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THE
SPANISH TRAGEDY,
Containing the lamentable
depth 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 Alde, 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,
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:
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 Portingales 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 poplitio 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
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 cuspidc 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,
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:

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.

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

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.

    Enter again.
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.
Let him go.

Exeunt.

Enter Viceroy, Alexandro, Villuppo.

Viceroy Is our ambassador dispatched for Spain?

Alexandro Two days (my Liege) are passed since his depart.
Falls to the ground.

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.
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,
           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.
           O wicked forgery: O traitorous miscreant.
           Hold thou thy peace, but now Villuppo say,
           Where then became the carcass of my Son?
           I saw them drag it to the Spanish tents.
           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.
           Vouchsafe (dread Sovereign to hear me speak.
           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.
Villuppo    Thus have I with an envious forged tale,
Deceived the King, betrayed mine enemy,
And hope for guerdon of my villainy.  

Exit.

Enter Horatio and Bel-imperia.

Bel-imperia  Signior Horatio, this is the place and hour,
Wherein I must entreat thee to relate,
The circumstance of Don Andrea's death:
Who living was my garland's sweetest flower,
And in his death hath buried my delights.

Horatio  For love of him and service to yourself,
I nill refuse this heavy doleful charge.
Yet tears and sighs, I fear will hinder me.
When both our Armies were enjoined in fight.
Your worthy chevalier amid the thick'st,
For glorious cause still aiming at the fairest,
Was at the last by young Don Balthazar,
Encountered hand to hand: their fight was long,
Their hearts were great, their clamors menacing,
Their strength alike, their strokes both dangerous.
But wrathful Nemesis that wicked power,
Envying at Andrea's praise and worth,
Cut short his life to end his praise and worth.

She, she herself disguised in armor's mask,
(As Pallas was before proud Pergamus:)
Brought in a fresh supply of Halberdiers,
Which paunched his horse and dinged him to the ground,
Then young Don Balthazar with ruthless rage,
Taking advantage of his foe's distress,
Did finish what his Halberdiers begun,
And left not till Andrea's life was done.
Then though too late incensed with just remorse,
I with my band set forth against the Prince,
And brought him prisoner from his Halberdiers.

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

But then was Don Andrea's carcass lost?

Horatio  No, that was it for which I chiefly strove,
Nor stepped I back till I recovered him:
I took him up and wound him in mine arms.
And welding him unto my private tent,
There laid him down and dewed him with my tears,
And sighed and sorrowed as became a friend.
But neither friendly sorrow, sighs nor tears,
Could win pale death from his usurped right.
Yet this I did, and less I could not do:
I saw him honored with due funeral,
This scarf I plucked from off his lifeless arm,
And wear it in remembrance of my friend.

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

*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,
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.

_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.

_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 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,
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.

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.

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.
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 wonted 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:
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,
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?

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.
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 then me.

Pedringano Oh stay my Lord.

Lorenzo Yet speak the truth and I will guerdon thee,
And shield thee from whatever can ensue.

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?

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’t 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.

But gold doth more than either of them both.
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.

Enter Horatio and Bel-imperia.

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.

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,
That sweetest bliss is crown of love’s desire.  

_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_ ’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,
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.
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.
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.

Enter Lorenzo, Balthazar, Serberine, Pedringano, disguised.

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.

Horatio  What will you murder me?
Lorenzo  Ay thus, and thus, these are the fruits of love.

They stab him.

Bel-imperia  O save his life and let me die for him,
O save him brother, save him Balthazar:
I loved Horatio but he loved not me.

Balthazar  But Balthazar loves Bel-imperia.
Lorenzo  Although his life were still ambitious proud,
Yet is he at the highest now he is dead.

Bel-imperia  Murder, murder, help Hieronimo help.

Lorenzo  Come stop her mouth away with her.  

Exeunt.

Enter Hieronimo in his shirt, etc.

Hieronimo  What out cries pluck me from my naked bed,
And chill my throbbing heart with trembling fear,
Which never danger yet could daunt before.
Who calls Hieronimo? speak, here I am:
I did not slumber, therefore ’twas no dream,

No, no, it was some woman cried for help,
And here within this garden did she cry.
And in this garden must I rescue her:
But stay, what murderous spectacle is this?
A man hanged up and all the murderers gone,
And in my bower to lay the guilt on me:
This place was made for pleasure not for death.  

He cuts him down.

Those garments that he wears I oft have seen,
Alas it is Horatio my sweet son.
O no, but he that whilom was my son,
O was it thou that called’st me from my bed,
O speak if any spark of life remain.
I am thy father, who hath slain my son?
What savage monster, not of human kind,
Hath here been glutted with thy harmless blood?
And left thy bloody corpse dishonored here,
For me amidst this dark and deathful shades,
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 cover sin?
The vild profaner of this sacred bower.
O poor Horatio, what hadst thou misdone?
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 leesing my Horatio my sweet boy.

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.

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 Isabella now let us take him up,

And bear him in from out this cursed place,
Hieronimo sets his breast unto his sword.

_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 success,_
_Prebeat, ipse metum magnam quicunque per orbem,_
_Gramina Sol pulchras effect in luminis oras._
_Ipsa bibam quicquid meditatur saga veneri,_
_Quicquid et ippavi vicaeca nenia necht._
_Omnia perpetiar, lethum quoque dum semel omnis,_

_Noster in extincto moriatur pectore sensus:_
_Ergo tuos occulos nunquam (mea vita) videbo._
_Et tua perpetus 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.

_Actus Tertius._

_Enter Viceroy of Portingale, Nobles, Alexandro,_
_Villuppo._

_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,
Enter Alexandro with a Nobleman and Halberds.

Noble In such extremes, will naught but patience serve.
Alexander 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.
Alexander ’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
Alexander Not that I fear the extremity of death,
For Nobles cannot stoop to servile fear.
Do I (O King) thus discontented live.

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.
Alexander My guiltless death will be avenged on thee,

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.
Alexander 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.
Alexander ’Tis Heaven is my hope.
As for the earth it is too much infect,
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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.
Alexander My guiltless death will be avenged on thee,
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:
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.

   *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*.

   *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.
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?

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.

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.

Hieronimo My grief no heart, my thoughts no tongue can tell.

Exit.

Lorenzo Come hither Pedringano, seest thou this?
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.


Lorenzo Now to confirm the complott 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,
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.

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 shouldest 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.
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,
Then 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?
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.

*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 holp 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.

*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 *Balthazar*.

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,
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
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.

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.
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.

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.
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.

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 honester 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,
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 so 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.

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,

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

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.
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 trutth.  
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,

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

Enter *Isabella* and her Maid.

*Isabella*  So that you say this herb will purge the eye
And this the head, ah but none of them will purge the heart:
No, there’s no medicine left for my disease,
Nor any physic to recure the dead:

She runs lunatic.

*Horatio*, O where’s *Horatio*.

*Maid.*  Good Madam, affright not thus yourself,
With outrage for your son *Horatio*.
He sleeps in quiet in the *Elysian* fields.

*Isabella*  Why did I not give you gowns and goodly things,
Bought you a whistle and a whipstalk too:
To be revenged on their villainies.

*Maid.*  Madam these humors do torment my soul.
*Isabella*  My soul, poor soul thou talks of things
Thou know’st not what, my soul hath silver wings,
That mounts me up unto the highest heavens,
To heaven, *Ay* there sits my *Horatio*,
Backed with a troop of fiery Cherubins,
Dancing about his newly healed wounds
Singing sweet hymns and chanting heavenly notes,
Rare harmony to greet his innocence,
That died, I died a mirror in our days.

But say, where shall I find, the men, the murderers,
That slew *Horatio*, whither shall I run,
To find them out, that murdered my Son.

*Exeunt.*

*Bel-imperia* at a window.

*Bel-imperia*  What means this outrage that is offered me?
Why am I thus sequestered from the Court?
No notice, shall I not know the cause,
Of this my secret and suspicious ills?
Accursed brother, unkind murderer.
Why bends thou thus thy mind to martyr me?
Hieronymo, why writ I of thy wrongs?
Or why art thou so slack in thy revenge?
*Andrea*, *O Andrea* that thou sawest,
Me for thy friend *Horatio* handled thus,
And him for me thus causeless murdered.
Well, force perforce, I must constrain myself,
To patience, and apply me to the time,
Till heaven as I have hoped shall set me free.

Enter *Christophil*.

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

*Exeunt.*
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.

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.

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.

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,

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,
That I neglect my reputation so,
As you, or any need to rescue it.
  \textit{Lorenzo}  His highness and my Father were resolved,
To come confer with old \textit{Hieronimo},
Concerning certain matters of estate,
That by the Viceroy was determined.
  \textit{Bel-imperia}  And wherein was mine honor touched in that?
  \textit{Balthazar}  Have patience \textit{Bel-imperia}, hear the rest.
  \textit{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 \textit{Bel-imperia} with \textit{Horatio}.
  \textit{Bel-imperia}  How then?
  \textit{Lorenzo}  Why then remembering that old disgrace,
Which you for \textit{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 \textit{Horatio} forth my father's way.
  \textit{Balthazar}  And carry you obscurely somewhere else,
Lest that his highness should have found you there.
  \textit{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?
  \textit{Lorenzo}  Your melancholy Sister since the news,
Of your first favorite \textit{Don Andrea's} death,
My Father's old wrath hath exasperate.
  \textit{Balthazar}  And better was't for you being in disgrace,
To absent yourself and give his fury place.

  \textit{Bel-imperia}  But why had I no notice of his ire?
  \textit{Lorenzo}  That were to add more fuel to your fire.
Who burnt like \textit{Aetna} for \textit{Andrea's} loss.
  \textit{Bel-imperia}  Hath not my Father then inquired for me?
  \textit{Lorenzo}  Sister he hath, and thus excused I thee.
  \textit{He} whispereth in her ear.

But \textit{Bel-imperia}, see the gentle prince,
Look on thy love, behold young \textit{Balthazar}.
Whose passions by thy presence are increased,
And in whose melancholy thou mayest see,
Thy hate, his love: thy flight, his following thee.
  \textit{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,
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 pavidiu iunxere timorem,

Et vanum stolidae proditionis opus.

   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,
Incertain to effect his Pilgrimage.

   Exeunt.

Enter two Portingales, and Hieronimo
meets them.

1. Portingale By your leave Sir.
   Hieronimo Good leave have you, nay, I pray you go,
For i’l leave you, if you can leave me so.

2. Portingale Pray you which is the next way to my Lord the Duke’s.
   Hieronimo The next way from me.
1. Portingale To his house we mean.
   Hieronimo O hard by, ’tis yon house that you see.
2. Portingale You could not tell us, if his Son were there.
   Hieronimo Who, my Lord Lorenzo?
1. Portingale Ay Sir.
   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,
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 huyg 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,

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. Portingale     Ha, ha, ha.
Hieronimo     Ha, ha, ha: why ha, ha, ha. Farewell good ha, ha, ha.

2. Portingale     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.

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

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 standers­by 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.
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.

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,

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.

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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.
Enter Hieronimo with a book in his hand.

Vindicta mihi.
Ay, heaven will be revenged of every ill,
Nor will they suffer murder unrepaid:
Then stay Hieronimo, attend their will,
For mortal men may not appoint their time.

Per scelus semper tutum est sceleribus iter.
Strike, and strike home, where wrong is offered thee,
For evils unto ills conductors be.
And death’s the worst of resolution.
For he that thinks with patience to contend,
To quiet life, his life shall easily end.
Fata si miseris iuvant habes salutem:
Fata si vitam negant, habes sepulchrum.
If destiny thy miseries do ease,
Then hast thou health, and happy shalt thou be:

If destiny deny thee life Hieronimo.
Yet shalt thou be assured of a tomb:
If neither, yet let this thy comfort be,
Heaven covereth him that hath no burial,
And to conclude, I will revenge his death,
But how? not as the vulgar wits of men,
With open, but inevitable ills:
As by a secret, yet a certain mean,
Which under kinship will be cloaked best.
Wise men will take their opportunity,
Closely and safely fitting things to time:
But in extremes advantage hath no time.
And therefore all times fit not for revenge:
Thus therefore will I rest me in unrest,
Dissembling quiet in unquietness,
Not seeming that I know their villainies:
That my simplicity may make them think,
That ignorantly I will let all slip:
For ignorance I wot, and well they know,
Remedium malorum iners est.
Nor aught avails it me to menace them,
Who as a wintry storm upon a plain,
Will bear me down with their nobility.
No, no, Hieronimo, thou must enjoin
Thine eyes to observation, and thy tongue
To milder speeches, than thy spirit affords,
Thy heart to patience, and thy hands to rest,
Thy Cap to courtesy, and thy knee to bow,
Till to revenge thou know when, where, and how.
How now, what noise, what coil is that you keep?
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 firmae 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 ruthless 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.
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 meaneer 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_.

Exit _Hieronimo_ and they after.
Exeunt all but the old man.

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?

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.
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.

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.

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.
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, should’st 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,
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.

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,

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.

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
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.

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.

Hieronimo  Your Lordship’s to command,

Pah: keep your way.

Mi. Chi mi fa? Più Correzza Che non sule
Tradito viha o trade vule.

Enter Ghost and Revenge.

Ghost.

Awake Erichtha, Cerberus awake,
Solicit Pluto gentle Proserpine,
To combat Achinon and Ericus in hell.
For ne’er by Styx and Phlegethon:
Nor ferried Charon to the fiery lakes,
Such fearful sights, as poor Andrea see?

Revenge awake.

Revenge.

Awake, for why?

Ghost.

Awake Revenge, for thou art ill advised,
Th’ sleep, away, what, thou art warned to watch.

Revenge.

Content thyself, and do not trouble me.

Ghost.

Awake Revenge, if love as love hath had,
Have yet the power or prevaleance in hell,
Hieronimo with Lorenzo is joined in league,
And intercepts our passage to revenge:
Awake Revenge, or we are woe begone.

Revenge.

Thus worldlings ground what they have dreamed upon,
Content thyself Andrea, though I sleep,
Yet is my mood soliciting their souls,
Sufficeth thee that poor Hieronimo,
Cannot forget his son Horatio.
Nor dies Revenge although he sleep a while,
For in unquiet, quietness is feigned:
And slumbering is a common worldly wile,
Behold Andrea for an instance how,
Revenge hath slept, and then imagine thou,
What ’tis to be subject to destiny.

Enter a dumb show.

Ghost.

Awake Revenge, reveal this mystery.

Revenge.

The two first the nuptial Torches bore,
As brightly burning as the midday’s sun:
But after them doth Hymen hie as fast,
Clothed in sable, and a Saffron robe,
And blows them out, and quencheth them with blood,
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._

_Actus Quartus._

_Enter Bel-imperia and Hieronimo._

_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,

Nor shall his death be unreavenged 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:
Enter Balthazar and Lorenzo.

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 unrevenge 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.

Enter Balthazar and Lorenzo.

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.

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,
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 chiepest 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.
Gives a paper to Balthazar  
Gives another to Lorenzo  
He giveth Bel-imperia another.

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,

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.

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

Enter Isabella with a weapon.

Tell me no more, O monstrous homicides,
Since neither piety nor pity moves

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.
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

Enter Hieronimo, he knocks up the curtain.

Enter the Duke of Castile.

Castile  How now Hieronimo where’s your fellows,
That you take all this pain?
Hieronimo  O sir, it is for the Author’s credit,
To look that all things may go well:
But good my Lord let me entreat your grace,
To give the King the copy of the play:
This is the argument of what we show.
Castile  I will Hieronimo.
Hieronimo  One thing more my good Lord.
Castile  What’s that?
Hieronimo  Let me entreat your grace,
That when the train are passed into the gallery,
You would vouchsafe to throw me down the key.
Castile  I will Hieronimo.
Hieronimo  What are you ready Balthazar?
Bring a chair and a cushion for the King.
Enter Balthazar with a Chair.
Well done Balthazar, hang up the title.
Our scene is Rhodes, what is your beard on?
Balthazar  Half on, the other is in my hand.


_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
_Peripsa_, 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.
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.

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,

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
Stab him.

Thy treacheries on thee ignoble Prince: Stab herself.

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,

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,
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, 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,
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.

He with a knife stabs the Duke and himself.

King. What age hath ever heard such monstrous deeds?
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.

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.

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 misdone,  
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,

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,
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.
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 *poplito* comes from the original *poplito*, though possible variants include *poplite*.
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 *pulcbras*.
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. **1550 (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 *graee*.
27. **2020 (30-a)**: The regularized reading *courtesy* is amended from the original *cuttesie*.
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.
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<td>2310 (34-a)</td>
<td>The regularized reading <em>King</em> is amended from the original <em>Kiing</em>.</td>
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<td>2338 (34-b)</td>
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<td>This Italian passage is problematic, and has not been systematically corrected.</td>
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