



Hyel

Accessions

149, 489.

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Thomas Pennant Boston.

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5-6253 Kyd (Thomas) Spanish Tragedy, or Hieronimo is mad againe, with the pitiful Death of Hieronimo, woodcut . 1633
** Alluded to in Shakespeare's "Taming of the Shrew."

2 Pott.
May
1856.

W. J. Collins 1816 Best
The Spanish Tragedy

OR,

HIERONIMO is mad againe.

Containing the lamentable end of *Don Horatio*,
and *Belimperia*; With the pitifull Death
of HIERONIMO.

*Newly Corrected, Amended, and Enlarged with new
Additions, as it hath of late bene divers
times Acted.*



LONDON

5062

Printed by *Augustine Mathewes*, for *Francis Grove*, and are to
bee sold at his Shoppe, neere the *Sarazens Head*,
upon *Snov-hill*. 1633.

~~Henry S~~

Boston

149.489.

May, 1873.

9.30.73



ACTVS PRIMVS.

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



Hen this eternal substance of my soule,
Did live imprisoned in my wonted flesh,
Each in their function serving other need,
I was a Courtier in the Spanish Court:
My name was *Don Andrea*: my descent,
Though not ignoble, yet inferiour farre

To gracious Fortunes of my tender youth:
There in the pride and prime of al my yeares,
By dutious service, and deserving love,
In secret I possesse a worthy Dame,
Which hight sweet *Belimperia* by name:
But in the Harvest of my Summers ioyes,
Deaths Winter nipt the blossomes of my blisse,
Forcing divorce betwixt my Love and me:
For in the late conflict with *Portingale*,
My valour drew me into dangers mouth,
Til life to death made passage through my wounds.
VVhen I was slaine, my soule descended straight,
To passe the flowing streame of *Acheron*,
But churlish *Charon*, onely Boate-man there,
Said that my Rites of Burial not perform'd,
I might not sit among his Passengers:
Ere *Sol* had slept three nights in *Thetis* lap,
And slakt his smoaking Chariot in her flood;
By *Don Horatio* our Knight-Marshals sonne,
My Funerals and Obsequies were done.
Then was the Ferry-man of Hell content,
To passe me over to the slimie Strond,
That leads to fell *Avernus* ougly waves,
There pleasing *Cerberus* with homed speech,

I past the perils of the formost Porch :
Not far from hence, amidst ten thousand soules,
Sate *Minos*, *Eacus*, and *Radamant* :
To whom no sooner gan I make approach,
To crave a Pasport for my wandring Ghost,
But *Minos* in graven leaves of Lotterie,
Drew forth the manner of my life and death,
This Knight (quoth he) both liv'd and died in loue,
And for his Love, tride fortune of the warres,
And by Warres fortune, lost both love, and life.
Why then (said *Eacus*) convey him hence,
To walke with Lovers in our fields of Love,
And spend the course of everlasting time,
Vnder greene Myrtle trees, and Cypres shades.
No, no, (said *Radamant*) it were not well,
With loving soules, to place a Martialist.
He died in Warre, and must to Martiall Fields :
Where wounded *Hector* lives in lasting paine,
And *Achilles* Myrmidons doe scoure the plaine.
Then *Minos*, mildest Censurer of the three,
Made this device, to end the difference :
Send him (quoth he) to our infernall King,
To doome him as best seemes his Majestie,
To this effect, my Pasport straight was drawne.
In keeping on my way to *Plutoes* Court,
Through dreadfull shades of ever-blooming night,
I saw more sights then thousand tongues can tell,
Or penes can write, or mortall hearts can thinke.
Three wayes there were, that on the right hand side,
Was ready way unto the fore-sayd Field,
Where Lovers live, and bloody Martialists :
But either sort contain'd within his bounds,
The left hand path declining fearefully,
Was ready fall downe to the deepest Hell,
Where bloody furies shake their whips of Steele
And poore *Ixion* turnes an endlesse wheele :
Where Usurers are choakt with melting gold,
And Wantons are embrac'd with ougly Snakes.

And Murderers greene with ever-killing wounds,
And periur'd wights scalded in boyling Lead,
And all foule sinnes with torments overwhelm'd.
Twixt these two vvayes I trod the middle path,
Which brought me to the faire *Elizian* Greene:
In midst whereof, there stands a stately Tower,
The vualles of Brasse, the Gates of Adamant.
Here sitting *Pluto* vvith his *Proserpine*,
I shevv'd my Passport humbled on my knee:
Whereat faire *Proserpine* began to smile.
I begg'd that onely shee might give my doome.
Pluto was pleas'd, and seal'd it with a kisse.
Forthvvith *Revenge* shee rounded thee in the care,
And bade thee leade me through the gates of Horror:
VVhere Dreames have passage in the silent night.
No sooner had she spoke, but we vvere here,
(I wote not hovv) in twinckling of an eye.

Ren. Then know *Andrea*, that thou art arriued,
VVhere thou shalt see the author of thy death,
Don Balhazar, the Prince of *Portingale*,
Depriv'd of life by *Belimperia*.
Here sit vve dovvn to see the Mystery,
And serve for *Chorus* in this Tragedie.

*Enter Spanish King, Generall, Castile
and Hieronimo.*

King. Now say Lord *Generall*, how fares our Campe?

Gene. All vvell (my Sovereigne Liege) except some few,
That are deceas'd by fortune of the VVarre.

King. But vvhat pretends thy cheerefull countenance,
And posting to our presence thus in hast?
Speake man, hath Fortune given us victory?

Gen. Victory (my Liege) and that with little losse.

King. Our *Portingales* will pay us Tribute then?

Gene. Tribute, and vvonted Homage therevvithall.

King. Then blest be Heaven, and guider of the Heavens,
From whose faire influence such Iustice flowves.

Cast. *O multum dilecte Deo, tibi militat asher,
Et coniurata curvato poplite gentes*

The Spanish Tragedie.

Succumbant : recti soror est Victoria iuris.

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

But *Generall* unfold in briefe Discourse,
Your forme of battel, and your warres successe;
That adding all the pleasure of thy newes
Vnto the height of former happinesse,
VVith deeper wage, and greater dignitie,
VVe will reward thy blissefull Chivalry.

Gene. VVhere *Spaine* and *Portingale* doe joyntlie knit,
Their Frontiers, leaning on each others Bounds :
There met our Armies in their proud aray :
Both furnisht wel, both full of hope and feare :
Both menacing alike with daring Showes,
Both vaunting sundry colours of device,
Both cheerely sounding Trumpets, Drummes, and Fifes,
Beth raising dreadfull clamors to the skies,
That Vallies, Hilles, and Rivers made rebound,
Aud heaven it selfe was frighted with the sound.
Our Battailes both were pücht in Squadron forme,
Each corner strongly fenc'd with wings of Shot :
Bat ere we ioynd, and came to push of Pike,
I brought a Squadron of the readiest Shot,
From out our Reareward, to begin the fight ;
They brought another Wing t' encounter us :
Meane while our Ordnance plaid on either side,
And Captaines strove to have their Valour tride.
Don Pedro, their chiefe Horsemens Coronell,
Did with his Coronet bravely make attempt,
To breake the Order of our Battell ranks :
But *Don Rogero* worthy man of Warre,
Marcht forth against him with our Musketers,
And stops the malice of his fell approach,
VVhile they maintaine hot skirmish to and fro,
Both Battailes joyne, and fall to handy-blowes :
Their violent shot resembling th' Oceans rage,
VVhen Roaring loud, and with a swelling tyde,
It beats upon the Rampiers of huge Rocks,
And gapes to swallow neighbour-bounding Lands.

The Spanish Tragedie.

Now vwhen *Bellona* rageth here and there,
Thicke stormes of bullets ran like winters haile,
And shivered Launces dark'd the troubled Aire.

*Pedo Pes, & cuspidè cuspidis,
Arma sonant armis, vir petiturque viro.*

On every side dropt Captaines to the ground,
And Souldiers ly maim'd, some slaine out-right:
Here falls a Bodie sundred from his Head,
There Legges and armes lie bleeding on the grasse,
Mingled with vveapons, and unbowed Steedes,
That scattering over-spread the purple Plaine,
In all this turmoile three long howres and more,
The Victory to neither part enclin'de,
Till *Don Andrea* with his braue Launciers,
In their maine battaile made so great a breach,
That halfe dismayd, the multitude retir'de :
But *Balthazar* the *Portingales* young Prince,
Brought rescue, and encourag'd them to stay.
Here-hence the fight was eagerly renew'd,
And in that Conflict was *Andrea* slaine,
Brave man at Armes, but weake to *Balthazar* :
Yet while the Prince insulting ouer him,
Breath'd out proud vaunts, sounding to our reproch,
Friendship and hardy Valour ioyn'd in one,
Prickt forth *Horatio*, our Knight-Marshals sonne,
To challenge forth that Prince to single fight :
Not long betweene these twaine the fight endur'd,
But straight the Prince was beaten from his Horse,
And forc'd to yeeld him prisoner to his foe,
VWhen he was taken, all the rest they fled,
And our Carbines pursued them to death,
Till *Phœbus* waving to the Westernne Deepe,
Our Trumpeters vvere charg'd to sound Retreat.

King. Thankes good *L. Generall* for these good newes,
And for some argument of more to come,
Take this, and vveare for thy Sovereignes sake.

Gives him a chaine.

The Spanish Tragedie.

But tell me now, hast thou confirm'd a peace ?

Gen. No Peace (my Liege) but peace conditional,
That if with homage tribute may be paid,
The furie of our forces will be stayd :
And to that Peace, their Viceroy hath subscrib'de,

Gives the King a Paper.

And made a solemne vow, that during life,
This Tribute shall be truly paid to *Spaine*.

King. These words, these deeds become thy person well.
But now Knight-Marshall, frolike with the King,
For tis thy sonne that winnes the Battels prize.

Hier. Long may he live to serve my soveraigne Liege,
And soone decay, unlesse he serve my Liege.

A Trumpet affarre off.

King. Nor thou, nor he, shall die without reward.
What meanes this warning of the Trumpets sound ?

Generall. This tells mee, that your Graces men of warre,
Such as wars fortune hath reserv'd from death,
Come marching on towards your Royall Seat,
To shew themselves before your Maiestie :
For so I gave them charge at my depart :
Wherby by demonstration shall appeare,
That all, except three hundred, or few more,
Are safe return'd, and by their foes enricht.

*The Armie meetes, Balthazar between Lorenzo
and Horatio, Captive.*

King. A glad some sight, I long to see them here.

They enter and passe by.

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

Ge. It was (my Liege) the Prince of *Portingale*.

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

Hier. That was my Sonne, (my gracious Soveraigne)
Of whom, though from his tender Infancie,
My loving thoughts did never hope but well :
He never pleas'd his Fathers eyes till now,
Nor fill'd my heart with over-cloying ioyes.

King.

The Spanish Tragedie.

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

Hieronimo, it greatly pleaseth vs,

That in our victory thou haue a share,
By vertue of thy worthy Sonnes exploit.

Enter againe.

Bring hither the yong Prince of *Portingale*,
The rest march on: But ere they be dismist,

Wee will bestow on euery Souldier two Duckets,

And on euery Leader ten; that they may know

Our largesse welcomes them. *Exeunt al but Bal. Lor. & Hor.*

Welcome *Don Balhazar*, welcome Nephew:

And thou *Horatio*, thou art welcome too:

Young Prince, although thy Fathers hard mis-deeds,

In keeping backe the Tribute that he owes,

Deserue but euill measure at our hands;

Yet shalt thou know, that *Spaine* is honourable.

Bal. The trespasse that my Father made in peace,

Is now control'd by fortune of the warres:

And Cards once dealt, it boots not aske why so?

His men are slaine, a weakening to the Realme;

His Colours ceaz'd, a blot vnto his name;

His Sonne distrest, a corsiue to his heart:

These punishments may cleare his late offence.

King. I *Balhazar*, if he obserues this Truce,

Our peace will grow the stronger for these warres:

Meane while liue thou, though not in libertie,

Yet free from bearing any ser vile yoake:

For in our hearing thy deserts were great,

And in our sight, thy selfe art gracious.

Bal. And I shall studie to deserue this grace,

King. But tell me, (for their holding makes me doubt)

To which of these twaine art thou Prisoner?

Loren. To me, my Lord.

Horat. To me, my Soueraigne.

Lor. This hand, first tooke the Courser by the Reines.

Hor. But first my Lance did put him from his Horse.

Lor. I ceaz'd his weapon, and enioyd it first.

The Spanish Tragedie.

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

King. Let go his arme vpon our priuiledge. *Let him go.*
So, worthy Prince, to whether didst thou yeeld?

Bal. To him in curtesie, to this perforce:
He spake me faire, this other gaue me strokes;
He promised life, this ether threatned death:
He wanne my loue, this other conquered me;
And trueth to say, I yeeld my selfe to both.

Hier. But that I know your Grace for just and wise,
And might seeme partiall in this difference,
Inforst by Nature, and by Law of Armes,
My tongue should plead for yong *Horatios* right:
He hunted well, that was a Lyons death,
Not hee that in a garment wore his skinne:
So Hares may pull dead Lyons by the Beard.

King. Content thee Marshal, thou shalt haue no wrong,
And for thy sake thy sonne shall want no right.
Will both abide the censure of my doome?

Lor. I craue no better then your Grace awards.

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

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

Nephew, thou took'st his weapons and his Horse;
His weapons and his Horse are thy reward.

Horatio, thou didst force him first to yeeld,
His Ransome therefore is thy valours fee:
Appoint the summe as you shall both agree.

But Nephew, thou shalt haue the Prince in guard,
For thine estate best fitteth such a Guest:

Horatios house were small for all his traine:
Yet in regard thy substance passeth his,
And that iust guerdon may befall desert,
To him we yeeld the Armour of the Prince.
How likes *Don Balthazar* of this device?

Balt. Right wel (my Liege) if this prouiso were,
That *Don Horatio* beare vs company;
Whom I admire and loue for Chiuallry.

King. *Horatio*, leaue him not that loues thee so.

The Spanish Tragedie.

Now let vs hence to see our Souldiers payd,
And feast our prisoner as our friendly guest.

Exeunt

Enter Viceroy, Alexandro, and Vilippo.

Vice. Is our Embassadour dispatcht for Spaine?

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

Vice. And Tribute payment gone along with him?

Alex. I my good Lord.

Vice. Then rest we here a while in our vnaest,
and feed our sorrowes with some inward sighs;
For deepest cares breake neuer into teares.
But wherefore sit I in this Regal throne?
This better fits a wretches endles moane. *Falls to the ground.*
Yet this is higher then my fortunes reach,
And therefore better then my state deserues:
I, I, this Earth Image of Melancholy,
Seekes him whom Fates adjudg'd to misery;
Here let me lie: now I am at the lowest.

Qui iacet in terra, non habet unde cadat,

In me consumpsit vires fortuna nocendo:

Nihil superest ut iam possit obesse magis.

Yes, Fortune may bereaue me of my Crowne:
Here, take it now, let Fortune doe her worst,
Shee wil not rob me of this sable weed:
O no, shee enuies none but pleasant things,
Such is the folly of despightfull Chance,
Fortune is blind, and sees not my deserts;
So is she deafe, and heares not my laments:
And could she heare, yet is she wilful mad,
And therefore will not pittie my distresse,
Suppose that shee could pittie me, what then?
What helpe can be expected at her hands,
Whose foot standing on a rowling stone,
And Mind more mutable then fickle winds;
Why waile I then wheres hope of no redresse?
O yes! complaining makes my grieffe seeme lesse,
My late Ambition hath distain'd my Faith;
My breach of Faith, occasion'd bloody warres,
These bloody warres haue spent my treasure:

The Spanish Tragedie.

And with my Treasure, my peoples Blood:
And with their blood, my Ioy and best Beloued,
My best Beloued, my sweet and onely Sonne.
O wherefore went I not to Warre my selfe?
The cause was mine, I might haue dyed for both:
My yeeres were mellow, but his young and Greene;
My death were naturall, but his was forced.

Alex. No doubt (my Liege) but still the Prince surviues.

Vice. Surviues, I but where?

Alex. In *Spain* a Prisoner, by mischance of Warre.

Vice. Then they haue slaine him for his fathers fault.

Alex. That were a breach to common law of Armes.

Vice. They reake no Lawes that meditate reuenge.

Alex. His ransomes worth will stay from foule reuenge.

Vice. No, if he liued, the newes would soone be here.

Alex. Nay, euill newes will flye faster still then good.

Vice. Tell me no more of Newes, for he is dead.

Villip. My Soueraigne, pardon the Author of ill Newes,
And Ile bewray the fortune of thy Sonne.

Vice. Speake on, Ile guerdon thee what ere it be,
Mine care is ready to receiue ill Newes;
My heart growne hard gainst mischiefs battery:
Stand vp I say, and tell thy tale at large.

Vil. Then heare the truth, which these mine eyes haue seen:
When both the Armies were in battell joyn'd,
Don Balbazar amidst the thickest troupes,
To winne renowne, did wondrous feats of Armes:
Amongst the rest, I saw him hand to hand,
In single fight with their Lord Generall,
Till *Alexandro* (that here counterfeits
Vnder the colour of a dutious friend)
Discharg'd his Pistoll at the Princes backe,
As though he would haue slaine their Generall:
But therewithall, *Don Balbazar* fell downe:
And when he fell, then we began to flie:
But had he liu'd, the day had sure bin ours.

Alex. O wicked forgery: O trayterous miscreant.

Vice. Hold thou thy peace: But now *Villippo* say,

Where

Where then became the carcasſe of my Sonne ?

Villip. I ſaw them drag it to the *Spaniſh* Tents.

Vice. I, I, my nightly dreames haue told me this :

Thou falſe, vnkind, vnthankfull trayterous beaſt,

Wherein had *Balthazar* offended thee,

That thou ſhouldſt thus betray him to our foes ?

Was't *Spaniſh*, gold that bleared ſo thine eyes,

That thou couldſt ſee no part of our deſerts ?

Perchance becauſe thou art *Terſeraes* Lord,

Thou haſt ſome hope to were this Diademe,

If firſt my ſonne, and then my ſelfe were ſlaine :

But thy ambitious thoughts ſhall breake thy necke :

I, this was it that made thee ſpill his blood ;

He takes the Crowne and puts it on againe.

But now Ile weare it till thy blood be ſpilt.

Alex. Vouchſafe (deare Soueraigne) to heare me ſpeak e.

Vice. Away with him, his ſight is ſecond hell :

Keep him till we determine of his death ;

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

Villippo, follow vs for thy reward.

Villip. Thus haue I with an enuious forged Tale,

Deceiu'd the King, betray'd mine enemy,

And hope for guerdon of my villany:

Exit.

Enter Horatio, and Belimperia.

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

Wherein I muſt entreat thee to relate

The Circumſtance of *Don Andreas* death ;

Who liuing was my Garlands chiefſt Flower,

And in his death hath buried my delights.

Hor. For loue of him, and ſeruiſe to your ſelfe,

Ile not reſuſe this dolefull heauy charge :

Yet teares and ſighs (I feare) will hinder me.

When both our Armies were enioyn'd to fight,

Your worthy Cauallier amidſt the thickeſt,

For glorious cauſe, ſtill ayning at the faireſt,

Was at the laſt by yong *Don Balthazar*,

Encountred hand to hand : their fight was long,

Their hearts were great, their clamours menacing :

The Spanish Tragedie.

Their strength alike, their strokes both dangerous:
But wrathfull *Nemesis*, that wicked power,
Envyng at *Andreas* praise and worth,
Cut short his life, to end his prayse and worth;
Shee, she her selfe, disguil'd in Armours maske,
(As *Pallas* was before proud *Pergamus*)
Brought in a fresh supply of Halbardiers,
Which pauncht his horse, and dingd him to the ground:
Then yong *Don Balthasar*, with ruthlesse rage,
Taking advantage of his foes distresse,
Did finish what his Halbardiers begun,
And left not till *Andreas* life was done.
Then (though too late) incenst vvith iust remorse,
I with my Band set foorth against the Prince,
And brought him prisoner from his Halbardiers.

Bel. Would thou hadst slaine him that slue my Loue:
But then, vvas *Don Andreas* carcasse lost?

Hor. No, that vvas it for vvhich I chiefly stroue,
Nor stept I backe till I recouered him:
I tooke him vp, and vvound him in mine armes,
And vvelding him vnto my priuate Tent,
There layd him dovvne, and deavvd him with my teares,
And sighd and sorrovved as became a Friend:
But neither friendly sorrovves, sighes nor teares,
Could vv in pale Death from his vsurped right.
Yet this I did, and lesse I could not doe,
I savv him honoured vvith due Funerall:
This scarfe pluckt off from his liuelesse arme,
And vveare it in remembrance of my Friend.

Bel. I knowv the Scarfe, vvould he had kept it still,
For had he liu'd, he vvould haue kept it still,
And vvorne it for his *Belimperias* sake;
For 't vvas my fauour at his last depart:
But nowv vveare it both for him and me;
For after him thou hast deseru'd it best,
But for thy kindnesse in his life and death,
Bee sure vvwhile *Belimperias* life endures,
Shee vvill be *Don Horatios* thankfull friend.

The Spanish Tragedie.

Hor. And (*Madame*) *Don Horatio* will not slacke,
Humbly to serue faire *Belimperia*.

But now if your good liking stand thereto,
He crane your pardon to goe seeke the Prince,
For so the Duke your Father gaue me charge.

Bel. I, goe *Horatio*, leaue me here alone,
For solitude best fits my chearelesse mood :
Yet what auayles to wayle *Andreas* death,
From whence *Horatio* proues my second Loue ?
Had he not loued *Andreas* as he did,
He could not sit in *Belimperias* thoughts.
But how can Love find harbour in my breast,
Till I revenge the death of my Beloued ?
Yes, second Love shall further my revenge ;
He love *Horatio* my *Andreas* friend,
The more to spight the Prince that wrought his end :
And where *Don Balthasar* that slew my Love,
Himselfe now pleads for fauour at my hands,
He shall in rigour of my just disdain,
Reape long repentance of his murderous deed :
For what wast else but murderous cowardise,
So many to oppresse one valiant Knight,
without respect of Honour in the fight ?
And here he comes that murdered my delight.

Enter Lorenzo and Balthasar.

Lor. Sister, what meanes this melancholy walke ?

Bel. That for a while I wish no company.

Lor. But here the Prince is come to visit you.

Bel. That argues that he liues at liberty.

Bal. No *Madame*, but in pleasing seruitude.

Bel. Your prison then (belike) is your Conceit,

Bal. I, by Conceit my freedome is inthrall'd.

Bel. Then with Conceit enlarge your selfe againe.

Bal. What if Conceit haue layd my heart to gage ?

Bel. Pay that you borrowed, and recover it.

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

Bel. A heartlesse man, and liues ! a miracle.

Bal. I Lady, Love can worke such miracles.

The Spanish Tragedie.

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

Bal. What boots complaint, when ther's no remedy.

Bal. Yes, to your gracious selfe must I complaine,
In whose faire answerelyes my remedy;
On whose perfection all my thoughts attend,
On whose aspect mine eyes find Beauties Bower:
In whose translucent Breasts, my heart is lodged.

Bal. Alasse (my Lord) these are but words of course,
And but deuise'd to driue me from this place.

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

Her. Madame, your Gloue.

Bal. Thankes good *Horatio*, take it for thy paines.

Bal. Signior *Horatio* stoop in happy time.

Hor. I reap'd more grace then I deseru'd, or hop'd.

Lor. My Lord, be not dismayd for what is past,
You know that women oft are humerous:
These Cloudes will ouer-blow with little winde;
Let me alone, Ile scatter them my selfe:
Meane while, let vs devise to spend the time,
In some delightfome sports and reuellings.

Hor. The King (my Lord) is comming hither straight,
To feast the *Portingale* Embassadour;
Things were in readinesse before I came.

Bal. Then here it fits vs to attend the King,
To welcome hither our Embassadour,
And learne my Father, and my Countries health.

Enter the Banquet, Trumpets, the King, and Embassador.

King. See Lord Embassadour, how *Spaine* intreats
Their Prisoner *Balthasar*, thy Viceroyes sonne;
Wee pleasure more in kindnesse then in warres.

Embas. Sad is our King, and *Portingale* laments,
Supposing that *Don Balthasar* is slaine.

Bal. So am I slaine by Beauties tyranny:
You see (my Lord) how *Balthasar* is slaine:
I frolike with the Duke of *Castiles* sonne Court,
Wrapt euery houre in pleasures of the

The Spanish Tragedie.

And grac'd with fauours of his Maieftie.

King. Put off your greetings till our Feast be done :
Now come and fit with vs, and taste our cheare.

Sit to the Banquet.

Sit downe young Prince, you are our second Guest :

Brother sit downe, and Nephew take your place :

Signior *Horatio*, wait thou vpon our Cup,
For well thou hast deserued to be honoured.

Now Lordings fall to, *Spaine is Portingale*,
And *Portingale is Spaine*; we both are friends,
Tribute is paid, and we enjoy our right.

But where is olde *Hieronimo*, our Marshall ?

He promised vs in honour of our Guest,

To grace our Banquet with some pompous iest.

*Enter Hieronimo with a Drumme, three Knights, each his
Scutchion: then he fetches three Kings, they take
their Crownes and them captiue.*

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

Hier. The first arm'd Knight, that hung his Scutchion vp,
He takes the Scutchion, and gives it to the King.

Was English *Robert*, Earle of *Glocester*,
Who when King *Stephen* bore sway in *Albion*,

Arriu'd with twenty thousand men
In *Portingale*, and by successe of warre,

Enforc'd the King (then but a *Sarasin*)
To beare the yoake of th' English Monarchie.

King. My Lord of *Portingale*, by this you see,
That which may comfort both your King and you,
And make your late discomfort seeme the lesse.

But say *Hieronimo*, what was the next ?

Hier. The second Knight that hung his Scutchion vp,
He doth as hee did before.

Was *Edmand* Earle of *Kent* in *Albion*,
When English *Richard* wore the Diadem :
Hee came likewise and razed *Lisbone* walles,
And tooke the King of *Portingale* in fight ;
For which, and other such like seruice done,

The Spanish Tragedie.

He after was created Duke of Yorke.

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

Hier. The third and last, not least in our account,
Doing as he did before.

VVas (as the rest) a valiant English man,
Braue *John of Gault* the Duke of *Lancaster*,
As by his Scutcheon plainely may appeare :
He with a puissant Army came to *Spaine*,
And tooke our King of *Castile* prisoner.

Embass. This is an argument for our Viceroy,
That *Spaine* may not insult for her successe,
Since English Warriours likewise conquered *Spaine*,
And made them bow their knees to *Albion*.

King. *Hieronimo*, I drinke to thee for this deuice,
Which hath pleased both the Embassadour and me :
Pledge me *Hieronimo*, if thou loue the King.

Takes the Cup of Horatio.

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

Andrea.

Come we for this from depth of vnder ground,
To see him feast that gaue me my deaths wound ?
These pleasant fights are sorrow to my soule,
Nothing but League, and Loue, and Banqueting ?

Reuenge.

Be still *Andrea*, ere we goe from hence,
He turne their Friendship into fell Despight ;
Their Loue to mortall Hate, their Day to Night :
Their Hope into Despaire, their Peace to Warre :
Their Ioyes to Paine, their Blisse to Misery.

ACTVS SECVNDVS.

Enter Lorenzo, and Balthazer.

Lorenzo.

MY Lord, though *Belimperia* seeme thus coy,
Let Reason hold you in your wonted joy :

In time the sauage Bull sustaines the Yoake : *In such a case he*

In time all haggard Hawkes will stoope to Lure :

In time small Wedges cleave the hardest Oake :

In time the hardest Flint is pierc'd with softest showre :

And shee in time, will fall from her disdain,

And rule the sufferance of your friendly paine.

Bal. No, she is wilder, and more hard withall,

Then Beast, or Bird, or Tree, or stony Wall.

But wherefore blot I *Belimperias* name ?

It is my fault, not she, that merits blame.

My feature is not to content her sight :

My words are rude, and worke her no delight :

The lines I send her, are but harsh and ill,

Such as doe drop from *Pan* and *Marses* quill :

My Presents are not of sufficient cost,

And being worthlesse, all my labour's lost.

Yet might shee loue me for my valiancie :

I, but that's flandered by Captiuitie.

Yet might shee loue me to content her Sire :

I, but her Reason masters her desire.

Yet might shee loue me, as her Brothers friend :

I, but her hopes ayme at some other end.

Yet might shee loue me, to vp-reate her state :

I, but perhaps shee loues some Nobler mate.

Yet might shee loue mee as her Beauties thrall :

I, but I feare shee cannot loue at all.

Lor. My Lord, for my sake leaue these extasies,

And doubt not but weele finde some remedy ;

Some cause there is, that lets you not beloued ;

First that must needs be knowne, and then remoued.

What if my Sister loue some other Knight ?

The Spanish Tragedie.

Balt. My Summers day will turne to Winters night;

Lor. I haue already found a stratagem,
To sound the bottome of this doubtfull theame.

My Lord, for once you shall be rul'd by me,
Hinder me not what ere you heare or see:
By force, or faire meanes, will I cast about,
To find the truth of all this question out.

Hoe, *Pedringano,*

Enter Pedringano.

Ped. Signiour?

Lor. *Vien que presto.*

Ped. Hath your Lordship any seruice to command me?

Lor. I *Pedringano*, seruice of import.

And not to spend the time in trifling words.

Thus stands the case. It is not long (thou know'st)

Since I did shield thee from my fathers wrath,

For thy conueyance in *Andreas* loue:

For which, thou wert adjudged to punishment:

I stood betwixt thee and thy punishment.

And since thou know'st how I haue fauoured thee.

Now to these fauours will I adde reward,

Not with faire words, but store of golden Coyne,

And Lands and Liuiings ioyn'd with Dignities,

If thou but satisfie my just demand:

Tell truth, and haue me for thy lasting friend.

Ped. What ere it be your Lordship shall demand,

My bounden duty bids me tell the truth,

If case in me it lies to tell the truth.

Lor. Then *Pedringano*, this is my demaunds,

Whom loues my sister *Belimperia*,

For shee reposes all her trust in thee?

Speake man, and gaine both friendship and reward:

I meane, whom loues shee in *Andreas* place?

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

I haue no credit with her as before;

And therefore know not if shee loue or no.

Lor. Nay if thou dally, then I am thy foe, *Draws his sword*

And feare shall force, what friendship cannot win:

Thy death shall bury what thy life conceales;

Thou

The Spanish Tragedie.

Thou dyest for more esteeming her, then me.

Ped. Oh, stay my Lord.

Lor. Yet speake the truth, and I will guerdon thee,
And shield thee from what euer can ensue,
And will conceale what ere procedes from thee :
But if thou dally once againe, thou dyest.

Ped. If Madame *Belimperia* be in loue.

Lor. What villaine, Its and ands ?

Ped. Oh, stay my Lord : shee loues *Horatio*.

Balthazar starts backe.

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

Ped. Euen him my Lord.

Lor. Now say, but how knowest thou that he is her Loue,
And thou shalt find me kind and liberall ?
Stand vp I say, and fearelesse tell the truth.

Ped. Shee sent him Letters, which my selfe perus'd,
Full fraught with lines, and arguments of Loue,
Preferring him before Prince *Balthazar*.

Lor. Swear on this Crosse, that what thou sayest is true ;
And that thou wilt conceale what thou hast told.

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

Lor. In hope thine Oath is true, heere's thy reward :
But if I prooue thee perjur'd and vnjust,
This very Sword vvheteon thou took'st thine Oath,
Shall be the worker of thy Tragedy.

Ped. What I haue said is true, and shall for me,
Be still conceal'd from *Belimperia* :
Besides, your Honours liberality
Deserues my dutious seruice, euen till death.

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

Ped. I will, my Lord.

Lor. Then shalt thou find that I am liberall :
Thou know'st that I can more aduance thy state,
Then shee ; be therefore wise, and faile me not :
Goe and attend her, as thy custome is,
Lest absence make her thinke thou dost amisse.

Exit Ped.

The Spanish Tragedie.

Why so: *Tam armis, quam ingenio* ;
Where Words preuaile not, Violence preuailes :
But Gold doth more then either of them both.
How likes Prince *Balthazar* of this stratagem?

Bal. Both well, and ill : it makes me glad, and sad :
Glad, that I know the hinderer of my Loue ;
Sad, that I feare shee hates me whom I loue ;
Glad, that I know on whom to be reuenged ;
Sad, that shee leaue me, if I take reuenge ;
Yet must I take reuenge, or die my selfe,
For Loue resisted, growes impatient.
I thinke *Horatio* be my destin'd plague :
First, in his hand he brandished a Sword ;
And with that Sword, he fiercely waged Warre,
And in that Warre, he gaue me dangerous wounds,
And by those wounds, he forced me to yeeld,
And by my yeelding, I became his slaue :
Now in his mouth he carries pleasing words,
Which pleasing words, doe harbour sweet conceits,
Which sweet conceits, smooth *Belimperias* Eares ;
And through her Eares, diue downe into her Heart,
And in her Heart sets him, where I should stand.
Thus hath he tane my Body by his force,
And now by sleight would captiuat my Soule :
But in his fall, Ile tempt the Destinies,
And either lose my life, or win my Loue.

Lor. Let's goe (my Lord) our staying stayes Reuenge,
Doe you but follow me, and gaine your Loue,
Her fauour must be wonne by his remoue. *Exeunt.*

Enter Horatio and Belimperias.

Hor. Now Madame, since by fauour of your loue,
Our hidden smoake is turn'd to open flame :
And that with lookes and words we feed our thoughts,
(Two chiefe contents) where more cannot be had :
Thus in the midst of Loues faire blandishments,
VVhy shew you signe of inward languishments?

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

The Spanish Tragedie.

Bel. My heart (sweet friend) is like a Ship at Sea,
Shee wisheth Port, where riding all at ease,
Shee may repaire what stormy times haue worne:
And leaning on the Shore, may sing with ioy,
That pleasure followes paine, and blisse, annoy.
Possession of thy Loue, is the onely Port,
Where in my heart with feares and hopes long tost,
Each houre doth wish and long to make resort,
Thereon repaire the joyes that it hath lost:
And sitting safe, to sing in *Cupids* Quire,
That sweetest blisse, is crowne of Loues desire.

Balthazar and Lorenzo alone.

Bal. Oh sleepe mine Eyes, see not my Loue prophan'd;
Be deafe mine Eares, heare not my discontent;
Dye Heart, another joyes what thou deseruest.

Lor. Watch still mine Eyes, to see the Loue disjoyn'd:
Heare still mine Eares, to heare them both lament:
Leaue heart to joy at fond *Horatios* fall.

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

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

Bel. But whereon chiefly dost thou meditate?

Hor. On dangers past, and pleasures to ensue.

Bal. On pleasures past, and dangers to ensue.

Bel. What dangers and what pleasures dost thou meane?

Hor. Dangers of Warre, and pleasures of our Loue.

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

Bel. Let dangers goe, thy warre shall be with me:
But such a warring, as breakes no bond of Peace.
Speake thou faire words, Ile crosse them with faire words:
Send thou sweet lookes, Ile meet them with sweet lookes:
Write louing Lines, Ile answer louing Lines:
Giue me a kisse, Ile countercheck thy kisse:
Be this our warring Peace, or peacefull warre.

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

Bal. Ambitious villaine, how his boldnesse growes.

Bel. Then by thy Fathers pleasant Bower, the Field
Where first we vowd our mutuall amity:

The Spanish Tragedie.

The Court were dangerous, that place is safe :
Our houre shall be, when *Vesper* gins to rise,
That summons home distressed traailers :
There none shall heare vs but the harmelesse Birds ;
Happily the gentle Nightingale
Shall carroll vs asleepe ere we be ware,
And singing with the prickle at her breast,
Tell our delight and sportfull dalliance,
Till then, each houre will seeme a yeare and more.

Hor. But Hony sweet, and honourable Loue,
Returne we now into your fathers sight,
Dangerous suspition waits on our delight.

Lor. I, danger mixt with ieaalous despight,
Shall send thy soule into eternall night.

Exeunt.

Enter King of Spaine, Portugale Embassador, Don Cyprian, &c.

King. Brother of *Castile*, to the Princes loue,
What sayes your daughter *Belimperia*?

Cip. Although shee coy it, as becomes her kind,
And yet dissemble that shee loues the Prince ;
I doubt not I, but shee will stoope in time :
And were shee froward, which shee will not be,
Yet herein shall shee follow my aduice ;
Which is, to loue him, or forgoe my loue.

King. Then Lord Embassadour of *Portugale*,
Aduise thy King to make this mariage vp,
For strengthening of our late confirmed league ;
I know no better meanes to make vs friends,
Her Dowry shall be large and liberall :
Besides that, shee is daughter and halfe Heire
Vnto our brother heere, *Don Cyprian*,
And shall enjoy the moitie of his Land :
He grace her Mariage with an Vnkles gift :
And this it is, (in case the match goe forward)
The Tribute which you pay, shall be releast :
And if by *Balthazer* shee haue a Sonne,
He shall enjoy the Kingdome after vs.

Embas. He make the motion to my Soueraigne Liege,
And worke it, if my counsaile may preuaile.

King.

King. Doe so (my Lord) and if he giue consent,
I hope his presence heere will honour us,
In celebration of the Nuptiall day,
And let him determine of the time.

Em. Wilt please your grace command me ought beside?

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

Emb. That is perform'd already, my good Lord.

King. Amongst the rest of what you haue in charge,
The Princes ransome must not be forgot:
That's none of mine, but his that tooke him prisoner;
And well his forwardnes deserves reward:
It was *Horatio*, our Knight-Marshals sonne.

Emb. Betweene us, there's a price already pitcht,
And shall be sent with all convenient speed.

King. Then once againe farewell, my Lord.

Emb. Farewell my Lord of *Castile*, and the rest. *Exit.*

King. Now brother, you must take some little paine,
To win faire *Belimperia* from her will:
Young Virgins must be ruled by their friends:
The Prince is amiable, and loues her well:
If she neglect him, and forgoe his loue,
She both will wrong her owne estate and ours;
Therefore while I doe entertaine the Prince,
With greatest pleasures that our Court affords,
Endeavour you to win your daughters thought:
If she giue backe, all this will come to nought. *Exeunt.*

Enter Horatio, Belimperia, and Pedringano.

Hor. Now that the night begins with sable wings,
To over-cloud the brightnesse of the Sunne,
And that in darknes pleasures may be done:
Come *Belimperia*, let us to the Bower,
And there in safety passe a pleasant houre.

Bel. I follow thee my Loue, and will not backe,
Although my fainting heart controules my soule.

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

Bel. No, he is as trusty as my second selfe.
Goe *Pedringano*, watch without the gate,

The Spanish Tragedie.

And let us know if any make approach.

Ped. In stead of watching, Ile deserue more gold,
By fetching *Don Lorenzo* to this match. *Exit Ped.*

Hor. What meanes my Leue?

Bel. I know not what my selfe :
And yet my heart foretels me some mischance.

Hor. Sweet, say not so : faire Fortune is our friend,
And Heaven hath shut up day, to pleasure us.
The Stars (thou seest) hold backe their twinkling shine,
And *Luna* hides her selfe, to pleasure us.

Bel. Thou hast prevaild, Ile conquer my misdoubt,
And in thy loue and councell, drowne my feare :
I feare no more, loue now is all my thoughts.
Why sit we not ? for pleasure askech ease.

Hor. The more thou sitst within these leavy Bowers,
The more will *Flora* decke it with her Flowers.

Bel. I but if *Flora* spie *Horatio* heere,
Her jealous eye will thinke I sit too neere.

Hor. Harke Madam, how the Birds record by night,
For joy that *Belimperia* sits in sight.

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

Hor. If *Cupid* sing, then *Venus* is not farre :
I, thou art *Venus*, or some fairer star.

Bel. If I be *Venus*, thou must needs be *Mars*;
And where *Mars* reigneth, there must needs be Warre.

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

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

Hor. But first my lookes shall combate against thine.

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

Hor. Thus I returne the dart thou threwst at me.

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

Hor. Nay, then mine armes are large and strong withall :
Thus Elmes by Vines are compast, till they fall.

Bel. O let me goe, for in my troubled eyes,
Now mayst thou read, that life in passion dyes.

Hor.

The Spanish Tragedie.

Hor. O stay a while, and I will dye with thee,
So shalt thou yeeld, and yet haue conquered me.

Bel. Who's there, *Pedringano*? We are betraid.

Enter Lore. Baltha. Cerber. & Pedrin. disguised.

Lor. My Lord, away with her. *Take her aside.*

O fir, forbear; your valour is already tride.

Quickly dispatch my Masters. *They hang him in the Arbour.*

Hor. What, will ye murder me?

Lor. I thus & thus; these are the fruits of loue. *They stab him.*

Bel. O saue his life, and let me die for him:

O saue him Brother, saue him *Balthazar*:

I loved *Horatio*, but he loved not me.

Bal. But *Balthazar* loues *Belimperia*.

Lor. Although his life were ambitious proud,
Yet is he at the highest now he is dead.

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

Lor. Come, stop her mouth: away with her. *Exeunt.*

Enter Hieronimo in his Shirt.

Hier. What out-cry cals me from my naked bed,
And chills my throbbing heart with trembling feare,
Which never danger yet could daunt before?

Who cals *Hieronimo*? speake, here I am.

I did not slumber, therefore 'twas no dreame.

No, no, it was some woman cri'd for helpe,

And here within the Garden did she cry,

And in this Garden must I rescue her.

But stay, what murderous spectacle is this?

A man hang'd 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 weares, I oft haue seene:

Alas, it is *Horatio* my sweet sonne:

Oh no, but he that whilome was my sonne:

Oh was it thou that call'dst me from my bed;

Oh speake, if any sparke of life remaine:

I am thy father: who hath slaine my sonne?

What savage Monster, not of humane kind,

The Spanish Tragedie.

Here hath bin glutted with thy harmelesse blood,
And left thy bloody Corps dishonoured here,
For me amidst these darke and deathfull shades,
To drowne thee with an Ocean of my teares?
Oh Heavens, why made you night to cover sinne?
By day, this deed of darkenesse had not bin;
Oh Earth, why didst thou not in time devoure
The vile prophaner of this sacred bower?
O poore *Horatio*, what hadst thou misdome,
To lose thy life, ere life was new begun?
Oh wicked Butcher, what so ere thou wert,
How couldst thou strangle Vertue and Desert?
Aye me most wretched, that haue lost my joy,
In leeing my *Horatio* my sweet boy.

Enter Isabella.

Isa. My Husbands absence makes my heart to throb,
Hieronimo.

Hier. Heere *Isabella*, helpe me to lament,
For sighs are stopt, and all my teares are spent.

Isa. What world of griefe? my sonne *Horatio*,
Oh where's the authour of this endlesse woe?

Hier. To know the authour were some ease of griefe,
For in revenge, my heart would finde reliefe.

Isa. Then is he gone? and is my sonne gone too?
Oh gush out teares, fountaines and floods of teares:
Blow sighes, and raise an everlasting storme,
For outrage fits our cursed wretchednesse.
Aye me *Hieronimo*, sweet Husband speake.

Hier. He sup't with us to night frolicke and merry,
And said, he would goe visit *Balthazar*,
At the Duke's Pallace: there the Prince doth lodge.
He had no custome to stay out so late,
He may be in his Chamber; some goe see, *Roderigo*, *Ho.*

Enter Pedro, and Iaques.

Isa. Aye me, he raues: sweet *Hieronimo.*

Hier. True, all *Spaine* takes nore of it.
Besides, he is so generally beloved,
His Majesty the other day did grace him,

With

With waiting on his cup : these be favours,
Which doe assure me that he cannot be short lived.

Isa. Sweet *Hieronimo*.

Hier. I wonder how this fellow got his Clothes :
Sirha, sirha, Ile know the truth of all :

Iaques, run to the Duke of *Castiles* presently,
And bid my sonne *Horatio* to come home,
I, and his mother haue had strange dreames to night :
Doe you heare sir ? *Iaques.* I sir.

Hier. Well sir, begon : *Pedro*, come hither ;
Knowest thou who this is ?

Ped. Too well sir.

Hier. Too well, who ? who is it ? peace *Isabella*.
Nay blush not man.

Ped. It is my Lord *Horatio*.

Hier. Ha, ha, *Saint Iames* ; but this doth make me laugh,
That there are more deluded then my selfe.

Ped. Deluded ?

Hier. I, I would haue sworne my selfe within this houre,
That this had bin my sonne *Horatio*,
His garments are so like : ha, are they not great perswasions ?

Isa. O would to God it were not so.

Hier. Were not *Isabella* ? Dost thou dreame it is ?
Can thy soft bosome entertaine a thought,
That such a blacke deed of mischief should be done,
On one so pure and spotlesse as our sonne ?
Away, I am ashamed. (griefe,

Isa. Deare *Hieronimo*, cast a more serious eye upon thy
Weake apprehension giues but weake beliefe.

Hier. It was a man sure that was hang'd up here,
A youth, as I remember : I cut him downe.
If it should prooue my sonne now after all,
Say you, say you : light, lend me a Taper ;
Let me looke againe.

O God ; confusion, mischief, torment, death and Hell,
Drop all your stings at once in my cold bosome,
That now is stiffe with horrour ; kill me quickly :
Be gracious to me, thou infectiue night.

And drop this deed of Murder downe on me,
Gird in my wast of griefe, with thy large darknes,
And let me not suruiue, to see the light,
May put me in the mind I had a sonne.

Isa. O sweet *Horatio*, O my dearest sonne.

Hier. How strangely had I lost my way to griefe!
Sweet louely Rose, ill pluckt before thy time.

Faire worthy Sonne, not conquered, but betrayd:
He kisse thee now, for words with teares are staid.

Isa. And He close up the glasses of his sight,
For once these Eyes were chiefly my delight.

Hier. Seest thou this hand-kercher besmeard with blood?
It shall not from me, till I take revenge.

Seest thou these wounds, that yet are bleeding fresh?
He not intombe them till I haue revenge:

Then will I joy amidst my discontent;
Till then, my sorrowes never shall be spent.

Isa. The Heavens are just, Murder cannot be hid:
Time is the authour both of truth and right,
And time will bring this treachery to light.

Hier. Meane while, good *Isabella*, cease thy plaints,
Or at the least, dissemble them awhile:
So shall we sooner finde the practise out,
And learne by whom all this was brought about.

Come *Isabella*, now let's take him up, *They take him up.*

And beare him in, from out this cursed place:

He say his Dirge, singing fits on this case.

O aliquis mihi quas pulchrum ver educat herbas,

Hieronimo sets his brest vnto his sword.

Misceat & nostro detur medicina dolori:

Aut si qui faciunt annum oblimia succos,

Prebeat, ipse metum magnam quicunque per orbem,

Gramina Sol pulchras effecit in luminis oras,

Ipse bibam quicquid mediatum saga veneni,

Quicquid & iravi euecaca menia nescit.

Omnia perpetiar, letum quoque dum semel omnis,

Noster in extincto moriatur pectere sensus:

Ergo tuos oculos nunquam (mea vita) videbo,

*Et tua perpetuus sepelivit lumina somnus.
Emor ira tecum sic, Sic iura ire sub umbras,
At tamen absistam properato cedere letho,
Ne mortem vidicta tuam tam nulla sequatur.*

Here he throwes it from him, and beares the body away.

Andrea.

Broughtest thou me hither, to increase my paine ?
I lookt that *Balthazar* should haue bin slaine :
But tis my friend *Horatio* that is slaine :
And they abuse faire *Belimperia*,
On whom I doted more then all the world,
Because she loved me more then all the world.

Revenge.

Thou talkest of the harvest, when the Corne is greene ;
The end is growne of every worke well done.
The Sickle comes not till the Corne be ripe.
Be still, and ere I lead thee from this place,
Ile shew thee *Balthazar* in heavy case.

ACTUS Tertius.

*Enter Viceroy of Portugall, Nobles,
Alexandro, Villippo.*

Vice. I Nfortunate condition of Kings,
I Seated among so many he plesse doubts :
First, we are plac'd upon extreamest height,
And oft supplanted with exceeding hate :
But ever subject to the wheele of Chance ;
And at our highest, never joy we so,
As we both doubt and dread our overthrow.
So striveth not the waues with sundry winds,
As Fortune toyleth in th'affaires of Kings,
That would be fear'd, yet feare to be beloved,
Sith feare, or loue, to Kings is flattery :
For instance (Lordings) looke upon your King,
By hate deprived of his dearest sonne ;
The onely hope of our successiue liues.

Nob. I had not thought that *Alexandro's* heart,
Had bin inuenom'd with such extreame hate :

But now I see, that words haue severall works,
And there's no credit in the countenance.

Vil. No, for (my Lord) had you beheld the traine,
That fained loue had coloured in his lookes,
When he in Campe, comforted *Beltaxar*,
Far more inconstant had you thought the Sunne,
That houely coasts the Center of the earth,
Then *Alexandros* purpose to the Prince.

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

Enter Alexandro, with a Noble-man, and Halberts.

Nobl. In such extremes, will nought but patience serue?

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

Nobl. Yet hope the best.

Alex. 'Tis heaven is my hope,
As for the Earth, it is too much infected,
To yeeld me hope of any of her mould.

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

Alex. Not that I feare the extremity of death,
(For Nobles cannot stoope to servile feare)
Doe I (O King) thus discontented liue.
But this, O this torments my labouring soule,
That thus I dye suspected of a sinne,
Whereof, as Heavens haue knowne my secret thoughts,
So am I free from this suggestion.

Vice. No more I say; to the tortures, when?
Binde him, and burne his body in those flames,

They binde him to the stake.

That shall prefigure those unquenched fires
Of *Phlegeton*, prepared for his soule.

Alex. My guiltlesse death will be aveng'd on thee,

The Spanish Tragedie.

On thee *Villippo*, that hath malic'd thus ;
Or of thy meed, hast falsely me accus'd.

Vil. Nay *Alexandro*, if thou menace me,
Ile lend a hand to send thee to the Lake,
Where those thy words shall perish with thy works :
Injurious Traytour, monstrous homicide.

Enter Embassadour.

Emb. Stay, hold a while; and here (with pardon of his
Majesty) lay hands upon *Villippo*. (entrance?)

Vice. Embassadour, what newes hath urg'd this sudden

Emb. Know my Sovereigne, that *Balthazar* doth live.

Vice. What sayest thou; liveth *Balthazar* our sonne?

Emb. Your Highnesse sonne *L. Balthazar* doth live,
And well intreated in the Court of *Spaine* :
Humbly commends him to your Majesty :
These eyes beheld, and these my followers,
With these the Letters of the Kings commend.

Gives him Letters.

Are happy witnessse of his Highnesse health.

The King looks on the Letters, and proceeds.

Vice. Thy Sonne doth live, your Tribute is receiv'd :

Thy peace is made, and we are satisfied :

The rest resotue upon, as things propos'd.

For both our honours, and thy benefite.

Emb. These are his Highnesse further Articles.

Gives him more Letters.

Vice. Accursed wretch, to intimate these illes.
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 unbinde him.

Alex. Dread Lord, in kindnesse you could doe no lesse,
Vpon report of such a damned fact :
But, thus we see our innocency hath saved
The hopelesse life which thou *Villippo* sought
By thy suggestions to haue massacred.

Vice. Say false *Villippo*, wherefore didst thou thus?

The Spanish Tragedie.

Falsely betray Lord *Alexandros* life?
Him whom thou knowest, that no unkindnesse else,
But even the slaughter of our dearest sonne,
Could never once moved us, to haue misconceiued.

Alex. Say (treacherous *Villippo*) tell the King:
Or wherein hath *Alexandro* us'd thee ill?

Vil. Rent with remembrance of so foule a deed,
My guiltfull soule submits me to thy doome:
For, not for *Alexandros* injuries,
But for reward, and hope to be prefer'd:
Thus haue I shamelesly hazarded his life.

Vice. Which villaine, shall be ransom'd with thy death.
And not so meane a torment as we here
Devis'd for him, who thou saidst slew our sonne:
But with the bitterst torments and extreames, *(treat.*
That may be yet invented for thine end. *Alex. seems to in-*
Intreat me not, goe take the Traytor hence: *Exit Vil.*

And *Alexandro*, let us honour thee,
With publike notice of thy loyalty.
To end those things articulated here,
By our great Lord, the mighty King of *Spaine*,
We with our Counsell will deliberate:
Come *Alexandro*, keepe us company. *Exeunt.*

Enter Hieronimo.

Hie. Oh eyes! no eies, but fountains fraught with teares.
Oh life! no life, but liuely forme of death:
Oh world! no world, but masse of publike wrongs,
Confusde and filld with murder and misdeeds:
Oh sacred Heaven! if this unhallowed deed,
If this unhumane and barbarous attempt:
If this incomparable Murder thus,
Of mine, but now no more my sonne,
Shall unrevealed, and unrevenged passe,
How should we tearme your dealings to be just,
If you unjustly deale with those that in your Iustice trust?
The night, sad Secretary to my moanes,
With direfull Visions, wake my vexed soule,
And with the wounds of my distressefull sonne,

Solicite

Solicite me, for notice of his death.

The ougly Fiends doe fally foorth of Hell,
And frame my steps to unfrequented paths,
And feare my heart with fierce inflamed thoughts;

The cloudy Day, my Discontent records,

Early begins to register my Dreames,

And driue me foorth to seeke the Murderer.

Eyes, Life, World, Heavens, Hell, Night, and Day,

See, search, shew, send some man,

Some meane that may.

A letter falleth.

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

A Letter written to *Hieronimo*.

Red Inke.

For want of Inke, receiue this bloody Writ ;

Me hath my haplesse Brother hid from thee :

Revenge thy selfe on Balthazar and him :

For those were they that murdered thy sonne.

Hieronimo, revenge Horatios death,

And better far then Belimperia doth.

What meanes this unexpected Miracle?

My sonne slaine by *Lorenzo*, and the Prince :

What cause had they *Horatio* to maligne?

Or what might moouie thee *Belimperia*,

To accuse thy Brother? Had he bin the meane?

Hieronimo beware, thou art betrayd,

And to intrap thy life, this traine 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 dishonour done, should draw

Thy life in question, and thy name in hate.

Deare was the life of my beloved sonne,

And of his death behooves me be reveng'd :

Then hazard not thine owne *Hieronimo*,

But live to effect thy resolution :

I therefore will by circumstances try,

What I can gather to confirme this Writ,

And hearken neere the Duke of *Castiles* house,

Close if I can, with *Belimperia*.

The Spanish Tragedie.

To listen more; but nothing to bewray.

Enter Pedringano.

Hier. Now *Pedringano*.

Ped. Now *Hieronimo*.

Hier. Where's thy Lady?

Ped. I know not: here's my Lord.

Enter Lorenzo.

Lor. How now, who's this, *Hieronimo*?

Hier. My Lord.

Ped. He asketh for my Lady *Belimperia*.

Lor. What to doe, *Hieronimo*? The Duke my father hath
Vpon some disgrace, awhile remooved her hence:
But if it be ought I may informe her of,
Tell me *Hieronimo*, and Ile let her know it.

Hier. Nay, nay (my Lord) I thanke you, it shall not need,
I had a Suit unto her, but too late,
And her disgrace makes me unfortunate.

Lor. Why so *Hieronimo*? use me.

Hier. Who you, my Lord?

I referue your favour for a greater honour.
This is a very toy, my Lord, a toy.

Lor. All's one *Hieronimo*, acquaint me with it.

Hier. Y faith my Lord, tis an idle thing I must confesse,
I ha bin too slacke, too tardy, too remisse unto your Honor.

Lor. How now *Hieronimo*?

Hier. In troth my Lord, it is a thing of nothing;
The murder of a sonne, or so:
A thing of nothing, my Lord.

Lor. Why then farewell.

Hier. My grieffe no heart, my thought no tongue can tell.

Lor. Come hither *Pedringano*; seest thou this? *Exit.*

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

Lor. This is that damned villaine *Serberine*,
That hath (I feare) reveal'd *Horatios* death.

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

Lor. Admit he haue not, his condition's such,
As feare or flattering words may make him false.

I know

The Spanish Tragedie.

I know his humour, and therewith repent
That ere I us'd him in this enterprife.
But *Pedringano*, to prevent the worst,
And cause I know thee secret as my soule,
Here, for thy further satisfaction, take thee this,

Gives him more Gold.

And hearken to me ; Thus it is : disguis'd,
This night thou must, (and prethee so resolute)
Meet *Serberine* at *S. Luges Parke* :
Thou knowst tis here hard by behind the house,
There take thy stand, and see thou strike him sure ;
For dye he must, if we doe meane to liue.

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

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

Ped. It shall be done, my Lord, it shall be done,
And Ile goe arme my selfe to meete him there.

Lor. When things shall alter (as I hope they will)
Then shalt thou mount for this : thou knowest my mind.

Che le leron.

Exit Pedringano.

Enter Page.

Page. My Lord ?

Lor. Goe sirha, to *Serberine*, and bid him forthwith
Meet the Prince and me at *S. Luges Parke*,
Behind the house, this evening, Boy.

Page I goe my Lord.

Lor. But sirha, let the houre be eight a clocke :
Bid him not faile.

Page I flie, my Lord.

Exit.

Lor. Now to confirme the complot thou hast cast,
Of all these practises, Ile spread the Watch,
Vpon precise commandement from the King,
Strongly to guard the place where *Pedringano*
This night shall murder haplesse *Serberine*.
Thus must we worke, that will avoyd distrust,
Thus must we practise to prevent mishap :
And thus one ill an other must excuse.

This flie inquiry of *Hieronimo* for *Belimperia*, breeds suspi-

(tion

And

And this suspicion boades a further ill.
As for my selfe, I know my secret fault,
And so doe they; but I haue dealt for them:
They that for Coyne their soules endangered,
To saue my life; for Coyne shall venture theirs:
And better tis that base companions die,
Then by their life, to hazard our good haps;
Nor shall they liue, for me to feare their faith:
Ile trust my selfe, my selfe shall be my friend:
For die they shall; slaues are ordaind for no other end. *Exit.*

Enter Pedringano with a Pistoll.

Ped. Now *Pedringano*, bid thy Pistoll hold,
And hold on Fortune, once more fauour me
Giue but successe to mine attempting spirit,
And let me shift for taking of mine ayme:
Here is the Gold, this is the Gold propos'd,
It is no Dreame that I adventure for,
But *Pedringano* is possesst thereof;
And he that would not straine his Conscience
For him, that thus his liberall purse hath stretcht,
Vnworthy such a fauour may he faile;
And wishing, want, when such as I preuaile:
As for the feare of apprehension,
I know (if need should be) my noble Lord
Will stand betweene me and ensuing harmes:
Besides, this place is free from all suspect.
Here therefore will I stay, and take my stand.

Enter the Watch.

1. I wonder much to what intent it is,
That we are thus expressly charg'd to watch.
2. 'Tis by commandement in the Kings owne name.
3. But we were never wont to watch nor ward
So neere the Duke his house before.
2. Content your selfe, stand close, there's somewhat in't.

Enter Serberine.

Ser. Heere *Serberine*, attend and stay thy pace,
For here did *Don Lorenzo* Page appoynt,
That thou by his commaund shouldst meet with him:

How

The Spanish Tragedie.

How fit a place, if one were so dispos'd,
Me thinks this corner is to close with one.

Ped. Here comes the Bird that I must ceaze upon :
Now *Pedringano*, or never, play the man.

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

Ped. For this *Serberin*, and thou shalt ha't. *Shoots the dag.*
So, there he lies; my promise is perform'd.

The Watch.

1. Harke Gentlemen, this is a Pistoll shot.

2. And here's one slaine; stay the Murderer.

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

He strines with the Watch.

Who first layes hold on me, Ile be his Priest.

3. Sirra confesse (and therein play the Priest)

Why hast thou thus unkindly kild the man ?

Ped. Why ? because he walkt abroad so late.

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

2. Come, to the Marshall with the Murderer.

1. On to *Hieronimo*: helpe me here
To bring the murdered body with us too.

Ped. *Hieronimo*? Carry me before whom you will,
What ere he be, Ile answer him and you,
And doe your worst, for I desie you all.

Exeunt.

Enter Lorenzo, and Balthazar.

Bal. How now my Lord, what makes you rise so soone ?

Lor. Feare of preventing our mishaps too late.

Bal. What mischief is it that we not mistrust ?

Lor. Our greatest illes we least mistrust (my Lord)
And unexpected harmes doe hurt us most.

Bal. Why, tell me *Don Lorenzo*, tell me man,
If ought concernes our Honour, and your owne ?

Lor. Not 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 betrayd to old *Hieronimo*.

Bal.

The Spanish Tragedie.

Bal. Betrayd, *Lorenzo*? tush it cannot be.

Lor. A guilty Conscience, urged with the thought
Of former evils, easily cannot erre:

I am perswaded, and dissuade me not,

That all's revealed to *Hieronimo*,

And therefore know, that I haue cast it thus. *Enter Page.*

But here's the *Page*, How now, what newes with thee?

Page My Lord; *Serberin* is flaine.

Bal. Who, *Serberin* my man?

Page Your Highnesse man, my Lord.

Lor. Speake *Page*, who murdered him?

Page He that is apprehended for the fact.

Lor. Who?

Page *Pedringano*.

Bal. I, *Serberin* flaine, that loved his Lord so wel,
Injurious Villaine, murderer of his Friend.

Lor. Hath *Pedringano* murdered *Serberin*?
My Lord, let me intreat you to take the paines
To exasperate and hasten his revenge,
With your complaints unto my Lord the King,
This their dissention breeds a greater doubt.

Bal. Affire thee *Don Lorenzo*, he shall die,
Or else his Highnesse hardly shall deny.

Meane while, Ile haste the Marshall Sessions:
For die he shall for this his damned deed. *Exit Bal.*

Lor. Why so, this fits our former policy,
And thus experience bids the wise to deale:
I lay the plot, he prosecutes the poynt:
I set the trap, he breakes the worthlesse twigs,
And sees not that wherewith the Bird was lim'd,
Thus hopefull men that meane to hold their owne,
Must looke like Fowlers, to their dearest friends;
He runnes to kill, whom I haue hope to catch,
And no man knowes it was my reaching fetch.
Tis hard to trust unto a multitude,
Or any one (in mine opinion)
When men themselues their secrets will reveale. *Enter*

The Spanish Tragedie.

Enter a Messenger with a Letter.

Lor. Boy.

Page My Lord.

Lor. What's he ?

Mes. I haue a Letter to your Lordship.

Lor. From whence ?

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

Lor. So, he is imprisoned then ?

Mes. I, my good Lord.

Lor. What would he with us ?

He writes us here, *To stand good L. & helpe him in distros, &c*

Tell him, I haue his Letters, know his minde ;

And what we may, let him assure him of.

Fellow be gone, my boy shall follow thee. *Exit Mes.*

This workes like waxe ; yet once more try thy wits.

Boy, goe, convey this purse to *Pedringano*,

Thou knowest the Prison, closely giue it him,

And be advis'd that none be there about :

Bid him be merry still, but secret ;

And though the Marshals Sessions be to day,

Bid him not doubt of his delivery ;

Tell him, his Pardon is already sign'd :

And thereon bid him boldly be resolv'd :

For were he ready to be turned off,

(As tis my will the uttermost be tride)

Thou with his Pardon shalt attend him still :

Shew him this Box, tell him his Pardons in't :

But open't not, and if thou lovest thy life :

But let him wisely keepe his hopes unknowne,

He shall not want while *Don Lorenzo* liues : away.

Page I goe (my Lord) I runne. *Exit Page.*

Lor. But sirha, see that this be cleanly done.

Now stands our Fortune on a tickle poynt,

And now or never, ends *Lorenzos* doubts :

One onely thing is unaffected yet,

And that's to see the Executioner,

But to what end ? list not to trust the Ayre

With utterance of our pretence therein,

The Spanish Tragedie.

For feare the privy whispering of the winde,
Convey our words amongst unfriendly eares,
That lie too open to advantages.

*Et quel que voglio, il n'essum le sa,
Intendo io quel mi bassara.*

Exit.

Enter Boy with the Box.

Boy. My Master hath forbidden me to looke in this Box; & by my honesty tis likely, if he had not warned me, I should not haue had so much idle time: for we Men-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 credit, here's nothing but the bare empty boxe: were it not sin against Secrecy; I would say it were a piece of Gentleman-like knavery: I must go to *Pedringano*, & tell him his Pardon is in this box; nay, I would haue sworne it, had I not seene the contrary. I cannot chuse but smile, to thinke how the villaine will flout the Gallows, scorne the Audience, and descant on the Hang-man; and all presuming of his Pardon from hence. Wilt not be an odde jest, for me to stand and grace every jest he makes, pointing my finger at this Box, as who should say, mock on, here's thy warrant? Ist not a scurvy jest, that a man should jest himselfe to death? Alas poore *Pedringano*, am in a fort sorry for thee; but if I should be hang'd with thee, I could not weepe.

Exit.

Enter Hieronimo and the Deputy.

Hier. Thus must we toyle in other mens extreames,
That know not how to remedy our owne;
And doe them Iustice, when unjustly we,
For all our wrongs, can compasse no redresse.
But shall I never live to see the day,
That I may come by Iustice (of the Heavens)
To know the cause, that may my cares allay?
This toyles my body, this consumeth age,
That onely I, to all men just must be,
And neither Gods nor Men be just to me:

Deput. Worthy *Hieronimo*, your Office askes
A care to punish such as doe transgresse.

Hier. So ist my duty to regard his death,

Who

Who when he lived,deserv'd my dearest blood.

But come,for that we came for : let's begin,
For here lies that,which bids me to be gone.

*Enter Officers,Boy & Pedringano with a Letter
in his hand, bound.*

Depu. Bring foorth the Prisoner,for the Court is set.

Ped. Gramercie Boy : but it was time to come,
For I had written to my Lord anew,
A nearer matter that concerneth him,
For feare his Lordship had forgotten me :
But sith he hath remembered me so well :
Come,come,come on,when shall we to this geare ?

Hier. Stand foorth thou Monster,Murderer of men,
And here for satisfaction of the world,
Confesse thy folly,and repent thy fault ;
For there's the place of execution.

Ped. This is short worke : well,to your Marshallship.
First,I confesse,(nor feare I death therefore)
I am the man,'twas I slew *Serberine*.
But sir,then you thinke this shall be the place,
Where we shall satisfie you for this geare ?

Depu. I, *Pedringano*.

Ped. No, I thinke not so.

Hier. Peace impudent,for thou shalt find it so,
For blood with blood,shall (while I sit as judge)
Be satisfied,and the Law discharg'd.

And though my selfe cannot receive the like,
Yet will I see that others have their right.

Dispatch,the fault approoved,and confest ;

And by our Law,he is condemn'd to die. *Enter Hangman.*

Hang. Come on sir, are you ready ?

Ped. To doe what ? my fine officious knave.

Hang. To goe to this geare.

Ped. O sir,you are too forward ; thou wouldst faine furnish me with a halter,to disfurnish me of my Habite :

So I should goe out of this geare my Raiment , into that geare the Rope :

But Hang-man,now I spie you knavery ; Ile not change

without boote, that's flat.

Hang. Come fir.

Ped. So then, I must up?

Hang. No remedy.

Ped. Yes, but there shall be for comming downe:

Hang. Indeed here's a remedy for that.

Ped. How, to be turned off?

Hang. I truly. Come, are you ready?

I pray you fir dispatch, the day goes away.

Ped. What, doe you hang by the houre? if you do, I may chance to breake your old custome.

Hang. Faith you haue no reason, for I am like to breake your young necke.

Ped. Doeft thou mocke me, Hang-man? Pray God I be not preserued to breake your knaves pate for this.

Han. Alas fir, you are a foot too low to reach it: & I hope you will never grow so high, whiles I am in the Office.

Ped. Sirra, dost see yonder Boy with the Box in his hand?

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

Ped. I, that companion.

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

Ped. Doeft thou thinke to live till his old Doublet will make thee a new Trusse?

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

Ped. What hath he in his Box, as thou thinkest?

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

Ped. Why sirra Hang-man, I take it, that that is good for the body, is likewise good for the Soule: and it may be, in that Boxe is Balme for both.

Hang. Well, thou art even the merriest piece of Mans-flesh, that ever groan'd at my Office doore.

Ped. Is your rogery become an office with a knaves name

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

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

Hang. I marry fir, this is a good motion: My Masters, you see

see heere's a good fellow.

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

Hier. I haue not seene a wretch so impudent.
O monstrous times, where Murder's set so light;
And where the Soule, that should be shrin'd in heaven,
Solely delights in interdicted things,
Still wandering in the thorny passages,
That intercepts it selfe of happinesse.
Murder, O bloody Monster; God forbid,
A fault so foule, should scape unpunished.
Dispatch and see the Execution done,
This makes me to remember thee, my sonne. *Exit Hier.*

Ped. Nay soft, no haste.

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

Ped. Why I.

Hang. As how?

Ped. Why Rascall, by my pardon from the King.

Hang. Stand you on that? then you shall off with this.

He turnes him off.

Depu. So Executioner, convey him hence;
But let his body be unburied:
Let not the Earth be choaked, or infect
With that, which Heaven contemnes, and men neglect.

Exeunt.

Enter Hieronimo.

Hier. Where shall I runne to breath abroad my woes,
My woes, whose weight hath wearied the earth?
Or mine Exclaimes, that haue surcharg'd the Ayre;
With ceaselesse Plaints, for my deceased Sonne:
The blustering Winds, conspiring with my words,
At my lament, haue moov'd the leafelesse trees;
Disroab'd the Meadows of their flowred greene,
Made Mountaines Marsh, with Spring-tide of my teares:
And broken through the Brazen gates of Hell.
Yet still tormented is my tortured Soule,
With broken sighes, and restlesse passions,
That winged mount, and hovering in the ayre:

The Spanish Tragedie.

But at the windowes of the brightest Heavens,
Soliciting for justice and revenge:
But they are plac'd in those Imperiall heights,
Where, countermur'd with walles of Diamond,
I find the place impregnable: and they
Resist my woes, and giue my words no way.

Enter Hangman with a Letter.

Han. O Lord sir, God bleſſe you sir; the man sir, *Petergad*,
Sir, he that was so full of merry conceits.

Hier. Well, what of him?

Han. O Lord sir, he went the wrong way; the fellow had
a faire Commission to the contrary. Sir, here is his Pasport;
I pray you sir, we haue done him wrong.

Hier. I warrant thee, give it me.

Han. You will stand betweene the Gallowes and me?

Hier. I, I.

Hang. I thanke your L. Worship.

Exit Hang.

Hier. And yet, though somewhat neerer me concernes,
I will to ease the grieſe that I sustaine,
Take truce with sorrow, while I read on this.

My Lord, I write, as my extreames require,

That you would labour my delivery:

If you neglect, my life is desperate,

And in my death, I shall reveale the truth:

You know (my Lord) I slew him for your sake;

And was confederate with the Prince and you,

Wonne by rewards, and hopesfull promises,

I holpe to murder Don Horatio too.

Holpe he to murder mine *Horatio*,

And actors in th'accursed Tragedy?

Wast thou *Lorenzo*, *Balthazar*, and thou,

Of whom my sonne, my sonne deserv'd so well?

What haue I heard? what haue mine eyes beheld?

O sacred Heavens, may it come to passe,

That such a monstrous and detested deed,

So closely smotherd, and so long conceald,

Shall thus be thus revenged, or reveald:

Now see I what, I durst not then suspect,

That

The Spanish Tragedie.

That *Belimperias* Letter was not fain'd :
Nor fained she, though falsely they haue wrong'd
Both her, my selfe, *Horatio*, and themselues :
Now may I make compare twixt hers and this,
Of every accident, I nere could find,
Till now, and now I feelingly perceive
They did, what heaven unpunisht should not leave.
O false *Lorenzo*, are these thy flattering lookes?
Is this the honour that thou didst my sonne?
And *Balthazar*, bane to thy soule and me?
Was this the ranfome he reserv'd for thee?
Woe to the cause of these constrained Warres;
Woe to thy basenefse, and captivity.
Woe to thy birth, thy body, and thy soule,
Thy cursed father, and thy conquered selfe,
And band with bitter execrations be,
The day and place where he did pitie thee.
But wherefore waste I mine unfruitfull words,
When nought but blood will satisfie my woes?
I will goe plaine 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 Iustice by intreats,
Or tyre them all with my revenging threats.

Exit.

Enter Isabella, and her Maid.

Isa. So that you say this hearbe will purge the eyes,
And this the head: ah, but none of them wil purge the heart:
No there's no Medicine left for my Disease,
Nor any Phisicke to recure the Dead. *She runs Lunaticke.*
Horatio, O where's *Horatio*?

Maid. Good Madame, affright not thus your selfe,
With outrage for your sonne *Horatio*;
He sleepes in quiet in the Elizian fields.

Isa. Why, did I not give you gownes, and goodly things?
Bought you a Whistle, and Whipstake too,
To be revenged on their villanies?

Maid. Madam, these humours doe torment my soule.

Isa. My soule, poore soule; thou talkst of things

Thou

The Spanish Tragedie.

Thou knowest not what, my soule hath silver wings,
That mounts me up unto the highest heavens :
To Heaven, I there sits my *Horatio*,
Back'd with a troupe of fiery Cherubins,
Dauncing about his newly healed wounds,
Singing sweet Hymnes, and chaunting heavenly notes;
Rare Harmony to greete his innocency,
That liv'd ; I, died a Mirror in our dayes.
But say, where shall I finde the Man, the Murderers,
That slew *Horatio* ? Whither shall I runne
To find them out, that murdered my Sonne ?

Exeunt.

Belimperia at a window.

Bel. What meanes this outrage that is offered me ?
Why am I thus sequestred from the Court ?
No notice ; shall I not know the cause,
Of these my secret and suspitious illes ?
Accursed Brother, unkind Murderer,
Why bendst thou thus thy mind to Martyr me ?
Hieronimo, why write I of thy wrongs ?
Or why art thou so slacke in thy revenge ?
Andrea, O *Andrea* ! that thou sawest
Mee, for thy friend *Horatio* handled thus ;
And him for me, thus causelesse murdered.
Well, force perforce, I must constraime my selfe
To patience, and apply me to the time,
Till Heaven (as I haue hoped) shall set me free.

Enter Christophel.

Chris. Come Madame *Belimperia*, this must not be.

Enter Lorenzo, Balthazar, and the Page.

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

Pag. Or else (my Lord) I liue not.

Lor. That's enough.

As for his resolution in his end,
Leaue that to him with whom he sojournes now :
Heere take my Ring, and giue it *Christophel*,
And bid him let my sifter be enlarg'd,
And bring her hither straight.

This

The Spanish Tragedie.

This that I did, was for a policie,
To smoothe and keepe the murder secret,
Which as a nine daies wonder, being ore-blowne,
My gentle sister will I now inlarge.

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

Lor. Why? and my Lord (I hope) you heard me say,
Sufficient reason, why she kept away :
But that's all one; (My Lord) you love her?

Bal. I.

Lor. Then in your love beware, deale cunningly,
Salue all suspitions, onely sooth me up :
And if she hap to stand on tearmes with us,
As for her Sweet-heart, and concealement so ;
Iest with her gently : under fained jest,
Are things conceald, that else would breed unrest ;
But here she comes.

Enter Belimperia.

Lor. Now Sister?

Bel. Sister : No, thou art no brother, but an enemy :
Else wouldst thou not have us'd thy sister so :
First, to affright me with thy weapons drawne;
And with extreames abuse my company ;
And then to hurry me like whirle-winds rage,
Amidst a crew of thy confederates,
And clapt me up where none might come at me,
Nor I at any, to reveale my wrongs.
What madding fury did possesse thy wit?
Or wherein ist that I offended thee?

Lor. Advise you better *Belimperia.*
For I have done you no disparagement :
Vnlesse by more discretion then deserved;
I fought to save your honour, and mine owne.

Bel. Mine honour? Why *Lorenzo*, wherein ist,
That I neglect my reputation so,
As you, or any need to rescue it?

Lor. His Highnesse, and my Father were resolv'd,
To come conferre with old *Hieronimo*,

The Spanish Tragedie.

Concerning certaine matters of Estate,
That by the Viceroy was determined.

Bel. And wherein was mine honour touch'd in that?

Bal. Have patience *Belimperia*, heare the rest.

Lor. Me (next in sight) as messenger they sent,
To give him notice that they were sonigh.
Now when I came consoorted with the Prince,
And (unexpected) in an Arbour there,
Found *Belimperia* with *Horatio*.

Bel. How then?

Lor. Why then, remembring that old disgrace,
Which you for *Don Andrea* had endur'd,
And now were likely longer to sustaine,
By being found so meanelly accompanied:
Thought rather, (for I know no readier meane)
To thrust *Horatio* foorth my fathers way.

Bal. And carry you obscurely somewhere else,
Lest that his Highnes should have found you there.

Bel. Even so (my Lord) and you are witnesse,
That this is true which he entreateth off.
You (gentle Brother) forged this for my sake;
And you (my Lord) were made his instrument:
A worke of worth, worthy the noting too.
But what's the cause that you conceald me since?

Lor. Your melancholy (Sister) since the newes
Of your first favourite *Don Andreas* death,
My Fathers old wrath hath exasperate.

Bal. And better wait for you (being in disgrace)
To absent your selfe, and give his fury place.

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

Lor. That were to adde more fuell to the fire,
Who burnt like *Aetna*, for *Andreas* losse.

Bel. Hath not my father then enquir'd for me?

Lor. Sister, he hath, and thus excus'd I thee.

He whispereth in her eare.

But *Belimperia*, see the gentle Prince,
Looke on thy Love, behold young *Balthazar*;
Whose passions by thy presence, are increast;

And

The Spanish Tragedie.

And in whose melancholy, thou mayst see
Thy hate, his love; thy flight, his following thee?

Bel. Brother, you are become an Oratour,
I know not I, by what experience;
Too politique for me, past all compare,
Since last I saw you; but content your selfe,
The Prince is meditating higher things.

Bal. Tis of thy beautie then, that conquers Kings:
Of those thy Tresses, *Ariadnes* twinnes,
Wherewith my Libertie thou hast surpriz'd:
Of that thine Ivorie front, my sorrowes Map,
Wherein I see no haven to rest my hope.

Bel. To love, and feare; and both at once my Lord,
In my conceit, are things of more import,
Then Womens wits are to be busied with.

Bal. Tis I that loue.

Bel. Whom?

Bal. *Belimperia.*

Bel. But I, that feare.

Bal. Whom?

Bel. *Belimperia.*

Lor. Feare your selfe?

Bel. I Brother.

Lor. How?

Bel. As those that when they love, are loath, and feare to

Bal. Then faire, let *Balthazar* your keeper be. (lose.)

Bel. *Balthazar* doth feare as well as we:

Est tremulo me tui pavidem junxere timorem,

Et vanum stolidæ proditiõnis opus.

Exit.

Lor. Nay, and you argue things so cunningly,
Wee'l goe continue this Discourse at Court.

Bal. Led by the Load-star of her heavenly lookes,
Wendes poore oppressed *Balthazar*,
As ore the Mountaines walkes the wanderer,
Uncertaine to effect his Pilgrimage.

Exeunt.

Enter two Portugales, and Hieronimo meets them

I By your leave sir.

Hier. Tis neither as you thinke, nor as you thinke,

Nor as you thinke : you'r wide all :
These Slippers are not mine, they were my sonne *Horatio's*.
My sonne, and what's a sonne ?
A thing begot within a paire of Minutes, there about :
A lump bred up in darkenesse, and doth ferue
To ballance those light creatures we call Women,
And at the nine moneths end, creepes forth to light.
What is there yet in a Sonne,
To make a Father dote, rave, or runne mad ?
Being borne, it pouts, cries and breeds teeth.
What is there yet in a Sonne :
He must be fed, be taught to goe, and speake :
I, or yet ; why might not a man love a Calfe as well ?
Or melt in passion over a frisking Kid, as for a Sonne
Me thinkes a young Bacon,
Or a fine little smooth Horse-colt,
Should moove a man, as much as doth a Son,
For one of these in very little time,
Will grow to some good use ; whereas a Sonne,
The more he growes in stature and in yeares,
The more unquar'd, unleavelled he appeares ;
Reckons his Parents among the ranke of Fooles,
Strikes cares upon their heads with his mad Ryots,
Makes them looke old, before they meet with age :
This is a Son : and what a losse were this considered truely ?
Oh but my *Horatio* grew out of reach of those
Insatiate humours : he loved his loving Parents ;
He was my comfort, and his Mothers joy,
The very arme that did hold up our House :
Our hopes were stored up in him.
None but a damned Murderer could hate him :
He had not seenie the backe of nineteene yeere,
When his strong arme unhorst the proud Prince *Balthazar* :
And his great minde too full of Honour,
Tooke him us to mercy, that valiant, but ignoble *Portingale*.
Well, Heaven is Heaven still,
And there is *Nemesis*, and Furies,
And things called whippes,

And they sometimes doe meet with Murderers,
They doe not alwayes scape, that's some comfort.
I, I, I, and then time steales on, and steales, and steales,
Till violence leapes foorth like thunder
Wrapt in a Ball of fire,
And so doth bring confusion to them all.
Good leaue haue you: I pray you goe,
For Ile leave, if you can leaue me, so.

2 Pray you, which is the way to my Lord the Dukes?

Hier. The next way from me.

2 To his house, we meane.

Hier. O hard by, tis yon house that you see.

2 You could not tell us if his sonne were there.

Hier. Who, my Lord *Lorenzo*?

1 I, sir.

He goes in at one doore, and comes out at another.

Hier. Oh, forbear, for other talke for us far fitter were,
Bat if you be importunate to know
The way to him, and where to finde him out,
Then list to me, and Ile resolute your doubt:
There is a path upon your left hand side,
That leadeth from a guilty Conscience,
Vnto a Forrest of distrust and feare,
A darke some place, and dangerous to passe;
There shall you meet with melancholy thoughts,
Whose palefull humours if you but behold,
It will conduct you to dispaire and death:
Whose rockie cliffes, when you have once beheld,
Within a hugie dale of lasting night,
That's kindled with the worlds iniquities,
Doth cast up filthy and detested fumes.
Not far from thence, where murderers have built,
An habitation for their cursed soules:
There in a brazen Caldron fixt by *Ioue*
In his fell wrath, upon a sulphire flame,
Your selues shall find *Lorenzo* bathing him,
In boyling Lead, and blood of Innocents.

1 Ha, ha, ha.

The Spanish Tragedie.

Hier. Ha, ha, ha : why ha, ha, ha? farewell good ha, ha, ha.

2 Doubtlesse this man is passing lunatike,
Or, imperfection of his age doth make him dote : *Exit.*
Come, let's away, to seeke my Lord the Duke. *Exeunt.*

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

Hier. Now sir, perhaps I c. me and see the King ;
The King sees me, and faine would heare my Suite.
Why is not this a strange and seeld seene thing,
That standers by, with toyes should strike me mute ?
Goe to, I see their shifts, and say no more.

Hieronimo, tis time for thee to trudge,
Downe by the Dale that flowes with purple gore,
Standeth a fiery Tower ; there sits a judge
Vpon a Seat of Steele, and molten Brasse :
And twixt his teeth he holds a fire-brand,
That leades unto the Lake where Hell doth stand.

Away *Hieronimo*, to him begone :
Heele doe thee justice for *Horatios* death.
Turne downe this path, thou shalt be with him streight :
Or this, and then thou needst not take thy breath,
This way, or that way : soft and faire, not so ;
For if I hang, or kill my selfe, let's know,
Who will revenge *Horatios* murder then ?
No, no, fie no : pardon me, Ile none of that.

He flings away the Dagger and Halter.
This way Ile take, and this way comes the King.
He takes them up againe.

And here Ile have a fling at him, that's flat ;
And *Balthazar*, Ile be with thee to bring ;
And thee *Lorenzo* ; here's the King, nay stay :
And here, l here : there goes the haire away.

Enter King, Embassadour, Castile, and Lorenzo.

King. Now shew Embassadour, what our Viceroy saith :
Hath he received the Articles we sent ?

Hier. Iustice, O justice to *Hieronimo*.

Lor. Backe, see'st thou not the King is busie ?

Hier. O is he so ?

King.

The Spanish Tragedie.

King. Who is he that interrupts our businesse?

Hier. Not I: *Hieronimo* beware, goe by, goe by.

Embas. Renowned King, he hath receiv'd, and read
Thy Kingly proffers, and thy promis'd League:
And as a man extreameley overjoy'd,
To heare his Sonne so princely entertain'd
Whose death he had so solemnly bewail'd.
This for thy further satisfaction,
And Kingly love, he kindly lets thee know:
First for the Mariage of his Princely Sonne
With *Belimperia*, thy beloved Neece,
The newes are more delightfull to his soule,
Then Myrrh or Incense to the offended Heavens:
In person therefore will he come himselve,
To see the Mariage Rites solemnized;
And in the presence of the Court of *Spayne*,
To knit a sure inexplicable band
Of Kingly love, and everlasting league,
Betwixt the Crownes of *Spayne* and *Portingale*;
There will he give his Crowne to *Balthazar*,
And make a Queene of *Belimperia*.

King. Brother, how like you this our Viceroyes loue?

Cast. No doubt (my Lord) it is an argument
Of honourable care to keepe his Friend,
And wondrous zeale to *Balthazar* his sonne:
Nor am I least indebted to his Grace,
That bends his liking to my daughter thus.

Emb. Now last (dread Lord) here hath his Highnes sent,
(Although he send not that his Sonne returne)
His Ransome due to *Don Horatio*.

Hier. *Horatio*, who calles *Horatio*?

King. And well remembred, thanke his Majestie:
Here, see it given to *Horatio*.

Hier. Iustice, O justice, justice, gentle King.

King. Who is that, *Hieronimo*?

Hier. Iustice, O justice: O my Sonne, my Sonne,
My Sonne, who nought can ransome or redeeme.

Lor. *Hieronimo*, you are not well advise.

The Spanish Tragedie.

Hier. Away *Lorenzo*, hinder me no more,
For thou hast made me bankrupt of my blisse;
Give me my sonne, you shall not ransom him.
Away, Ile rip the bowels of the earth.

He diggeth with his Dagger.

And ferry over to the *Elizian* plaines,
And bring my Sonne to shew his deadly wounds.
Stand from about me, Ile make a Pick-axe of my Poniard,
And heere surrender up my Marshallship:
For Ile goe Marshall up my fiends in Hell,
To be avenged on you all for this.

King. What meanes this outrage;
Will none of you restraine his fury?

Hier. Nay soft and faire, you shall not need to strive,
Needs must he goe that the Devils drive. *Exit.*

King. What accident hath hap't to *Hieronimo*?
I have not seene him to demeane him so.

Lor. My gracious Lord, he is with extreame pride,
Conceiv'd of young *Horatio* his Sonne:
And covetous of having to him selfe
The Ransome of the young Prince *Balthazar*,
Distract and in a manner lunatike.

King. Beleeve me Nephew, we are sorry for't,
This is the loue that Fathers beare their Sonnes:
But gentle Brother, goe give to him this Gold,
The Princes Ransome; let him haue his due,
For what he hath, *Horatio* shall not want,
Happily *Hieronimo* hath need thereof.

Lor. But if he be thus haplesly distract,
Tis requisite his Office be resign'd,
And giuen to one of more discretion.

King. We shall increase his melancholy so,
Tis best we see further in it first:
Till when, our selfe will exempt the place.
And Brother, now bring in the Embassadour,
That he may be a witnesse of the Match,
Twixt *Balthazar* and *Belimperia*,
And that we may prefixe a certaine time,

Where

The Spanish Tragedie.

Wherein the Mariage shall be solemnized,
That we may have thy Lord the Viceroy here.

Emb. Therein your highnesse highly shall content
His Majestie, that longs to heare from hence.

Kin. On then, and heare your Lord Embassador. *Exeunt.*

Enter Iaques, and Pedro.

Iaq. I wonder *Pedro*, why our Master thus,
At mid-night sends us with our Torches light,
When Man, and Bird, and Beast are all at rest,
Save those that watch for Rape and bloody murther.

Ped. O *Iaques*, know thou that our Masters mind
Is much distraught since his *Horatio* died :
And now his aged yeares should sleepe in rest,
His heart in quiet, like a desperate man,
Growes lunatike and childish, for his Sonne :
Sometimes as he doth at his Table sit,
He speakes as if *Horatio* stood by him.
Then starting in a rage, falles on the earth,
Cries out *Horatio*, where is my *Horatio* ?
So that with extreame grieffe, and cutting sorrow,
There is not left in him one inch of Man :
See, heere he comes.

Enter Hieronimo.

Hier. I pry through every crevise of each wall,
Looke at each Tree, and searck through every Brake,
Beat on the Bushes, stampe our Grandame Earth,
Dive in the Water, and stare up to Heaven :
Yet cannot I behold my sonne *Horatio*.
How now, who's there, Sprights, Sprights ?

Ped. We are your servants that attend you sir.

Hier. What make you with your Torches in the darke ?

Ped. You bid us light them, and attend you here.

Hier. No, no, you are deceiv'd, not I, you are deceiv'd :
Was I so mad to bid you light your Torches now ?
Light me your Torches at the mid of Noone,
When as the Sun-god rides in all his glory ;
Light me your Torches then.

Ped. Then we burne day-light.

Hier. Let it be burnt, Night is a murderous slut,
That would not have her treasons to be seene :
And yonder pale-fac'd *Heccat* there the Moone,
Doth give consent to that is done in darkenesse :
And all those Starres that gaze upon her face,
Are Aglots on her sleeve, pianes on her traine :
And those that should be powerful and divine,
Doe sleepe in darkenesse when they most should shine.

Ped. Provoke them not (faire fir) with tempting words,
The Heavens are gracious, and your miseries and sorrow,
Makes you speake you know not what.

Hier. Villaine thou lyeest, and thou doest nought
But tell me, *I am mad* : thou lyeest, *I am not mad* :
I know thee to be Pedro, and hee *Iaques*,
He prove it to thee, and were I mad, how could I ?
Where was she the same night, when my *Horat* was murdered ?
She should have shone : search thou the Booke : (grace,
Had the Moone shone in my Boyes face (there was a kind of
(That *I know*) nay I do know had the murderers scene him,
His weapon would have faine and cut the earth,
Had he bin fram'd of nought but blood and death :
Alacke, vvhhen mischiefe doth it knowes not what,
What shall we say to mischiefe ?

Enter Isabella.

Isab. Deare *Hieronimo*, come in a doores,
O secke not meanes so to increase thy sorrow.

Hier. Indeed *Isabella*, wee doe nothing here ;
I doe not crie, aske *Pedro* and *Iaques* :
Not *I* indeed, wee are very merry, very merry.

Isa. How ? be merry here, be merry here.
Is not this the place, and this the very tree,
Where my *Horatio* died, where hee was murdered ?

Hie. Was, do not say vvhhat : let her weep it out,
This was the tree, I set it of a Kirnell ;
And when our hote *Spaine* could not let it grow,
But that the infant and the humane sappe
Began to wither, duely twice a morning,
Would I be sprinkling it with fountaine water :

At last it grew, and grew, and bore, and bore !
Till at the length it grew a gallowes, and did beare our son:
It bore thy fruit and mine : O wicked wicked plant.

One knocks within at the doore.

See who knocks there ?

Pedro. It is a Painter fir.

Hier. Bid him come in, and paint some comfort,
For surely ther's none lives but painted comfort :
Let him come in, one knowes not what may chance :
Gods will, that I should set this tree,
But even so Masters, ungrateful servants, reard from nought,
And then they hate them that did bring them up.

Enter the Painter.

Paint. God bleffe you fir.

Hier. Wherefore ? why thou scornefull Villaine ?
How, where, or by what meanes should I be blest ?

Isa. What wouldst thou have good fellow ?

Paint. Iustice Madame.

Hier. O ambitious Beggar, wouldst thou haue that,
That lives not in the vworld ?

Why, all the undelved Mines cannot buy
An ounce of justice, 'tis a jewell so inestimable,
Iteli thee, God hath ingrossed all justice in his hands,
And there is none, but what comes from him. (sonne.

Pa. O then I see, that God must right me for my murdered

Hier. How, was thy sonne murdered ?

Pain. I fir : no man did hold a sonne so deare.

Hier. What, not as thine ? that's a lye :

As masie as the Earth, I had a sonne,
Whose least unvalued haire did weigh
A thousand of thy sonnes, and he was murdered.

Pain. Alas fir, I had no more but hee.

Hier. Nor I, nor I : But this same one of mine,
Was worth a Legion : but all is one,
Pedro, Inaques ; goe in a doores *Isabella* goe,
And this good fellow here, and I,
Will range this hideous Orchard up and downe,
Like to two Lyons reaved of their young.

The Spanish Tragedie.

Goe in a doores, I say.

Exeunt.

The Painter and he sits downe.

Come, let's talke wisely now.

Was thy sonne murdered?

Pain. I fir.

Hier. So was mine.

How dost thou take it? art thou not sometime mad?

I there no trickes that come before thine eyes?

Pain. O Lord, yes fir.

Hier. Art a Painter? Canst paint me a Teare, or a wound?
A Groane, or a Sigh? Canst paint me such a Tree as this?

Pain. Sir, I am sure you have heard of my painting:
My name's *Bazardo*.

(fir,

Hier. *Bazardo*? afore God an excellent fellow, looke you
Doe you see? Ide haue you paint me my Gallery

In your oyle-colours matted: and draw me five

Yeares younger then I am: Doe you see fir? let five

Yeares goe: let them goe like the Marshall of *Spaine*,

My wife *Issabella* standing by me,

With a speaking looke to my sonne *Horatio*:

Which should intend to this, or some such like purpose:

God blesse thee my sweet sonne; and my hand leaning upon
his head thus fir: doe you see? may it be done?

Pain. Very well fir.

Hier. Nay, I pray marke me fir:

Then fir, would I haue you paint me this tree, this very tree:

Canst paint a dolefull cry?

Pain. Seemingly fir.

Hier. Nay, it should cry: but all is one.

Well fir, paint me a youth run thorow and thorow with vil-
laines swords, hanging upon this tree.

Canst thou draw a Murderer?

Pain. Ile warrant you fir;

I haue the patterne of the most notorious Villaines,

That ever lived in all *Spaine*.

Hier. O, let them be worse, worse: stretch thine Art;
And let their Beards be of *Indas* his owne colour,
And let their eye-brows juty over: in any case obserue that;

Then

The Spanish Tragedie.

Then fir, after some violent noise,
Bring me forth in my shirt, and my gown under mine arme,
With my torch in my hand, and my sword reared up thus :
And with these words :

What noyse is this, who calls Hieronimo ?

May it be done ?

Pain. Yea fir.

Hier. Well fir, then bring me foorth, bring me through
ally, and ally, still with a distracted countenance going along,
and let my haire heave up my Night-cap.

Let the Cloudes scowle, make the Moone darke, the stars
extinct, the Windes blowing, the Belles tolling, the Owles
shrieking, the Toads crooking, the Minutes jerring, and the
Clocke striking twelue.

And then at last fir, starting, behold a man hanging, and
tottring, and tottring, as you know the winde will weave a
man, and I with a trice to cut him downe.

And looking upon him by the advantage of my torch,
find it to be my sonne *Horatio*.

There you may a passion, there you may shew a passion.

Draw me like old *Priam* of *Troy*,

Crying the house is a fire, the house is a fire,

As the Torch over thy head : make me curse,

Make me rave, make me crie, make me mad,

Make me well againe, make me curse Hell,

Invoke, and in the end leave me

In a trance, and so foorth.

Paint. And is this the end ?

Hier. O no, there is no end: the end is death and madnes ;

As I am never better then when I am mad,

Then me thinkes I am a brave fellow,

Then I doe wonders, but reason abuseth me,

And there's the torment, there's the Hell :

At the last, fir, bring me to one of the murderers;

Were he as strong as *Hector*, thus would I

Teare and dragge him up and downe.

*He beats the Painter in, then comes out againe,
with a Booke in his hand.*

The Spanish Tragedie.

Vindicti mihi.

I, heaven will be reveng'd of every ill,
Nor will they suffer Murder unrepaid:
Then stay *Hieronimo*, attend their will,
For mortall men may not appoint a 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 thinkes with patience to contend,
to quiet life, his life shall easily end.

Fata si miseros juvant habes salutem,

Futasi vitam negant, habes sepulchrum.

If Destiny thy miseries doe ease,
Then hast thou heath, and happy shalt thou be.

If Destiny deny thee life *Hieronimo*,

Yet thou shalt be assured of a Tombe:

If neither, yet let this thy comfort be,

Heaven covereth him that hath no buriall.

And to conclude, I will revenge his death:

But how? not as the vulgar witts of men,

With open, but inevitable ills,

As by a secret, yet a certaine meane,

Which under kindshipp will be cloaked best:

Wise men will take their opportunity,

Closely, and safely, fitting things to time.

But in extreames, vantage, hath no time:

And therefore all times fit not for revenge.

Thus therefore will I rest me in unrest,

Dissembling quiet in unquietnesse:

Not seeming that I know their villanies,

That my simplicity may make them thinke,

That ignorantly I will let it slip:

For Ignorance I wot, and well they know,

Remedium malorum Mors est.

Nor ought avails it me to menace them.

Who, as a Wintry storme upon a Plaine,

Will beare me downe with their Nobility.

The Spanish Tragedie.

No, no, *Hieronimo*, thou must enioyne
Thine eyes to observation, and thy tongue,
To milder speeches, then thy spirits accord,
Thy heart to patience, and thy hands to rest :
Thy cap to curtesie, and thy knee to bow,
Till to revenge thou know, when, where, and how.

Anoyse Within

How now, what noise ? what coyle is that you keepe ?

Enter a Servant.

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

Hier. That I should plead their severall Actions ?
Why let them enter, and let me see them.

Enter three Citizens and an old man.

1. So, I tell you this, for Learning, and for Law,
There's not any Advocate in *Spain*,
That can prevaile, or will take halfe the paine,
That he will, in pursuit of Equitie.

Hier. Come neere, you men that thus importune me ;
(Now must I beare a face of gravitic,)
For this I vs'd before my Marshalship,
To plead in causes as *Corrigidor*,
Come on sirs, what's the matter ?

2. Sir, an Action.

Hier. Of Battery ?

1. Mine of Debt.

Hier. Give place.

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

2. Mine an *Electione Firma* by Lease.

Hier. Content you sirs, are you determined
That I should plead your severall Actions ?

1. I sir, and here's my declaration.

2. And here is my Band.

3. And here is my Lease.

They give him papers.

Hier. But wherefore stand you filly man so mute ?
With mournfull eyes, and hands to heaven upreard ?
Come hither Father, let me know thy cause,

Senex.

The Spanish Tragedie.

Senex. O worthy fir, my cause but slightly knowne,
May moove the hearts of warlike Myrmedons,
And melt the corricke Rockes with ruefull teares.

Hier. Say father, tell me, what's thy suite?

Senex. No fir, could my woes,
Give way unto my most distressefull words,
Then should I not in Paper (as you see)
With Inke bewray, what blood began in me.

Hier. What's here? *The humble Supplication
of Don Bazulto, for his murdered Sonne.*

Senex. I fir.

Hier. No fir, it was my murdered sonne, O my sonne,
Oh my sonne, oh my sonne *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 pourtrait of my dying selfe.

He drawes out a bloody Napkin.

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

I Oh, see the kindnesse of *Hieronimo* ;
This gentlenesse shewes him a Gentleman.

Hier. See, see, Oh see thy shame *Hieronimo* ;
See here a loving Father to his Sonne ;
Behold the sorrowes and the sad laments,
That he delivered for his sonnes decease.
If Loves effects so strives in lesser things,
If Love enforce such moods in meaner wits,
If Love enforce such power in poore estates :
Hieronimo, when as a raging Sea,
Toft with the winde and tyde, or returned then
The upper billowes, course of waves to keepe,
Whilst lesser waters labour in the deepe :

Then

The Spanish Tragedie.

Then shamest thou not *Hieronimo*, to neglect
The swift revenge of thy *Horatio*?
Though on this Earth Justice will not be found,
Ile downe to Hell, and in this passion,
Knocke at the dismall gates of *Plutoes* Court,
Getting by force (as once *Alcides* did)
A troupe of Furies, and tormenting Haggēs,
To torture *Don Lorenzo* and the rest.
Yet least the triple-headed Porter should
Deny my passage to the slimy Strond,
The *Thracian* Poet thou shalt counterfeit:
Come old Father, be my *Orpheus*;
And if thou canst no notes upon the Harpe,
Then sound the burden of thy sore hearts grieffe
Till vve doe gaine, that *Proserpine* may grant
Revenge on them that murdered my sonne.
Then wil I rent and teare them thus, and thus,
Shivering their limbs in pieces with my teeth.

Teares the Papers.

1. O sir, my Declaration.

Exit Hieronimo, and they after.

2. Save my Bond.

Enter Hieronimo

2. Save my Bond.

3. Alas, my Lease, it cost me ten pound,
And you (my Lord) have torne the same.

Hier. That cannot be, I gave thē neuer a wound,
Shevv me one drop of blood fall from the same,
How is it possible I should slay it then?

Tush no, run after, catch me if you can.

Excunt, all but the old man.

*Bazalto remains till Hieronimo enters againe, who
staring him in the face speaketh.*

Hier. And art thou come *Horatio* from the depth,
To aske for justice in this upper Earth,
To tell thy Father thou art unreveng'd,
To wring more teares from *Isabella's* eyes:
Whose lights are dim'd vvith over-long laments?

The Spanish Tragedie.

Goe backe my sonne, complaine to *Aacus*,
For here's no justice; gentle Boy be gone:
For Justice is exiled from the Earth,
Hieronimo will beare thee company.

Thy Mother cries on righteous *Radamant*,
For iust revenge against the Murderers. (speech)

Senex. Alas (my Lord) whence springs this troubled

Hier. But let me looke on my *Horatio*.

Sweet Boy how thou art chang'd in Deaths blacke shade;
Had *Proserpine* no pittie on thy youth,
But suffered thy faire crimson coloured spring,
With withered Winter to be blasted thus?

Horatio, thou art elder then thy Father:
Ah ruthlesse Father, that favour thus transformes.

Baz. Ah my good Lord, I am not your yeang sonne.

Hier. What, not my sonne, then thou a Fury art,
Sent from the emptie Kingdome of blacke Night,
To summon me to make appearance
Before grim *Minos* and iust *Radamant*,
To plague *Hieronimo* that is remisse,
And seekes not vengeance for *Horatio*s death.

Baz. I am a grieved man and not a Ghost,
That came for Justice for my murdered Sonne.

Hier. I, now I know thee, now thou namest thy sonne:
Thou art the lively image of my griefe,
Within thy face, my sorrowes I may see:
Thy eyes are dim'd with teares, thy cheekes are wan,
Thy forehead troubled, and thy muttering Lips
Murmure sad words abruptly broken off,
By force of windie sighes thy spirit breathes,
And all this sorrow riseth for thy sonne:
And selfe-same sorrow feele I for my sonne.

Come in old man, thou shalt to *Iabell*:
Leane on my arme: I thee, thou me shalt stay,
And thou and I, and she will sing a song:
Three parts in one: but all of discords fram'd,
Talke not of Cords, but let vs. now be gone,
For with a Cord *Horatio* was flaine.

Exeunt.

Enter

The Spanish Tragedie.

*Enter King of Spaine, the Duke, Viceroy, and Lorenzo,
Balthazar, Don Pedro, and Belimperia.*

King. Goe Brother, tis the Duke of Castiles cause,
Salute the *Viceroy* in our name.

Cast. I got.

Vice. Goe forth *Don Pedro* for thy Nephewes sake,
And greete the Duke of *Castile*.

Pedro. It shall be done sir.

King. And now to mee the *Portingales*,
For as we now are, so sometimes were these,
Kings and commanders of the *Westerne Indies*,
Welcome (brave *Viceroy*) to the Court of *Spaine*,
And welcome all his honourable traine.

Tis not unknowne to us, for why you come,

Or have so Kingly crost the raging Seas:

Sufficed it in this, we note the troth,

And more then common love you lend to us.

So is it that mine honorable Neece;

For it befeemes us now that it bee knowne,

Already is betroth'd to *Balthazar*:

And by appointment and our condiscant,

To morrow they are to be married.

To this intent we entertaine thy selfe,

Thy followers, their pleasures, and our peace.

Speake men of *Portingale*, shall it be so?

If I, say so: if not, say flatly no. (thinkst)

Vice. Renowned King, I come not as thou

With doubtfull followers, unresolv'd men,

But such as have upon thine Articles,

Confirm'd thy motion, and contented me.

Know Sovereigne, I come to solemnize

The Marriage of thy welbelov'd Neece,

Faire *Belimperia*, with my *Balthazar*,

With thee my sonne, whom I live to see:

Here take my Crowne, I give it her and thee:

And let me live a solitarie life,

In ceaselesse Prayers,

To thinke how strangely heaven hath thee prefer'd.

The Spanish Tragedie.

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.

Vice. Or here, or where your Highnesse thinke it good.
Exeunt all but Cast. and Lor.

Cast. Nay stay *Lorenzo*, let me talke with you:
Seest thou this entertainement of these Kings?

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

Cast. And knowest thou why this meeting is?

Lor. For her (my Lord) whom *Balthazar* doth loue,
And to confirme the promised Marriage.

Cast. She is thy Sister.

Lor. Who *Betsimperia*? I my gracious Lord:
And this is the day that I have long'd so happily to see.

Cast. Thou wouldst be loth that any fault of thine,
Should intercept her in her happinesse.

Lor. Heavens will not let *Lorenzo* erre so much.

Cast. Why then *Lorenzo* listen to my vvords:
It is suspected, and reported too,
That thou *Lorenzo* wrongst *Hieronimo*.
And in his suits towards his Maiestie,
Still keepst him backe, and seekes to crosse his suit.

Lor. That I, my Lord?

Cast. I tell thee sonne, my selfe have heard it said,
When (to my sorrow) I have beene ashamed
To answer for thee, though thou wert my sonne,
Lorenzo, know'st thou not the common love,
And kindnesse that *Hieronimo* hath wonne
By his deserts, within the Court of *Spaine*?
Or seest thou not the King my Brothers care,
In his behalfe, and to procure his health?
Lorenzo, shouldst thou thwart his passions,
And he exclaime against thee to the King,
What honour vvert in this assembly,
Or what a scandall vvert among the Kings,
To heare *Hieronimo* exclaime on thee?
Teli me, and looke thou tell me truly,

Whence

Whence grooves the ground of this report in Court?

Lor. My Lord, it lyes not in *Lorenzos* power
To stop the vulgar liberrall of their tongues:
A small advantage makes a water-breach,
And no man lives, that long contenteth all.

Cast. My selfe have scene thee basie to keepe backe.
Him and his supplications from the King.

Lor. Your selfe, my Lord, have scene his passions,
That ill besem'd the presence of a King;
And for I pittied him in his distresse,
I held him thence with kind and curteous words,
As free from malice to *Hieronimo*,
As to my soule, my Lord.

Cast. *Hieronimo* (my sonne) mistakes thee then?

Lor. (My gracious Father, beleeve me) so he doth,
But what's a silly man distract in mind,
To thinke upon the murder of his sonne?
Alas, how easie is it for him to erre?
But for his satisfaction, and the Worlds,
Twere good (my Lord) *Hieronimo* and I,
Were reconcil'd, if he misconster me.

Cast. *Lorenzo*, thou hast said, it shall be so,
Goe one of you, and call *Hieronimo*.

Enter Balibazar and Belimperia.

Bal. Come *Belimperia*, *Balibazar's* content,
My sorrowes ease, and soveraigne of my blisse,
Sith Heaven hath thee ordained to be mine,
Disperse those clouds, and melancholy lookes,
And cheere them up with those thy sun-bright eyes,
Wherein my hope and heavens faire beautie lyes.

Bel. My lookes (my Lord) are fitting for my loue;
Which new begun, can shew no brighter yet.

Bal. New kindled flames should burne as morning Sun.

Bel. But not too fast, lest heat and all be done.

I see my Lord my Father.

Bal. Truce my Love, I will go salute him.

Cast. Welcome *Balibazar*, welcome brave Prince,
The pledge of *Castiles* peace.

The Spanish Tragedie.

And welcome *Belimperia*: How now girls?
VVhy comest thou sadly to salute us thus?
Content thy selfe, for I am satisfied,
It is not now as when *Andrea* liu'd,
VVe haue forgotten, and forgiven that,
And thou art graced with a happier Love,
But *Balthazar*, here comes *Hieronimo*.
Ile have a word vvith him.

Enter Hieronimo and a Seruant.

Hier. And where's the Duke?

Ser. Yonder.

Hier. Even so: what new device have they devised tro?
Pocas Palabras, milde as the Lambe:

H ft, I will be revenged. No, I am not the man.

Cast. VVelcome *Hieronimo*.

Lor. VVelcome *Hieronimo*.

Bal. VVelcome *Hieronimo*.

Hier. My Lords I thanke you for *Horatio*.

Cast. *Hieronimo*, the reason that I sent
To speake with you, is this.

Hier. VVhat, so short?

Then Ile be gone, I thanke you for't.

Cast. Nay, stay *Hieronimo*: goe call him sonne.

Lor. *Hieronimo*, my Father craves a word with you!

Hier. VVith me sir? why my L. I thought you had done.

Lor. No, would he had. (Sonne,

Cast. *Hieronimo*, I heare you find your selfe agriued at my
Because you have not accesse unto the King;
And say tis hee that intercepts your suits.

Hier. VVhy, is not this a miserable thing my Lord?

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

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

Drawes out his Sword.

The Spanish Tragedie.

He meete 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 crosse my suite, that lov'd my sonne so well?
My Lord, I am asham'd it should be sayd.

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

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

Cast. There pause, and for the satisfaction of the world,
Hieronimo, frequent my homely house,
The Duke of *Castile*; *Cyprians* ancient Seate;
And when thou wilt, use me, my sonne, and it:
But here before Prince *Balthazar* and me,
Embrace each other, and be perfect friends.

Hier. I marry my Lord, and shall.

Friends (quoth he) see, I be friends with you all;
Specially with you my lovely Lord;
For divers causes it is fit for us,
That we bee friends, the world is suspitious,
And men may thinke what wee imagine not.

Bal. Why this is friendly done *Hieronimo*.

Lor. And that I hope old grudges are forgot?

Hier. What else? it were a shame it should not be so.

Cast. Come on *Hieronimo*, at my request,
Let us intreat your companie to day.

Exeunt.

Hier. Your Lordships to command.
Keepe your way.

*Mi, chi misa? Pui Correza Chenon sulc
Tradito niba otrade vel.*

Exit.

Enter Ghost, and Revengo.

Ghost. Awake *Erietho* *Cerberus* awake,
Solicite *Pluto*, gentle *Proserpine*,
To combat *Achmon*, and *Erichus* in Hell,
For neere by *Stix*, and *Phlegeton*,
Nor ferricd *Charon* to the fiery Lakes,
Such fearefull sights, as poore *Andron* sees.
Revenge awake.

Ghost.

The Spanish Tragedie.

Ghost. Awake *Revenge*, for thou art ill advis'd
To sleepe, awake : What, art warn'd to watch?

Reven. Content thy selfe, and do not trouble me.

Gho: Awake *Revenge*; If Love, as Love hath had
Have yet the power or prevailance in Hell :

Hieronimo with *Lorenzo* is ioyn'd in League.

And intercepts our passage to revenge :

Awake *Revenge*, or we are vvoe be-gone.

(upon,

Re. Thus vvorlclings ground vwhat they have dreamd

Content thy selfe *Andrea*, though I sleepe,

Yet in my mood solliciting their foules :

Sufficeth thee that poore *Hieronimo*

Cannot forget his sonne *Horatio*.

Nor dyes *Revenge*, though hee sleepe a while :

For in unquiet, quietnesse is found,

And slumbring is a common worldly wile.

Behold *Andrea* for an instance, how

Revenge hath slept, and then imagine thou,

What 'tis to be subiect to Destinie.

Enter a Dumbc Show.

Ghost. Awake *Revenge*, reveale this mystery.

Reu. The two first, the nuptiall torches bore

As bright burning as the mid-dayes Sunne :

But after them doth *Hymen* hyc as fast,

Clothed in Sable, and a Saffron Robe,

And blowes them out, and quenbeth them vwith blood,

As discontent that things continue so.

Ghost. Sufficeth me thy meaning's vnderstood,

And thanks unto thee, and those infernall povvers,

That wil not tollerate a Lovers woe :

Rest thee, for I vwill sit and see the rest.

Reu. Then argue not, for thou hast thy request. *Exeunt.*

ACTVS QVARTVS.

Enter Belimperia and Hieronimo.

Bel. **I**S this the loue thou bear'st *Horatio*?

IS this the kindnesse that thou counterfeits?

Are

The Spanish Tragedie.

Are these the fruits of thy incessant teares ?

Hieronimo, are these thy pangs,

Thy protestations, and thy deepe laments,

That thou wert wont to wearie men withal ?

Oh unkind Father ! Oh deceitful world !

With what excuses canst thou shew thy selfe ?

With vvhhat dishonour, and the hate of men,

From this dishonour and the hate of men,

Thus to neglect the life, and losse of him,

Whom both my Letters, and thine owne believe,

Affares thee to be causelesse slaughtered ?

Hieronimo, for shame *Hieronimo*,

Be not a Historie to after times,

Of such ingratitude unto thy sonne :

Vnhappie Mother of such Children then,

But Monstrous Father to forget so soone

The death of those, whom they with care and cost

Have tendred so, thus carelesse should be lost,

My selfe a stranger in respect of thee,

So lov'd his life, as stil I wish their deaths.

Nor shall his death be unreveng'd by me,

Although I beare it out for fashion sake :

For here I swear, in sight of Heaven and Earth,

Shouldst thou neglect the love thou shouldst retain,

And give it over, and devise no more,

My selfe should send their hateful soules to Hell,

That wrought his downfal, with extreamest death.

Hier. But may it be, that *Belimperia*,

Vowes such revenge as shee hath dain'd to say ?

Why then I see that Heaven applies our drift,

And all the Saints doe sit soliciting,

For vengeance on those curst Murderers :

Madame 'tis true, and now I find it so :

I found a Letter, written in your name,

And in that Letter, how *Horatio* dyed.

Pardon, O pardon, *Belimperia* ;

My feare and care in not beleeving it :

Nor thinke, I thoughtlesse thinke upon a meane,

The Spanish Tragedie.

To let his death be unreueng'd at full :
And here I vow, so you but give consent,
And will conceale my resolution,
I will ere long determine of their deaths,
That causelisse thus haue murdered my sonne.

Bel. Hieronimo, I wil consent, conceale,
And ought what may effect for thine auaille,
Ioyne with thee to reuenge *Horatios* death.

Hier. O then, whatsoeuer I devise,
Let me intreat you, grace my practises :
For why, the plot's already in my head.
Here they are.

Enter Balchazar and Lorenzo.

Bal. How now *Hieronimo*, what courting *Belimperia* ?

Hier. I my Lord, such Courting as I promite you,
She hath my heart : but you my Lord haue hers.

Lor. But now *Hier.* or never, we are to intreat your helpe.

Hier. My help? why my good Lords, assure your selues of me,
For you haue given me cause, I by mine honour haue you.

Bal. It pleas'd you at th'entertainment of the Embassador,
To grace the King so much as with a Show :
Now were your Studie so well furnished,
As for the passing of the first nights sport,
To entertaine my Father with the like :
Or any such like pleasing motion,
Assure your selfe it would content them well.

Hier. Is this all?

Lor. It this is all.

Hier. Why then Ile fit you, say no more :
When I was young, I gave my mind,
And plide my selfe to fruitlesse Poetry :
Which though it profit the professor naught,
Yet it is passing pleasing to the World,

Lor. And how for that?

Hier. Mary (my good Lord) thus :
And yet me thinkes you are too quicke with us.
When in *Toledo*, there I studied,
It was my chance to vwrite a Tragedie,

See here my Lords, *Shewes them a Booke.*
Which long forgot, I found this other day :
Novv would your Lordships favour me so much
As but to grace me vvith your acting it :
I meane each one of you to play a part,
Assure you it will prove most passing strange,
And wondrous plausible to that assembly.

Bal. What, would you haue us play a Tragedy?

Hier. Why? *Nero* thought it no disparagement,
And Kings and Emperours have tane delight,
To make experience of their wits in Playes.

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

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

Lor. And I another.

Hier. Now (my good Lord) could you intreat
Your sister *Belimperia* to make one :
For what's a Play vvithout a Woman in't?

Bal. Little intreatie shal serve me *Hieronimo*;
For I must needs be employed in your play.

Hier. Why this is vvell: I tell you Lordings,
It vvvas determined to have beene acted
By Gentlemen and Schollers too ;
Such as could tell what to speake.

Bal. And novv it shall be sayd, by Princes and Courtiers,
Such as can tell hovv to speake ;
If (as it is our Country manner)
You will but let us know the Argument.

Hier. That shall I roundly. The Chronicles of *Spaine*
Record this written of a Knight of *Rhodes* :
He was betroth'd, and vvdedded at the length,
To one *Perseda*, an *Italian* Dame,
Whose beautie ravished all that her beheld ;
Especially the soule of *Solyman* :
Who at the Marriage was the chiefeft Guest :
By sundry meanes sought *Solyman* to winne
Perseda's love, and could not gaine the same.

Then can he breake his passions to a friend,
One of his *Bashawes*, whom he held full deare ;
Her had this *Bashaw* long solicited,
And saw she was not otherwise to be wonne,
But by her husbands death : this Knight of *Rhodes*,
Whom presently by trechery he slew,
Shee stird with an exceeding hate therefore,
As cause of this slew *Solyman* :
And to escape the *Bashawes* tyrannie,
Did stab her selfe : and this is the Tragedie.

Lor. O excellent.

Bel. But say, *Hieronimo*, what then became of him,
That was the *Bashaw* ?

Hier. Mary thus, moov'd with remorse of his misdeeds,
Ran to a mountaine top, and hang'd himselfe.

Bal. But which of us is to performe that part ?

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

Bal. And what shall I ?

Hier. Great *Solyman* the Turkish Emperor.

Lor. And I ?

Hier. *Erasto*, the Knight of *Rhodes*.

Bel. And I ?

Hier. *Perfeda*, chaste, and resolute.

And here my Lords, are severall abstracts drawne,
For each of you to note your parts,
And act it as occasion's offered you.
You must provide a *Turkish Cappe*,
A blacke *Mustachio*, and a *Fauchion*. *Gives a paper to Bal.*
You with a *Crosse*, like a Knight of *Rhodes*.

Gives another to Lor.
And Madam you must attire your selfe,

Gives Bel. another.

Like *Phoebe*, *Flora*, or the Huntresse,
Which to your discretion shall seeme best.
And as for me my Lords, Ile looke to one,
And with the Ransome that the *Viceroy* sent,

The Spanish Tragedie.

So furnish and performe this Tragedie,
That all the World shall say, *Hieronimo*
Was liberall in gracing of it so.

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

Hier. A Comedie, sic, Comedies are fit for common wits:

But to present a Kingly troupe withall,
Give me a stately written Tragedie;
Tragedia cothurnata, fitting Kings,
Containing matter, and not common things.

My Lords, all this must bee performed,
As fitting for the first nights Revelling.
The Italian Tragedians were so sharpe of wit,
That in one howers Meditation,
They would performe any thing in action.

Lor. And well it may, for *I* have seene the like

In *Paris*, amongst the French Tragedians.

Hier. In *Paris*, Masse, and well remembered,
There's one thing more that rests for us to doe.

Bal. What's that *Hieronimo*? forget not any thing:

Hier. Each one of us must act his part

In unknowne Languages,
That it may breed more varietie:
As you my Lord, in Latine, I in Greeke;
You in Italian, and for because *I* know
That *Belimperia* hath practised the French,
In Courtly French shall all her Phrases be.

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

Bal. But this wil be a meere confusion,
And hardly shall wee all be understood.

Hier. It must bee so: for the conclusion
Shall prove the Invention, and al was good:
And I my selfe in an Oration,
And with a strange and wondrous show besides,
That I will have there behind a Curtaine,
Assure thy selfe shall make the matter knowne:
And all shall be concluded in one Sceane,
For there's no pleasure tane in tediousnesse.

Bal. How like you this?

The Spanish Tragedie.

Lor. Why thus my Lord, wee must resolve
To sooth his humours up.

Bal. O then *Hieronimo*; farewell til soone.

Hier. Youle plie this geare?

Lor. I warrant you.

Exeunt all but Hier.

Hier. I, why so, Now shall I see the fall of *Babylon*,
Wrought by the heavens in this confusor.
And if the World like not this Tragedie,
Hard is the hap of old *Hieronimo*.

Enter Isabella with a Weapon.

Isab. Tell me no more, O monstrous homicides,
Since neither pietie, nor pittie moves
The King to justice or compassion:
I will revenge my selfe upon this place,
Where they have murdered my beloved Sonne,

She cuts downe the Arbour.

Downe with these branches, and these loathsome boughes,
Of this unfortunat, and fatall Pine,
Downe with them *Isabella*, rend them up,
And burne the roots from whence the rest is sprung,
I will not leave a root, a stalke, a tree,
A bough, a branch, a blossome, nor a leafe,
No, not an hearbe within this garden plot.
Accursed complot of my misery:
Fruitleffe for ever may this Garden bee,
Barren the Earth, and blesselesse whosoever
Imagines not to keepe it unmanured.
An Easterne wind commixt with noisome ayres
Shall blast the Plants, and the yong Saplings.
The Earth with Serpents shall be pestered,
And passengers for feare to be infect,
Shall stand aloofe, and looking at it, tell:
There murdered, dyed the sonne of *Isabell*,
I, here he dyed, and here I him imbrace,
See where his Ghost solicited with wounds,
Revenge on her that should revenge his death.
Hieronimo, make hast to see thy Sonne:
For sorrow and despaire hath cited me,

The Spanish Tragedie.

To heare *Horatio* plead with *Radamant* :
Make hast *Hieronimo*, to ho'd, exclude
Thy negligence in pursuit of their deaths,
Whose hateful wrath bereav'd him of his breath
Ah ha, thou dost delay their deaths,
Forgives the Murderers of thy noble sonne,
And none but I, bestirre me to no end :
And as I curse this tree from further fruit,
So shall my wombe be curfed for his sake :
And vvith this weapon wil I vvound the breast,
The haplesse breast that gave *Horatio* sucke.

She stabs her selfe.

Enter Hieronimo, he knocks up the Curtaine.

Enter the Duke of Castile.

Cast. Howv now *Hieronimo*, where's thy fellowes,
That you take all this paine ?

Hier. O sir, it is for the Authors credit,
To looke that all things may goe well :
But good my Lord, let me intreat your Grace,
To give the King the Copie of the Play :
This is the Argument of what we show,

Cast. I will *Hieronimo*.

Hier. One thing more, good my Lord.

Cast. What's that ?

Hier. Let me intreat your Grace,
That when the traine is past into the Gallery, you
Would vouchsafe to throw me downe the key.

Cast. I will *Hieronimo*.

Exit Cast.

Hier. What are you ready *Balthazar* ?
Bring a chaire and a Cushion for the King.

Enter Balthazar With a Chaire.

Well done *Balthazar*, hang up the Title :
Our Sceane is *Rhodes* : what is your beard on ?

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

Hier. Dispatch for shame, are you so long ?

Exit Bal.

Bethinke thy selfe *Hieronimo*,
Recall thy wits, recount thy former wrongs,
Thou hast receiv'd by murder of thy sonne.

And

The Spanish Tragedie.

And lastly, not least, how *Isabel*,
Once his Mother, and my dearest Wife,
All woe-begone for him hath slaine her selfe,
Behoves thee then *Hieronimo*, to bee reveng'd:
The plot is layd of dire revenge;
On them *Hieronimo*, pursue revenge:
For nothing wants, but acting of Revenge. *Ex.*

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

King. Now *Viceroy*, shall wee see the Tragedie
Of *Solyman* the *Turkish* Emperour,
Perform'd of pleasure by our Sonne the Prince,
My Nephew, *Don Lorenzo*, and my Neece?

Vice. Who, *Belimperia*?

King. I, and *Hieronimo* our Marshall,
At whose request they deigne to doe't themselves,
These bee our pastimes in the Court of *Spaine*.
Here Brother, you shall be the Booke-keeper,
This is the Argument of that they show. *Gives him a Book.*

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

Enter Balthazar, Belimperia, and Hieronimo.

Balt. **B** *Assaw*, that *Rhodes* is ours, yeeld heavens the honor
And holy *Mahomet* our sacred Prophet:
And be thou grac'd with every excellence,
That *Solyman* can give, or thou desire.
But thy desert in conquering *Rhodes* is lesse,
Then in reserving this faire Nymph
Perseda, blissefull Lampe of Excellence,
Whose eyes compell like powerfull *Adamant*,
The warlike heart of *Soliman* to wait.

King. See *Viceroy* that is *Balthazar* your Sonne,
That represents the Emperour *Solyman*:
How vvell he acts his amorous passion.

Vice.

The Spanish Tragedie.

Vicc. I; *Belimperia* hath taught him that.

Cast. That's because his minde runs all on *Belimperia*.

Hier. What ever joy earth yeelds, betide your Majestie.

Bal. Earth yeelds no joy without *Perseda* love.

Hier. Then let *Perseda* on your Grace attend.

Bal. She shall not wait on me, but I on her,
Drawne by the influence of her Lights, I yeeld:
But let my Friend the *Rhodian Knight* come forth,
Erasto dearer then my life to me,
That he may see *Perseda* my beloved.

Enter Erasto.

King. Here comes *Lorenzo*: looke upon the Plot,
And tell me Brother, what part playes he?

Bel. Ah my *Erasto*, welcome to *Perseda*.

Era. Thrice happy is *Erasto*, that thou livest,
Rhodes losse is nothing to *Erastos* joy,
Sith his *Perseda* lives his life survives.

Bal. Ah Bashaw, here is love betwixt *Erasto*
And faire *Perseda*, soveraigne of my soule.

Hier. Remooue *Erasto*, mighty *Solyman*,
And then *Perseda* will be quickly won.

Bal. *Erasto* is my friend, and while he lives,
Perseda never will remoove her love.

Hier. Let not *Erasto* live to grieve great *Solyman*.

Bal. Deare is *Erasto* in our princely eye.

Hier. But if he be your Rivall, let him die.

Bal. Why let him die, so Love commandeth me;
Yet grieve I that *Erasto* should so die.

Hier. *Erasto*, *Solyman* saluteth thee,
And lets thee wit by me his highnesse will,
Which is, that thou shouldst be thus employde. *Stab him.*

Bel. Aye me *Erasto*; see *Solyman*, *Erasto's* slaine.

Bal. Yet liveth *Solyman* to comfort thee.
Faire *Queene* of Beautie, let not favour die,
But with a gracious eye behold his griefe,
That with *Persedas* beautie is increast,
If by *Persedas* griefe be not releast.

Bel. Tyrant, desist soliciting vaine suites.

The Spanish Tragedie.

Relentlesse are mine eares to thy laments,
As thy Butcher is pittilesse and base,
Which seiz'd on my *Erasto* harmelesse Knight ;
Yet by thy power thou thinkest to command,
And to thy power *Perseda* doth obey :
But were she able, thus she would revenge
Thy treacheries on thee ignoble Prince : *Let her stab him.*
And on her selfe she would be thus reveng'd. *Stab her selfe.*

King. Well said old Marshall, this was bravely done.

Hier. But *Belimperla* plaies *Perseda* well.

Vice. Were this in earnest *Belimperla*,
You would be better to my Sonne then so ?

King. But now what followes *Hieronimo* ?

Hier. Mary, this followes for *Hieronimo* :

Here breake we off our sundry Languages,
And thus conclude I in our vulgar tongue,
Happily you think (but bootlesse be your thoughts)
That this is fabulously counterfeit ;
And that we doe as all Tragedians doe,
To die to day, (for fashioning our Sceane,
The death of *Ajax*, or some *Romane* Peere)
And in a Minute starting up againe,
Revive to please to morrowes Audience :
No, Princes know, I am *Hieronimo*,
The hopelesse Father of a haplesse Sonne ;
Whose tongue is tun'd to tell his latest tale,
Not to excuse grosse errors in the play.
I see your lookes vrg instance of those words:
Behold the reason vrging me to this.

He shewes his dead Sonne.

See here my shew, looke on this spectacle,
Here lay my hope, and here my hope hath end :
Here lay my heart, and here my heart was slaine :
Here lay my treasure, here my treasure lost :
Here lay my blisse, and here my blisse bereft :
But hope, heart, treasure, joy, and blisse,
All fled, faild, dyed ; yea al decay'd with this :
From forth these wounds, came breath that gave me life.

They

They murdered me that made these fatall markes,
The cause was love, whence grew this mortal hate:
The hate, *Lorenzo*, and yong *Balthazar*,
The love, my sonne to *Belimperia* :
But night, the coverer of accursed crimes,
With Pitchy silence husht the traiterous harmes,
And lent them leave, for they had sorted leasure,
To take advantage in my garden plot,
Vpon my sonne, my deare *Horatio* :
There mercilesse they butchered up my Boy,
In blacke darke night, to pale dim cruell Death :
He shrikes, I heard : and yet me thinkes I heare
His dismalle outcrye eccho in the ayre :
With soonest speed I hasted to the noyse,
Where hanging on a tree I found my sonne,
Through girt with wounds, and slaughtered as you see :
And grieved (I thinke you) at this spectacle ?
Speake *Portingales*, whose losse resembles mine,
If thou canst weepe upon thy *Balthazar*,
Tis like I waile for my *Horatio*.
And you my Lord, whose reconciled sonne,
Marcht in a Net, and thought himsele unscene,
And rated me for braine sicke Lunacie :
Which God amend that mad *Hieronimo*.
How can you brooke our playes Catastrophe?
And here behold this bloody Handkercher,
Which at *Horatioes* death, I (weeping) dipt
Within the River of his bleeding wounds,
Is as propitious : see, I have preserved,
And never hath it left my bleeding heart,
Soliciting remembrance of my vow :
With these, O these accursed murderers ;
Which now perform'd, my heart is satisfied :
And to this end, the *Bashaw* I became.
That might revenge me on *Lorenzos* life,
Who therefore was appointed to the part,
And was to represent the Knight of *Rhodes*.
That I might kill him more conveniently,

So *Viceroy*, was this *Balthazar* thy sonne,
That *Solyman*, which *Belimperia*
In person of *Perseda* murdered,
Solely appointed to that *Tragicke* part,
That she might slay him that offended her.
Poore *Belimperia* mist her part in this:
For though the *Story* saith, she should have dyed,
Yet I of kindnesse, and of care to her,
Did otherwise determine of her end.
But love of him (whom they did hate so much)
Did urge her Resolution to be such.
And Princes, now behold *Hieronimo*,
Authour 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 Gentiles, thus I end my Play:
Urge no more words, I have no more to say.

He runneth to hang himselfe.

King. O hearken *Viceroy*, hold *Hieronimo*
Brother, my Nephew, and thy sonne are slaine.

Vice. We are betrayd, my *Balthazar* is slaine:
Breake ope the doores: run, save *Hieronimo*.

They breake in, and hold Hieronimo.

Hieronimo, doe but inform the *King* of these events,
Vpon mine Honour, thou shalt have no harme.

Hier. Viceroy, I will not trust thee with my life,
Which i this day have offered to my Sonne: (die?)
Accursed wretch, why staidst thou him that was resolv'd to

King. Speake traytor, damned bloody Murderer speake;
For now I have thee, I will make thee speake:
Why hast thou done this undeserving deed?

Vice. Why hast thou murdered my *Balthazar*?

Cast. Why hast thou butchered both my children thus?

Hier. But are you sure that they are dead?

Cast. I, slaine too sure.

Hier. What, and yours too?

Vice. I, all are dead, not one of them survive.

Hier.

Hier. Nay then I care not : come, and we shall be friends,
 Let us lay our heads together :
 See, heere's a goodly nooze will hold them all.

Vice. O damned Devill, how secure he is !

Hier. Secure ? why dost thou wonder at it ?
 I tell thee (*Viceroy*) this day I have seene reveng'd,
 And in that fight am growne a prouder Monarch,
 Then ever fate under the Crowne of *Spaine* :
 Had I as many lives as there be Starres,
 As many heavens to goe to, as those lives,
 Ide give them all, I and my soule to boot,
 But I would see thee ride in this red poole.

Cast. Speake, who were thy confederates in this ?

Vice. That was thy daughter *Belimperia* :
 For by her hand my *Balthazar* was slaine ;
 I saw her stab him.

Hier. O good words : as deare to me was my *Horatio*.
 As yours, or yours, or yours my Lord to you.
 My guiltlesse Sonne was by *Lorenzo* slaine,
 And by *Lorenzo*, and that *Balthazar*,
 Am I at last revenged throughly ;
 Vpon whose soules may Heavens be yet revenged,
 With greater farre, then these afflictions.
 Me thinkes, since I grew inward with Revenge,
 I cannot looke with scorne enough on Death.

King. What, dost mock us slave ? bring tortures forth.

Hier. Doe, doe, doe and meane time Ile torture you :
 You had a sonne (as I take it,) and your sonne
 Should have bin married to your daughter : ha, wast not so ?
 You had a sonne too, he was my Lieges Nephew :
 He was proud and politike : had he lived,
 He might a come to weare the Crowne of *Spaine* :
 I thinke twas so ; twas I that killed him ;
 Looke you, this same hand was it that stab'd
 His heart : doe you see this hand ?
 For one *Horatio*, if you ever knew him,
 A youth, one that they hanged up in his fathers garden :
 One that did force your valiant sonne to yeeld,

While your valiant sonne did take him prisoner.

Vice. Be deafe my senses, I can heare no more.

King. Fal Heaven and cover us with thy sad ruines.

Cast. Rovle all the World vwithin thy pitchie cloud.

Hier. Now doe I applaud vwhat I haue acted.

Nunc mens cada manus.

Now to expresse the rupture of my part,

First take my tongue, and afterward my heart.

He bites out his tongue.

King. O monstrous resolution of a wretch :

See *Viceroy*, he hath bitten forth his tongue,

Rather then to reveale what vve required.

Cast. Yet can he vwrite.

King. And if in this he satisfie us not,

We will deuise th'extreamest kind of death,

That ever vvas invented for a wretch.

Hee makes signes for a knife to mend his penne.

Cast. O, he would have a knife to mend his Pen.

Vice. Here, and advise thee that thou write the truth.

Looke to my Brother, save *Hieronimo*.

He with the knife stabs the Duke and himselfe.

King. What age hath ever heard such monstrous deeds?

My Brother, and the whole succeeding hope

Of *Spaine*, expected after my deceale.

Goe beare his body hence, that we may mourne,

The lesse of our beloved Brothers death,

That he may be entomb'd what ere befall:

I am the next, the neereft last of all.

Vice. And thou *Don Pedro*, doe the like for us,

Take up our happlesse Soone untimely slaine;

Set me vwith him, and he with vvoefull me,

Vpon the Maine-mast of a Ship unman'd,

And let the vvind and tyde hale me along

To *Sillas* barking and untamed gulfe;

Or to the loathsome Poole of *Acheron*,

To vveepe my want of my sweet *Balthazar*.

Spaine hath no refuge for a *Portingale*.

Exeunt.

The

The Spanish Tragedie.

The Trumpets sound a dead March, the King of Spaine mourning after his Brothers bodie: and the King of Portugale bearing the body of his Sonne.

Enter Ghost and Revenge.

Ghost. I, now my hopes have end in their effects,
VVhen blood and sorrov finish my desires:
Horatio murdered in his Fathers Bower:
Vile Serberine by *Pedringano* slaine:
False Pedringano hang'd by quaint device,
Faire Isabella by her selfe mis-done.
Prince Balthazar by *Belimperia* stab'd:
The Duke of Castile, and his wicked sonne,
Both done to death by old *Hieronimo*:
My *Belimperia* false as *Dido* fell:
And good *Hieronimo* slaine by himselfe.
I, these were spectacles to please my soule,
Now vwill I beg at lovely *Proserpine*,
That by the vertue of her Princely doome,
I may comfort my friends in pleasing sort,
And on my foes vvorke iust and sharpe reuenge.
Ile lead my friend *Horatio* through those Fields,
VVhere never-dying *VVarres* are still inur'd.
Ile lead faire *Isabella* to that traine,
VVhere pittie weepes, but never feelth paine.
Ile leade my *Belimperia* to those ioyes,
That Vestall Virgins, and faire *Queenes* possesse.
Ile leade *Hieronimo* where *Orpheus* playes,
Adding sweet pleasure to eternall dayes.
But say *Revenge*, (for thou must helpe, or none)
Against the rest, how shall my hate be shovne?

Reuen. This hand shall hale them dovvne to deepest Hel,
VVhere nought but Furies, Bugges, and Tortures dwell.

Ghost. Then sweete *Revenge*, doe this at my request,
Let me be Iudge, and doome them to unrest.

The Spanish Tragedie.

Let loose poore *Titus* from the Vultures gripe,
And let *Don Cyprian* supply his roome:
Place *Don Lorenzo* on *Ixions* Wheele,
And let the Lovers endlesse paines surcease,
Iuno forgets old wrath, and graunts him ease.
Hang *Balthazar* about *Chineras* necke,
And let him there bewaile his bloody Love,
Repining at our joyes that are above.
Let *Serberine* goe roule the fatall Stone,
And take from *Sisiphus* his endlesse moane.
False *Pedringano* for his Treachery,
Let him be dragg'd through boyling *Acheron*:
And there live, dying still in endlesse flames,
Blaspheming Gods, and all their holy names.

Revenge.

Then haste we downe to meet thy Friends and Foes:
To place thy Friends in ease, the rest in woes:
For heere, though Death doth end their misery,
He there begin their endlesse Tragedie.

Exeunt.

F F N F S.





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