity me, what then?  
What help can be expected at her hands?  
Whose foot standing on a rolling stone,  
And mind more mutable than fickle winds.  
Why wail I then where's hope of no redress?  
O yes, complaining makes my grief seem less.  
My late ambition hath distained my faith,  
My breach of faith occasioned bloody wars,  
Those bloody wars have spent my treasure,  
And with my treasure my people's blood,  
And with their blood, my joy and best beloved,  
My best beloved, my sweet and only Son.  
O wherefore went I not to war myself?  
The cause was mine I might have died for both:  
My years were mellow, his but young and green,  
My death were natural, but his was forced.  
*Alexandro* No doubt my Liege but still the Prince survives.  
*Viceroy* Survives, Ay where?  
*Alexandro* In Spain, a prisoner by mischance of war.  
*Viceroy* Then they have slain him for his father's fault.  
*Alexandro* That were a breach to common law of arms.  
*Viceroy* They reck no laws that meditate revenge.  
*Alexandro* His ransom's worth will stay from foul revenge.

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img: 8-a  
sig: B3v

wln 0400  
wln 0401  
wln 0402

*Viceroy* No, if he lived the news would soon be here.  
*Alexandro* Nay evil news fly faster still than good.  
*Viceroy* Tell me no more of news, for he is dead.  
*Villuppo* My sovereign pardon the Author of ill news,  
And I'll bewray the fortune of thy Son.

*Viceroy* Speak on, I'll guerdon thee whate'er it be,  
Mine ear is ready to receive ill news,  
My heart grown hard 'gainst mischief's battery,  
Stand up I say and tell thy tale at large,  
*Villuppo* Then hear that truth which these mine eyes have seen.  
When both the armies were in battle joined,  
*Don Balthazar* amidst the thickest troops,  
To win renown, did wondrous feats of arms:  
Amongst the rest I saw him hand to hand  
In single fight with their Lord General.  
Till *Alexandro* that here counterfeits,  
Under the color of a duteous friend,  
Discharged his Pistol at the Prince's back,  
As though he would have slain their General.  
But therewithal *Don Balthazar* fell down:  
And when he fell then we began to fly,  
But had he lived the day had sure been ours.  
*Alexandro* O wicked forgery: O traitorous miscreant.  
*Viceroy* Hold thou thy peace, but now *Villuppo* say,  
Where then became the carcass of my Son?  
*Villuppo* I saw them drag it to the Spanish tents.  
*Viceroy* Ay, Ay, my nightly dreams have told me this:  
Thou false, unkind, unthankful traitorous beast,  
Wherein had *Balthazar* offended thee,  
That thou shouldst thus betray him to our foes?  
Wast Spanish gold that bleared so thine eyes,  
That thou couldst see no part of our deserts?  
Perchance because thou art *Tersera's* Lord,  
Thou hadst some hope to wear this Diadem,  
If first my Son and then myself were slain:  
But thy ambitious thought shall break thy neck.  
Ay, this was it that made thee spill his blood,  
Take the crown and put it on again.  
But I'll now wear it till thy blood be spilt.  
*Alexandro* Vouchsafe (dread Sovereign to hear me speak.  
*Viceroy* Away with him, his sight is second hell,  
Keep him till we determine of his death.

If *Balthazar* be dead, he shall not live.  
*Villuppo* follow us for thy reward. Exit *Viceroy*.  
*Villuppo* Thus have I with an envious forged tale,

wln 0403  
wln 0404

Deceived the King, betrayed mine enemy,  
And hope for guerdon of my villainy.

*Exit.*

wln 0405

Enter *Horatio* and *Bel-imperia*.

wln 0406

*Bel-imperia* Signior *Horatio*, this is the place and hour,

wln 0407

Wherein I must entreat thee to relate,

wln 0408

The circumstance of *Don Andrea*'s death:

wln 0409

Who living was my garland's sweetest flower,

wln 0410

And in his death hath buried my delights.

wln 0411

*Horatio* For love of him and service to yourself,

wln 0412

I will refuse this heavy doleful charge.

wln 0413

Yet tears and sighs, I fear will hinder me.

wln 0414

When both our Armies were enjoined in fight.

wln 0415

Your worthy chevalier amid the thick'st,

wln 0416

For glorious cause still aiming at the fairest,

wln 0417

Was at the last by young *Don Balthazar*,

wln 0418

Encountered hand to hand: their fight was long,

wln 0419

Their hearts were great, their clamors menacing,

wln 0420

Their strength alike, their strokes both dangerous.

wln 0421

But wrathful *Nemesis* that wicked power,

wln 0422

Envyng at *Andrea*'s praise and worth,

wln 0423

Cut short his life to end his praise and worth.

wln 0424

She, she herself disguised in armor's mask,

wln 0425

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

wln 0426

Brought in a fresh supply of Halberdiers,

wln 0427

Which paunched his horse and dinged him to the ground,

wln 0428

Then young *Don Balthazar* with ruthless rage,

wln 0429

Taking advantage of his foe's distress,

wln 0430

Did finish what his Halberdiers begun,

wln 0431

And left not till *Andrea*'s life was done.

wln 0432

Then though too late incensed with just remorse,

wln 0433

I with my band set forth against the Prince,

wln 0434

And brought him prisoner from his Halberdiers.

wln 0435

*Bel-imperia* Would thou hadst slain him that so slew my love.

img: 8-b

sig: B4r

wln 0436

But then was *Don Andrea*'s carcass lost?

wln 0437

*Horatio* No, that was it for which I chiefly strove,

wln 0438

Nor stepped I back till I recovered him:

wln 0439

I took him up and wound him in mine arms.

wln 0440

And welding him unto my private tent,

wln 0441

There laid him down and dewed him with my tears,

wln 0442

And sighed and sorrowed as became a friend.

wln 0443

But neither friendly sorrow, sighs nor tears,

wln 0444

Could win pale death from his usurped right.

wln 0445

Yet this I did, and less I could not do:

wln 0446

I saw him honored with due funeral,

wln 0447

This scarf I plucked from off his lifeless arm,

wln 0448

And wear it in remembrance of my friend.

wln 0449

*Bel-imperia* I know the scarf, would he had kept it still,

wln 0450  
wln 0451  
wln 0452  
wln 0453  
wln 0454  
wln 0455  
wln 0456  
wln 0457  
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wln 0464  
wln 0465  
wln 0466  
wln 0467  
wln 0468  
wln 0469  
wln 0470  
wln 0471  
wln 0472

img: 9-a  
sig: B4v

wln 0473  
wln 0474  
wln 0475  
wln 0476  
wln 0477  
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wln 0480  
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wln 0495  
wln 0496  
wln 0497

For had he lived he would have kept it still,  
And worn it for his *Bel-imperia's* sake:  
For 'twas my favor at his last depart.  
But now wear thou it both for him and me,  
For after him thou hast deserved it best,  
But for thy kindness in his life and death,  
Be sure while *Bel-imperia's* life endures,  
She will be *Don Horatio's* thankful friend.

*Horatio* And (Madam) *Don Horatio* will not slack,  
Humbly to serve fair *Bel-imperia*.  
But now if your good liking stand thereto,  
I'll crave your pardon to go seek the Prince,  
For so the Duke your father gave me charge.

Exit.

*Bel-imperia* Ay, go *Horatio*, leave me here alone,  
For solitude best fits my cheerless mood:  
Yet what avails to wail *Andrea's* death,  
From whence *Horatio* proves my second love?  
Had he not loved *Andrea* as he did,  
He could not sit in *Bel-imperia's* thoughts.  
But how can love find harbor in my breast,  
Till I revenge the death of my beloved.  
Yes, second love shall further my revenge.

I'll love *Horatio* my *Andrea's* friend,  
The more to spite the Prince that wrought his end:  
And where *Don Balthazar* that slew my love,  
Himself now pleads for favor at my hands,  
He shall in rigor of my just disdain,  
Reap long repentance for his murderous deed:  
For what was't else but murderous cowardice,  
So many to oppress one valiant knight,  
Without respect of honor in the fight?  
And here he comes that murdered my delight.

Enter *Lorenzo* and *Balthazar*.

*Lorenzo* Sister, what means this melancholy walk?

*Bel-imperia* That for a while I wish no company.

*Lorenzo* But here the Prince is come to visit you,

*Bel-imperia* That argues that he lives in liberty.

*Balthazar* No Madam, but in pleasing servitude.

*Bel-imperia* Your prison then belike is your conceit.

*Balthazar* Ay by conceit my freedom is enthralled,

*Bel-imperia* Then with conceit enlarge yourself again.

*Balthazar* What if conceit have laid my heart to gage?

*Bel-imperia* Pay that you borrowed and recover it.

*Balthazar* I die if it return from whence it lies.

*Bel-imperia* A heartless man and live? A miracle.

*Balthazar* Ay Lady, love can work such miracles.

*Lorenzo* Tush, tush my Lord, let go these ambages,

wln 0498  
wln 0499  
wln 0500  
wln 0501  
wln 0502  
wln 0503  
wln 0504  
wln 0505  
wln 0506  
wln 0507  
wln 0508  
wln 0509

img: 9-b  
sig: C1r

And in plain terms acquaint her with your love.  
*Bel-imperia* What boots complaint, when there's no remedy?  
*Balthazar* Yes, to your gracious self must I complain,  
In whose fair answer lies my remedy,  
On whose perfection all my thoughts attend,  
On whose aspect mine eyes find beauty's bower,  
In whose translucent breast my heart is lodged.  
*Bel-imperia* Alas my Lord these are **but** words of course.  
And but devise to drive me from this place.  
*She in going in, lets fall her Glove, which Horatio  
coming out takes up.*  
*Horatio* Madam, your Glove.

wln 0510  
wln 0511  
wln 0512  
wln 0513  
wln 0514  
wln 0515  
wln 0516  
wln 0517  
wln 0518  
wln 0519  
wln 0520  
wln 0521  
wln 0522  
wln 0523  
wln 0524

*Bel-imperia* Thanks good *Horatio*, take it for thy pains.  
*Balthazar* Signior *Horatio* stooped in happy time.  
*Horatio* I reaped more grace than I deserved or hoped.  
*Lorenzo* My Lord, be not dismayed for what is past.  
You know that women oft are humorous:  
These clouds will overblow with little wind.  
Let me alone, I'll scatter them myself:  
Meanwhile let us devise to spend the time,  
In some delightful sports and revelling.  
*Horatio* The King my Lords is coming hither straight,  
To feast the Portingale Ambassador,  
Things were in readiness before I came.  
*Balthazar* Then here it fits us to attend the King,  
To welcome hither our Ambassador,  
And learn my Father and my Country's health.

wln 0525  
wln 0526  
wln 0527  
wln 0528  
wln 0529  
wln 0530  
wln 0531  
wln 0532  
wln 0533  
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wln 0536  
wln 0537  
wln 0538  
wln 0539  
wln 0540  
wln 0541  
wln 0542  
wln 0543  
wln 0544

Enter the banquet, Trumpets, the *King* and *Ambassador*.  
*King*. See Lord Ambassador, how Spain entreats  
Their prisoner *Balthazar*, thy Viceroy's Son:  
We pleasure more in kindness than in wars.  
*Ambassador* Sad is our King, and Portingale laments,  
Supposing that *Don Balthazar* is slain.  
*Balthazar*. So am I slain by beauty's tyranny.  
You see my Lord how *Balthazar* is slain.  
I frolic with the Duke of *Castile's* Son,  
Wrapped every hour in pleasures of the Court,  
And graced with favors of his Majesty.  
*King*. Put off your greetings till our feast be done,  
Now come and sit with us and taste our cheer.  
Sit to the banquet.  
Sit down young Prince, you are our second guest:  
Brother sit down, and Nephew take your place,  
Signior *Horatio* wait thou upon our cup,  
For well thou hast deserved to be honored.  
Now Lordings fall too, Spain is Portugal,  
And Portugal is Spain, we both are friends,

wln 0545

img: 10-a  
sig: C1r

wln 0546

wln 0547

wln 0548

Tribute is paid, and we enjoy our right.

But where is old *Hieronimo* our Marshal,  
He promised us in honor of our guest,  
To grace our banquet with some pompous jest.

wln 0549

wln 0550

wln 0551

wln 0552

wln 0553

wln 0554

wln 0555

wln 0556

wln 0557

wln 0558

wln 0559

wln 0560

wln 0561

wln 0562

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wln 0564

wln 0565

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wln 0570

wln 0571

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wln 0573

wln 0574

wln 0575

wln 0576

wln 0577

wln 0578

wln 0579

wln 0580

wln 0581

Enter *Hieronimo* with a Drum, three Knights, each his Scutcheon,  
then he fetches three Kings, they take their  
Crowns and them captive.

*Hieronimo*, this mask contents mine eye,  
Although I sound not well the mystery.

*Hieronimo* The first armed Knight that hung his Scutcheon up,  
He takes the Scutcheon and gives it to the King.

Was English *Robert* Earl of Gloucester,  
Who when king *Stephen* bore sway in Albion,  
Arrived with five and twenty thousand men,  
In Portingale, and by success of war,  
Enforced the King then but a Saracen,  
To bear the yoke of the English Monarchy.

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

*Hieronimo* The second Knight that hung his Scutcheon up,  
He doth as he did before.

Was *Edmond* Earl of Kent in Albion,  
When English *Richard* wore the Diadem.  
He came likewise and razed Lisbon walls,  
And took the King of Portingale in fight:  
For which, and other such like service done,  
He after was created Duke of York.

*King.* This is another special argument,  
That Portingale may deign to bear our yoke,  
When it by little England hath been yoked:  
But now *Hieronimo* what were the last?

*Hieronimo* The third and last not least in our account,  
Doing as before.

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

img: 10-b  
sig: C2r

wln 0582

wln 0583

wln 0584

wln 0585

wln 0586

wln 0587

wln 0588

As by his Scutcheon plainly may appear.  
He with a puissant army came to Spain,  
And took our King of Castile prisoner.

*Ambassador* This is an argument for our Viceroy,  
That Spain may not insult for her success,  
Since English warriors likewise conquered Spain,  
And made them bow their knees to Albion.

wln 0589  
wln 0590  
wln 0591  
wln 0592  
wln 0593  
wln 0594  
wln 0595  
wln 0596  
wln 0597  
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wln 0609  
  
wln 0610  
  
wln 0611  
  
wln 0612  
wln 0613  
wln 0614  
**img: 11-a**  
**sig: C2v**

*King.* *Hieronimo*, I drink to thee for this device.  
Which hath pleased both the Ambassador and me:  
Pledge me *Hieronimo*, if thou love the King.

Takes the Cup of *Horatio*.

My Lord, I fear we sit but overlong.  
Unless our dainties were more delicate.  
But welcome are you to the best we have.  
Now let us in that you may be dispatched,  
I think our council is already set.

*Exeunt omnes.*

*Andrea.*

Come we for this from depth of underground,  
To see him feast that gave me my death's wound?  
These pleasant sights are sorrow to my soul,  
Nothing but league, and love and banqueting?

*Revenge.*

Be still *Andrea* ere we go from hence,  
I'll turn their friendship into fell despite,  
Their love to mortal hate, their day to night,  
Their hope into despair, their peace to war,  
Their joys to pain, their bliss to misery.

Actus Secundus.

Enter *Lorenzo* and *Balthazar*.

*Lorenzo.*

MY Lord, though *Bel-imperia* seem thus coy,  
Let reason hold you in your wanted joy:

In time the savage Bull sustains the yoke,  
In time all haggard Hawks will stoop to lure,  
In time small wedges cleave the hardest Oak,  
In time the flint is pierced with softest shower,  
And she in time will fall from her disdain,  
And rue the sufferance of your friendly pain.

*Balthazar* No, she is wilder and more hard withal,  
Than beast, or bird, or tree, or stony wall.  
But wherefore blot I *Bel-imperia*'s name?  
It is my fault, not she that merits blame.  
My feature is not to content her sight,  
My **words** are rude and work her no delight.  
The lines I send her are but harsh and ill,  
Such as do drop from *Pan* and *Marsyas*' quill.  
My presents are not of sufficient cost,  
And being worthless all my labor's lost.  
Yet might she love me for my valiancy,  
Ay but that's slandered by captivity.  
Yet might she love me to content her sire:

wln 0634  
wln 0635  
wln 0636  
wln 0637  
wln 0638  
wln 0639  
wln 0640  
wln 0641  
wln 0642  
wln 0643  
wln 0644  
wln 0645  
wln 0646  
wln 0647  
wln 0648  
wln 0649  
wln 0650  
wln 0651

img: 11-b  
sig: C3r

Ay but her reason masters his desire.  
Yet might she love me as her brother's friend,  
Ay, but her hopes aim at some other end.  
Yet might she love me to uprear her state,  
Ay, but perhaps she hopes some nobler mate.  
Yet might she love me as her beauteous thrall,  
Ay, but I fear she cannot love at all.

*Lorenzo* My Lord, for my sake leave these ecstasies,  
And doubt not but we'll find some remedy,  
Some cause there is that lets you not be loved:  
First that must needs be known and then removed.  
What if my Sister love some other Knight?

*Balthazar* My summer's day will turn to winter's night.  
*Lorenzo* I have already found a stratagem,  
To sound the bottom of this doubtful theme.  
My Lord, for once you shall be ruled by me,  
Hinder me not whate'er you hear or see.  
By force or fair means will I cast about,

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wln 0653  
wln 0654  
wln 0655  
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wln 0675  
wln 0676  
wln 0677  
wln 0678  
wln 0679  
wln 0680  
wln 0681

To find the truth of all this question out.  
Ho *Pedringano*.

*Pedringano* Signior.

*Lorenzo* *Vien que presto*.

Enter *Pedringano*.

*Pedringano* Hath your Lordship any service to command me?

*Lorenzo* Ay *Pedringano* service of import:  
And not to spend the time in trifling words,  
Thus stands the case; it is not long thou knowest,  
Since I did shield thee from my father's wrath,  
For thy conveyance in *Andrea's* love:  
For which thou wert adjudged to punishment,  
I stood betwixt thee and thy punishment:  
And since, thou knowest how I have favored thee,  
Now to these favors will I add reward,  
Not with fair words, but store of golden coin,  
And lands and living joined with dignities,  
If thou but satisfy my just demand.  
Tell truth and have me for thy lasting friend.

*Pedringano* Whate'er it be your Lordship shall demand,  
My bounden duty bids me tell the truth.  
If case it lie in me to tell the truth.

*Lorenzo* Then *Pedringano* this is my demand,  
Whom loves my sister *Bel-imperia*?  
For she repositeth all her trust in thee:  
Speak man and gain both friendship and reward,  
I mean, whom loves she in *Andrea's* place?

*Pedringano* Alas my Lord, since *Don Andrea's* death,  
I have no credit with her as before,  
And therefore know not if she love or no.



wln 0682  
wln 0683  
wln 0684  
wln 0685  
wln 0686  
wln 0687  
wln 0688

img: 12-a  
sig: C3v

*Lorenzo* Nay if thou dally then I am thy foe,  
And fear shall force what friendship cannot win.  
Thy death shall bury what thy life conceals.  
Thou diest for more esteeming her than me.  
*Pedringano* Oh stay my Lord.  
*Lorenzo* Yet speak the truth and I will guerdon thee,  
And shield thee from whatever can ensue.

wln 0689  
wln 0690  
wln 0691  
wln 0692  
wln 0693  
wln 0694  
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wln 0725

And will conceal whate'er proceeds from thee,  
But if thou dally once again, thou diest.  
*Pedringano* If Madam *Bel-imperia* be in love.  
*Lorenzo* What villain ifs and ands?  
*Pedringano* O stay my Lord, she loves *Horatio*.  
*Balthazar* starts back.  
*Lorenzo* What *Don Horatio* our Knight Marshal's son?  
*Pedringano* Even him my Lord.  
*Lorenzo* Now say, but how knowest thou he is her love?  
And thou shalt find me kind and liberal:  
Stand up I say, and fearless tell the truth.  
*Pedringano* She sent him letters which myself perused,  
Full fraught with lines and arguments of love,  
Preferring him before Prince *Balthazar*.  
*Lorenzo* Swear on this cross, that what thou sayest is true,  
And that thou wilt conceal what thou hast told.  
*Pedringano* I swear to both by him that made us all.  
*Lorenzo* In hope thine oath is true, here's thy reward,  
But if I prove thee perjured and unjust,  
This very sword whereon thou took'st thine oath,  
Shall be the worker of thy tragedy.  
*Pedringano* What I have said is true, and shall for me,  
Be still concealed from *Bel-imperia*.  
Besides your Honor's liberality,  
Deserves my duteous service, even till death.  
*Lorenzo* Let this be all that thou shalt do for me,  
Be watchful when, and where these lovers meet,  
And give me notice in some secret sort.  
*Pedringano* I will my Lord.  
*Lorenzo* Then shalt thou find that I am liberal,  
Thou knowest that I can more advance thy state  
Than she, be therefore wise and fail me not.  
Go and attend her as thy custom is,  
Lest absence make her think thou dost amiss.  
*Exit Pedringano*.  
Why so: *Tam armis quam ingenio*:  
Where words prevail not, violence prevails.

img: 12-b  
sig: C4r

wln 0726

But gold doth more than either of them both.

wln 0727  
wln 0728  
wln 0729  
wln 0730  
wln 0731  
wln 0732  
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wln 0750  
wln 0751  
wln 0752  
wln 0753

How likes Prince *Balthazar* this stratagem?  
*Balthazar* Both well, and ill: it makes me glad and sad:  
Glad, that I know the hinderer of my love,  
Sad, that I fear she hates me whom I love.  
Glad, that I know on whom to be revenged,  
Sad, that she'll fly me if I take revenge.  
Yet must I take revenge or die myself,  
For love resisted grows impatient.  
I think *Horatio* be my destined plague,  
First in his hand he brandished a sword,  
And with that sword he fiercely waged war,  
And in that war he gave me dangerous wounds,  
And by those wounds he forced me to yield,  
And by my yielding I became his slave.  
Now in his mouth he carries pleasing words,  
Which pleasing words do harbor sweet conceits,  
Which sweet conceits are limned with sly deceits,  
Which sly deceits smooth *Bel-imperia's* ears,  
And through her ears dive down into her heart,  
And in her heart set him where I should stand.  
Thus hath he ta'en my body by his force,  
And now by sleight would captivate my soul:  
But in his fall i'll tempt the destinies,  
And either lose my life, or win my love.  
*Lorenzo* Let's go my Lord, your staying stays revenge,  
Do you **but** follow me and gain your love,  
Her favor must be won by his remove.

Exeunt.

wln 0754

Enter *Horatio* and *Bel-imperia*.

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

*Horatio* Now Madam, since by favor of your love,  
Our hidden smoke is turned to open flame:  
And that with looks and words we feed our thought  
Two chief contents, where more cannot be had.  
Thus in the midst of love's fair blandishments,  
Why show you sign of inward languishments.

img: 13-a  
sig: C4v

wln 0761  
wln 0762  
wln 0763  
wln 0764  
wln 0765  
wln 0766  
wln 0767  
wln 0768  
wln 0769  
wln 0770  
wln 0771  
wln 0772

*Pedringano* showeth all to the *Prince* and *Lorenzo*,  
placing them in secret.  
*Bel-imperia* My heart (sweet friend) is like a ship at sea,  
She wisheth port, where riding all at ease,  
She **made** repair what stormy times have worn:  
And leaning on the shore may sing with joy,  
That pleasure follows pain, and bliss annoy.  
Possession of thy love is th' only port,  
Wherein my heart with fears and hopes long tossed,  
Each hour doth wish and long to make resort,  
There to repair the joys that it hath lost:  
And sitting safe to sing in Cupid's choir,

wln 0773  
wln 0774  
wln 0775  
wln 0776  
wln 0777  
wln 0778  
wln 0779  
wln 0780  
wln 0781  
wln 0782  
wln 0783  
wln 0784  
wln 0785  
wln 0786  
wln 0787  
wln 0788  
wln 0789  
wln 0790  
wln 0791  
wln 0792  
wln 0793  
wln 0794  
wln 0795  
wln 0796  
wln 0797

img: 13-b  
sig: D1r

wln 0798  
wln 0799  
wln 0800  
wln 0801  
wln 0802  
wln 0803  
wln 0804  
wln 0805  
wln 0806  
wln 0807  
wln 0808  
wln 0809  
wln 0810  
wln 0811  
wln 0812  
wln 0813  
wln 0814  
  
wln 0815  
wln 0816  
wln 0817  
wln 0818  
wln 0819

That sweetest bliss is crown of love's desire.

*Balthazar* above.

*Balthazar* O sleep mine eyes, see not my love profaned,  
Be deaf my ears, hear not my discontent,  
Die heart, another joys what thou deservest.

*Lorenzo* Watch still mine eyes, to see this love disjoined,  
Hear still mine ears, to hear them both lament,  
Live heart to joy at fond *Horatio*'s fall.

*Bel-imperia* Why stands *Horatio* speechless all this while?

*Horatio* The less I speak, the more I meditate.

*Bel-imperia* But whereon dost thou chiefly meditate?

*Horatio* On dangers past, and pleasures to ensue.

*Balthazar* On pleasures past, and dangers to ensue.

*Bel-imperia* What dangers, and what pleasures dost thou mean?

*Horatio* Dangers of war, and pleasures of our love.

*Lorenzo* Dangers of death, but pleasures none at all.

*Bel-imperia* Let dangers go, thy war shall be with me,  
But such a warring, as breaks no bond of peace.  
Speak thou fair words, i'll cross them with fair words,  
Send thou sweet looks, I'll meet them with sweet looks,  
Write loving lines, i'll answer loving lines,  
Give me a kiss, i'll countercheck thy kiss,  
Be this our warring peace, or peaceful war.

*Horatio* But gracious Madam, then appoint the field,  
Where trial of this war shall first be made.

*Balthazar* Ambitious villain, how his boldness grows!

*Bel-imperia* Then be thy father's pleasant bower the field,  
Where first we vowed a mutual amity:  
The Court were dangerous, that place is safe:  
Our hour shall be when *Vesper*'s gins to rise,  
That summons home distressful travelers.  
There none shall hear us but the harmless birds.  
Happily the gentle Nightingale,  
Shall carol us asleep ere we be ware.  
And singing with the prickle at her breast,  
Tell our delight and mirthful dalliance.  
Till then each hour will seem a year and more.

*Horatio* But honey sweet, and honorable love.

Return we now into your father's sight,  
Dangerous suspicion waits on our delight.

*Lorenzo* Ay, danger mixed with jealous despite,  
Shall send thy soul into eternal night.

*Exeunt.*

Enter *King of Spain, Portingale Ambassador,*  
*Don Cyprian, etc.*

*King.* Brother of Castile, to the Prince's love:  
What says your daughter *Bel-imperia*?

*Cyprian* Although she coy it as becomes her kind,

wln 0820  
wln 0821  
wln 0822  
wln 0823  
wln 0824  
wln 0825  
wln 0826  
wln 0827  
wln 0828  
wln 0829  
wln 0830  
wln 0831  
wln 0832  
wln 0833

img: 14-a  
sig: D1v

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

And yet dissemble that she loves the Prince:  
I doubt not I, but she will stoop in time.  
And were she froward, which she will not be,  
Yet herein shall she follow my advice,  
Which is to love him or forgo my love.

*King.* Then Lord Ambassador of Portingale,  
Advise thy King to make this marriage up,  
For strengthening of our late confirmed league,  
I know no better means to make us friends.  
Her dowry shall be large and liberal,  
Besides that, she is daughter and half heir,  
Unto our brother here *Don Cyprian*,  
And shall enjoy the moiety of his land.  
I'll grace her marriage with an uncle's gift,

And this it is, in case the match go forward,  
The tribute which you pay shall be released,  
And if by *Balthazar* she have a Son,  
He shall enjoy the kingdom after us.

*Ambassador* I'll make the motion to my sovereign Liege,  
And work it if my counsel may prevail.

*King.* Do so my Lord, and if he give consent,  
I hope his presence here will honor us,  
In celebration of the nuptial day,  
And let himself determine of the time.

*Ambassador* Will 't please your grace command me aught beside?

*King.* Commend me to the King, and so farewell.  
But where's Prince *Balthazar* to take his leave?

*Ambassador* That is performed already my good Lord.

*King.* Amongst the rest of what you have in charge,  
The Prince's ransom must not be forgot:  
That's none of mine, but his that took him prisoner,  
And well his forwardness deserves reward.  
It was *Horatio* our Knight Marshal's son.

*Ambassador* Between us there's a price already pitched,  
And shall be sent with all convenient speed.

*King.* Then once again farewell my Lord.

*Ambassador* Farewell my Lord of Castile and the rest. *Exit*

*King.* Now brother, you must take some little pains,  
To win fair *Bel-imperia* from her will:  
Young Virgins must be ruled by their friends,  
The Prince is amiable and loves her well,  
If she neglect him and forgo his love,  
She both will wrong her own estate and ours:  
Therefore whiles I do entertain the Prince,  
With greatest pleasure that our Court affords,  
Endeavor you to win your daughter's thoughts,  
If she give back, all this will come to naught.

*Exeunt.*

wln 0867  
wln 0868  
wln 0869

img: 14-b  
sig: D2r

wln 0870  
wln 0871  
wln 0872  
wln 0873  
wln 0874  
wln 0875  
wln 0876  
wln 0877  
wln 0878  
wln 0879  
wln 0880  
wln 0881  
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wln 0883  
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wln 0894  
wln 0895  
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wln 0897  
wln 0898  
wln 0899  
wln 0900  
wln 0901  
wln 0902  
wln 0903  
wln 0904  
wln 0905  
wln 0906

img: 15-a  
sig: D2v

wln 0907  
wln 0908  
wln 0909  
wln 0910  
wln 0911

Enter *Horatio*, *Bel-imperia*, and *Pedringano*.  
*Horatio* Now that the night begins with sable wings,  
To overcloud the brightness of the Sun,

And that in darkness pleasures may be done:  
Come *Bel-imperia* let us to the bower,  
And there in safety pass a pleasant hour.  
*Bel-imperia* I follow thee my love, and will not back,  
Although my fainting heart controls my soul.  
*Horatio* Why, make you doubt of *Pedringano*'s faith?  
*Bel-imperia* No he is as trusty as my second self.  
Go *Pedringano* watch without the gate,  
And let us know if any make approach.  
*Pedringano* instead of watching i'll deserve more gold.  
By fetching *Don Lorenzo* to this match. Exit *Pedringano*  
*Horatio* What means my love?  
*Bel-imperia* I know not what myself:  
And yet my heart foretells me some mischance.  
*Horatio* Sweet say not so, fair fortune is our friend,  
And heavens have shut up day to pleasure us.  
The stars thou seest hold back their twinkling shine,  
And *Luna* hides herself to pleasure us.  
*Bel-imperia* Thou hast prevailed, i'll conquer my misdoubt,  
And in thy love and council drown my fear:  
I fear no more, love now is all my thoughts,  
Why sit we not, for pleasure asketh ease?  
*Horatio* The more thou sit'st within these leafy bowers,  
The more will *Flora* deck it with her flowers.  
*Bel-imperia* Ay but if *Flora* spy *Horatio* here,  
Her jealous eye will think I sit too near.  
*Horatio* Hark Madam how the birds record by night,  
For joy that *Bel-imperia* sits in sight.  
*Bel-imperia* No *Cupid* counterfeits the Nightingale,  
To frame sweet music to *Horatio*'s tale.  
*Horatio* If *Cupid* sing, then *Venus* is **not** far,  
Ay thou art *Venus* or some fairer star.  
*Bel-imperia* If I be *Venus* thou must needs be *Mars*,  
And where *Mars* reigneth there must needs be war.  
*Horatio* Then thus begin our wars put forth thy hand,  
That it may combat with my ruder hand.  
*Bel-imperia* Set forth thy foot to try the push of mine.

*Horatio* But first my looks shall combat against thine.  
*Bel-imperia* Then ward thyself, I dart this kiss at thee.  
*Horatio* Thus I retort the dart thou threw'st at me.  
*Bel-imperia* Nay then to gain the glory of the field,  
My twining arms shall yoke and make thee yield.

wln 0912  
wln 0913  
wln 0914  
wln 0915  
wln 0916  
wln 0917  
wln 0918

*Horatio* Nay then my arms are large and strong withal  
Thus Elms by vines are compassed till they fall.

*Bel-imperia* O let me go, for in my troubled eyes,  
Now mayst thou read that life in passion dies.

*Horatio* O stay a while and I will die with thee,  
So shalt thou yield, and yet have conquered me.

*Bel-imperia* Who's there *Pedringano*? we are betrayed.

wln 0919  
wln 0920

Enter *Lorenzo, Balthazar, Serberine, Pedringano,*  
disguised.

wln 0921  
wln 0922  
wln 0923

*Lorenzo* My Lord away with her, take her aside,  
O sir forbear, your valor is already tried.  
Quickly dispatch my masters,

**They** hang him in the Arbor.

wln 0925

*Horatio* What will you murder me?

wln 0926

*Lorenzo* Ay thus, and thus, these are the fruits of love.

wln 0927

They stab him.

wln 0928

*Bel-imperia* O save his life and let me die for him,

wln 0929

O save him brother, save him *Balthazar*:

wln 0930

I loved *Horatio* but he loved not me.

wln 0931

*Balthazar* But *Balthazar* loves *Bel-imperia*.

wln 0932

*Lorenzo* Although his life were still ambitious proud,

wln 0933

Yet is he at the highest now he is dead.

wln 0934

*Bel-imperia* Murder, murder, help *Hieronimo* help.

wln 0935

*Lorenzo* Come stop her mouth away with her.

*Exeunt.*

wln 0936

Enter *Hieronimo* in his shirt, etc.

wln 0937

*Hieronimo* What out cries pluck me from my naked bed,

wln 0938

And chill my throbbing heart with trembling fear,

wln 0939

Which never danger yet could daunt before.

wln 0940

Who calls *Hieronimo*? speak, here I am:

wln 0941

I did not slumber, therefore 'twas no dream,

img: 15-b  
sig: D3r

wln 0942

No, no, it was some woman cried for help,

wln 0943

And here within this garden did she cry.

wln 0944

And in this garden must I rescue her:

wln 0945

But stay, what murderous spectacle is this?

wln 0946

A man hanged up and all the murderers gone,

wln 0947

And in my bower to lay the guilt on me:

wln 0948

This place was made for pleasure not for death.

wln 0949

He cuts him down.

wln 0950

Those garments that he wears I oft have seen,

wln 0951

Alas it is *Horatio* my sweet son.

wln 0952

O no, but he that whilom was my son,

wln 0953

O was it thou that called'st me from my bed,

wln 0954

O speak if any spark of life remain.

wln 0955

I am thy father, who hath slain my son?

wln 0956

What savage monster, not of human kind,

wln 0957

Hath here been glutted with thy harmless blood?

wln 0958  
wln 0959  
wln 0960  
wln 0961  
wln 0962  
wln 0963  
wln 0964  
wln 0965  
wln 0966  
wln 0967  
wln 0968  
wln 0969  
wln 0970

And left thy bloody corpse dishonored here,  
For me amidst this dark and deathful shades,  
To drown thee with an ocean of my tears.  
O heavens, why made you night to cover sin?  
By day this deed of darkness had not been.  
O earth why didst thou not in time devour,  
The vild profaner of this sacred bower.  
O poor *Horatio*, what hadst thou misdome?  
To leese thy life ere life was new begun.  
O wicked butcher whatsoe'er thou wert,  
How could thou strangle virtue and desert?  
Ay me most wretched that have lost my joy,  
In leeing my *Horatio* my sweet boy.

wln 0971  
wln 0972  
wln 0973  
wln 0974  
wln 0975  
wln 0976  
wln 0977

Enter *Isabella*.

*Isabella* My husband's absence makes my heart to throb,  
*Hieronimo*.

*Hieronimo* Here *Isabella*, help me to lament,  
For sighs are stopped, and all my tears are spent.

*Isabella* What world of grief, my son *Horatio*?  
O where's the author of this endless woe.

img: 16-a  
sig: D3v

wln 0978  
wln 0979  
wln 0980  
wln 0981  
wln 0982  
wln 0983  
wln 0984  
wln 0985  
wln 0986  
wln 0987  
wln 0988  
wln 0989  
wln 0990  
wln 0991  
wln 0992  
wln 0993  
wln 0994  
wln 0995  
wln 0996  
wln 0997  
wln 0998  
wln 0999  
wln 1000  
wln 1001  
wln 1002  
wln 1003  
wln 1004

*Hieronimo* To know the author were some ease of grief,  
For in revenge my heart would find relief.

*Isabella* Then is he gone? and is my son gone too?  
O gush out tears, fountains and floods of tears,  
Blow sighs and raise an everlasting storm.  
For outrage fits our cursed wretchedness.

*Hieronimo* Sweet lovely Rose, ill plucked before thy time,  
Fair worthy son, not conquered but betrayed:  
I'll kiss thee now, for words with tears are stained.

*Isabella* And i'll close up the glasses of his sight,  
For once these eyes were only my delight,

*Hieronimo* Seest thou this handkercher besmeared with blood,  
It shall not from me till I take revenge:  
Seest thou those wounds that yet are bleeding fresh,  
I'll not entomb them till I have revenged:  
Then will I joy amidst my discontent,  
Till then my sorrow never shall be spent.

*Isabella* The heavens are just, murder cannot be hid,  
Time is the author both of truth and right.  
And time will bring this treachery to light.

*Hieronimo* Meanwhile good *Isabella* cease thy plaints,  
Or at the least dissemble them a while,  
So shall we sooner find the practice out,  
And learn by whom all this was brought about.  
Come *Isabell* now let us take him up,

They take him up.

And bear him in from out this cursed place,

wln 1005  
wln 1006  
wln 1007  
wln 1008  
wln 1009  
wln 1010  
wln 1011  
wln 1012  
wln 1013  
wln 1014

img: 16-b  
sig: D4r

I'll say his dirge, singing fits not this case.  
*O aliquis mihi quas **pulchrum** ver educat herbas.*  
*Hieronimo sets his breast unto his sword.*  
*Misceat et nostro detur, medicina dolori:*  
*Aut si qui faciunt annum oblimia succos,*  
*Prebeat, ipse metum magnam quicunque per orbem,*  
*Gramina Sol **pulchras** effecit in luminis oras.*  
*Ipse bibam quicquid meditatur saga veneri,*  
*Quicquid et **irravi** vicaeca **nenia** nectit.*  
*Omnia perpetiar, lethum quoque dum semel omnis,*

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

*Noster in extincto moriatur pectore sensus:*  
*Ergo tuos oculos nunquam (mea vita) videbo.*  
*Et tua perpetuus sepelivit lumina somnus:*  
*Emoriar tecum Sic, sic iuvat ire sub umbras,*  
*Attamen absistam properato cedere **letho**,*  
*Ne mortem vindicta tuam **tum** nulla sequatur.*  
Here he throws it from him and bears the body away.  
*Andrea.*

Brought'st thou me hither to increase my pain?  
I looked that *Balthazar* should have been slain:  
But 'tis my friend *Horatio* that is slain,  
And they abuse fair *Bel-imperia*.  
**Or** whom I doted more than all the world,  
Because she loved me more than all the world.

*Revenge.*

Thou talkest of harvest when the corn is green,  
The end is crown of every work well done:  
The Sickle comes not till the corn be ripe.  
Be still, and ere I lead thee from this place,  
I'll show thee *Balthazar* in heavy case.

wln 1035

Actus Tertius.

wln 1036  
wln 1037

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

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

*Viceroy.*  
Infortunate condition of Kings,  
Seated amid so many helpless doubts:  
First we are placed upon extremest height,  
And oft supplanted with exceeding heat,  
But ever subject to the wheel of chance?  
And at our highest never joy we so,  
As we both doubt and dread our overthrow.  
So striveth not the waves with sundry winds,  
As fortune toileth in the affairs of kings,

img: 17-a  
sig: D4v



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

That would be feared, yet fear to be beloved,  
Sith fear or love to Kings is flatteries  
For instance Lordings, look upon your King,  
By hate deprived of his dearest son,  
The only hope of our successive line.

*Noble* I had not thought that Alexandro's heart,  
Had been envenomed with such extreme hate:  
But now I see that words have several works,  
And there's no credit in the countenance.

*Villuppo* No, for my Lord, had you beheld the train,  
That feigned love had colored in his looks,  
When he in camp consorted *Belthazar*:  
Far more inconstant had you thought the Sun,  
That hourly coasts the center of the earth,  
Than *Alexandro*'s purpose to the Prince.

*Viceroy* No more *Villuppo*, thou hast said enough,  
And with thy words thou slayest our wounded thoughts.  
Nor shall I longer dally with the world:  
Procrastinating *Alexandro*'s death:  
Go some of you and fetch the traitor forth,  
That as he is condemned he may die.

Enter *Alexandro* with a Nobleman  
and Halberds.

*Noble* In such extremes, will naught but patience serve.

*Alexandro* But in extremes, what patience shall I use?  
Nor discontents it me to leave the world,  
With whom there nothing can prevail but wrong.

*Noble* Yet hope the best.

*Alexandro* 'Tis Heaven is my hope.  
As for the earth it is too much infect,  
To yield me hope of any of her mold.

*Viceroy* Why linger ye? bring forth that daring fiend,  
And let him die for his accursed deed

*Alexandro* Not that I fear the extremity of death,  
For Nobles cannot stoop to servile fear.  
Do I (O King) thus discontented live.

img: 17-b  
sig: E1r

wln 1084  
wln 1085  
wln 1086  
wln 1087  
wln 1088  
wln 1089  
wln 1090  
wln 1091  
wln 1092  
wln 1093

But this, O this torments my laboring soul,  
That thus I die suspected of a sin,  
Whereof, as heavens have known my secret thoughts,  
So am I free from this suggestion.

*Viceroy* No more I say, to the tortures, when?  
Bind him, and burn his body in those flames,  
They bind him to the stake.

That shall prefigure those unquenched fires,  
Of Phlegethon prepared for his soul.

*Alexandro* My guiltless death will be avenged on thee,

wln 1094  
wln 1095  
wln 1096  
wln 1097  
wln 1098  
wln 1099  
wln 1100  
wln 1101  
wln 1102  
wln 1103  
wln 1104  
wln 1105  
wln 1106  
wln 1107  
wln 1108  
wln 1109  
wln 1110  
wln 1111  
wln 1112  
wln 1113  
wln 1114  
wln 1115  
wln 1116  
wln 1117  
wln 1118  
wln 1119  
wln 1120

img: 18-a  
sig: E1v

wln 1121  
wln 1122  
wln 1123  
wln 1124  
wln 1125  
wln 1126  
wln 1127  
wln 1128  
wln 1129  
wln 1130  
wln 1131  
wln 1132  
wln 1133  
wln 1134  
wln 1135  
wln 1136  
wln 1137  
wln 1138  
wln 1139  
wln 1140  
wln 1141

On thee *Villuppo* that hath maliced thus,  
Or for thy meed, hast falsely me accused.  
*Villuppo* Nay *Alexandro* if thou menace me,  
I'll lend a hand to send thee to the lake,  
Where those thy words shall perish with thy works,  
Injurious traitor, monstrous homicide.

Enter *Ambassador*.

**Stay** hold a while, and here with pardon of his Majesty,  
Lay hands upon *Villuppo*.

*Viceroy* Ambassador, what news hath urged this sudden entrance?

*Ambassador* Know sovereign Lord that *Balthazar* doth live.

*Viceroy* What sayest thou? liveth *Balthazar* our son?

*Ambassador* Your highness' son, Lord *Balthazar* doth live.

And well entreated in the Court of Spain:  
Humbly commends him to your Majesty.  
These eyes beheld, and these my followers,  
With these the letters of the King's commends.

Gives him Letters.

Are happy witnesses of his highness' health.

The King looks on the letters, and proceeds.

*Viceroy* Thy son doth live, your tribute is received,

Thy peace is made, and we are satisfied:

The rest resolve upon as things proposed,

For both our honors and thy benefit.

*Ambassador* These are his highness' farther articles.

He gives him more Letters.

*Viceroy* Accursed wretch to intimate these ills,

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

They unbind him.

*Alexandro* Dread Lord, in kindness you could do no less,

Upon report of such a damned fact:

But thus we see our innocence hath saved,

The hopeless life which thou *Villuppo* sought,

By thy suggestions to have massacred.

*Viceroy* Say false *Villuppo*? wherefore didst thou thus

Falsely betray Lord *Alexandro*'s life?

Him whom thou knowest, that no unkindness else,

But even the slaughter of our dearest son,

Could once have moved us to have misconceived.

*Alexandro* Say treacherous *Villuppo*, tell the King,

**Or** wherein hath *Alexandro* used thee ill?

*Villuppo* Rent with remembrance of so foul a deed,

My guilty soul submits me to thy doom:

For not for *Alexandro*'s injuries,

But, forward and hope to be preferred:

wln 1142  
wln 1143  
wln 1144  
wln 1145  
wln 1146  
wln 1147  
wln 1148  
wln 1149  
wln 1150  
wln 1151  
wln 1152  
wln 1153  
wln 1154  
wln 1155  
wln 1156  
wln 1157

img: 18-b  
sig: E2r

wln 1158  
wln 1159  
wln 1160  
wln 1161  
wln 1162  
wln 1163  
wln 1164  
wln 1165  
wln 1166  
wln 1167  
wln 1168  
wln 1169  
wln 1170  
wln 1171  
wln 1172  
wln 1173  
wln 1174  
wln 1175  
wln 1176  
wln 1177  
wln 1178  
wln 1179  
wln 1180  
wln 1181  
wln 1182  
wln 1183  
wln 1184  
wln 1185  
wln 1186  
wln 1187  
wln 1188  
wln 1189

Thus have I shamelessly hazarded his life,  
*Viceroy* which villain shall be ransomed with thy death,  
And not so mean a torment as we here  
Devised for him, who thou said'st slew our son:  
But with the bitterest torments and extremes,  
That may be yet invented for thine end:

*Alexandro* seems to entreat.

Entreat me not, go take the traitor hence.

Exit *Villuppo*

And *Alexandro* let us honor thee,  
With public notice of thy loyalty,  
To end those things articulated here,  
By our great Lord the mighty king of Spain.  
We with our council will deliberate,  
Come *Alexandro* keep us company.

*Exeunt.*

Enter *Hieronimo*.

*Hieronimo* Oh eyes, no eyes but fountains fraught with tears,

Oh life, no life, but lively form of death:  
Oh world, no world but mass of public wrongs.  
Confused and filled, with murder and misdeeds  
Oh sacred heavens, if this unhallowed deed,  
If this inhuman and barbarous attempt,  
If this incomparable murder thus,  
Of mine, but now no more my son,  
Shall unrevealed and unrevenged pass,  
How should we term your dealings to be just,  
If you unjustly deal with those, that in your justice trust.  
The night sad secretary to my moans,  
With direful visions wake my vexed soul,  
And with the wounds of my distressful son,  
Solicit me for notice of his death.  
The ugly fiends do sally forth of hell,  
And frame my steps to unfrequented paths,  
And fear my heart with fierce inflamed thoughts.  
The cloudy day my discontents records,  
Early begins to register my dreams,  
And drive me forth to seek the murderer,  
Eyes, life, world, heavens, hell, night and day,  
See, search, show, send, some man,  
Some mean, that may:

A Letter falleth.

What's here? a letter, tush, it is not so,

A Letter written to *Hieronimo*.

**Red ink.**

*Bel-imperia* For want of ink receive this bloody writ,  
Me hath my hapless brother hid from thee,  
Revenge thyself on *Balthazar* and him,  
For these were they that murdered thy Son.  
*Hieronimo*, revenge *Horatio's* death,  
And better fare than *Bel-imperia* doth.

wln 1190  
wln 1191  
wln 1192  
wln 1193  
wln 1194

img: 19-a  
sig: E2v

*Hieronimo* What means this unexpected miracle?  
My Son slain by *Lorenzo* and the Prince.  
What cause had they *Horatio* to malign?  
Or what might move thee *Bel-imperia*,  
To accuse thy brother, had he been the mean?

wln 1195  
wln 1196  
wln 1197  
wln 1198  
wln 1199  
wln 1200  
wln 1201  
wln 1202  
wln 1203  
wln 1204  
wln 1205  
wln 1206  
wln 1207  
wln 1208  
wln 1209  
wln 1210

*Hieronimo* beware, thou art betrayed,  
And to entrap thy life this train is laid.  
Advise thee therefore, be not credulous:  
This is devised to endanger thee,  
That thou by this *Lorenzo* shouldst accuse,  
And he for thy dishonor done, should draw  
Thy life in question; and thy name in hate.  
Dear was the life of my beloved Son,  
And of his death behoves me be revenged:  
Then hazard not thine own *Hieronimo*,  
But live t' effect thy resolution.  
I therefore will by circumstances try,  
What I can gather to confirm this writ,  
And harkening near the Duke of Castile's house,  
Close if I can with *Bel-imperia*,  
To listen more, but nothing to bewray.

wln 1211  
wln 1212  
wln 1213  
wln 1214  
wln 1215  
wln 1216  
wln 1217  
wln 1218  
wln 1219  
wln 1220  
wln 1221  
wln 1222  
wln 1223  
wln 1224  
wln 1225  
wln 1226  
wln 1227  
wln 1228  
wln 1229  
wln 1230

img: 19-b  
sig: E3r

Enter *Pedringano*.  
*Hieronimo* Now *Pedringano*.  
*Pedringano* Now *Hieronimo*.  
*Hieronimo* Where's thy Lady?  
*Pedringano* I know not, here's my Lord.  
Enter *Lorenzo*.  
*Lorenzo* How now, who's this, *Hieronimo*?  
*Hieronimo* My Lord.  
*Pedringano* He asketh for my Lady *Bel-imperia*.  
*Lorenzo* What to do *Hieronimo*? The Duke my father hath  
Upon some disgrace a while removed her hence,  
But if it be aught I may inform her of,  
Tell me *Hieronimo*, and i'll let her know it.  
*Hieronimo* Nay, nay my Lord, I thank you, it shall not need,  
I had a suit unto her, but too late,  
And her disgrace makes me unfortunate.  
*Lorenzo* Why so *Hieronimo*? use me.  
*Hieronimo* Oh no my Lord, I dare not, it must not be.  
I humbly thank your Lordship.  
*Lorenzo* Why then farewell.

wln 1231  
wln 1232  
wln 1233

*Hieronimo* My grief no heart, my thoughts no tongue can tell.  
*Lorenzo* Come hither *Pedringano*, seest thou this?  
*Exit.*

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

img: 20-a  
sig: E3v

wln 1268  
wln 1269  
wln 1270  
wln 1271  
wln 1272  
wln 1273  
wln 1274  
wln 1275  
wln 1276  
wln 1277  
wln 1278  
wln 1279  
wln 1280  
wln 1281

*Pedringano* My Lord, I see it, and suspect it too.  
*Lorenzo* This is that damned villain *Serberine*,  
That hath I fear revealed *Horatio's* death.  
*Pedringano* My Lord, he could not, 'twas so lately done,  
And since he hath not left my company.  
*Lorenzo* Admit he have not, his conditions such,  
As fear of flattering words may make him false.  
I know his humor, and therewith repent,  
That ere I used him in this enterprise.  
But *Pedringano*, to prevent the worst,  
And cause I know thee secret as my soul,  
Here for thy further satisfaction take thou this.

Gives him more gold.

And harken to me, thus it is devised:  
This night thou must, and prithee so resolve,  
Meet *Serberine* at Saint *Luigi's* Park,  
Thou knowest 'tis here hard by behind the house,  
There take thy stand, and see thou strike him sure,  
For die he must, if we do mean to live.

*Pedringano* But how shall *Serberine* be there my Lord?

*Lorenzo* Let me alone, i'll send to him to meet  
The Prince and me, where thou must do this deed.

*Pedringano* It shall be done my Lord it shall be done,  
And i'll go arm myself to meet him there.

*Lorenzo* When things shall alter, as I hope they will,  
Then shalt thou mount for this, thou knowest my mind.

Exit *Pedringano*

*Che le Jeron.*

Enter *Page*.

*Page.* My Lord.

*Lorenzo* Go sirrah to *Serberine*, and bid him forthwith,  
Meet the Prince and me at *Saint Luigi's* Park,  
Behind the house, this evening boy.

*Page.* I go my Lord.

But sirrah, let the hour be eight o'clock.  
Bid him not fail.

*Page.* I fly my Lord.

*Exit.*

*Lorenzo* Now to confirm the complot thou hast cast,  
Of all these practices, I'll spread the watch,  
Upon precise commandment from the king,  
Strongly to guard the place where *Pedringano*  
This night shall murder hapless *Serberine*.  
Thus must we work that will avoid distrust,  
Thus must we practice to prevent mishap,  
And thus one ill, another must expulse.  
This sly enquiry of *Hieronimo* for *Bel-imperia*, breeds suspicion,  
And this suspicion bodes a further ill.  
As for myself, I know my secret fault,

wln 1282  
wln 1283  
wln 1284  
wln 1285  
wln 1286  
wln 1287  
wln 1288  
wln 1289  
wln 1290  
wln 1291  
wln 1292  
wln 1293  
wln 1294  
wln 1295  
wln 1296  
wln 1297  
wln 1298  
wln 1299  
wln 1300  
wln 1301  
wln 1302  
wln 1303  
wln 1304

img: 20-b  
sig: E4r

wln 1305  
wln 1306  
wln 1307  
  
wln 1308  
wln 1309  
wln 1310  
wln 1311  
wln 1312  
wln 1313  
wln 1314  
  
wln 1315  
wln 1316  
wln 1317  
wln 1318  
wln 1319  
wln 1320  
wln 1321  
wln 1322  
wln 1323  
wln 1324  
wln 1325  
wln 1326  
wln 1327

And so do they, but I have dealt for them.  
They that for coin their souls endangered  
To save my life, for coin shall venture theirs:  
And better it's that base companions die,  
Than by their life to hazard our good haps.  
Nor shall they live for me, to fear their faith:  
I'll trust myself, myself shall be my friend,  
For die they shall, slaves are ordained to no other end.

*Exit.*

Enter *Pedringano* with a Pistol.

Now *Pedringano* bid thy pistol hold,  
And hold on Fortune, once more favor me,  
Give but success to mine at tempting spirit,  
And let me shift for taking of mine aim:  
Here is the gold, this is the gold proposed,  
It is no dream that I adventure for,  
But *Pedringano* is possessed thereof.  
And he that would not strain his conscience,  
For him that thus his liberal purse hath stretched,  
Unworthy such a favor may he fail,  
And wishing, want when such as I prevail.  
As for the fear of apprehension,  
I know, if need should be, my noble Lord

Will stand between me and ensuing harms.  
Besides, this place is free from all suspect:  
Here therefore will I stay and take my stand.

Enter the watch.

1. *Watchman* I wonder much to what intent it is,  
That we are thus expressly charged to watch?  
2. *Watchman* 'Tis by commandment in the King's own name.  
3. *Watchman* But we were never wont to watch and ward,  
So near the Duke his brother's house before.  
2. *Watchman* Content yourself, stand close, there's somewhat in 't.

Enter *Serberine*.

*Serberine* Here *Serberine* attend and stay thy pace,  
For here did *Don Lorenzo*'s Page appoint,  
That thou by his command shouldst meet with him.  
How fit a place if one were so disposed,  
Methinks this corner is to close with one.

*Pedringano* Here comes the bird that I must seize upon,  
Now *Pedringano* or never play the man.

*Serberine* I wonder that his Lordship stays so long,  
Or wherefore should he send for me so late?

*Pedringano* For this *Serberine*, and thou shalt ha 't.

Shoots the Dag.

So, there he lies, my promise is performed.

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

img: 21-a  
sig: E4v

wln 1340  
wln 1341  
wln 1342  
wln 1343  
wln 1344  
  
wln 1345  
wln 1346  
wln 1347  
wln 1348  
wln 1349  
wln 1350  
wln 1351  
wln 1352  
wln 1353  
wln 1354  
wln 1355  
wln 1356  
wln 1357  
wln 1358  
wln 1359  
wln 1360  
wln 1361  
wln 1362  
wln 1363  
wln 1364  
wln 1365  
wln 1366  
wln 1367  
wln 1368  
wln 1369  
wln 1370  
wln 1371  
wln 1372  
wln 1373  
wln 1374

The Watch.

1. *Watchman* Hark Gentlemen, this is a Pistol shot.  
2. *Watchman* And here's one slain, stay the murderer.  
*Pedringano* Now by the sorrows of the souls in hell,  
He strives with the watch.

Who first lays hand on me, i'll be his Priest,

3. *Watchman* Sirrah, confess, and therein play the Priest,  
Why hast thou thus unkindly killed the man?

*Pedringano* Why, because he walked abroad so late.

3. *Watchman* Come sir, you had been better kept your bed,  
Than have committed this misdeed so late.

2. *Watchman* Come to the Marshal's with the murderer.

1. *Watchman* On to *Hieronimo*'s, help me here,  
To bring the murdered body with us too.

*Pedringano* *Hieronimo*, carry me before whom you will,  
Whate'er he be i'll answer him and you,  
And do your worst, for I defy you all. *Exeunt.*

Enter *Lorenzo* and *Balthazar*.

*Balthazar* How now my Lord, what makes you rise so soon?

*Lorenzo* Fear of preventing our mishaps too late.

*Balthazar* What mischief is it that we not mistrust?

*Lorenzo* Our greatest ills, we least mistrust my Lord,  
And in expected harms do hurt us most.

*Balthazar* Why tell me *Don Lorenzo*, tell me man,  
If aught concerns our honor and your own?

*Lorenzo* Nor you nor me my Lord, but both in one.  
For I suspect, and the presumption's great,  
That by those base confederates in our fault,  
Touching the death of *Don Horatio*:

We are betrayed to old *Hieronimo*.

*Balthazar* Betrayed *Lorenzo*, tush it cannot be.

*Lorenzo* A guilty conscience urged with the thought,  
Of former evils, easily cannot err:

I am persuaded, and dissuade me not,

That all's revealed to *Hieronimo*.

And therefore know that I have cast it thus:

But here's the Page, how now, what news with thee?

*Page.* My Lord, *Serberine* is slain.

*Balthazar* Who? *Serberine* my man.

*Page.* Your Highness' man my Lord.

*Lorenzo* Speak *Page*, who murdered him?

*Page.* He that is apprehended for the fact.

*Lorenzo* Who?

*Page.* *Pedringano*.

*Balthazar* Is *Serberine* slain that loved his Lord so well?  
Injurious villain, murderer of his friend.

*Lorenzo* Hath *Pedringano* murdered *Serberine*?

wln 1375

img: 21-b  
sig: F1r

wln 1376

wln 1377

wln 1378

wln 1379

wln 1380

wln 1381

wln 1382

wln 1383

wln 1384

wln 1385

wln 1386

wln 1387

wln 1388

wln 1389

wln 1390

wln 1391

wln 1392

wln 1393

wln 1394

wln 1395

wln 1396

wln 1397

wln 1398

wln 1399

wln 1400

wln 1401

wln 1402

wln 1403

wln 1404

wln 1405

wln 1406

wln 1407

wln 1408

wln 1409

wln 1410

wln 1411

img: 22-a  
sig: F1v

wln 1412

wln 1413

wln 1414

wln 1415

wln 1416

wln 1417

wln 1418

My Lord, let me entreat you to take the pains,

To exasperate and hasten his revenge.  
With your complaints unto my Lord the King.  
This their dissension breeds a greater doubt.

*Balthazar* Assure thee *Don Lorenzo* he shall die,  
Or else his Highness hardly shall deny.  
Meanwhile, i'll haste the Marshal Sessions,  
For die he shall for this his damned deed.

Exit *Balthazar*.

*Lorenzo* Why so, this fits our former policy,  
And thus experience bids the wise to deal.  
I lay the plot, he prosecutes the point,  
I set the trap, he breaks the worthless twigs,  
And sees not that wherewith the bird was limed.  
Thus hopeful men that mean to hold their own,  
Must look like fowlers to their dearest friends.  
He runs to kill whom I have help to catch,  
And no man knows it was my reaching fatch.  
'Tis hard to trust unto a multitude,  
Or any one in mine opinion,  
When men themselves their secrets will reveal.

*Enter a messenger with a letter.*

*Lorenzo* Boy.

*Page.* My Lord.

*Lorenzo* What's he?

*Messenger* I have a letter to your Lordship.

*Lorenzo* From whence?

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

*Lorenzo* So, he is in prison then?

*Messenger* Ay my good Lord.

*Lorenzo* What would he with us?

He writes us here to stand good Lord and help him in distress.  
Tell him I have his letters, know his mind,  
And what we may let him assure him of.  
Fellow, be gone: my boy shall follow thee.

Exit *Messenger*

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

Boy, go convey this purse to *Pedringano*,  
Thou knowest the prison, closely give it him:  
And be advised that none be there about.  
Bid him be merry still, but secret:  
And though the Marshal sessions be today,  
Bid him not doubt of his delivery.  
Tell him his pardon is already signed,



wln 1419  
wln 1420  
wln 1421  
wln 1422  
wln 1423  
wln 1424  
wln 1425  
wln 1426  
wln 1427  
wln 1428  
wln 1429  
wln 1430  
wln 1431  
wln 1432  
wln 1433  
wln 1434  
wln 1435  
wln 1436  
wln 1437  
wln 1438  
wln 1439  
wln 1440

And thereon bid him boldly be resolved:  
For were he ready to be turned off,  
As 'tis my will the uttermost be tried:  
Thou with his pardon shalt attend him still,  
Show him this box, tell him his pardon's in 't,  
But open 't not, and if thou lovest thy life:  
But let him wisely keep his hopes unknown,  
He shall not want while *Don Lorenzo* lives: away.

*Page.* I go my Lord, I run.

*Lorenzo* But sirrah, see that this be cleanly done.

Exit *Page*.

Now stands our fortune on a tickle point,  
And now or never ends *Lorenzo*'s doubts.  
One only thing is uneffected yet,  
And that's to see the Executioner,  
But to what end? I list not trust the Air  
With utterance of our pretence therein.  
For fear the privy whisp'ring of the wind,  
Convey our words amongst unfriendly ears,  
That lie too open to advantages.

*Et quel que voglio It nessun le sa,*  
*Intendo io quel mi bassara.*

Exit.

Enter *Boy* with the Box.

My Master hath forbidden me to look in this box, and  
by my troth 'tis likely, if he had not warned me, I should not  
have had so much idle time: for we men's-kind in our minority,  
are like women in their uncertainty, that they are  
most forbidden, they will soonest attempt: so I now. By my  
bare honesty here's nothing but the bare empty box: were

wln 1441  
wln 1442  
wln 1443  
wln 1444  
wln 1445  
wln 1446  
wln 1447

img: 22-b  
sig: F2r

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

it not sin against secrecy, I would say it were a piece of gentlemanlike  
knavery. I must go to *Pedringano*, and tell him  
his pardon is in this box, nay, I would have sworn it, had I  
not seen the contrary. I cannot choose but smile to think,  
how the villain will flout the gallows, scorn the audience,  
and descant on the hangman, and all presuming of his pardon  
from hence. Wilt not be an odd jest, for me to stand and  
grace every jest he makes, pointing my finger at this box: as  
who would say, mock on, here's thy warrant. Is't not a scurvy  
jest, that a man should jest himself to death. Alas poor  
*Pedringano*, I am in a sort sorry for thee, but if I should be  
hanged with thee, I cannot weep.

Exit.

wln 1460  
wln 1461  
wln 1462  
wln 1463  
wln 1464

Enter *Hieronimo* and the *Deputy*.

*Hieronimo* Thus must we toil in other men's extremes,  
That know not how to remedy our own,  
And do them justice, when unjustly we:  
For all our wrongs can compass no redress.

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

img: 23-a  
sig: F2v

wln 1484  
wln 1485  
wln 1486  
wln 1487  
wln 1488  
wln 1489  
wln 1490  
wln 1491  
wln 1492  
wln 1493  
wln 1494  
wln 1495  
wln 1496  
wln 1497  
wln 1498  
wln 1499  
wln 1500  
wln 1501  
wln 1502  
wln 1503  
wln 1504  
wln 1505  
wln 1506  
wln 1507  
wln 1508  
wln 1509  
wln 1510  
wln 1511  
wln 1512

But shall I never live to see the day,  
That I may come (by justice of the heavens)  
To know the cause that may my cares allay?  
This toils my body, this consumeth age,  
That only I to all men just must be,  
And neither Gods nor men be just to me.

*Deputy* Worthy *Hieronimo*, your office asks,  
A care to punish such as do transgress.

*Hieronimo* So is't my duty to regard his death,  
Who when he lived deserved my dearest blood:  
But come, for that we came for let's begin,  
For here lies that which bids me to be gone.

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

*Deputy* Bring forth the Prisoner for the Court is set.

*Pedringano* Gramercy boy, but it was time to come,  
For I had written to my Lord anew,  
A nearer matter that concerneth him,  
For fear his Lordship had forgotten me:

But sith he hath remembered me so well,  
Come, come, come on, when shall we to this gear.

*Hieronimo* Stand forth thou monster, murderer of men,  
And here for satisfaction of the world,  
Confess thy folly and repent thy fault,  
For there's thy place of execution.

*Pedringano* This is short work, well, to your Marshalship  
First I confess, nor fear I death therefore,  
I am the man, 'twas I slew *Serberine*.  
But sir, then you think this shall be the place,  
Where we shall satisfy you for this gear?

*Deputy* Ay *Pedringano*.

*Pedringano* Now I think not so.

*Hieronimo*, Peace impudent, for thou shalt find it so.  
For blood with blood, shall while I sit as judge,  
Be satisfied, and the law discharged.

And though myself cannot receive the like,  
Yet will I see that others have their right.  
Dispatch, the faults approved and confessed,  
**And** by our law he is condemned to die.

*Hangman* Come on **sir**, are you ready?

*Pedringano* To do what, my fine officious knave?

*Hangman* To go to this gear.

*Pedringano* O sir, you are too forward, thou wouldst fain furnish  
me with a halter, to disfurnish me of my habit.  
So I should go out of this gear my raiment, into that gear  
the rope.

But Hangman, now I spy your knavery, i'll not change without  
boot, that's flat.

wln 1513  
wln 1514  
wln 1515  
wln 1516  
wln 1517  
wln 1518  
wln 1519  
wln 1520

img: 23-b  
sig: F3r

*Hangman* Come Sir.  
*Pedringano* So then I must up.  
*Hangman* No remedy.  
*Pedringano* Yes, but there shall be for my coming down.  
*Hangman* Indeed here's a remedy for that.  
*Pedringano* How? be turned off.  
*Hangman* Ay truly, come are you ready.  
I pray sir dispatch, the day goes away.

wln 1521  
wln 1522  
wln 1523  
wln 1524  
wln 1525  
wln 1526  
wln 1527  
wln 1528  
wln 1529  
wln 1530  
wln 1531  
wln 1532  
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wln 1550  
wln 1551  
wln 1552  
wln 1553  
wln 1554  
wln 1555  
wln 1556  
wln 1557

img: 24-a  
sig: F3v

*Pedringano* What do you hang by the hour, if you do, I may chance to break your old custom.  
*Hangman* Faith you have reason, for I am like to break your young neck.  
*Pedringano* Dost thou mock me hangman, pray God I be not preserved to break your knave's pate for this.  
*Hangman* Alas sir, you are a foot too low to reach it, and I hope you will never grow so high while I am in the office.  
*Pedringano* Sirrah, dost see yonder boy with **the** box in his hand?  
*Hangman* What, he that points to it with his finger.  
*Pedringano* Ay that companion.  
*Hangman* I know him not, but what of him?  
*Pedringano* Dost thou think to live till his old doublet will make thee a new truss?  
*Hangman* Ay, and many a fair year after, to truss up many an honest man than either thou or he.  
*Pedringano* What hath he in his box as thou think'st?  
*Hangman* Faith I cannot tell, nor I care not greatly.  
Methinks you should rather hearken to your soul's health.  
*Pedringano* Why sirrah Hangman? I take it, that that is good for the body, is likewise good for the soul: and it may be, in that box is balm for both.  
*Hangman* Well, thou art even the merriest piece of man's flesh that e'er groaned at my office door.  
*Pedringano* Is your roguery become an office with a knave's name?  
*Hangman* Ay, and that shall all they witness that see you seal it with a thief's name.  
*Pedringano* I prithee request this good company to pray with me.  
*Hangman* Ay marry sir, this is a good motion: my masters, you see here's a good fellow.  
*Pedringano* Nay, nay, now I remember me, let them alone till some other time, for now I have no great need.  
*Hieronimo* I have not seen a wretch so impudent,  
O monstrous times where murder's set so light,

wln 1558  
wln 1559  
wln 1560  
wln 1561  
wln 1562  
wln 1563  
wln 1564  
wln 1565  
wln 1566  
wln 1567  
wln 1568  
wln 1569  
wln 1570  
wln 1571  
wln 1572  
wln 1573  
wln 1574  
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wln 1586  
wln 1587  
wln 1588  
wln 1589  
wln 1590  
wln 1591  
wln 1592  
wln 1593  
wln 1594

And where the soul that should be shrined in heaven,  
Solely delights in interdicted things,  
Still wand'ring in the thorny passages,  
That intercepts itself of happiness.  
Murder, O bloody monster, God forbid,  
A fault so foul should scape unpunished.  
Dispatch and see this execution done,  
This makes me to remember thee my son.

Exit. *Hieronimo*

*Pedringano* Nay soft, no haste.

*Deputy* Why, wherefore stay you, have you hope of life?

*Pedringano* Why Ay.

*Hangman* As how?

*Pedringano* Why Rascal by my pardon from the King.

*Hangman* stand you on that, then you shall off with this.

He turns him off.

*Deputy* So Executioner, convey him hence,  
But let his body be unburied.

Let not the earth be choked or infect.

With that which heavens contemns and men neglect.

*Exeunt.*

Enter *Hieronimo*.

Where shall I run to breathe abroad my woes,  
My woes whose weight hath wearied the earth?  
Or mine exclaims that have surcharged the air,  
With ceaseless plaints, for my deceased son?  
The blust'ring winds conspiring with my words,  
At my lament have moved the leafless trees.  
Disrobed the meadows of their flowered green,  
Made mountains marsh with spring tides of my tears,  
And broken through the brazen gates of hell,  
Yet still tormented is my tortured soul,  
With broken sighs and restless passions,  
That winged mount, and hovering in the air,  
Beat at the windows of the brightest heavens,  
Soliciting for justice and revenge:  
But they are placed in those imperial heights,

img: 24-b  
sig: F4r

wln 1595  
wln 1596  
wln 1597

Where counterwalled with walls of diamond,  
I find the place impregnable, and they  
Resist my woes, and give my words no way.

wln 1598  
wln 1599  
wln 1600  
wln 1601  
wln 1602  
wln 1603  
wln 1604

Enter Hangman with a Letter.

*Hangman* O Lord sir, God bless you sir, the man sir *Petergade*,  
Sir, he that was so full of merry conceits.

*Hieronimo* Well, what of him?

*Hangman* O Lord sir, he went the wrong way, the fellow had  
a fair commission to the contrary. Sir, here is his passport,  
I pray you sir, we have done him wrong.

wln 1605  
wln 1606  
wln 1607  
wln 1608  
wln 1609  
wln 1610  
wln 1611  
wln 1612  
wln 1613  
wln 1614  
wln 1615  
wln 1616  
wln 1617  
wln 1618  
wln 1619  
wln 1620  
wln 1621  
wln 1622  
wln 1623  
wln 1624  
wln 1625  
wln 1626  
wln 1627  
wln 1628  
wln 1629  
wln 1630

*Hieronimo* I warrant thee, give it me.  
*Hangman* you will stand between the gallows and me.  
*Hieronimo* Ay, Ay.  
*Hangman* I thank your Lord worship.

Exit *Hangman*.

*Hieronimo* And yet though somewhat nearer me concerns,  
I will to ease the grief that I sustain,  
Take truce with sorrow while I read on this.  
*My Lord, I write as mine extremes require,  
That you would labor my delivery:  
If you neglect, my life is desperate,  
And in my death I shall reveal the troth.  
You know my Lord, I slew him for your sake,  
And was confederate with the Prince and you,  
Won by rewards and hopeful promises,  
I holp to murder Don Horatio too.  
Holp he to murder mine Horatio,  
And actors in th' accursed Tragedy.  
Wast thou Lorenzo, Balthazar and thou,  
Of whom my Son, my Son deserved so well,  
What have I heard, what have mine eyes beheld?  
O sacred heavens, may it come to pass,  
That such a monstrous and detested deed,  
So closely smothered, and so long concealed,  
Shall thus by this be venged or revealed.  
Now see I what I durst not then suspect,*

img: 25-a  
sig: F4v

wln 1631  
wln 1632  
wln 1633  
wln 1634  
wln 1635  
wln 1636  
wln 1637  
wln 1638  
wln 1639  
wln 1640  
wln 1641  
wln 1642  
wln 1643  
wln 1644  
wln 1645  
wln 1646  
wln 1647  
wln 1648  
wln 1649  
wln 1650  
wln 1651  
wln 1652

*That Bel-imperia's Letter was not feigned,  
Nor feigned she though falsely they have wronged,  
Both her, myself, Horatio, and themselves.  
Now may I make compare twixt hers and this,  
Of every accident, I ne'er could find  
Till now, and now I feelingly perceive,  
They did what heaven unpunished would not leave.  
O false Lorenzo, are these thy flattering looks?  
Is this the honor that thou didst my Son?  
And Balthazar bane to thy soul and me,  
Was this the ransom he reserved thee for?  
Woe to the cause of these constrained wars,  
Woe to thy baseness and captivity,  
Woe to thy birth, thy body and thy soul,  
Thy cursed father, and thy conquered self:  
And band with bitter execrations be  
The day and place where he did pity thee.  
But wherefore waste I mine unfruitful words?  
When naught but blood will satisfy my woes:  
I will go plain me to my Lord the King,  
And cry aloud for justice through the Court.  
Wearing the flints with these my withered feet,*

wln 1653  
wln 1654

And either purchase justice by entreats,  
Or tire them all with my revenging threats.

*Exit.*

wln 1655

Enter *Isabella* and her Maid.

wln 1656

*Isabella* So that you say this herb will purge the eye

wln 1657

And this the head, ah but none of them will purge the heart:

wln 1658

No, there's no medicine left for my disease,

wln 1659

Nor any physic to recure the dead:

wln 1660

She runs lunatic.

wln 1661

*Horatio*, O where's *Horatio*.

wln 1662

*Maid*. Good Madam, affright not thus yourself,

wln 1663

With outrage for your son *Horatio*.

wln 1664

He sleeps in quiet in the *Elysian* fields.

wln 1665

*Isabella* Why did I not give you gowns and goodly things,

wln 1666

Bought you a whistle and a whipstalk too:

img: 25-b  
sig: G1r

wln 1667

To be revenged on their villainies.

wln 1668

*Maid*. Madam these humors do torment my soul.

wln 1669

*Isabella* My soul, poor soul thou talks of things

wln 1670

Thou know'st not what, my soul hath silver wings,

wln 1671

That mounts me up unto the highest heavens,

wln 1672

To heaven, Ay there sits my *Horatio*,

wln 1673

Backed with a troop of fiery Cherubins,

wln 1674

Dancing about his newly healed wounds

wln 1675

Singing sweet hymns and chanting heavenly notes,

wln 1676

Rare harmony to greet his innocence,

wln 1677

That died, I died a mirror in our days.

wln 1678

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

wln 1679

That slew *Horatio*, whither shall I run,

wln 1680

To find them out, that murdered my Son.

*Exeunt.*

wln 1681

*Bel-imperia* at a window.

wln 1682

*Bel-imperia* What means this outrage that is offered me?

wln 1683

Why am I thus sequestered from the Court?

wln 1684

No notice, shall I not know the cause,

wln 1685

Of this my secret and suspicious ills?

wln 1686

Accursed brother, unkind murderer.

wln 1687

Why bends thou thus thy mind to martyr me?

wln 1688

*Hieronimo*, why writ I of thy wrongs?

wln 1689

Or why art thou so slack in thy revenge?

wln 1690

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

wln 1691

Me for thy friend *Horatio* handled thus,

wln 1692

And him for me thus causeless murdered.

wln 1693

Well, force perforce, I must constrain myself,

wln 1694

To patience, and apply me to the time,

wln 1695

Till heaven as I have hoped shall set me free.

wln 1696

Enter *Christophil*.

wln 1697

*Christophil* Come Madame *Bel-imperia*, this may not be,

wln 1698

*Exeunt.*

wln 1699  
wln 1700  
wln 1701  
wln 1702

img: 26-a  
sig: G1v

Enter *Lorenzo*, *Balthazar*, and the *Page*.  
*Lorenzo* Boy, talk no further, thus far things go well,  
Thou art assured that thou sawest him dead?  
*Page*. Or else my Lord I live not.

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

*Lorenzo* That's enough.  
As for his resolution in his end,  
Leave that to him with whom he sojourns now.  
Here, take my ring, and give it *Christophil*,  
And bid him let my Sister be enlarged,  
And bring her hither straight.  
This that I did was for a policy,  
To smooth and keep the murder secret,  
Which as a nine days' wonder being o'erblown,  
My gentle Sister will I now enlarge.

Exit *Page*.

*Balthazar* And time *Lorenzo*, for my Lord the Duke,  
You heard inquired for her yesternight.  
*Lorenzo* Why? and my Lord, I hope you heard me say,  
Sufficient reason, why she kept away.  
But that's all one, my Lord, you love her?

*Balthazar* Ay.

*Lorenzo* Then in your love beware, deal cunningly,  
Salve all suspicions, only soothe me up,  
And if she hap to stand on terms with us,  
As for her sweetheart, and concealment so,  
Jest with her gently, under feigned jest  
Are things concealed, that else would breed unrest.  
But here she comes.

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

img: 26-b  
sig: G2r

Enter *Bel-imperia*.  
*Lorenzo* Now Sister.  
*Bel-imperia* Sister, no thou art no brother, but an enemy.  
Else wouldst thou not have used thy Sister so,  
First, to affright me with thy weapons drawn,  
And with extremes abuse my company:  
And then to hurry me like whirlwind's rage,  
Amidst a crew of thy confederates:  
And clap me up where none might come at me,  
Nor I at any to reveal my wrongs.  
What madding fury did possess thy wits?  
Or wherein is't that I offended thee?  
*Lorenzo* Advise you better *Bel-imperia*,

wln 1739  
wln 1740  
wln 1741  
wln 1742

For I have done you no disparagement:  
Unless by more discretion than deserved,  
I sought to save your honor and mine own.  
*Bel-imperia* Mine honor, why *Lorenzo*, where in is't,

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

img: 27-a  
sig: G2v

That I neglect my reputation so,  
As you, or any need to rescue it.  
*Lorenzo* His highness and my Father were resolved,  
To come confer with old *Hieronimo*,  
Concerning certain matters of estate,  
That by the Viceroy was determined.  
*Bel-imperia* And wherein was mine honor touched in that?  
*Balthazar* Have patience *Bel-imperia*, hear the rest.  
*Lorenzo* Me next in sight as messenger they sent,  
To give him notice that they were so nigh:  
Now when I came consorted with the Prince,  
And unexpected in an Arbor there,  
Found *Bel-imperia* with *Horatio*.  
*Bel-imperia* How then?  
*Lorenzo* Why then remembering that old disgrace,  
Which you for *Don Andrea* had endured,  
And now were likely longer to sustain,  
By being found so meanly accompanied:  
Thought rather, for I knew no readier mean,  
To thrust *Horatio* forth my father's way.  
*Balthazar* And carry you obscurely somewhere else,  
Lest that his highness should have found you there.  
*Bel-imperia* Even so my Lord, and you are witness,  
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 work of worth, worthy the noting too.  
But what's the cause that you concealed me since?  
*Lorenzo* Your melancholy Sister since the news,  
Of your first favorite *Don Andrea's* death,  
My Father's old wrath hath exasperate.  
*Balthazar* And better was't for you being in disgrace,  
To absent yourself and give his fury place.

wln 1776  
wln 1777  
wln 1778  
wln 1779  
wln 1780  
wln 1781  
wln 1782  
wln 1783  
wln 1784  
wln 1785  
wln 1786  
wln 1787  
wln 1788  
wln 1789  
wln 1790

*Bel-imperia* But why had I no notice of his ire?  
*Lorenzo* That were to add more fuel to your fire.  
Who burnt like *Aetna* for *Andrea's* loss.  
*Bel-imperia* Hath not my Father then inquired for me?  
*Lorenzo* Sister he hath, and thus excused I thee.  
He whispereth in her ear.  
But *Bel-imperia*, see the gentle prince,  
Look on thy love, behold young *Balthazar*.  
Whose passions by thy presence are increased,  
And in whose melancholy thou mayest see,  
Thy hate, his love: thy flight, his following thee.  
*Bel-imperia* Brother you are become an Orator,  
I know not I, by what experience,  
Too politic for me, past all compare,  
Since last I saw you, but content yourself,



wln 1791  
wln 1792  
wln 1793  
wln 1794  
wln 1795  
wln 1796  
wln 1797  
wln 1798  
wln 1799  
wln 1800  
wln 1801  
wln 1802  
wln 1803  
wln 1804  
wln 1805  
wln 1806  
wln 1807  
wln 1808  
wln 1809  
wln 1810  
wln 1811  
wln 1812

img: 27-b  
sig: G3r

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

wln 1820  
wln 1821  
wln 1822  
wln 1823  
wln 1824  
wln 1825  
wln 1826  
wln 1827  
wln 1828  
wln 1829  
wln 1830  
wln 1831  
wln 1832  
wln 1833  
wln 1834  
wln 1835  
wln 1836  
wln 1837

The Prince is meditating higher things,  
*Balthazar* 'Tis of thy beauty then that conquers Kings.  
Of those thy tresses *Ariadne*'s twines,  
Where with my liberty thou hast surprised.  
Of that thine ivory front my sorrow's map,  
Wherein I see no haven to rest my hope.  
*Bel-imperia* To love, and fear, and both at once my Lord,  
In my conceit, are things of more import,  
Than women's wits are to be busied with.  
*Balthazar* 'Tis I that love.  
*Bel-imperia* Whom?  
*Balthazar* Bel-imperia.  
*Bel-imperia* But I that fear.  
*Balthazar* Whom?  
*Bel-imperia* Bel-imperia.  
*Lorenzo* Fear yourself?  
*Bel-imperia* Ay brother.  
*Lorenzo* How?  
*Bel-imperia* As those, that what they love, are loath, and fear to lose.  
*Balthazar* Then fair, let *Balthazar* your keeper be,  
*Bel-imperia* No, *Balthazar* doth fear as well as we.  
*Est tremulo metus pavidum iunxere timorem,*

*Et vanum stolidae proditiōnis opus.* Exit.  
*Lorenzo* Nay, and you argue things so cunningly,  
We'll go continue this discourse at Court,  
*Balthazar* Led by the lodestar of her heavenly looks,  
Wends poor oppressed *Balthazar*,  
As o'er the mountains walks the wanderer,  
Uncertain to effect his Pilgrimage. *Exeunt.*

Enter two Portingales, and *Hieronimo*  
meets them.  
*1. Portingal* By your leave Sir.  
*Hieronimo* Good leave have you, nay, I pray you go,  
For i'll leave you, if you can leave me so.  
*2. Portingal* Pray you which is the next way to my Lord the Duke's.  
*Hieronimo* The next way from me.  
*1. Portingal* To his house we mean.  
*Hieronimo* O hard by, 'tis yon house that you see.  
*2. Portingal* You could not tell us, if his Son were there.  
*Hieronimo* Who, my Lord *Lorenzo*?  
*1. Portingal* Ay Sir.  
He goeth in at one door and comes out at another.  
*Hieronimo* Oh forbear, for other talk for us far fitter were.  
But if you be importunate to know,  
The way to him, and where to find him out,  
Then list to me, and I'll resolve your doubt.  
There is a path upon your left-hand side,

wln 1838  
wln 1839  
wln 1840  
wln 1841  
wln 1842  
wln 1843  
wln 1844  
wln 1845  
wln 1846  
wln 1847  
wln 1848

img: 28-a  
sig: G3v

That leadeth from a guilty conscience,  
Unto a forest of distrust and fear.  
A darksome place and dangerous to pass,  
There shall you meet with melancholy thoughts,  
Whose baleful humors if you but uphold,  
It will conduct you to despair and death:  
Whose rocky cliffs, when you have once beheld,  
Within a huge dale of lasting night,  
That kindled with the world's iniquities,  
Doth cast up filthy and detested fumes.  
Not far from thence where murderers have built,

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

A habitation for their cursed souls:  
There in a brazen Cauldron fixed by *Jove*,  
In his fell wrath upon a sulphur flame:  
Yourselves shall find *Lorenzo* bathing him,  
In boiling lead and blood of innocents.  
*1. Portingal* Ha, ha, ha.  
*Hieronimo* Ha, ha, ha: why ha, ha, ha. Farewell good ha, ha, ha.  
*Exit.*  
*2. Portingal* Doubtless this man is passing lunatic,  
Or imperfection of his age doth make him dote.  
Come, let's away to seek my Lord the Duke.

wln 1860  
wln 1861

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

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

*Hieronimo* Now Sir, perhaps I come and see the King,  
The King sees me, and fain would hear my suit.  
Why is not this a strange and seldseen thing.  
That standers-by with toys should strike me mute.  
Go to, I see their shifts, and say no more,  
*Hieronimo*, 'tis time for thee to trudge.  
Down by the dale that flows with purple gore,  
Standeth a fiery Tower, there sits a judge,  
Upon a seat of steel and molten brass:  
And twixt his teeth he holds a firebrand,  
That leads unto the lake where hell doth stand.  
Away *Hieronimo* to him be gone:  
He'll do thee justice for *Horatio's* death.  
Turn down this path thou shalt be with him straight,  
Or this, and then thou need'st not take thy breath.  
This way, or that way: soft and fair, not so:  
For if I hang or kill myself, let's know  
Who will revenge *Horatio's* murder then?  
No, no, fie no: pardon me, i'll none of that:  
He flings away the dagger and halter.  
This way i'll take, and this way comes the King,  
He takes them up again.

img: 28-b  
sig: G4r

wln 1884  
wln 1885  
wln 1886  
wln 1887

And here I'll have a fling at him that's flat.  
And *Balthazar* i'll be with thee to bring,  
And thee *Lorenzo*, here's the King, nay, stay,  
And here, Ay here, there goes the hare away.

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

Enter *King*, *Ambassador*, *Castile*, and *Lorenzo*.  
*King*. Now show Ambassador what our Viceroy saith,  
Hath he received the articles we sent?  
*Hieronimo* Justice, O justice to *Hieronimo*.  
*Lorenzo* Back, seest thou not the King is busy?  
*Hieronimo* O, is he so.  
*King*. Who is he that interrupts our business?  
*Hieronimo* Not I, *Hieronimo* beware, go by, go by.  
*Ambassador* Renowned King he hath received and read,  
Thy kingly proffers, and thy promised league,  
And as a man extremely overjoyed,  
To hear his Son so Princely entertained,  
Whose death he had so solemnly bewailed.  
This for thy further satisfaction,  
And kingly love, he kindly lets thee know:  
First, for the marriage of his Princely Son,  
With *Bel-imperia* thy beloved Niece,  
The news are more delightful to his soul,  
Than myrrh or incense to the offended heavens.  
In person therefore will he come himself,  
To see the marriage rites solemnized,  
And in the presence of the Court of Spain,  
To knit a sure inexecrable band,  
Of Kingly love, and everlasting league,  
Betwixt the Crowns of Spain and Portingale.  
There will he give his Crown to *Balthazar*,  
And make a Queen of *Bel-imperia*.  
*King*. Brother, how like you this our Viceroy's love?  
*Castile* No doubt my Lord, it is an argument  
Of honorable care to keep his friend,  
And wondrous zeal to *Balthazar* his son?  
Nor am I least indebted to his grace,

img: 29-a  
sig: G4v

wln 1920  
wln 1921  
wln 1922  
wln 1923  
wln 1924  
wln 1925  
wln 1926  
wln 1927

That bends his liking to my daughter thus.  
*Ambassador* Now last (dread Lord) here hath his highness sent,  
Although he send not that his Son return,  
His ransom due to *Don Horatio*.  
*Hieronimo* *Horatio*, who calls *Horatio*?  
*King*. And well remembered, thank his Majesty.  
Here, see it given to *Horatio*.  
*Hieronimo* Justice, O justice, justice, gentle King.

wln 1928  
wln 1929  
wln 1930  
wln 1931  
wln 1932  
wln 1933  
wln 1934  
wln 1935  
wln 1936  
wln 1937  
wln 1938  
wln 1939  
wln 1940  
wln 1941  
wln 1942  
wln 1943  
wln 1944  
wln 1945  
wln 1946  
wln 1947  
wln 1948  
wln 1949  
wln 1950  
wln 1951  
wln 1952  
wln 1953  
wln 1954  
wln 1955  
wln 1956

img: 29-b  
sig: H1r

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

*King.* Who is that? *Hieronimo*?

*Hieronimo* Justice, O justice, O my son, my son,  
My Son whom naught can ransom or redeem.

*Lorenzo* *Hieronimo*, you are not well advised.

*Hieronimo* Away *Lorenzo* hinder me no more,  
For thou hast made me bankrupt of my bliss:  
Give me my son, you shall not ransom him.  
Away, i'll rip the bowels of the earth,  
He diggeth with his dagger.

And Ferry over to th' Elysian plains,  
And bring my Son to show his deadly wounds.  
Stand from about me, i'll make a pickaxe of my poniard,  
And here surrender up my Marshalship:  
For I'll go marshal up the fiends in hell,  
To be avenged on you all for this.

*King.* What means this outrage? will none of you restrain  
his fury?

*Hieronimo* Nay soft and fair, you shall not need to strive,  
Needs must he go that the devils drive.

*Exit.*

*King.* What accident hath happed *Hieronimo*?  
I have not seen him to demean him so.

*Lorenzo* My gracious Lord, he is with extreme pride,  
Conceived of young *Horatio* his Son,  
And covetous of having to himself,  
The ransom of the young Prince *Balthazar*.  
Distract and in a manner lunatic.

*King.* Believe me Nephew we are sorry for 't,  
This is the love that Fathers bear their sons:

But gentle brother, go give to him this gold,  
The Prince's ransom, let him have his due,  
For what he hath *Horatio* shall not want,  
Happily *Hieronimo* hath need thereof.

*Lorenzo* But if he be thus helplessly distract,  
'Tis requisite his office be resigned,  
And given to one of more discretion.

*King.* We shall increase his melancholy so.  
'Tis best that we see further in it first:  
Till when, ourself will exempt the place.  
And Brother, now bring in the Ambassador,  
That he may be a witness of the match.  
Twixt *Balthazar* and *Bel-imperia*.  
And that we may prefix a certain time.  
Wherein the marriage shall be solemnized,  
That we may have thy Lord the Viceroy here.

*Ambassador* Therein your highness highly shall content,  
His Majesty, that longs to hear from hence.

*King.* On then, and hear you Lord Ambassador.

wln 1977

Enter *Hieronimo* with a book in his hand.

wln 1978

*Vindicta mihi.*

wln 1979

Ay, heaven will be revenged of every ill,

wln 1980

Nor will they suffer murder unrepaid:

wln 1981

Then stay *Hieronimo*, attend their will,

wln 1982

For mortal men may not appoint their time.

wln 1983

*Per scelus semper tutum est sceleribus iter.*

wln 1984

Strike, and strike home, where wrong is offered thee,

wln 1985

For evils unto ills conductors be.

wln 1986

And death's the worst of resolution.

wln 1987

For he that thinks with patience to contend,

wln 1988

To quiet life, his life shall easily end.

wln 1989

*Fata si miseros iuvant habes salutem:*

wln 1990

*Fata si vitam negant, habes sepulchrum.*

wln 1991

If destiny thy miseries do ease,

wln 1992

Then hast thou health, and happy shalt thou be:

**img: 30-a****sig: H1v**

wln 1993

If destiny deny thee life *Hieronimo*.

wln 1994

Yet shalt thou be assured of a tomb:

wln 1995

If neither, yet let this thy comfort be,

wln 1996

Heaven covereth him that hath no burial,

wln 1997

And to conclude, I will revenge his death,

wln 1998

But how? not as the vulgar wits of men,

wln 1999

With open, but inevitable ills:

wln 2000

As by a secret, yet a certain mean,

wln 2001

Which under kinship will be cloaked best.

wln 2002

Wise men will take their opportunity,

wln 2003

Closely and safely fitting things to time:

wln 2004

But in extremes advantage hath no time.

wln 2005

And therefore all times fit not for revenge:

wln 2006

Thus therefore will I rest me in unrest,

wln 2007

Dissembling quiet in unquietness,

wln 2008

Not seeming that I know their villainies:

wln 2009

That my simplicity may make them think,

wln 2010

That ignorantly I will let all slip:

wln 2011

For ignorance I wot, and well they know,

wln 2012

*Remedium malorum iners est.*

wln 2013

Nor aught avails it me to menace them,

wln 2014

Who as a wintry storm upon a plain,

wln 2015

Will bear me down with their nobility.

wln 2016

No, no, *Hieronimo*, thou must enjoin

wln 2017

Thine eyes to observation, and thy tongue

wln 2018

To milder speeches, than thy spirit affords,

wln 2019

Thy heart to patience, and thy hands to rest,

wln 2020

Thy Cap to **courtesy**, and thy knee to bow,

wln 2021

Till to revenge thou know when, where, and how.

wln 2022

How now, what noise, what coil is that you keep?

wln 2023  
wln 2024  
wln 2025  
wln 2026  
wln 2027  
wln 2028  
wln 2029

img: 30-b  
sig: H2r

wln 2030  
wln 2031  
wln 2032  
wln 2033  
wln 2034  
wln 2035  
wln 2036  
wln 2037  
wln 2038  
wln 2039  
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wln 2059  
wln 2060  
wln 2061  
wln 2062  
wln 2063  
wln 2064  
wln 2065  
wln 2066

img: 31-a  
sig: H2v

wln 2067

A noise within.

Enter a Servant.

*Servant* Here are a sort of poor Petitioners,  
That are importunate and it shall please you sir,  
That you should plead their cases to the King.

*Hieronimo* That I should plead their several actions,  
Why let them enter, and let me see them.

Enter three Citizens and an old Man.

*1. Citizen* So I tell you this for learning and for law,  
There's not any advocate in Spain,  
That can prevail, or will take half the pain,  
That he will in pursuit of equity.

*Hieronimo* Come near you men that thus importune me,  
Now must I bear a face of gravity,  
For thus I used before my Marshalship,  
To plead in causes as Corregidor.  
Come on sirs, what's the matter?

*2. Citizen* Sir an Action.

*Hieronimo* Of Battery?

*1. Citizen* Mine of debt.

*Hieronimo* Give place.

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

*3. Citizen* Mine an Ejectione firmæ by a Lease.

*Hieronimo* Content you sirs, are you determined,  
That I should plead your several actions?

*1. Citizen* Ay sir, and here's my declaration,

*2. Citizen* And here is my band.

*3. Citizen* And here is my lease.

They give him paper:

*Hieronimo* But wherefore stands yon silly man so mute,  
With mournful eyes and hands to heaven upreared?  
Come hither father, let me know thy cause.

*Senex.* O worthy sir, my cause but slightly known,  
May move the hearts of warlike Myrmidons,  
And melt the Corsic rocks with ruthful tears.

*Hieronimo* Say Father, tell me what's thy suit?

*Senex.* No sir, could my woes  
Give way unto my most distressful words,  
Then should I not in paper as you see,  
With ink bewray, what blood began in me.

*Hieronimo* What's here? the humble supplication  
Of *Don Bazulto* for his murdered son.

*Senex.* Ay Sir.

*Hieronimo* No sir, it was my murdered son, o my son.

My son, o my son *Horatio*.

wln 2068  
wln 2069  
wln 2070  
wln 2071  
wln 2072  
wln 2073  
wln 2074  
wln 2075  
wln 2076  
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wln 2096  
wln 2097  
wln 2098  
wln 2099  
wln 2100  
wln 2101  
wln 2102  
wln 2103

img: 31-b  
sig: H3r

wln 2104  
wln 2105  
wln 2106  
wln 2107  
wln 2108  
wln 2109  
wln 2110  
wln 2111  
wln 2112  
wln 2113  
wln 2114  
wln 2115

But mine, or thine, *Bazulto* be content.  
Here, take my handkercher and wipe thine eyes,  
Whiles wretched I, in thy mishaps may see,  
The lively portrait of my dying self,  
He draweth out a bloody Napkin.

O no, not this, *Horatio* this was thine,  
And when I dyed it in thy dearest blood,  
This was a token twixt thy soul and me,  
That of thy death revenged I should be.  
But here, take this, and this, what my purse?  
Ay this and that, and all of them are thine,  
For all as one are our extremities.

1. *Citizen* Oh, see the kindness of *Hieronimo*.

2. *Citizen* This gentleness shows him a Gentleman.

*Hieronimo* See, see, oh see thy shame *Hieronimo*,  
See here a loving Father to his son:  
Behold the sorrows and the sad laments,  
That he delivereth for his son's decease.  
If love's effects so strives in lesser things,  
If love enforce such moods in meaner wits,  
If love express such power in poor estates:  
*Hieronimo*, Whenas a raging Sea,  
Tossed with the wind and tide o'er turnest then  
The upper billows course of waves to keep,  
Whilst lesser waters labor in the deep.  
Then shamest thou not *Hieronimo* to neglect,  
The sweet revenge of thy *Horatio*.  
Though on this earth justice will not be found:  
I'll down to hell and in this passion,  
Knock at the dismal gates of *Pluto's* Court,  
Getting by force as once *Alcides* did,  
A troop of furies and tormenting hags,  
To torture *Don Lorenzo* and the rest.  
Yet lest the triple-headed porter should,  
Deny my passage to the slimy strand:  
The *Thracian* Poet thou shalt counterfeit:

Come on old Father be my *Orpheus*,  
And if thou canst no notes upon the Harp,  
Then sound the burden of thy sore heart's grief,  
Till we do gain that *Proserpine* may grant,  
Revenge on them that murdered my Son,  
Then will I rent and tear them thus and thus,  
Shivering their limbs in pieces with my teeth.

Tear the Papers.

1. *Citizen* Oh sir my Declaration.

Exit *Hieronimo* and they after.

2. *Citizen* Save my bond.

Enter *Hieronimo*.

wln 2116  
wln 2117  
wln 2118  
wln 2119  
wln 2120  
wln 2121  
wln 2122  
wln 2123

2. *Citizen* Save my bond.  
3. *Citizen* Alas my lease, it cost me ten pound,  
And you my Lord have torn the same.  
*Hieronimo* That can not be, I gave it never a wound,  
Show me one drop of blood 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 old man.

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

*Bazulto* remains till *Hieronimo* enters again, who  
staring him in the face speaks.  
*Hieronimo* And art thou come *Horatio* from the depth,  
To ask for justice in this upper earth?  
To tell thy Father thou art unrevenged,  
To wring more tears from *Isabella's* eyes?  
Whose lights are dimmed with overlong laments.  
Go back my son, complain to *Aeacus*,  
For here's no justice, gentle boy be gone.  
For justice is exiled from the earth:  
*Hieronimo* will bear thee company:  
Thy mother cries on righteous *Rhadamant*,  
For just revenge against the murderers.  
*Senex.* Alas my Lord whence springs this troubled speech?  
*Hieronimo* But let me look on my *Horatio*:  
Sweet boy how art thou changed in death's black shade?

img: 32-a  
sig: H3v

wln 2140  
wln 2141  
wln 2142  
wln 2143  
wln 2144  
wln 2145  
wln 2146  
wln 2147  
wln 2148  
wln 2149  
wln 2150  
wln 2151  
wln 2152  
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wln 2154  
wln 2155  
wln 2156  
wln 2157  
wln 2158  
wln 2159  
wln 2160  
wln 2161  
wln 2162

Had *Proserpine* no pity on thy youth?  
But suffered thy fair crimson-colored spring,  
With withered winter to be blasted thus?  
*Horatio*, thou art older than thy Father:  
Ah ruthless Father, that favor thus transforms  
*Bazulto* Ah my good Lord, I am not your young Son.  
*Hieronimo* What, not my Son, thou then, a fury art,  
Sent from the empty Kingdom of black night,  
To summon me to make appearance:  
Before grim *Minos* and just *Rhadamant*.  
To plague *Hieronimo* that is remiss,  
And seeks not vengeance for *Horatio's* death.  
*Bazulto* I am a grieved man and not a Ghost,  
That came for justice for my murdered Son.  
*Hieronimo* Ay, now I know thee, now thou namest my Son,  
Thou art the lively image of my grief,  
Within thy face, my sorrows I may see.  
Thy eyes are gummed with tears, thy cheeks are wan,  
Thy forehead troubled, and thy muttering lips  
Murmur sad words abruptly broken off,  
By force of windy sighs thy spirit breathes,  
And all this sorrow riseth for thy Son:  
And selfsame sorrow feel I for my Son.



wln 2163  
wln 2164  
wln 2165  
wln 2166  
wln 2167  
wln 2168  
wln 2169  
wln 2170  
wln 2171  
wln 2172  
wln 2173  
wln 2174  
wln 2175  
wln 2176

Come in old man, thou shalt to *Isabel*,  
Lean on my arm, I thee, thou me shalt stay,  
And thou, and I, and she will sing a song:  
Three parts in one, but all of discords framed,  
Talk not of cords, but let us now be gone,  
For with a cord *Horatio* was slain. *Exeunt.*

Enter *King of Spain*, the *Duke*, *Viceroy*, and *Lorenzo*,  
*Balthazar*, *Don Pedro*, and *Bel-imperia*.

*King.* Go Brother it is the *Duke of Castile's* cause, salute the  
*Viceroy* in our name.

*Castile.* I go.

*Viceroy* Go forth *Don Pedro* for thy Nephew's sake,  
And greet the *Duke of Castile*.

*Pedro.* It shall be so.

img: 32-b  
sig: H4r

wln 2177  
wln 2178  
wln 2179  
wln 2180  
wln 2181  
wln 2182  
wln 2183  
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wln 2206  
wln 2207  
wln 2208  
wln 2209  
wln 2210

*King.* And now to meet these Portuguese,  
For as we now are, so sometimes were these,  
Kings and commanders of the western Indies.  
Welcome brave *Viceroy* to the Court of Spain,  
And welcome all his honorable train:  
'Tis not unknown to us, for why you come,  
Or have so kingly crossed the Seas:  
Sufficeth it in this we note the troth,  
And more than common love you lend to us.  
So is it that mine honorable Niece,  
For it beseems us now that it be known,  
Already is betrothed to *Balthazar*:  
And by appointment and our condescend,  
Tomorrow are they to be married.  
To this intent we entertain thyself,  
Thy followers, their pleasure, and our peace:  
Speak men of *Portingale*, shall it be so?  
If Ay, say so: if not, say flatly no.

*Viceroy* Renowned King, I come not as thou think'st,  
With doubtful followers, unresolved men,  
But such as have upon thine articles,  
Confirmed thy motion and contented me.  
Know sovereign, I come to solemnize  
The marriage of thy beloved Niece,  
Fair *Bel-imperia* with my *Balthazar*.  
With thee my Son, whom sith I live to see;  
Here take my Crown, I give it her and thee,  
And let me live a solitary life,  
In ceaseless prayers,  
To think how strangely heaven hath thee preserved.

*King.* See brother, see, how nature strives in him,  
Come worthy *Viceroy* and accompany  
Thy friend, with thine extremities:  
A place more private fits this princely mood.

wln 2211  
wln 2212  
wln 2213

img: 33-a  
sig: H4v

wln 2214  
wln 2215  
wln 2216  
wln 2217  
wln 2218  
wln 2219  
wln 2220  
wln 2221  
wln 2222  
wln 2223  
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wln 2239  
wln 2240  
wln 2241  
wln 2242  
wln 2243  
wln 2244  
wln 2245  
wln 2246  
wln 2247  
wln 2248  
wln 2249  
wln 2250

img: 33-b  
sig: I1r

wln 2251  
wln 2252  
wln 2253  
wln 2254  
wln 2255

*Viceroy* Or here or where your highness thinks it good.  
*Exeunt* all but *Castile* and *Lorenzo*  
*Castile* Nay stay *Lorenzo*, let me talk with you,

Seest thou this entertainment of these Kings?  
*Lorenzo* I do my Lord, and joy to see the same.  
*Castile* And knowest thou why this meeting is?  
*Lorenzo* For her my Lord, whom *Balthazar* doth love,  
And to confirm their promised marriage.  
*Castile* She is thy Sister?  
*Lorenzo* Who *Bel-imperia*, Ay my gracious Lord,  
And this is the day, that I have longed so happily to see.  
*Castile* Thou wouldst be loath that any fault of thine,  
Should intercept her in her happiness.  
*Lorenzo* Heaven's will not let *Lorenzo* err so much,  
*Castile* Why then *Lorenzo* listen to my words:  
It is suspected and reported too,  
That thou *Lorenzo* wrong'st *Hieronimo*.  
And in his suits towards his Majesty,  
Still keep'st him back, and seeks to cross his suit.  
*Lorenzo* That I my Lord?  
*Castile* I tell thee Son myself have heard it said,  
When to my sorrow I have been ashamed  
To answer for thee, though thou art my son,  
*Lorenzo*, knowest thou not the common love,  
And kindness that *Hieronimo* hath won,  
By his deserts within the Court of Spain?  
Or seest thou not the King my brother's care,  
In his behalf, and to procure his health?  
*Lorenzo*, shouldst thou thwart his passions,  
And he exclaim against thee to the King,  
What honor were 't in this assembly,  
Or what a scandal were 't among the Kings,  
To hear *Hieronimo* exclaim on thee.  
Tell me, and look thou tell me truly too,  
Whence grows the ground of this report in Court.  
*Lorenzo* My Lord it lies not in *Lorenzo*'s power,  
To stop the vulgar liberal of their tongues:  
A small advantage makes a water breach,  
And no man lives that long contenteth all.  
*Castile* Myself have seen thee busy to keep back,

Him and his supplications from the King.  
*Lorenzo* Yourself my Lord hath seen his passions,  
That ill beseemed the presence of a King,  
And for I pitied him in his distress,  
I held him thence with kind and courteous words,

wln 2256  
wln 2257  
wln 2258  
wln 2259  
wln 2260  
wln 2261  
wln 2262  
wln 2263  
wln 2264  
wln 2265  
wln 2266  
wln 2267

As free from malice to *Hieronimo*,  
As to my soul my Lord.  
*Castile Hieronimo* my son, mistakes thee then,  
*Lorenzo* My gracious Father, believe me so he doth,  
But what's a silly man distract in mind.  
To think upon the murder of his son:  
Alas, how easy is it for him to err?  
But for his satisfaction and the worlds,  
'Twere good my Lord that *Hieronimo* and I,  
Were reconciled, if he misconster me.  
*Castile Lorenzo* thou hast said, it shall be so,  
Go one of you and call *Hieronimo*.

wln 2268  
wln 2269  
wln 2270  
wln 2271  
wln 2272  
wln 2273  
wln 2274  
wln 2275  
wln 2276  
wln 2277  
wln 2278  
wln 2279  
wln 2280  
wln 2281  
wln 2282  
wln 2283  
wln 2284  
wln 2285  
wln 2286

Enter *Balthazar* and *Bel-imperia*.  
*Balthazar* Come ***Bel-imperia***, *Balthazar's* content,  
My sorrow's ease and sovereign of my bliss,  
Sith heaven hath ordained thee to be mine:  
Disperse those clouds and melancholy looks,  
And clear them up with those thy Sun-bright eyes,  
Wherein my hope and heaven's **fair** beauty lies.  
*Bel-imperia* My looks my Lord, are fitting for my love,  
Which new begun, can show brighter yet.  
*Balthazar* New kindled flames should burn as morning Sun.  
*Bel-imperia* But not too fast, lest heat and all be done.  
I see my Lord my Father.  
*Balthazar* Truce my love, I will go salute him.  
*Castile* Welcome *Balthazar*, welcome brave Prince,  
The pledge of *Castile's* peace:  
And welcome *Bel-imperia*, how now girl?  
Why comest thou sadly to salute us thus?  
Content thyself for I am satisfied,  
It is not now as when *Andrea* lived,

img: 34-a  
sig: IIv

wln 2287  
wln 2288  
wln 2289  
wln 2290

We have forgotten and forgiven that,  
And thou art graced with a happier love,  
But *Balthazar* here comes *Hieronimo*.  
I'll have a word with him.

wln 2291  
wln 2292  
wln 2293  
wln 2294  
wln 2295  
wln 2296  
wln 2297  
wln 2298  
wln 2299  
wln 2300  
wln 2301

Enter *Hieronimo* and a Servant.  
*Hieronimo* And where's the Duke?  
*Servant* yonder.  
*Hieronimo* Even so: what new device have they devised trow?  
*Pocas Palabras*, mild as the Lamb,  
Is't I will be revenged? no, I am not the man.  
*Castile* Welcome *Hieronimo*.  
*Lorenzo* Welcome *Hieronimo*.  
*Balthazar* Welcome *Hieronimo*.  
*Hieronimo* My Lords I thank you for *Horatio*.  
*Castile Hieronimo*, the reason that I sent

wln 2302  
wln 2303  
wln 2304  
wln 2305  
wln 2306  
wln 2307  
wln 2308  
wln 2309  
wln 2310  
wln 2311  
wln 2312  
wln 2313  
wln 2314  
wln 2315  
wln 2316  
wln 2317  
wln 2318  
wln 2319  
wln 2320  
wln 2321  
wln 2322

img: 34-b  
sig: I2r

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

To speak with you, is this.

*Hieronimo* What, so short?

Then I'll be gone, I thank you for 't:

*Castile* Nay, stay *Hieronimo*, go call him son.

***Hieronimo***, my father craves a word with you.

*Hieronimo* With me sir? why my Lord I thought you had done.

*Lorenzo* No, would he had.

*Castile* *Hieronimo*, I hear you find yourself aggrieved at my Son,  
Because you have not access unto the **King**,  
And say 'tis he that intercepts your suits.

*Hieronimo* Why, is not this a miserable thing my Lord?

*Castile* *Hieronimo*, I hope you have no cause,  
And would be loath that one of your deserts,  
Should once have reason to suspect my Son,  
Considering how I think of you myself.

*Hieronimo* Your son *Lorenzo*, whom, my noble Lord?  
The hope of Spain, mine honorable friend?  
Grant me the combat of them, if they dare.

Draws out his sword.

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

As loves not me, and hate my Lord too much.  
Should I suspect *Lorenzo* would prevent,  
Or cross my suit, that loved my Son so well.  
My Lord, I am ashamed it should be said.

*Lorenzo* *Hieronimo*, I never gave you cause.

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

*Castile* There then pause, and for the satisfaction of the world,  
*Hieronimo* frequent my homely house,  
The Duke of Castile *Cyprian's* ancient seat,  
And when thou wilt, use me, my son, and it:  
But here before Prince *Balthazar* and me,  
Embrace each other, and be perfect friends.

*Hieronimo* Ay marry my Lord, and shall:  
Friends (quoth he) see, I'll be friends with you all.  
Specially with you my lovely Lord,  
For divers causes it is **fit** for us,  
That we be friends, the world is suspicious,  
And men may think what we imagine not.

*Balthazar* Why this is friendly done *Hieronimo*.

*Lorenzo* And that I hope old grudges are forgot.

*Hieronimo* What else, it were a shame it should not be so.

*Castile* Come on *Hieronimo* at my request,  
Let us entreat your company today.

*Exeunt.*

*Hieronimo* Your Lordship's to command,  
*Pah*: keep your way.

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

wln 2350

*Tradito viha o trade vule.*

*Exit.*

wln 2351

Enter *Ghost* and *Revenge*.

wln 2352

*Ghost.*

wln 2353

Awake *Erichtha*, *Cerberus* awake,

wln 2354

Solicit *Pluto* gentle *Proserpine*,

wln 2355

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

wln 2356

For ne'er by *Styx* and *Phlegethon*:

wln 2357

Nor ferried *Charon* to the fiery lakes,

wln 2358

Such fearful sights, as poor *Andrea* see?

img: 35-a  
sig: I2v

wln 2359

*Revenge* awake.

wln 2360

*Revenge.*

wln 2361

Awake, for why?

wln 2362

*Ghost.*

wln 2363

Awake *Revenge*, for thou art ill advised,

wln 2364

**Th' sleep**, away, what, thou art warned to watch.

wln 2365

*Revenge.*

wln 2366

Content thyself, and do not trouble me.

wln 2367

*Ghost.*

wln 2368

Awake *Revenge*, if love as love hath had,

wln 2369

Have yet the power or prevailance in hell,

wln 2370

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

wln 2371

And intercepts our passage to revenge:

wln 2372

Awake *Revenge*, or we are woe **begone**.

wln 2373

*Revenge.*

wln 2374

Thus worldlings ground what they have dreamed upon,

wln 2375

Content thyself *Andrea*, though I sleep,

wln 2376

Yet is my mood soliciting their souls,

wln 2377

Sufficeth thee that poor *Hieronimo*,

wln 2378

Cannot forget his son *Horatio*.

wln 2379

Nor dies *Revenge* although he sleep a while,

wln 2380

For in unquiet, quietness is feigned:

wln 2381

And slumbering is a common worldly wile,

wln 2382

Behold *Andrea* for an instance how,

wln 2383

*Revenge* hath slept, and then imagine thou,

wln 2384

What 'tis to be subject to destiny.

wln 2385

Enter a dumb show.

wln 2386

*Ghost.*

wln 2387

Awake *Revenge*, reveal this mystery.

wln 2388

*Revenge.*

wln 2389

The two first the nuptial Torches bore,

wln 2390

As brightly burning as the midday's sun:

wln 2391

But after them doth *Hymen* hie as fast,

wln 2392

Clothed in sable, and a Saffron robe,

wln 2393

And blows them out, and quencheth them with blood,

img: 35-b

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

As discontent that things continue so.

*Ghost.*

Sufficeth me thy meaning's understood,  
And thanks to thee and those infernal powers,  
That will not tolerate a Lover's woe,  
Rest thee for I will sit to see the rest.

*Revenge.*

Then argue not for thou hast thy request.

*Exeunt.*

wln 2403

Actus Quartus.

wln 2404

Enter *Bel-imperia* and *Hieronimo*.

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

*Bel-imperia.*

IS this the love thou bear'st *Horatio*?  
Is this the kindness that thou counterfeits,  
Are these the fruits of thine incessant tears?  
*Hieronimo*, are these thy passions?  
Thy protestations, and thy deep laments,  
That thou wert wont to weary men withal.  
O unkind Father, O deceitful world,  
With what excuses canst thou show thyself?  
With what dishonor, and the hate of men,  
From this dishonor and the hate of men:  
Thus to neglect the loss and life of him,  
Whom both my letters, and thine own belief,  
Assures thee to be causeless slaughtered.  
*Hieronimo*, for shame *Hieronimo*:  
Be not a History to after-times,  
Of such in gratitude unto thy Son.  
Unhappy Mothers of such children then,  
But monstrous Fathers, to forget so soon  
The death of those, whom they with care and cost  
Have tendered so, thus careless should be lost.  
Myself a stranger in respect of thee,  
So loved his life, as still I wish their deaths,

wln 2428  
wln 2429  
wln 2430  
wln 2431  
wln 2432  
wln 2433  
wln 2434  
wln 2435  
wln 2436

Nor shall his death be unrevenged by me.  
Although I bear it out for fashion's sake:  
For here I swear in sight of heaven and earth,  
Should'st thou neglect the love thou shouldst retain,  
And give it over and devise no more,  
Myself should send their hateful souls to hell,  
That wrought his downfall with extremest death.  
*Hieronimo* But may it be that *Bel-imperia*  
Vows such revenge as she hath deigned to say:

wln 2437  
wln 2438  
wln 2439  
wln 2440  
wln 2441  
wln 2442  
wln 2443  
wln 2444  
wln 2445  
wln 2446  
wln 2447  
wln 2448  
wln 2449  
wln 2450  
wln 2451  
wln 2452  
wln 2453  
wln 2454  
wln 2455  
wln 2456  
wln 2457

Why then I see that heaven applies our drift,  
And all the Saints do sit soliciting  
For vengeance on those cursed murderers  
Madam '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 fear and care in not believing it,  
Nor think, I thoughtless think upon a mean,  
To let his death be unrevenged at full,  
And here I vow, so you but give consent,  
And will conceal my resolution,  
I will ere long determine of their deaths,  
That causeless thus have murdered my Son.  
*Bel-imperia* *Hieronimo*, I will consent, conceal,  
And aught that may effect for thine avail,  
Join with thee to revenge *Horatio's* death.  
*Hieronimo* On then, whatsoever I devise,  
Let me entreat you grace my practices.  
For why, the plots already in mine head,  
Here they are.

wln 2458

Enter *Balthazar* and *Lorenzo*.

wln 2459  
wln 2460  
wln 2461  
wln 2462

*Balthazar* How now *Hieronimo*, what, courting *Bel-imperia*.  
*Hieronimo* Ay my Lord, such courting as I promise you  
She hath my heart, but you my Lord have hers.  
*Lorenzo* But now *Hieronimo* or never we are to entreat your help.  
*Hieronimo* My help, why my good Lords assure yourselves of me.

img: 36-b  
sig: I4r

wln 2464  
wln 2465  
wln 2466  
wln 2467  
wln 2468  
wln 2469  
wln 2470  
wln 2471  
wln 2472  
wln 2473  
wln 2474  
wln 2475  
wln 2476  
wln 2477  
wln 2478  
wln 2479  
wln 2480  
wln 2481  
wln 2482  
wln 2483

For you have given me cause, Ay by my faith have you.  
*Balthazar* It pleased you at the entertainment of the Ambassador,  
To grace the King so much as with a show,  
Now were your study so well furnished,  
As for the passing of the first night's sport,  
To entertain my Father with the like:  
Or any such like pleasing motion,  
Assure yourself it would content them well.  
*Hieronimo* Is this all?  
*Balthazar* Ay, this is all.  
*Hieronimo* Why then i'll fit you, say no more.  
When I was young I gave my mind,  
And plied myself to fruitless poetry:  
Which though it profit the professor naught,  
Yet is it passing pleasing to the world.  
*Lorenzo* And how for that?  
*Hieronimo* Marry my good Lord thus.  
And yet methinks you are too quick with us.  
When in Toledo there I studied,  
It was my chance to write a tragedy,

wln 2484  
wln 2485  
wln 2486  
wln 2487  
wln 2488  
wln 2489  
wln 2490  
wln 2491  
wln 2492  
wln 2493  
wln 2494  
wln 2495  
wln 2496  
wln 2497  
wln 2498  
wln 2499  
wln 2500

img: 37-a  
sig: 14v

wln 2501  
wln 2502  
wln 2503  
wln 2504  
wln 2505  
wln 2506  
wln 2507  
wln 2508  
wln 2509  
wln 2510  
wln 2511  
wln 2512  
wln 2513  
wln 2514  
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wln 2516  
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wln 2518  
wln 2519  
wln 2520  
wln 2521  
wln 2522  
wln 2523  
wln 2524  
wln 2525  
wln 2526  
wln 2527  
wln 2528  
wln 2529  
wln 2530  
wln 2531

See here my Lords. He shows them a book.  
Which long forgot, I found this other day,  
Now would your Lordships favor me so much,  
As but to grace me with your acting it,  
I mean each one of you to play a part,  
Assure you it will prove most passing strange,  
And wondrous plausible to that assembly.  
*Balthazar* What would you have us play a Tragedy?  
*Hieronimo* Why *Nero* thought it no disparagement,  
And Kings and Emperors have ta'en delight,  
To make experience of their wits in plays?  
*Lorenzo* Nay be not angry good *Hieronimo*,  
The Prince but asked a question.  
*Balthazar* In faith *Hieronimo* and you be in earnest,  
I'll make one.  
*Lorenzo* And I another.  
*Hieronimo* Now my good Lord, could you **entreat**,

Your Sister *Bel-imperia* to make one,  
For what's a play without a woman in it?  
*Bel-imperia* Little entreaty shall serve me *Hieronimo*,  
For I must needs be employed in your play.  
*Hieronimo* Why this is well, I tell you Lordings,  
It was determined to have been acted,  
By Gentlemen and scholars too,  
Such as could tell what to speak.  
*Balthazar* And now it shall be played by Princes and Courtiers  
such as can tell how to speak:  
If as it is our Country manner,  
You will but let us know the argument.  
*Hieronimo* That shall I roundly: the Chronicles of Spain  
Record this written of a Knight of Rhodes,  
He was betrothed and wedded at the length,  
To one *Perseda* an Italian dame.  
Whose beauty ravished all that her beheld,  
Especially the soul of *Soliman*,  
Who at the marriage way the chiefest guest.  
By sundry means sought *Soliman* to win,  
*Perseda's* love, and could not gain the same.  
Then 'gan he break his passions to a friend,  
One of his Bashaws whom he held full dear,  
Her had this Bashaw long solicited,  
And saw she was not otherwise to be won,  
But by her husband's death this Knight of Rhodes.  
Whom presently by treachery he slew,  
She stirred with an exceeding hate therefore,  
As cause of this slew *Soliman*.  
And to escape the Bashaw's tyranny,  
Did stab herself, and this the Tragedy.



wln 2532  
wln 2533  
wln 2534  
wln 2535  
wln 2536  
wln 2537

img: 37-b  
sig: K1r

*Lorenzo* O excellent.  
*Bel-imperia* But say *Hieronimo* what then became of him  
That was the Bashaw?  
*Hieronimo* Marry thus, moved with remorse of his misdeeds  
Ran to a mountain top and hung himself.  
*Balthazar* But which of us is to perform that part,

wln 2538  
wln 2539  
wln 2540  
wln 2541  
wln 2542  
wln 2543  
wln 2544  
wln 2545  
wln 2546  
wln 2547  
wln 2548  
wln 2549  
wln 2550  
wln 2551  
wln 2552  
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wln 2560  
wln 2561  
wln 2562  
wln 2563  
wln 2564  
wln 2565  
wln 2566  
wln 2567  
wln 2568  
wln 2569  
wln 2570  
wln 2571  
wln 2572  
wln 2573  
wln 2574

img: 38-a  
sig: K1v

*Hieronimo* O, that will I my Lords, make no doubt of it.  
I'll play the murderer I warrant you,  
For I already have conceited that.  
*Balthazar* And what shall I.  
*Hieronimo* Great *Soliman* the Turkish Emperor.  
*Lorenzo* And I.  
*Hieronimo* *Erastus* the Knight of Rhodes,  
*Bel-imperia* And I.  
*Hieronimo* *Perseda*, chaste and resolute.  
And here my Lords are several abstracts drawn,  
For each of you to note your parts,  
And act it as occasion's offered you.  
You must provide a turkish cap,  
A black mustacio and a falchion.  
Gives a paper to *Balthazar*  
You with a cross like to a Knight of Rhodes.  
Gives another to *Lorenzo*  
And Madam, you must attire yourself,  
He giveth *Bel-imperia* another.  
Like *Phoebe*, *Flora*, or the huntress,  
Which to your discretion shall seem best.  
And as for me my Lords I'll look to one,  
And with the ransom that the Viceroy sent,  
So furnish and perform this tragedy,  
As all the world shall say *Hieronimo*,  
Was liberal in gracing of it so.  
*Balthazar* *Hieronimo*, methinks a Comedy were better.  
*Hieronimo* A Comedy, fie, comedies are fit for common wits  
But to present a Kingly troop withal,  
Give me a stately written Tragedy.  
*Tragedia cothernato*, fitting Kings,  
Containing matter, and not common things.  
My Lords, all this must be performed,  
As fitting for the first night's revelling.  
The Italian Tragedians were so sharp of wit,  
That in one hour's meditation,  
They would perform anything in action.

wln 2575  
wln 2576

*Lorenzo* And well it may, for I have seen the like  
In *Paris*, 'mongst the French Tragedians.

wln 2577  
wln 2578  
wln 2579  
wln 2580  
wln 2581  
wln 2582  
wln 2583  
wln 2584  
wln 2585  
wln 2586  
wln 2587  
wln 2588  
wln 2589  
wln 2590  
wln 2591  
wln 2592  
wln 2593  
wln 2594  
wln 2595  
wln 2596  
wln 2597  
wln 2598  
wln 2599  
wln 2600  
wln 2601  
wln 2602  
wln 2603  
wln 2604  
wln 2605  
wln 2606  
wln 2607

*Hieronimo* In *Paris*, mass and well remembered,  
There's one thing more that rests for us to do.  
*Balthazar* What's that *Hieronimo* forget not any thing.  
*Hieronimo* Each one of us must act his part,  
In unknown languages,  
That it may breed the more variety.  
As you my Lord in Latin, I in Greek,  
You in Italian, and for because I know,  
That *Bel-imperia* hath practiced the French,  
In courtly French shall all her phrases be.  
*Bel-imperia* You mean to try my cunning then *Hieronimo*.  
*Balthazar* But this will be a mere confusion,  
And hardly shall we all be understood.  
*Hieronimo* It must be so, for the conclusion  
Shall prove the invention, and all was good:  
And I myself in an Oration,  
That I will have there behind a curtain,  
And with a strange and wondrous show besides:  
Assure yourself shall make the matter known.  
And all shall be concluded in one Scene,  
For there's no pleasure ta'en in tediousness.  
*Balthazar* How like you this?  
*Lorenzo* Why thus my Lord we must resolve,  
To soothe his humors up.  
*Balthazar* On then *Hieronimo*, farewell till soon.  
*Hieronimo* You'll ply this gear.  
*Lorenzo* I warrant you. *Exeunt* all but *Hieronimo*  
*Hieronimo* Why so, now shall I see the fall of Babylon,  
Wrought by the heavens in this confusion.  
And if the world like not this tragedy,  
Hard is the hap of old *Hieronimo*. *Exit*.

wln 2608  
wln 2609  
wln 2610

Enter *Isabella* with a weapon.  
**Tell** me no more, O monstrous homicides,  
Since neither piety nor pity moves

img: 38-b  
sig: K2r

wln 2611  
wln 2612  
wln 2613  
wln 2614  
wln 2615  
wln 2616  
wln 2617  
wln 2618  
wln 2619  
wln 2620  
wln 2621  
wln 2622  
wln 2623

The King to justice or compassion:  
I will revenge myself upon this place,  
Where thus they murdered my beloved Son.  
*She cuts down the Arbor.*  
Down with these branches and these loathsome boughs,  
Of this unfortunate and fatal pine.  
Down with them *Isabella*, rent them up,  
And burn the roots from whence the rest is sprung:  
I will not leave a root, a stalk, a tree,  
A bough, a branch, a blossom, nor a leaf,  
No, not an herb within this garden Plot.  
Accursed complot of my misery,  
Fruitless forever may this garden be.

wln 2624  
wln 2625  
wln 2626  
wln 2627  
wln 2628  
wln 2629  
wln 2630  
wln 2631  
wln 2632  
wln 2633  
wln 2634  
wln 2635  
wln 2636  
wln 2637  
wln 2638  
wln 2639  
wln 2640  
wln 2641  
wln 2642  
wln 2643  
wln 2644  
wln 2645  
wln 2646  
wln 2647

Barren the earth, and blissless whosoever,  
Imagines not to keep it unmanured:  
An Eastern wind commixed with noisome airs,  
Shall blast the plants and the young saplings,  
The earth with Serpents shall be pestered  
And passengers for fear to be infect,  
Shall stand aloof, and looking at it, tell  
There murdered died the son of *Isabell*.  
Ay here he died, and here I him embrace,  
See where his Ghost solicits with his wounds,  
Revenge on her that should revenge his death,  
*Hieronimo* make haste to see thy son,  
For sorrow and despair hath cited me,  
To hear *Horatio* plead with *Rhadamant*,  
Make haste, *Hieronimo* to hold excused.  
Thy negligence in pursuit of their deaths,  
Whose hateful wrath bereaved him of his breath.  
Ah nay, thou dost delay their deaths,  
Forgives the murderers of thy noble son,  
And none but I bestir me to no end,  
And as I curse this tree from further fruit,  
So shall my womb be cursed for his sake,  
And with this weapon will I wound the breast,  
The hapless breast that gave *Horatio* suck.

She stabs  
herself.

img: 39-a  
sig: K2v

wln 2648

Enter *Hieronimo*, he knocks up the curtain.

wln 2649

Enter the *Duke of Castile*.

wln 2650

*Castile* How now *Hieronimo* where's your fellows,  
That you take all this pain?

wln 2651

*Hieronimo* O sir, it is for the Author's credit,

wln 2652

To look that all things may go well:

wln 2653

But good my Lord let me entreat your grace,

wln 2654

To give the King the copy of the play:

wln 2655

This is the argument of what we show.

wln 2656

*Castile* I will *Hieronimo*.

wln 2657

*Hieronimo* One thing more my good Lord.

wln 2658

*Castile* What's that?

wln 2659

*Hieronimo* Let me entreat your grace,  
That when the train are passed into the gallery,  
You would vouchsafe to throw me down the key.

wln 2660

wln 2661

wln 2662

wln 2663

*Castile* I will *Hieronimo*.

Exit *Castile*

wln 2664

*Hieronimo* What are you ready *Balthazar*?

wln 2665

Bring a chair and a cushion for the King.

wln 2666

Enter *Balthazar* with a Chair.

wln 2667

Well done *Balthazar*, hang up the title.

wln 2668

Our scene is Rhodes, what is your beard on?

wln 2669

*Balthazar* Half on, the other is in my hand.

wln 2670  
wln 2671  
wln 2672  
wln 2673  
wln 2674  
wln 2675  
wln 2676  
wln 2677  
wln 2678  
wln 2679  
wln 2680  
wln 2681  
wln 2682

img: 39-b  
sig: K3r

wln 2683  
wln 2684

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

wln 2696  
wln 2697  
wln 2698  
wln 2699

wln 2700

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

*Hieronimo* Dispatch for shame, are you so long?

Exit *Balthazar*.

Bethink thyself *Hieronimo*,  
Recall thy wits, recompt thy former wrongs,  
Thou hast received by murder of thy son.  
And lastly, not least, how *Isabell*,  
Once his mother and thy dearest wife:  
All woe begone for him hath slain herself.  
Behoves thee then *Hieronimo* to be revenged,  
The plot is laid of dire revenge,  
On then *Hieronimo* pursue revenge,  
For nothing wants but acting of revenge.

Exit *Hieronimo*.

Enter *Spanish King*, *Viceroy*, the Duke of *Castile*,  
and their train.

*King*. Now *Viceroy*, shall we see the Tragedy,  
Of *Soliman* the Turkish Emperor:  
Performed of pleasure by your Son the Prince,  
My Nephew *Don Lorenzo*, and my Niece.

*Viceroy* Who, *Bel-imperia*?

*King*. Ay, and *Hieronimo* our Marshal.  
At whose request they deign to do 't themselves.  
These be our pastimes in the Court of Spain.  
Here brother, you shall be the book keeper.  
This is the argument of that they show.

He giveth him a book.

*Gentlemen*, this play of *Hieronimo* in sundry Languages, was  
thought good to be set down in English more largely,  
for the easier understanding to every  
public Reader.

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

*Balthazar*.

*Bashaw*, that Rhodes is ours, yield heavens the honor,  
And holy *Mahomet* our sacred Prophet:  
And be thou graced with every excellence,  
That *Soliman* can give, or thou desire.  
But thy desert in conquering Rhodes is less,  
Than in reserving this fair Christian Nymph  
*Perseda*, blissful lamp of Excellence:  
Whose eyes compel like powerful Adamant,  
The warlike heart of *Soliman* to wait.

*King*. See *Viceroy*, that is *Balthazar* your Son,  
That represents the Emperor *Soliman*:  
How well he acts his amorous passion.

wln 2714  
wln 2715

img: 40-a  
sig: K3v

*Viceroy* Ay *Bel-imperia* hath taught him that.  
*Castile.* That's because his mind runs all on *Bel-imperia*

wln 2716  
wln 2717  
wln 2718  
wln 2719  
wln 2720  
wln 2721  
wln 2722  
wln 2723

*Hieronimo* Whatever joy earth yields betide your Majesty.  
*Balthazar* Earth yields no joy without *Perseda's* love.  
*Hieronimo* Let then *Perseda* on your grace attend.  
*Balthazar* She shall not wait on me, but I on her,  
Drawn by the influence of her lights, I yield.  
But let my friend the Rhodian knight come forth,  
*Erasto*, dearer than my life to me,  
That he may see *Perseda* my beloved.

wln 2724  
wln 2725  
wln 2726  
wln 2727  
wln 2728  
wln 2729  
wln 2730  
wln 2731  
wln 2732  
wln 2733  
wln 2734  
wln 2735  
wln 2736  
wln 2737  
wln 2738  
wln 2739  
wln 2740  
wln 2741  
wln 2742  
wln 2743  
wln 2744  
wln 2745  
wln 2746  
wln 2747  
wln 2748  
wln 2749  
wln 2750  
wln 2751

Enter *Erasto*.  
*King.* Here comes *Lorenzo*, look upon the plot,  
And tell me brother what part plays he?  
*Bel-imperia* Ah my *Erasto*, welcome to *Perseda*.  
*Lorenzo* Thrice happy is *Erasto*, that thou livest,  
Rhodes' loss is nothing to *Erasto's* joy:  
Sith his *Perseda* lives, his life survives.  
*Balthazar* Ah *Bashaw*, here is love between *Erasto*  
And fair *Perseda* sovereign of my soul.  
*Hieronimo* Remove *Erasto* mighty *Soliman*,  
And then *Perseda* will be quickly won.  
*Balthazar* *Erasto* is my friend, and while he lives,  
*Perseda* never will remove her love.  
*Hieronimo* Let not *Erasto* live, to grieve great *Soliman*.  
*Balthazar* Dear is *Erasto* in our Princely eye.  
*Hieronimo* But if he be your rival, let him die.  
*Balthazar* Why let him die, so love commandeth me.  
Yet grieve I that *Erasto* should so die.  
*Hieronimo* *Erasto*, *Soliman* saluteth thee,  
And lets thee wit by me his highness' will:  
Which is, thou shouldst be thus employed. *Stab him.*  
*Bel-imperia* Ay me *Erasto*, see *Soliman* *Erasto's* slain.  
*Balthazar* Yet liveth *Soliman* to comfort thee.  
Fair Queen of beauty, let not favor die,  
But with a gracious eye behold his grief,  
That with *Perseda's* beauty is increased.  
If by *Perseda's* grief be not released.  
*Bel-imperia* Tyrant, desist soliciting vain suits,

img: 40-b  
sig: K4r

wln 2752  
wln 2753  
wln 2754  
wln 2755  
wln 2756  
wln 2757

Relentless are mine ears to thy laments,  
As thy butcher is pitiless and base,  
Which seized on my *Erasto*, harmless knight.  
Yet by thy power thou thinkest to command,  
And to thy power *Perseda* doth obey:  
But were she able, thus she would revenge

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

img: 41-a  
sig: K4v

wln 2789  
wln 2790  
wln 2791  
wln 2792  
wln 2793  
wln 2794  
wln 2795  
wln 2796  
wln 2797  
wln 2798  
wln 2799  
wln 2800  
wln 2801  
wln 2802  
wln 2803  
wln 2804  
wln 2805

Thy treacheries on thee ignoble Prince:  
And on herself she would be thus revenged  
*King.* Well said old Marshal, this was bravely done.  
*Hieronimo* But *Bel-imperia* plays *Perseda* well.  
*Viceroy* were this in earnest *Bel-imperia*,  
You would be better to my Son than so.  
*King.* But now what follows for *Hieronimo*?  
*Hieronimo* Marry this follows for *Hieronimo*.  
Here break we off our sundry languages,  
And thus conclude I in our vulgar tongue.  
Happily you think, but bootless are your thoughts,  
That this is fabulously counterfeit,  
And that we do as all Tragedians do.  
To die today, for (fashioning our scene)  
The death of *Ajax*, or some Roman peer,  
And in a minute starting up again,  
Revive to please tomorrow's audience.  
No Princes, know I am *Hieronimo*,  
The hopeless Father of a hapless Son,  
Whose tongue is tuned to tell his latest tale,  
Not to excuse gross errors in the play,  
I see your looks urge instance of these words,  
Behold the reason urging me to this,

*Stab him.*  
*Stab herself.*

Shows his dead son.

See here my show, look on this spectacle:  
Here lay my hope, and here my hope hath end:  
Here lay my heart, and here my heart was slain:  
Here lay my treasure, here my treasure lost:  
Here lay my bliss, and here my bliss bereft.  
But hope, heart, treasure, joy, and bliss:  
All fled, failed, died, yea all decayed with this.

From forth these wounds came breath that gave me life,  
They murdered me that made these fatal marks:  
The cause was love, whence grew this mortal hate,  
The hate, *Lorenzo* and young *Balthazar*:  
The love, my son to *Bel-imperia*.  
But night the coverer of accursed crimes,  
With pitchy silence hushed these traitors' harms,  
And lent them leave, for they had sorted leisure,  
To take advantage in my Garden plot,  
Upon my Son, my dear *Horatio*:  
There merciless they butchered up my boy,  
In black dark night, to pale dim cruel death.  
He shrieks, I heard, and yet methinks I hear,  
His dismal outcry echo in the air:  
With soonest speed I hasted to the noise,  
Where hanging on a tree, I found my son.  
Through girt with wounds, and slaughtered as you see,

wln 2806  
wln 2807  
wln 2808  
wln 2809  
wln 2810  
wln 2811  
wln 2812  
wln 2813  
wln 2814  
wln 2815  
wln 2816  
wln 2817  
wln 2818  
wln 2819  
wln 2820  
wln 2821  
wln 2822  
wln 2823  
wln 2824  
wln 2825

img: 41-b  
sig: L1r

And grieved I (think you) at this spectacle?  
Speak Portuguese, whose loss resembles mine,  
If thou canst weep upon thy *Balthazar*,  
'Tis like I wailed for my *Horatio*.  
And you my Lord whose reconciled son,  
Marched in a net, and thought himself unseen,  
And rated me for brainsick lunacy,  
With God amend that mad *Hieronimo*,  
How can you brook our play's catastrophe?  
And here behold this bloody handkercher,  
Which at *Horatio's* death I weeping dipped,  
Within the river of his bleeding wounds.  
It as propitious, see I have reserved,  
And never hath it left my bloody heart,  
Soliciting remembrance of my vow.  
With these, O these accursed murderers,  
Which now performed, my heart is satisfied.  
And to this end the Bashaw I became,  
That might revenge me on *Lorenzo's* life,  
Who therefore was appointed to the part,

wln 2826  
wln 2827  
wln 2828  
wln 2829  
wln 2830  
wln 2831  
wln 2832  
wln 2833  
wln 2834  
wln 2835  
wln 2836  
wln 2837  
wln 2838  
wln 2839  
wln 2840  
wln 2841  
wln 2842  
wln 2843  
wln 2844  
wln 2845  
wln 2846  
wln 2847  
wln 2848  
wln 2849  
wln 2850  
wln 2851  
wln 2852  
wln 2853

And was to represent the Knight of Rhodes,  
That I might kill him more conveniently.  
So *Viceroy* was this *Balthazar* thy Son,  
That *Soliman*, which *Bel-imperia*,  
In person of *Perseda* murdered:  
Solely appointed to that tragic part,  
That she might slay him that offended her.  
Poor *Bel-imperia* missed her part in this,  
For though the story saith she should have died,  
Yet I of kindness, and of care to her,  
Did otherwise determine of her end.  
But love of him whom they did hate too much,  
Did urge her resolution to be such.  
And Princes now behold *Hieronimo*,  
Author and actor in this Tragedy:  
Bearing his latest fortune in his fist:  
And will as resolute conclude his part,  
As any of the Actors gone before.  
And Gentles, thus I end my play,  
Urge no more words, I have no more to say.

He runs to hang himself.

*King.* O harken *Viceroy*, hold *Hieronimo*,  
Brother, my Nephew, and thy Son are slain.

*Viceroy* We are betrayed, my *Balthazar* is slain,  
Break open the doors, run save *Hieronimo*.

*Hieronimo*, do but inform the King of these events,  
Upon mine honor thou shalt have no harm.

*Hieronimo* *Viceroy*, I will not trust thee with my life,

wln 2854  
wln 2855  
wln 2856  
wln 2857  
wln 2858  
wln 2859  
wln 2860  
wln 2861  
wln 2862

img: 42-a  
sig: L1v

Which I this day have offered to my Son:  
Accursed wretch, why stayest thou him that was resolved to die?  
*King.* Speak traitor, damned, bloody murderer speak,  
For now I have thee I will make thee speak:  
Why hast thou done this undeserving deed?  
*Viceroy* Why hast thou murdered my *Balthazar*?  
*Castile* Why hast thou butchered both my children thus?  
*Hieronimo* O good words, as dear to me was my *Horatio*,  
As yours, or yours, or yours my Lord to you.

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

My guiltless Son was by *Lorenzo* slain,  
And by *Lorenzo* and that *Balthazar*,  
Am I at last revenged thoroughly.  
Upon whose souls may heavens be yet avenged,  
With greater far than these afflictions.  
*Castile* But who were thy confederates in this?  
*Viceroy* That was thy daughter *Bel-imperia*.  
For by her hand my *Balthazar* was slain  
I saw her stab him.  
*King.* Why speakest thou not?  
*Hieronimo* What lesser liberty can Kings afford  
Than harmless silence? then afford it me:  
Sufficeth I may not, nor I will not tell thee.  
*King.* Fetch forth the tortures.  
Traitor as thou art, i'll make thee tell.  
*Hieronimo* Indeed thou mayest torment me as his wretched Son,  
Hath done in murdering my *Horatio*.  
But never shalt thou force me to reveal,  
The thing which I have vowed inviolate:  
And therefore in despite of all thy threats,  
Pleased with their deaths, and eased with their revenge:  
First take my tongue, and afterwards my heart.  
*King.* O monstrous resolution of a wretch,  
See *Viceroy*, he hath bitten forth his tongue,  
Rather than to reveal what we require.  
*Castile* Yet can he write.  
*King.* And if in this he satisfy us not,  
We will devise th' extremest kind of death,  
That ever was invented for a wretch.

wln 2892  
wln 2893  
wln 2894  
wln 2895

Then he makes signs for a knife to mend his pen.  
*Castile* O he would have a knife to mend his Pen.  
*Viceroy* Here, and advise thee that thou write the troth,  
Look to my brother, save *Hieronimo*.

wln 2896  
wln 2897

He with a knife stabs the Duke and himself.  
*King.* What age hath ever heard such monstrous deeds?

img: 42-b  
sig: L2



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

My brother and the whole succeeding hope,  
That Spain expected after my decease,  
Go bear his body hence that we may mourn,  
The loss of our beloved brother's death.  
That he may be entombed whate'er befall,  
I am the next, the nearest, last of all.  
*Viceroy* And thou *Don Pedro* do the like for us,  
Take up our hapless son untimely slain:  
Set me with him, and he with woeful me,  
Upon the main mast of a ship unmanned,  
And let the wind and tide haul me along,  
To *Scylla's* barking and untamed grief:  
Or to the loathsome pool of *Acheron*,  
To weep my want for my sweet *Balthazar*,  
Spain hath no refuge for a Portingale.

wln 2913  
wln 2914  
wln 2915

*The Trumpets sound a dead march, the King of Spain mourning  
after his brother's body, and the King of Portingale bearing  
the body of his Son.*

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

Enter *Ghost* and *Revenge*.

*Ghost.*

Ay, now my hopes have end in their effects,  
When blood and sorrow finish my desires:  
*Horatio* murdered in his Father's bower,  
Vild *Serberine* by *Pedringano* slain,  
False *Pedringano* hanged by quaint device,  
Fair *Isabella* by herself misdome,  
Prince *Balthazar* by *Bel-imperia* stabbed,  
The Duke of Castile and his wicked Son,  
Both done to death by old *Hieronimo*.  
My *Bel-imperia* fallen as *Dido* fell,  
And good *Hieronimo* slain by himself:  
Ay these were spectacles to please my soul.  
Now will I beg at lovely *Proserpine*,  
That by the virtue of her Princely doom,  
I may consort my friends in pleasing sort,

img: 43-a  
sig: L2v

wln 2933  
wln 2934  
wln 2935  
wln 2936  
wln 2937  
wln 2938  
wln 2939  
wln 2940  
wln 2941  
wln 2942

And on my foes work just and sharp revenge.  
I'll lead my friend *Horatio* through those fields,  
Where never-dying wars are still enured.  
I'll lead fair *Isabella* to that train,  
Where pity weeps but never feeleth pain.  
I'll lead my *Bel-imperia* to those joys,  
That vestal Virgins, and fair Queens possess,  
I'll lead *Hieronimo* where *Orpheus* plays,  
Adding sweet pleasure to eternal days.  
But say *Revenge*, for thou must help or none,

wln 2943  
wln 2944  
wln 2945  
wln 2946  
wln 2947  
wln 2948  
wln 2949  
wln 2950  
wln 2951  
wln 2952  
wln 2953  
wln 2954  
wln 2955  
wln 2956  
wln 2957  
wln 2958  
wln 2959  
wln 2960  
wln 2961  
wln 2962  
wln 2963  
wln 2964  
wln 2965  
wln 2966  
wln 2967  
wln 2968

Against the rest how shall my hate be shown?

*Revenge.*

This hand shall hale them down to deepest hell,  
Where none but furies, bugs and tortures dwell.

*Ghost.*

Then sweet *Revenge* do this at my request,  
Let me be judge and doom them to unrest.  
Let loose poor *Titius* from the vulture's gripe,  
And let *Don Cyprian* supply his room,  
Place *Don Lorenzo* on *Ixion's* wheel,  
And let the lover's endless pains surcease:  
*Juno* forgets old wrath and grants him ease.  
Hang *Balthazar* about *Chimera's* neck,  
And let him there bewail his bloody love,  
Repining at our joys that are above.  
Let *Serberine* go roll the fatal stone,  
And take from *Sisyphus* his endless moan.  
False *Pedringano* for his treachery,  
Let him be dragged through boiling *Acheron*,  
And there live dying still in endless flames,  
Blaspheming Gods and all their holy names.

*Revenge.*

Then haste we down to meet thy friends and foes,  
To place thy friends in ease, the rest in woes.  
For here, though death hath end their misery,  
I'll there begin their endless Tragedy.

*Exeunt.*

FINIS.

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

## Textual Notes

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

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