

Revenge Tragedies

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To Students and Colleagues

It has always been my hope to see a series of Renaissance drama textbooks featuring “Shakespeare in Context.” Shakespeare has always been the love of my working life. However, the more Renaissance courses I have taught, the more I have felt the need to see The Bard presented in the context of others than himself. After all, Shakespeare wrote in the same developing cultural environment as his fellow dramatists, and many values and themes are shared among playwrights who can conveniently illuminate each other’s interpretations of their culture. I decided to teach “revenge tragedy” one semester quite some time ago, and though I could easily find many single editions of the plays I wanted, I had trouble finding a textbook spanning sufficient time to demonstrate what I had in mind; I had no luck at all finding Shakespeare in any company but his own. I have long wished to help create such a textbook, and finally here it is, spanning from Kyd to Beaumont and Fletcher, from Elizabeth I to James I, from the beginnings of English revenge tragedy to the point where revenge and domestic tragedy begin to merge.

I have edited and annotated with the classroom in mind. All notes are footnotes rather than endnotes, and I have possibly sinned on the side of glossing more than strictly necessary in the hopes of avoiding student frustration; also, I have tried to keep my introductory remarks short. At the same time I have attempted to keep my own critical inclinations as neutral as possible; as instructors, we all have our critical preferences, and I myself like to meet my students presenting things my way. But I find it is impossible to introduce the plays without some interpretation. I have also tried to keep the balance between excessive faithfulness to the text and excessive “doctoring” of it. When faced with the choice, I have chosen the longer variation of the text. There is no such thing as *the* final text of any Renaissance playwright’s work, as the plays went through many stages and many hands before they reached pub-

lication. Additions in later editions may reflect the playwrights' intentions or a variation in taste. However, I would like the students using this volume to have the fullest text possible.

Spelling and punctuation have been modernized to make the reading experience more pleasant. This may sometimes yield an extra "foot" in the line of blank verse; please consider the ending "-ed," for example, as either a syllable in its own right or not, as fits the meter. Tourneur, for one, is creative with the word "duke," which fluctuates between one and two syllables within the same speech. I have mixed and matched a large variety of Quarto and Folio editions, creating the text I find most readable, comprehensive, and interesting. Other editors of more scholarly volumes should be consulted for thoughts about the merit of various early editions of the plays; I have seen no reason to duplicate their work. Stage directions have been kept as close to the original as possible, but as they are few and far between, I have sometimes taken the liberty of adding to them, again to help the reader. Still, most stage directions are obvious and embedded in the text — nobody would talk about being on his or her knees if not actually kneeling! The "aside," though, is a Renaissance convention which may be unfamiliar to twenty-first century playgoers and readers, and so I have added stage directions for these.

I hope the glossary and context section will be of help. I would welcome suggestions for additions to the glossary, more texts-in-context, and especially websites any reader has found helpful, to add to this book.

Bente Videbæk

Introduction

Every station bookstall shows our fascination with revenge. In the crime section, Vendetta rubs shoulders with A Suitable Vengeance. Providing more in the way of action is a thriller called Wild Justice. Over on the newspaper rack, the theme is equally prominent. Vicious reciprocations are meat and drink to the tabloids, while up-market broadsheets run pieces headed 'Revenge is for losers', 'Getting your own back can hurt'. One purpose of Revenge Tragedy is to show that there is nothing new in all this.

— John Kerrigan, *Revenge Tragedy*, 1996

Revenge and Revenge Tragedy

We first find instances of revenge tragedy in the plays of ancient Greece and Rome. In the English Renaissance, interested as people were in these ancient cultures, revenge tragedy once more came into *vogue*. The Roman philosopher and playwright Seneca was first to be translated into English, and his revenge plays were an inspiration for Thomas Kyd, whose *The Spanish Tragedy* in turn became influential.

Seneca's *Thyestes*¹ is possibly his most influential revenge tragedy upon the English tradition. It features the ghost of Tantalus, who is horribly punished in the Underworld² for killing his son Pelops and serving his flesh to the gods. Fury, either rage

¹ An highly readable and excellent new translation can be found in *Seneca: The Tragedies*, ed. and trans. David R. Slavitt.

² Tantalus is punished with immense thirst which he cannot slake, standing up to his chin in a pool of water which recedes when he tries to drink, and perpetual hunger which he cannot satisfy, because the fruits on the branches above him shrink from his hand.

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personified or an avenging Fury, forces him back to earth to goad his family to further outrage; Tantalus complies:

Whatever space
is not yet filled in the land of the damned, whatever
cell is unassigned by the terrible judges,
my children and their children shall lay claim to
with the right of terrible wrongs, so long as my house,
Pelop's damnable house, stains the light
that assaults my vision.

(17-23)

Fury elaborates:

Your grandson Atreus sits
brooding now the cloudy thoughts that will stain
the ground with blood . . .
. . . Goad them on:
in hatred and in lust, they finger the hilts of their swords,
warming their passions, savage, blind, and mad—
a terrible thing in rulers.

(59-61; 82-85)

Tantalus claims to be incapable of carrying out what Fury dictates after all:

I have learned
to be torture's victim, not its henchman. I cannot
bear it that I have become a visitation,
a pestilence infecting my grandchildren
and then through them the city at large . . .
. . . I shall defy
the Fates and Furies, will warn them myself, speak out
to keep their hands from such an evil thing.

(85-94)

But of course Fury wins out, and a bloodbath ensues.

Atreus, Pelop's son and king of Argos, is planning spectacular revenge on his brother Thyestes. He believes a king has absolute right to do anything he wants, marking himself as a tyrant: "The point of being a king / is exactly this: that whatever the people cannot / praise in your actions, they have to endure" (207-209). His brother has seduced his wife, and stolen the golden fleece,³ and Atreus is not certain who his children's father is in his rage. He plans to make Thyestes the "weapon" of his revenge (259); remembering how Procne slaughtered her son as revenge for the rape of her sister Philomela and served him to her rapist husband, he decides to put a similar scheme into place:

. . . I will fill
Thyestes' belly full. Let the father tear
the flesh from his sons' bodies and let him drink
the blood of his blood and gnaw the bone of his bone.
. . . Then he will hate himself
with something like my own hot hatred.

(279-85)

He sends his own children to invite Thyestes' three to a reconciliation of the family, and to use the children's pleas to persuade their father. When asked by the Attendant if he would let his children take part in such schemes, he answers that the throne corrupts anyway, so why not learn young; and at any rate they are "born evil, heirs of an evil house,/ whether they're his or mine" (316-318).

³ The ram's skin Jason was sent to fetch from Colchis; there he was set more tests, which he finally accomplished with the help of Medea, enchantress and daughter of the King of Colchis. According to Atreus in *Thyestes*, this fleece is a symbol of "all our power" and will "keep us secure on the throne" (228-230).

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Thyestes is eager to be reconciled and arrives with his children; deviously, his brother offers to share the throne and power, and Thyestes believes him. The people are delighted at this *rapprochement*, but in the midst of their celebrating they are told that Atreus has sacrificed Thyestes' children with all due ritual, then butchered and roasted them, and served them to their father. He now feels all-powerful, like a god (910-913). When Thyestes asks for his real treasure in life, his sons, Atreus brings him their heads on a platter (1003-1004). When asked why he went to this extreme, he answers, "Because they were yours" (1109); a vengeful mind needs no other excuse. The play ends with them mutually laying curses on each other's house.

One Chorus member, however, sees revenge as a necessary cleansing that the gods must have:

Perhaps the gods are only preparing
that dreadful cleansing they have it in mind
to visit upon us. One learns to long
for such a conclusion, when every blade
of grass is an outrage, a green affront.
One wants the satisfaction of seeing
justice done. However oppressive
the penalties are, the world deserves
more and worse. The life we hate
wants some extravagant extirpation.

(862-871)

Seneca shows us a violence that strikes modern readers as gratuitous and disturbing, even inundated as we are with violence in films and literature. It is not the actual killing that wrenches us, however; it is the dismemberment and violation of innocence, the violation of family ties, the moral abasement of the avenger, and, not least, the absence of intervention from any deity. Seneca forces us to ask ourselves whether there are any gods, or whether they are

of our own making, sprung from our need to create sense of our lives and our world. For if there were gods, would they not feel a need to intervene in a situation like this? Would they not be good? Should they not care about us? And the question of the gods aside, is there a bar to man's cruelty and drive to satisfy his own urges at any cost? The moral universe of *Thyestes* is questionable to put it mildly. Possibly this should not surprise us; Seneca was tutor to the emperor Nero and saw much random cruelty in his time, culminating in an order to commit suicide, with which he immediately complied. His plays may well to some extent be a commentary on his own world.

Of course Christian morality and ethics in the Renaissance must see revenge in a different light than the ancient Romans did. Seneca's Atreus, like Saxo's pagan Viking, Amlet,⁴ has no qualms about the concept of blood revenge; Amlet is even socially and culturally obliged to seek compensation, preferably a life, for his father's murder. In Renaissance society, a strong, Christian message as well as obedience to the law of the land have altered the picture. If individual citizens of a highly structured society take the law into their own hands and administer "justice" as they see fit, chaos will ensue. If a crime such as theft, assault, or murder has been committed, the correct approach is to take one's case to court and let the law of the land prevail. Should the decision of the court go against the plaintiff, the Bible advises us to turn the other cheek and let the Lord judge the miscreant.

Public revenge by way of the courts was seen as an acceptable way to obtain justice for injuries suffered;⁵ however, public revenge was not always to be had. Where tyranny can be defined as "law without justice," private revenge can be defined as "justice without law." All four tragedies in this volume present us with an injustice

⁴ The Danish source for *Hamlet*.

⁵ For contemporary views of revenge, public and private, see the "Texts in Context" section of this book.

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committed by somebody unreachable by the law. In *The Spanish Tragedy*, Hieronimo, himself a staunch upholder of publicly obtained justice, finds that a prince and a nephew to the King have murdered his son and now bar his access to the King, the one who embodies and administers the law. He is thus forced to take private revenge, devising his own plot and acting himself. He has a witness to the murder in Bel-imperia, who joins her quest for revenge with his; as a woman and facing the same obstacles as Hieronimo, she has no other option but obtaining assistance with private revenge. Hamlet never contemplates public revenge. His father's Ghost demands revenge, and Hamlet promises to carry this out. His deliberation and hesitation is caused by his basic human decency, and moreover he has only the Ghost's word and his own feelings to support the claim that Claudius is indeed a murderer. Vindice of *The Revenger's Tragedy* also has a murder to avenge, and again this murder is committed by a corrupt, reigning duke. And though the King in *The Maid's Tragedy* commits no murder in the accepted sense, he plans, cuckoo fashion, to plant his bastards as Amintor's sons, effectively ending his bloodline and inheritance, and has no qualms about "murdering" Evadne's honor and Aspatia's future in pursuit of his own lust. Again, public revenge is unobtainable.

All four avengers are or have been admirable people, but thoughts of revenge, let alone the deed itself, have a corroding effect on morals. We are allowed to witness Hieronimo's every step as he deserts the sober principles he has lived by his entire life, and we suffer with him as he is reduced to embracing senseless bloodshed. Vindice's corruption is already well advanced when we meet him, but close contact with the greater corruption of the court accelerates his descent. Melantius is convinced of the justice of his actions to the last, but the cost of his revenge is so great that he sees death as the sole path he can take. Hamlet is the only one who leaves the audience with a sense that his moral universe could be salvaged, but his personality has been severely altered in his quest for revenge.

It is interesting to trace the development of the revenge tragedy genre from Thomas Kyd's Elizabethan world, which is highly moral with heroic ideals, and which sees the avenger's moral plight as a test of his spirit, to Beaumont and Fletcher's Jacobean society and its deep fascination with romance, gratuitous violence, sensationalism, and psychological twists. Though the theater reflects a changing society and delivers to the public what the public wants, still certain basic traits remain stable. From the Renaissance to the present day, revenge has captured the interest of readers, theater audiences, and now moviegoers. Much of our fascination with revenge probably stems from our ability to empathize. After all, who among us has never felt the urge to retaliate? And who has better cause to avenge than a son whose father was murdered, or a friend and brother who sees his friend's and sister's honor dragged through the dirt because of a corrupt leader? We easily identify with a quest for justice in a corrupt universe that makes a mockery of law and decency. Still, witnessing the deterioration of the avenger, often to a point where he becomes morally identical with the target of his revenge, makes us pause and reflect. Private revenge satisfies some deep urge in us all, but it may be better not to indulge in it if moral corruption is the price to be exacted.

The Development of Revenge Tragedy

Many Senecan elements, or "ingredients" as it were, find their way into Renaissance revenge tragedy, where the demands of changing times reshape them to become meaningful in their new setting. One of these is the presence of a ghost. Tantalus' ghost is the first character to enter in *Thyestes*. He seems belched up from the Underworld to witness the havoc his own wrongdoings wreak upon his world, for in Seneca's plays transgression is a spreading stain, tainting not only the guilty one, but his family and community as well. "The ghost watching" became one of the staples in Renaissance revenge tragedy, but it developed and changed during its journey.

The Spanish Tragedy by Kyd opens on the Ghost of Andrea, a man killed in battle, who has been returned from the Underworld by Proserpina, accompanied by Revenge, to witness the cleansing of the corrupt world he inhabited. Kyd lets the Ghost become a frame; Andrea and Revenge remain on stage, a “double audience” along with the spectators and a constant reminder that we know the promised end. Like Tantalus, Andrea’s ghost is more a catalyst than a participant; he needs to find his fitting place in the Underworld, and only a setting to rights of his own world will accomplish this. At play’s end he is given the disposal of friend and foe alike, and devises exquisite, eternal torture for his enemies, finally obtaining the justice he has sought. In *The Spanish Tragedy*, the tie to the classical Underworld is clear.

Shakespeare’s *Hamlet* also has a Ghost, but one of a different stamp. This ghost also has returned from an underworld, but this time one with Christian connotations. His description of his days closely resembles Catholic Purgatory, and no wonder. There was only about half a century between Henry VIII’s reformation of the English church and the writing of *Hamlet*, and ideas such as the torments of Purgatory and the existence of ghosts coming back to admonish the living capture the imagination wonderfully; ghosts also make for excellent “special effects” on stage. Unlike Andrea’s, this ghost boldly thrusts himself into the world of the living to demand revenge of his son. He is no mere figment of Hamlet’s imagination, for three other people, a scholar and two sober watchmen, see him, and Horatio recognizes him as Hamlet of Denmark. Still, young Hamlet is the only one the ghost actively interacts with; he is an entity much different from Andrea’s passively observing ghost. Another, very dissimilar reminder from the world beyond reaches out to Hamlet; in V.i he becomes reconciled to death and decay through the skull of his childhood companion, Yorick the Jester. Where his father’s Ghost creates a turmoil of uncertainty within Hamlet (Is the Ghost a true ghost or a demon? If I do what the Ghost demands, will my actions damn

my soul?), Yorick's passive, undemanding skull allows Hamlet to not only confront the fact of change and decay, but also to realize that memory of the living can make the horrible reality of death easier to bear.

The Revenger's Tragedy by Tourneur caters to an audience whose tastes have begun changing. The focus, from Elizabethan to Jacobean times, is shifting. Where Elizabethan revenge tragedy is highly moral in nature, that of Jacobean times moves towards the contemplation of a morally questionable universe and becomes increasingly interested in the more lurid aspects of human nature. The ghost is no longer a spiritual entity; it has been turned into a concrete, tangible, visible object; but to those who understand it, its "ghost" is present and cries out for revenge. Vindice meets us holding the skull of Gloriana, his betrothed wife, whose purity caused the old Duke to have her killed when she resisted his sexual advances. The avenger here sets out to cleanse society of moral taint, and Gloriana is with him, playing an active part, when the Duke meets his end.

The Maid's Tragedy has no ghost, unless we count the ghost of morality and decency, which definitely cries out for revenge. This play centers on the spread of moral corruption bred when tyrants succeed in breaking social and moral rules and convince women to follow suit. So revenge here is taken as a result of the tainting of a kinswoman and a friend's honor rather than an actual murder. However, foisting another man's bastard unto one's husband, as Evadne clearly intends to do, can be seen as a form of murder. An ideal wife is the preserver of her husband's bloodline, assuring that his inheritance remains within his family.⁶ Evadne and the King have planned effectively to put an end to Amintor's bloodline. The King's transgression transcends actual murder. His actions reach

⁶ See Shakespeare's *King John*. Here, too, the Bastard is of royal blood, but he is not of his mother's husband's blood, and his inheritance as eldest son is violently contested. See glossary: Primogeniture.

into the nucleus of the community, the family unit, and brings corrosion to the very fabric of society.

Another staple from Seneca is the avenger's motivation: revenge for the murder or violation of a kinsman. Seneca's Atreus wants revenge for his violated wife and honor, and for the fact that his children may not be his by blood. Kyd's Hieronimo avenges his son's murder, Bel-imperia her lover's; Hamlet's father was murdered, as was Vindice's beloved. For Melantius, a soldier, honor is paramount, and so his revenge is for his friend's and family's honor. Where Atreus is infuriated, the Renaissance avengers are melancholy men,⁷ but the Elizabethan protagonist is slower to kindle and more morally troubled than his Jacobean counterpart. Hieronimo and Hamlet spend much of their stage time alone with the audience, pondering the ramifications of their revenge. Vindice has contemplated revenge for several years, but once the opportunity is offered, he throws himself gleefully and enthusiastically into action with no moral scruples whatsoever. Melantius examines the case Amintor puts before him, believes his friend is truthful, and immediately, honor-driven as he is, decides on action, creates a plan, and carries it out.

All four Renaissance avengers are created by circumstances. None of them is evil by nature or inherently a murderer, like some of their victims certainly are; all live in a corrupt society and become aware of and disgusted by this corruption. An ideal society has a legitimate ruler who is just and who can and will punish and reward according to what is the subject's due, but no such ideal is to be found in revenge tragedy. In Kyd's universe, the evil element is small, as it is in Shakespeare's Denmark; only one person is truly responsible for the tragedy. The Spanish King is blissfully unaware of his Machiavellian nephew's crimes, and Claudius, an effective ruler, gives us the reason for having murdered, and does not seem likely to murder again until he feels cornered by Hamlet. Still, his

⁷ See glossary: Melancholia; Four Temperaments.

rule is based on an evil deed, and more evil will follow. In Tourneur's play, the entire society is tainted by the morally fallen court, and the only way to avoid the stain is to remain aloof and in isolation; only Vindice's sister truly succeeds in this, while other innocent ladies are corrupted, raped, and murdered. Beaumont and Fletcher's society, in turn, seems most noxious of them all. Here the King has made willing, often eager, participants of many of his subjects, and even those who recognize his evil are emasculated by his claim to absolute power. Only Melantius, the honorable outsider, is capable of cutting through to the source of corruption and eliminating it.

Once he is given the external impetus to action, the decline of the avengers begins. Much of the reason why revenge plays affect their audiences so deeply is the slow tainting and moral decline of an originally decent man⁸ who is only too aware of what is happening to him. We all prefer to believe that we are living in a society where we all play by the same rules, and having the scales forcefully peeled from our eyes is a painful experience, which we share with the avenger as he is created. Elizabethan revenge tragedy's Hieronimo and Hamlet show us that we may not be too different from them, and that we ourselves, given similar circumstances, might slide into similar corruption. Jacobean revenge tragedy makes us distance ourselves more, but also realize that we may be the objects of moral corruption, that our society and our rulers may affect us horribly, and that we may not even realize this before it is too late.

In order to achieve justice, the avenger must become inundated with the evil he seeks to eradicate, and in the process, people not involved in the revenge scheme in any way, often women, will be made to suffer, run mad, and die. The avenger, self-absorbed and permeated with his own moral dilemma, himself becomes a contaminant as he pursues revenge, making casualties

⁸ Vindice is in part an exception.

of the innocent, adding to his own moral decay. Hieronimo uses Bel-imperia in his play-within as a tool for revenge and neglects to console his grieving wife who stabs herself to death in her madness; Hamlet sacrifices Ophelia and her feelings; Vindice sweeps his brother into his killing-spree of a revenge — still, nobody except Castiza is pure in this society and remains alive, and most of the “victims” richly deserve their fate; Evadne, after having been the King’s victim, becomes her brother’s victim as he makes her a tool for his revenge, and Aspatia, the innocent title character of *The Maid’s Tragedy*, sacrifices herself in the hopelessness of her love. Again, Jacobean society is presented as less pure and more complicated than Elizabethan, and the line between good and evil, pure and tainted, just and unjust, often blurs.

Contamination affects the avenger so deeply that he must die in order for his society to have an opportunity to heal itself. Fortinbras, supported by Hamlet’s “dying voice,” may well heal the Kingdom of Denmark, and Lysippus may have learned enough from witnessing the results of his brother’s crimes to make Rhodes a good and just realm. But Spain has no heir to its throne, as the King of Spain and Viceroy of Portugal have lost all their children and close kinsmen and exit the stage in deep mourning, and *The Revenger’s Tragedy’s* duchy is left in the hands of an old man with no wife and no son; the prospects for the healing of these two countries is tenuous at best. Private revenge is indeed shown to be a dangerous thing.

While the focus of revenge tragedy changes with the changing society the theater caters to, it always gives its audience chilling images of horror. In *The Spanish Tragedy*, as in *Thyestes*, we are presented with concrete, bloody spectacle. The mental image of Thyestes’ murdered children and the real image of slain and hanged Horatio are crass, visual inducements to revenge; and Pedringano is a trusting if not innocent servant, who is publicly executed to silence him. The focus of *Hamlet* changes to depict the avenger’s development from a young prince not much dif-

ferent from other young men of his society into a scheming Machiavellian capable of murder. We have only the Ghost as a visual reminder of the crime committed, and the vivid verbal image of the killing and its spiritual consequences that he paints. Much of the horror in *Hamlet* is created through Hamlet's words rather than visual impact, but we do see the stabbing of Polonius and the carnage at the end. In *The Revenger's Tragedy*, we have not only Gloriana's skull, but also the excesses which Vindice is willing to commit. We have an engineered execution not meant to have happened, slow death by poison administered by the skull's "lips," on-stage desecration of a corpse, and joyous taunting during the slow death of a victim of stabbing, all in the name of morality and revenge! It is difficult for an audience to lament Vindice's looming death at play's end, but then the entire moral fabric of this society is corrupt to a degree that only allows a spectator distanced analysis, no identification. Finally, in *The Maid's Tragedy*, we are allowed to witness the corruption as it spreads. We are lulled by the ceremony of Amintor's wedding into believing that this society is sound, only to have our illusion shattered. A bride refuses to share her husband's bed and sees him only as a front to cover up her adulterous relationship with the King and provide a name for the resulting children. This same woman, once convinced of the error of her ways, binds her lover's hands to the bedpost in what he sees as an exciting new sex game, then stabs him to death in an act of "reverse penetration." The horror of this tragedy is tightly connected to women and the evils they bring on their family if they become corrupted. The nature of the horror presented has shifted from a motivation to revenge, easily understood and identified with by the audience, and its bloody aftermath, to an invisible evil that insinuates itself into our very homes. The Elizabethan protagonists are larger than we could ever be, and the horror of their deed and its aftermath serve as a moral lesson. In Jacobean revenge tragedy the spectators are much closer to the action personally, and especially in *The Maid's Tragedy* one can imagine the horror of finding

oneself in Amintor's or Aspatia's situation. Jacobean revenge tragedy has become almost voyeuristic, catering as it often does to a coterie audience of the same social class as the protagonists.

The Playhouses, Players, and Plays

The Renaissance was an age of extravagance and spectacle, remarkably theatrical in many aspects. The monarch was on display, "on stage" as it were, during his or her progresses of state through England; Elizabeth especially is known for her lavish progresses. Spectacle was also involved in the elaborate public executions of the period, especially in the traitor's punishment,⁹ where the spectators not only had a visual, gruesome warning against committing the awful crime of treason and the edification of the condemned's last words on the scaffold, but also had an opportunity to admire the craftsmanship of a truly skilled executioner. The theater, of course, was another arena that specialized in display and spectacle.

In 1580, public performances of drama for profit and the idea of playgoing as a pastime were relatively new. There had been performances before, to be sure, in connection with church festivals sponsored by the guilds, in the Tudor hall as entertainment, and in inn-yards, but playhouses erected solely for the purpose of providing the paying public with entertainment were a novelty.

Players did not fit easily into the categories of organized society. They were regarded as vagrants and "masterless men" along with other suspicious characters such as peddlers and tinkers who moved about in an otherwise static society, taking advantage of people, stealing and conniving. Only when a group of players had obtained the patronage of nobility or royalty as "servants" could they perform without fear of interference by the authorities. Shakespeare, for example, became one of a newly formed company under the Lord Chamberlain's protec-

⁹ See glossary.

tion in 1594, and after James I ascended the English throne his company became “The King’s Men.”

When we stop to think about the long list of plays that we still have preserved and the even longer list of lost plays,¹⁰ the numbers are impressive; a comparison is possible between the number of movies produced in a given period and the few that will survive into the future. Which Renaissance plays would survive, however, was much less predictable than the movie comparison may suggest. One reason that we have as many Shakespearean plays as we do is the dedication of members of Shakespeare’s acting company that saw to the publication of the First Folio after his death. A play was usually not printed until it was no longer profitable for the company, and a printed edition might create a small extra profit. Thomas Kyd’s *The Spanish Tragedy* is an instance in point; it was first published long after its first run, then revived on stage with additions, then printed again in its new form.

The reason for the staggering number of plays was the large number of playgoers and the relatively few theaters. We have documentation enough to figure that the Admiral’s Men of the Rose Theatre put on roughly forty plays in one year, and there is little reason to doubt that the same was true for the other theaters.¹¹ The plays had very short runs, and one play was never performed on consecutive days in order not to lose audience support. It is difficult to imagine the pressure on a leading actor who would have had to memorize some 40,000 lines per year. Renaissance theater had its “stars” like we have ours, and the public would often pay to see Burbage, Shakespeare’s leading man, or Kemp, Shakespeare’s early company clown, perform, and would demand to see their favorites. Though prestige might follow noble and royal patronage, the money to be made in order to stabilize a shareholding player’s social position came from the admission fee to the

¹⁰ See e.g. Alfred Harbage’s *Annals of English Drama 975-1700*.

¹¹ See map of playhouses in Steven Mullaney, *The Place of the Stage* 28-29.

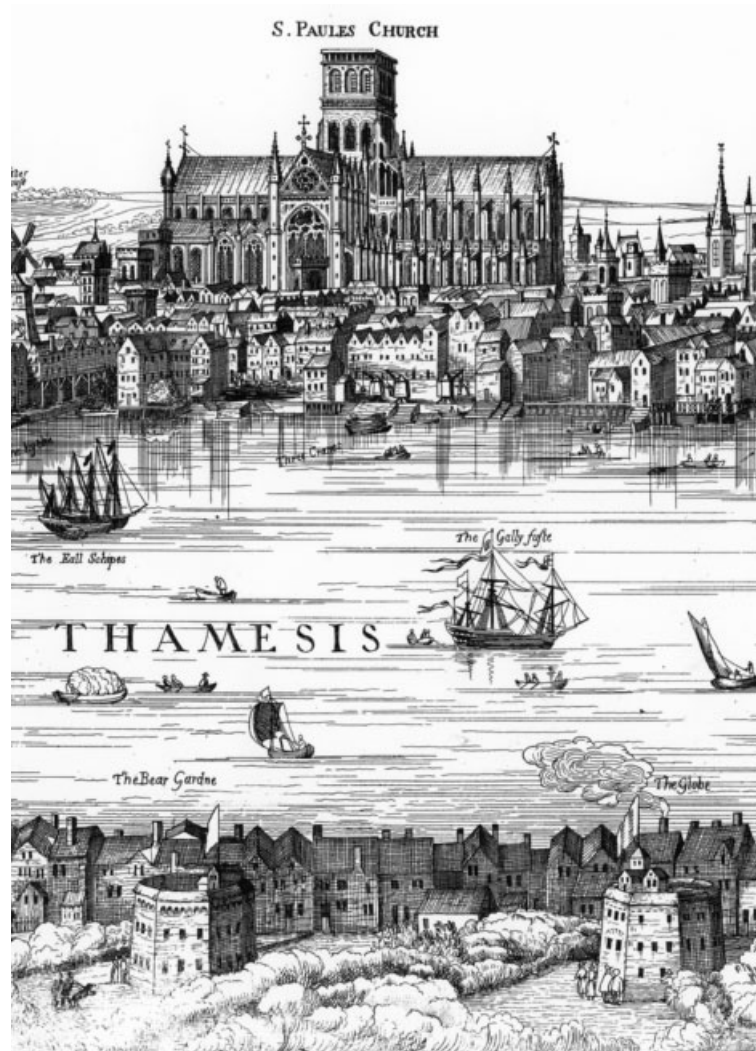


Figure 1. *Londinum Florentissima Britanniae Urbs*, which shows the location of the Globe Theatre. Map L85c no. 7 copy 1, detail of section 2. By permission of the Folger Shakespeare Library.

public theaters, so the companies strove to give its public what it wanted.

Playhouses were located in “the liberties,” areas not under the control of London’s Lord Mayor. Few of these could be found within the city walls, all relics of former monasteries. Theaters were generally situated well outside the city walls in the suburbs with a concentration in Southwark on the south bank of the Thames River where the Globe stood. An assembled motley crowd such as a playhouse attracted was regarded as not only noisy and unpleasant, but it also drew unsavory elements:

. . . At plaies, the Nip standeth there leaning like some manerly gentleman against the doore as men go in, and there finding talke with some of his companions, spieth what everie man hath in his purse, and where, in what place, and in which sleeve or pocket he puts the boung and according to that so he worketh either where the thrust is great within, or else as they come out at the doors.
(Robert Greene, *The second Part of Conny Catching*, 1591)¹²

. . . the quality of such as frequent the sayed places, bee-
ing the ordinary places of meetings for all vagrant per-
sons & maisterles men that hang about the Citie, theeves,
horsestealers, whoremongers, coozeners, connycatching
persons, practizers of treason, & other such lyke . . .
(Lord Mayor to Lord Burghley, 3 November 1594 (re-
peated in petition for abolition of playhouses 28 July
1597 to the Privy Council))¹³

A large crowd was also seen as a suspicious and potentially riotous lot, not welcome in good neighborhoods; no wonder per-

¹² Qtd. in Gurr, *Playgoing in Shakespeare’s London*, Appendix 2, entry 13.

¹³ Ibid. entry 21.



Figure 2. *The White Hart Inn*. In such an inn-yard actors would perform plays. Art File L847h2 no. 3. By permission of the Folger Shakespeare Library.

performances such as those put on at inns were banned within the city in 1594. To compensate, the public playhouses were licensed, thus situating drama and performance outside the city limits.

Having a playhouse with an entrance where admission could be taken was a great improvement over passing the hat after a performance at an inn-yard; people paid in advance and could not enter without payment. The playhouses were constructed on two models, the square inn-yard and the multi-sided polygon of an animal baiting arena. Both models had galleries with benches, usually three levels, each level protruding over the level beneath and the upmost one thatched;¹⁴ in case of rain, some shelter could be provided here for the people standing around the stage itself. Admission for standing room was the cheapest, a seat on a gallery bench more expensive, and the price rose again for admission to a “Gentleman’s Box” on the first gallery, immediately above and to the sides of the stage, and the “Lord’s Rooms” on the balcony above the stage, seats making sure that the occupant was seen and remarked upon! The Globe galleries could seat some 2,000 people, and, when a popular play was offered, about 1,000 groundlings could be squeezed into the yard. All performances in the public playhouses took place in the afternoon by natural light, which seems foreign to a twenty-first century playgoer who is accustomed to sitting in darkness, hushed and silent, expecting theater of illusion. The Renaissance audiences were lively lots, buying and consuming food and drink, sometimes fighting, sometimes negotiating with a prostitute for services, and always commenting loudly about the business on stage, whether favorably or the opposite. The audience surrounded the stage area on all sides, and nobody was really far from the stage. Being surrounded by spectators put very different demands on the actors from what we are used to in our contemporary theaters. They

¹⁴ See sketches for the rebuilding of the New Globe in Mulryne and Shewring’s *Shakespeare’s Globe Rebuilt*, 118-119. <http://www.reading.ac.uk/globe/> is another excellent visual resource.

would unavoidably have their backs turned to part of the audience, and the spectators would see a “different play” depending on their position in the auditorium.

The stage itself was a platform about five feet tall and about 1,180 square feet in size. It had a trapdoor in the middle to give access to the “hell” beneath from which devils could ascend, sinners could descend, and ghosts could emerge; *Hamlet’s* gravedigging clown is also well accommodated here. Above the stage was a gallery with a balcony which was used both as boxes for spectators and as a secondary staging area for scenes such as *Romeo and Juliet’s* balcony scene and for Richard the Second’s entry when challenged by Bolingbrook at Flint Castle; possibly the musicians so many plays call for also found room here. This gallery and the stage itself were covered by “the heavens,” supported by sturdy pillars, from which a trapdoor allowed such figures as Jove to descend to the stage and be elevated again. The Renaissance public playhouse thus resembles the Mediaeval stage, only where the religiously inspired plays had a horizontal arrangement of heaven-earth-hell, the amphitheater’s is vertical. The back of the stage was a wall, the *frons scenae*, with three openings, two doors on either side for regular entrances and exits, and a middle aperture, the “discovery space,” which could be covered by a painted tapestry or curtain. This was a convenient space from which to “discover” Juliet in her tomb, a tableau like Ferdinand and Miranda’s chess game in *The Winter’s Tale*, or the fake corpses of the Duchess’ family in Webster’s *The Duchess of Malji*. We assume that both “the heavens” and the *frons scenae* were richly decorated; The New Globe certainly has followed this assumption with beautiful result.¹⁵ Behind this wall was the “tiring house” where the actors readied themselves for performance and awaited their cue to enter.

A stage like the Globe’s could, of course, not be curtained off like our “picture frame” stages can. This meant no elaborate

¹⁵ See <http://www.reading.ac.uk/globe/>

scene changes were possible. A Renaissance play in a public playhouse would be performed in one continuous action with no act divisions and no intermissions, making for a speedier experience than we are used to in the twenty-first century. Scenery was minimal, and most of it was painted by the playwright's words. When two people are standing five feet from one another (*Hamlet* I.i) and say that they are unable to see each other, the audience smoothly infers that the time is night. When we are told, "[T]his is the forest of Arden" in *As You Like It* (II.iv), we accept that trees surround the actors and are unsurprised when a lover pins poems onto a convenient tree/support pillar. Those of us who have experienced "theater in the round" will agree that we adapt to the bare stage, the minimal use of props, and the set painted by the dramatist in words with greater ease than might be expected from more modern generations used to spectacular special effects, movies, and theater of illusion.

Props were present, to be sure, and Mr. Henslowe's papers have given us extensive lists of what was to be had. We find few large properties, which were unwieldy and difficult to remove without interrupting the action. Beds, for example, could be presented from the discovery space, but if a character was ill and needed to be closer to the audience to speak, he would be rolled in in a chair. Most props were handheld and left the stage with the actor. Often small props identified the bearer (a "scenic emblem"): a king, of course, needs his crown, his scepter, and his sphere; a jester would carry a bauble; only gentlemen wore swords; Hieronimo's dagger and rope (*Spanish Tragedy* IV.v) marked him as contemplating suicide. But small props could take on large significance. Yorick's skull (*Hamlet* V.i) becomes Hamlet's teacher; the Page's box (*The Spanish Tragedy* III.v) takes on a life of its own; and Evadne's dagger (*The Maid's Tragedy* V.i) takes on sexual connotations. Every time an original stage direction specifies use of a handprop, it is a good idea to open one's imagination to the symbolic possibilities of that prop.

On the bare, open stage there were only the pillars supporting “the heavens,” and so no place for an actor to hide when spying or eavesdropping. The playwright’s words often suffice to “hide” the actor—nobody but the audience will be aware of his presence. This leads to a discussion of the conventions that were taken for granted in the Renaissance. One convention we hardly think about and readily accept while experiencing theater in the round is that of place. The bare stage comfortably and seamlessly changes from castle to marketplace to bedchamber by means of the playwright’s words. We know we are in a theater watching a play, not truly in the Duke’s chamber or a Danish graveyard, but part of the contract we sign when buying our ticket is that we will choose not to credit this knowledge; we allow ourselves to be transported wherever the play takes us. By the same token we accept that when an actor turns from another to deliver “an aside,” only we can hear it; and when an actor declares himself hidden, or in some cases invisible, we believe, but we relish being “in the know.” We also readily accept a few soldiers as representatives of an entire army, and a few skirmishes as an entire battle.

What the stage lacked in properties and scenery, it made up for by its lavish use of costumes. Again from Henslowe’s papers we have knowledge of the extensive wardrobe available to the actors, and presumably all performance took place in contemporary dress. The actors probably supplied their own costumes when nothing out of the ordinary was needed, but theater management had outfits to accommodate what the play needed, notably several suits of armor and padding, which were necessary for the actors to remain unhurt during the frequent bouts of enthusiastic swordplay so loved by the audience. Clothing assists in setting the stage: an actor appears in a cloak and boots, and so we know that we are out-of-doors and probably traveling; we see a nightcap and a nightshirt, and we know we are in the presence of a roused sleeper; Hamlet’s black garb signals mourning. Social status is defined by dress:

a velvet garment signals a lady, but if she adds cloth of gold or gold lace, she is of the high nobility. Indeed, the Sumptuary Laws¹⁶ set down rules for what fabrics were acceptable for each social class. Only the nobility could wear silk and taffeta, for instance, so such garments were supplied by the theater. Members of different trades were readily identifiable by their garb and accessories; Shakespeare's *Julius Caesar* specifies an "apron and rule" for a carpenter (I.i).

The plays produced on the public stages were significantly different from the Mediaeval performances in themes and topics.¹⁷ Miracle and Morality plays concern themselves with religious instruction, the salvation of the human soul, our realization of our susceptibility to succumb to committing sins and the consequences thereof, and with our awareness of our place in the greater scheme of things. Many passages were rich in comedic elements, but the main focus of even slapstick comedy was the religiously motivated moral message to be sent. Once theatergoing became a commercial enterprise, there was a clear shift in the themes and topics presented. English history plays became a vehicle for patriotism and often glorified the past of the reigning dynasty.¹⁸ Moreover, history plays lent themselves to such attractions as battles, spectacle, and military music. As the period progressed, the concept of "kingship" and "government" were frequently debated issues, which were problematized on stage not only in the history plays, but also in other, more abstract contexts such as we find it in Beaumont and Fletcher's *The Maid's Tragedy* and Shakespeare's *King Lear* and

¹⁶ "A law regulating expenditure, especially with view to restraining excess in food, dress, equipage, etc." (O.E.D.)

¹⁷ There is much more to be said on this topic than this introduction has room for. For a brilliant and thorough treatment, see Glynne Wickham's *A History of the Theatre*.

¹⁸ Shakespeare's *Richard the Third* is an instance in point. The man who saves England from the bloody tyranny of Richard's rule is Elizabeth's grandfather!

Macbeth. Other popular topics were the moral ramifications of private versus public revenge and, in both comedies and tragedies, the issues connected with love and marriage; in most cases room could be found for swordplay or duels with rapiers, and the actors' skills with their weapons did not go unnoticed or uncheered.

Parallel to the adult companies of actors, and giving them strong competition, there existed groups of boy actors, for instance "The Children of the Chapel Royal," who performed once or twice a week. Boy companies had been known since the fourteenth century and were much favored by both Henry VIII and Elizabeth. These boys were connected to a church or school where they were receiving a gentleman's education, which among other things included rhetoric. Performing plays as part of higher education was defensible because the boys learned to

. . . try their voices and confirm [strengthen] their memories; to frame [control] their speech; to conform them to convenient action [suitable behaviour]; to try what metal is in every one, and of what disposition they are of; whereby never any one amongst us, that I know was made the worse, many have been much the better.

(William Gager, qtd. in Styan, *The English Stage*)

Besides acting, the boys received training in singing, dancing, and music, and their training made them so versatile that they attracted the attention of several major playwrights who wrote, sometimes exclusively, for the boy companies; their major strength was light comedy. A skilled boy actor was also in high demand from the adult companies, who needed him to play female parts.¹⁹

The boys performed indoors, notably at The Blackfriars

¹⁹ All roles were played by male actors during the Renaissance; not until the Restoration did an English actress set foot on stage.

Theatre, which in the 1580s was regarded as a fashionable place to go and attracted an audience of gentlemen. Once the hall playhouses again were permitted within London city limits in 1599, the boy companies resumed public performance, but adult companies were still barred from performance in the city until 1608, when Burbage and Shakespeare's company took over Blackfriars.²⁰

The popularity of the children's companies may seem strange to us, but they had a long history of royal favor, there was an aura of the genteel about them not found with adult companies, and once indoor performance was again established, such a theater gave protection against the weather and offered an intimate and sophisticated atmosphere in a small setting. The popularity of playwrights such as Ben Jonson, who favored the boys, certainly added to the attraction, and competition between adults and boys was sometimes fierce.²¹ Admission to an indoor or "private" playhouse was higher than to a public one, which also served to create a more sophisticated, coterie audience.

Like the outdoor, the indoor playhouse had galleries flanking the stage, but the space in front of it had benches to sit on. The seats nearest to the stage were the most expensive, quite the opposite of the public playhouses, and the auditorium could seat only about 700 if three galleries were available, 600 if two. The balcony above the stage no longer had seating, but it had space for musicians, who played during the interludes necessary to trim the wicks of the candles used for illumination²² and to lend mood throughout the play. The stage itself was considerably smaller

²⁰ James Burbage adapted Blackfriars to accommodate adult performance and probably to get winter quarters for his company in 1596, but he was not permitted to bring the adult company in, and so Blackfriars was leased to the boys.

²¹ See *Hamlet* II.ii.330 ff.

²² Usually four trimmings during a performance, splitting the play into five "acts."

than that of an outdoor theater, about 400 square feet to about 1200 square feet, and this space was further limited by the practice of having a few extra-paying gallants sit on stools on the stage itself. The trapdoor to “hell” could be found in the stage floor, but from above more and more machinery made more and more elaborate special effects possible, such as “flying.”

The plays written for the private playhouses differ somewhat from those designed for the public ones. The smaller stage and the confined space did not lend themselves well to battle scenes because of their sheer magnitude and noise; now battles of wit took precedence over actual skirmish. Because the daylight convention no longer was necessary, as lighting to a great degree could be controlled, the verbal painting of time of day was no longer necessary. Control over light and darkness made it possible to create eerie spectacles and dumb shows, such as we see in Webster’s *The Duchess of Malfi*, and elaborate masques such as Beaumont and Fletcher’s wedding masque in *The Maid’s Tragedy*, which takes place in the dark of night with only the moon for illumination. The private playhouses offered spectacle, sophisticated dialogue, music, and song, all suitable to the intimate space. But of course many popular plays found themselves transposed from one setting to the other after the adult companies gained access to both types of playhouses and moved favorite plays to the arena they occupied.

But how have these plays been preserved for us? And in what form?²³

The playwright’s words were most closely represented in the so-called “foul papers,” which are a challenge for a modern reader as they are in flowing, contemporary handwriting, “the secretary hand,” and the spelling is idiosyncratic. This version would have strike-outs, additions, marginal comments, and

²³ Good readings on the preserving and printing of the plays can be found in Gurr and Ichikawa’s *Staging in Shakespeare’s Theatres* and McDonald’s *The Bedford Companion*.

would generally look like what we consider “a draft.” In *Much Ado About Nothing*, for example, we sometimes find the actor’s name substituted for the character’s name in the speech headings; sometimes, “Clown” is substituted for a character’s name. These “errors” might easily find their way into print. Furthermore, many of the changes brought about by performance will not be found in the “foul papers.”

It is easier to read the next stage, the “fair copy,” but it could be made by a copyist as well as the playwright, and so might perpetuate mistakes and even add more. And whoever copied the “foul papers” would add his own idiosyncratic spelling conceptions to those already present, and sometimes punctuation became an issue as well.

“The book of the play” is the final version, treasured by the company, which contains enough information for the book-keeper—the stage manager—to make performance go smoothly. He marked up this copy to make sure everybody knew what props were needed when, when entrances were to take place, and from which door. Once an actor was on stage, there was no way to help him, except from fellow actors, should he forget his lines. After 1570, when censorship began, the “book of the play,” or the “prompt copy,” had to be approved by the Master of the Revels, who signed the book for the company as proof that nothing in it was offensive. A shorter version than the approved one was in order, but nothing could be added. If the London theaters were closed, for example during outbreaks of the plague, the company might take three or four plays and their respective costumes and props on tour; in such a situation the play might well be abbreviated, but the Master of the Revels’ signature guaranteed the acceptability of the text.

Once the actors thought the play had lost its audience appeal as a performed text, they might sell it—and so give up all rights—to a printer. The government controlled the Stationers’ Company or Register, which regulated all the printers in Lon-

don; the printer would pay a fee to register his printed copy with this company, after which he could print and reprint as the market dictated. Many title pages of the time, such as the one for *Arden of Feversham* which mentions no author, make this ownership known: “Imprinted at London for Edward White, dwelling at the lyttle north dore of Paules Church at the signe of the Gun. 1592.” The printer would use one or more of the copies mentioned above, “foul papers,” “fair copy,” “book of the play,” as a basis for his text.

Printing was a relatively new thing in the Renaissance, and type setting and actual printing was executed by hand and open to variation, as spelling was by no means standardized at the time; especially the setting of type introduced idiosyncratic spelling and punctuation. It is possible through Shakespeare’s *Folio* to ascertain which composer²⁴ set a given page because of his preferred spelling or, say, love of the parenthesis or the colon. Because production could be furthered by it, several composers were setting type for the same sheet, and they were doing it in an atmosphere of deafening noise from the hand-operated machinery, ink stains everywhere, and the stench from the leather balls used for applying the ink, which were soaking in human urine to keep them supple.

Many of the variations and errors introduced during all these steps in preserving the text for us have scholars puzzled to this day, and we find this puzzlement reflected in “the war of the footnotes.” If we ask ourselves whether we will ever be able to reconstruct the actual text used in the actual playhouse in Renaissance times, the answer must be no; *the* text is a phantom.²⁵

²⁴ The one who placed the metal letters in the wooden frame for printing.

²⁵ See Rosenbaum’s “Shakespeare in Rewrite” for an illuminating discussion of this topic.



Figure 3. Exterior of the Globe Theatre, London. 2002. By permission of Flemming Videbæk.

An Expression of Gratitude

As every editor must, I feel a great debt to the many people who have helped me with this task; who have taught me throughout my career as a student; who as colleagues have discussed Renaissance drama with me; who have been my interesting and interested students. Still, most of all, I acknowledge my debt to those editors whose works I have consulted for this volume.

For *The Spanish Tragedy*:

Frederick S. Boas, *The Works of Thomas Kyd*, Clarendon Press, 1901; 1955.

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THE SPANISH TRAGEDY

by

THOMAS KYD

Introductory Remarks

Thomas Kyd

Kyd was born in 1558 into a comfortably well-off middle-class family. His father was a scrivener, a copier of documents, who via his profession had close connection to the legal system. The few preserved pieces of Kyd's handwriting suggest that he may have followed his father's profession, at least for a while; his writing is extremely neat and elegant.

He was educated at the Merchant Tailor's School, beginning at the age of seven, and was there most probably instructed in French and Italian, Latin, and maybe some Greek. Kyd was exposed to the theater and performance at a young age. As part of the boys' training in rhetoric, plays were performed at this school, and we know that the students acted at court, entertaining Queen Elizabeth.

We have no evidence of Kyd's life as a young man until around 1585, close to the assumed date for *The Spanish Tragedy*, when we know that he was writing plays for the Queen's Company. Unfortunately, most of these plays are lost, and only through Thomas Heywood's *Apology for Actors* (1612) do we know for a fact that Kyd was the author of *The Spanish Tragedy*, as no copy of the play in contemporary printing bears his name on the title page.

Most of our knowledge of Kyd's later life stems from his arrest on May 12, 1593. He was detained and possibly tortured during the Privy Council's attempt to discover who was responsible for "certain libels," probably directed against foreigners living in London. During the search of his chambers were found papers considered to be "vile hereticall Conceiptes denyinge the deity of Jhesus Christe o' Savio'";¹ which ensured Kyd's arrest for blasphemy. After fellow playwright Christopher Marlowe's

¹ Quoted in Freeman, *Thomas Kyd: Facts and Problems*.

death in a barroom brawl, Kyd claimed that the papers were Marlowe's and had been left among Kyd's things by him at a time when they had both been "wrytinge in one chamber" while in service with an unidentified lord. Marlowe was known for harboring sentiments that could be seen as vile and heretical. It is not known whether Kyd suspected that Marlowe had informed on him—Marlowe himself was imprisoned May 20th to May 30th that same year—or whether he accused Marlowe to escape prison and torture once the latter was known to be dead.

Kyd died in 1594, just over a year after his release, at the age of thirty-six; most probably his demise was hastened by his prison experience.

The Play

Senecan Elements and Revenge Tragedy

The Spanish Tragedy introduced revenge tragedy to the English stage. The revenge theme has its roots in the tragedies of Seneca, the first classical writer of tragedies to be translated into English, whose main interest is the effect of revenge over multiple generations of a family. Also, Seneca's protagonists often display those character traits the "civilized" human is ashamed of, such as vengefulness, pride, greed, and spite. According to David Slavitt,² there are

. . . two questions that the tragedies of Seneca generally pose . . . first whether there is any divine justice. Are there any gods, or more particularly, does their mere existence matter to us if they do not occupy themselves with rewarding virtue and punishing wickedness? And then, as a corollary question, Seneca's plays test our assumptions about the limits of the cruelty men and women can visit upon one another. Or worse, he asks whether there are any such limits . . . Seneca [demonstrates] that we live in

² Editor of *Seneca, The Tragedies*, vol. 1 and 2.

a morally indifferent universe. . .

[Preface, viii-ix]

Kyd does not take human cruelty to the extremes of Seneca, but he does take a bleak view of human justice and debates the morality thereof.

In *The Spanish Tragedy*, Kyd quotes Seneca directly and uses many of his rhetorical techniques, one such being stichomythia, verse dialogue in single lines; another, highly polished, rhetorically elegant speeches. But where Seneca's tragedies seem static and not very appealing from the point of view of staging, Kyd's tragedy is definitely for and of the stage. The Senecan elements were an inspiration for Kyd, not something to be imitated completely.

The Spanish Tragedy has all the elements we associate with revenge tragedy. First of all, the on-stage audience present throughout the play are the Ghost of Don Andrea and Revenge.³ The restless ghost that must be avenged has his roots in Senecan tragedy, but Kyd uses this presence as a tool to guide the perceptions of his audience. After the Introduction, the spectators know the outcome of the play; Revenge assures Don Andrea that Balthazar, who slew him in battle, will be killed by Bel-imperia, Andrea's love. Armed with this knowledge, the audience can concentrate, not on what is going to happen, but on how the result is brought about.

The traditional reason for revenge, a murder, usually of a kinsman, is not present for Don Andrea, who was killed in battle, and who cannot, of course, avenge his own death; his end, as presented by Horatio (I.iii.6-29), shows Balthazar in a less than flattering light. However, one act of revenge sets another in motion. Bel-imperia wants revenge on Balthazar for her

³ The present editor has decided to leave Revenge and Andrea on stage throughout the play and only have them exit at the end, thus creating a frame for the play which constantly reminds the audience of the expected outcome.

lover's death; Lorenzo and Balthazar want revenge on Horatio for winning Bel-imperia's love and thwarting a politically motivated marriage plan; Hieronimo wants revenge on his son's murderers. Each of these intrigues has a different motivation and explores different aspects of how human beings interact. Revenge amplifies human actions and reactions and makes us ponder why we undertake certain tasks and react in certain ways, and so it becomes a splendid tool for examining the conflicts between protagonists that make Elizabethan tragedy so fascinating.

Kyd shows us that the path to obtaining revenge is long, twisted, and tortuous, and that the revenger, notably Hieronimo, becomes tainted because of the revenge process. As Knight Marshal of Spain, essentially a judge, Hieronimo's life has been centered on meting out justice to others. Now, incapable of finding justice for his murdered son through the courts, he is faced with a dilemma. He can either turn the other cheek, and like a good Christian let God mete out justice, or he can break the law he holds in such high esteem in the pursuit of private revenge. The opening of IV.v displays this dilemma eloquently. The book Hieronimo carries must be by Seneca, as the Latin quotations show, but his first words, "*Vindicta mihi!*" refer to the Lord's right to vengeance (Romans xii.19). Still, Seneca, who is for revenge, wins out in Hieronimo's tortured debate with himself. The transition is difficult, but once the decision is made, Hieronimo is a changed man, capable of extreme deeds.

As always in revenge tragedy, the innocent suffer along with the guilty; in fact, at the end of a revenge tragedy, the "wild justice" the law ought to weed out⁴ has dire consequences for everyone involved. Part of the cost is often madness and suicide, here visited most movingly upon Isabella, Horatio's mother. Isabella is completely innocent of any wrong, but her emotional

⁴ Bacon; see his "Essay on Revenge" among the Texts in Context in this volume.

suffering is tremendous. The Spanish King, his brother, and the Portuguese Viceroy are not directly involved in the revenge plot either, but they, too, suffer loss and grief, even loss of life.

The quest for justice is further complicated by the rashness of judgment shown by the Viceroy of Portugal, who condemns the wrong man to death for supposedly killing his son, and Lorenzo's coldly sending Pedringano to the scaffold, seduced into believing that he will be saved at the last moment. Juxtaposed with these injustices we see Hieronimo's care when rendering judgment, all the while lamenting the lack of justice in his own son's murder.⁵ He even questions whether a higher power is concerned with justice on earth at all.

Throughout the play, the spectators are more knowledgeable about the play's complications than any of the characters on stage, and know from the start that Revenge will have what is his due. This enables the audience members to appreciate the twists and turns of Kyd's well-crafted plot and allows them to fully appreciate the ironies of fate and human nature so pervasive in *The Spanish Tragedy*.

The Characters

Like many Renaissance dramatists, Kyd sets his play in a foreign country, which allows him to express himself more freely; no Englishman could be offended as the rash and inconsistent Viceroy is of Portugal and the aloof and proud King is of Spain. There seems to be no historical background for the recently fought battle in the play. Kyd needed a warlike situation, and this, too, could be more easily created if the setting of his fiction was removed from England itself.

The Spanish King is inordinately proud, reveling in his power, and creating opportunities for the spectacle and pomp so beloved by a Renaissance audience. In I.i he causes his victorious army to "enter and pass by" in great display twice in the

⁵ See especially III.vi.1-10 and III.vii.10-18.

same scene; he welcomes Balthazar to the court with a banquet and a dumb show in I.iii; and he encourages the play-within⁶ in the final scene. All these displays of pomp and pride become ironic to the audience, who are privy to Hieronimo's plan. Before the play opens, the Portuguese Viceroy was proud enough to have rebelled against mighty Spain, but he is now humbled both by the loss of the war and the presumed loss of his son. Fallen pride is shown as less than regal, unreasonable in the face of loss, and prone to be self-indulgent. Both rulers are humbled by the close of the play.

Prince Balthazar is shown as susceptible to flattery and as one easily led, neither of which is a desired quality in a prince or a leader. When convinced that he is in love, his stilted Petrarchan language and his mood swings further distance the audience from him. His status as prisoner in the Spanish court is an honorable one as he is held for ransom, and he is therefore at all times treated as a prince rather than a captured enemy. Lorenzo, son of the King's brother, is an early version of the popular stage Machiavel, a scheming, plotting character who claims to know his fellow man, freely shares his plans with the audience, and thoroughly enjoys his own evil. Ironically, his demise is brought about because he does not truly know his own sister.

Bel-imperia, whose name implies both beauty (Bel) and proud royalty (imperia), is not the traditional chaste, silent, and obedient Renaissance woman. Don Andrea's "In secret I possessed a worthy dame / Which hight sweet Bel-imperia by name" (Intro. 10-11) strongly suggests a sexual relationship between the two, and we are also told that her choice of lover was highly unacceptable to her family. Despite this she herself chooses Horatio for her second lover, though he is of a lower social standing than she and there are plans for her arranged marriage to Balthazar. Bel-imperia is a headstrong young woman, who takes her fate into her own hands. A modern-day audience can be puzzled by the ease with

⁶ See glossary.

which she changes her allegiance from Don Andrea to Horatio. This often gives rise to speculations about her morality and character, but Kyd needs this new love interest to further his plot, and it is neither the first nor the last time practicality takes precedence over psychological probability in Renaissance Drama. Besides, Horatio is worthy; even Don Andrea seems to approve.

Horatio is an almost impossibly perfect young man. He is courageous and well-spoken, and his love scene with Bel-imperia serves as a strong contrast to Balthazar's fumbling attempts at love poetry. The problems he faces are his social standing, something the court never lets us forget, and the fact that Lorenzo has plans to further his own interest through Balthazar's marriage to his sister. In reality, Bel-imperia has no control over whom she is to marry; her social standing dictates what her family deems a suitable marriage, which most probably would be arranged in any case. It is interesting to note how Bel-imperia is the only one in the court to see Horatio for what he is and not as a function of his social class.

Hieronimo is by far the most complicated and interesting character of the play. He is the epitome of an honorable, upright citizen and judge, whose life up to the point of his son's murder has been circumscribed by the law. He is a good father and husband, a poet, a courtier. His struggles with his conscience as he gives himself over to the chaos that follows in the wake of revenge, and the quality of his inner debates display the depths of revenge tragedy. Through Hieronimo, the audience sees that though anybody can feel sympathy for a man who seeks private revenge, even understand the motivation on a personal level and in some way applaud the resulting "justice," the price the revenger pays is high; the process that leads to the actual revenge taints Hieronimo and lowers him to the level of his prey. The rhetorical elements of his speeches may take a reader some getting used to, but once we overcome our tendency to see Kyd's language as "overdone," the beauty of the language emerges.

The Stage and the Text

Kyd uses all the possibilities of his stage in truly professional fashion. Where Senecan tragedy tells, he shows. He makes room in his play for spectacle and procession. He makes use of the balcony for Lorenzo and Balthazar's eavesdropping, and for Bel-imperia to drop her letter written in blood so the audience can see the red writing as it flutters down. The presence of Revenge and Don Andrea's Ghost throughout, quiet, static, hovering, creates a contrast to the violently propelled, bloody revenge plot of the play proper.

Kyd makes use of props, large and small, from arbor to letter. The arbor, as can be seen from the title page to the revised edition of *The Spanish Tragedy*, is quite a sizable set piece, as it must be sturdy enough to support Horatio's body. A piece as elaborate as this must see some use to justify its presence, and indeed the arbor does. First it serves to provide an intimate and seemingly secure trysting place for Bel-imperia and Horatio, bringing home the irony of the illusion of safety. Then it serves as a scaffold for Horatio, and, again ironically, when Hieronimo enters to help the woman he heard cry out his name, what he expected to find is much different from actual reality. The "stake" Alexandro is tied to in III.i is probably the arbor, and placing him there will bring the audience to compare Viluppo's and Lorenzo's plans and actions. Hieronimo's soliloquy in III.ii is made more moving when delivered close to the arbor, and the set piece can serve as scaffold for Pedringano's execution. Finally, in V.ii, Isabella destroys the arbor in her madness before taking her own life. A suitable place to position this large piece might be close to the discovery space,⁷ where it can be ignored when not needed for action or poignant reminders.

Smaller props are equally well employed by Kyd. The Viceroy's crown in I.ii serves to underscore his distress, and Bel-imperia's scarf, once given to Andrea, now to Horatio in I.iii, and her

⁷ See glossary under "Playhouse."

dropped glove later in the same scene can both be wonderful vehicles for demonstrating her love for Horatio, while the glove reveals that love to Lorenzo and Balthazar. The page's box, which allegedly contains Pedringano's pardon, takes on a delightful life of its own in III.iv, v, and vi. Pedringano's letter, clutched in III.vi and found in III.vii, stresses Lorenzo's casual cruelty, and the letter written in blood adds graphic visual emphasis to Hieronimo's discovery of the identity of his son's murderers in III.ii. The rope and dagger with which Hieronimo enters in IV.v immediately mark him as a suicide, and there must, of course, be something resembling a tongue thudding to the stage in the final scene, probably a piece of raw liver. Blood from the multiple stab wounds could be stored in small containers such as bladders to be pierced with a weapon.

Revenge tragedy was in vogue in the Renaissance. The violent plot, the attraction of the theme, and Kyd's use of language and stage ensured the popularity of *The Spanish Tragedy*. It was revived several times, printed, and printed again with several additions, which the present editor has decided to place at the end of the play.

We know that the play was written before February 23rd, 1592, when we have evidence of a performance. The actual date of composition is unknown, and speculations range from as early as 1582 to as late as 1591, but there is no evidence extant to enable us to decisively date the play. The additions printed in the 1602 edition reflect the change in taste between the play's first run and its revival. Whether the play was ever performed in its long version, or whether the additions were written to replace part of Kyd's text which had become old-fashioned or unappealing to a new audience, is unclear. The additions expand Hieronimo's part and give the actor much opportunity to portray a madness only briefly suggested in the 1592 printing, indicating that madscenes had become fashionable.

The author of the additions is unknown, but their existence is proof of the long-lasting popularity of *The Spanish Tragedy*.

The Spanish Tragedie: OR, Hieronimo is mad againe.

Containing the lamentable end of *Don Horatio*, and
Belimperia; with the pittifull death of *Hieronimo*.

Newly corrected, amended, and enlarged with new
Additions of the *Painters* part, and others, as
it hath of late been diuers times acted.



LONDON,
Printed by W. White, for I. White and T. Langley,
and are to be sold at their Shop ouer against the
Sarazens head without New-gate. 1615.

Figure 4. STC 15091a, the 1615 title page for *The Spanish Tragedy*. This image gives us valuable clues about staging and costumes of the time. By permission of the Folger Shakespeare Library.

Dramatis Personae

Chorus:

The Ghost of Andrea
Revenge

The King of Spain
Cyprian, Duke of Castile, the King's brother
Lorenzo, son of the Duke
Bel-imperia, daughter of the Duke
Spanish General

Hieronimo, Marshal of Spain
Isabella, his wife
Horatio, their son

The Viceroy of Portugal
Don Pedro, his brother
Balthazar, his son
Alexandro, a Portuguese nobleman
Villuppo, a Portuguese nobleman
The Ambassador of Portugal

Pedringano, Bel-imperia's servant
Serberine, Balthazar's servant
Christophil, Lorenzo's servant
Bazulto, an old man; Senex in speech headings

First Dumb Show:

Three knights
Three kings
A drummer

Second Dumb Show:

Hymen

Two torch bearers

Characters in Hieronimo's play:

Balthazar as Soliman, Sultan of Turkey

Lorenzo as Erastus, Knight of Rhodes

Hieronimo as The Bashaw

Bel-imperia as Perseda, a Christian captive

Soldiers, Officers, Nobles, Attendants, Halberdiers, Watchmen,
Messenger, Page, Deputy, Hangman, Citizens, Servants, Maid

The Spanish Tragedy

Act I Introduction

Enter the Ghost of Andrea, and with him Revenge

Andrea's Ghost

When this eternal substance of my soul
Did live imprisoned in my wanton flesh,
Each in their function serving other's need,
I was a courtier in the Spanish court.
My name was Don Andrea, my descent
Though not ignoble, yet inferior far 5
To gracious fortunes of my tender youth.
For there in prime⁸ and pride⁹ of all my years,
By duteous service and deserving love,
In secret I possessed¹⁰ a worthy dame, 10
Which hight¹¹ sweet Bel-imperia by name.
But in the harvest of my summer joys
Death's winter nipped the blossom of my bliss,
Forcing divorce¹² betwixt my love and me.
For in the late conflict with Portingale¹³
My valor drew me into danger's mouth 15
Till life to death made passage through my wounds.

⁸ Early time, springtime.

⁹ Optimal condition.

¹⁰ Made love to.

¹¹ Was called.

¹² Separation.

¹³ Portugal.

When I was slain, my soul descended straight
To pass the flowing stream of Acheron.¹⁴
But churlish Charon,¹⁵ only boatman there, 20
Said that, my rites of burial not performed,
I might not sit amongst his passengers.
Ere Sol¹⁶ had slept three nights in Thetis'¹⁷ lap,
And slaked¹⁸ his smoking chariot in her flood,
By Don Horatio, our Knight Marshal's¹⁹ son, 25
My funerals and obsequies were done.
Then was the ferryman of hell content
To pass me over to the slimy strand
That leads to fell Avernus'²⁰ ugly waves.
There, pleasing Cerberus²¹ with honeyed speech, 30
I passed the perils of the foremost porch.²²
Not far from hence, amidst ten thousand souls,
Sat Minos, Aeacus, and Radamanth,²³
To whom no sooner 'gan I make approach,
To crave a passport for my wand'ring ghost, 35
But Minos, in graven leaves of lottery,
Drew forth the manner of my life and death.²⁴

¹⁴ River in the Underworld. Kyd apparently identifies it here with the River Styx.

¹⁵ The ferryman of the underworld.

¹⁶ The sun.

¹⁷ Homer's goddess of the sea, here used for "the sea."

¹⁸ Extinguished.

¹⁹ In England, a legal official of the King's household. Here, already, Hieronimo is associated with the law and justice.

²⁰ Volcanic lake near Pozzuoli (north of Naples, Italy), where the entrance to the Underworld was thought to be.

²¹ The three-headed dog that guards the entrance to the Underworld.

²² Entry.

²³ Judges of the Underworld.

²⁴ Minos is acquainted with Andrea's life, death, and deeds.

“This knight,” quoth²⁵ he, “both lived and died in love,
 And for his love tried fortune of the wars,
 And by war’s fortune lost both love and life.” 40
 “Why then,” said Aeacus, “convey him hence,
 To walk with lovers in our fields of love,
 And spend the course of everlasting time
 Under green myrtle trees and cypress shades.”
 “No, no,” said Radamanth, “it were not well 45
 With loving souls to place a martialist.²⁶
 He died in war and must to martial fields,
 Where wounded Hector²⁷ lives in lasting pain,
 And Achilles’ Myrmidons²⁸ do scour²⁹ the plain.”
 Then Minos, mildest censor of the three, 50
 Made this device to end the difference:
 “Send him,” quoth he, “to our infernal king,
 To doom him as best seems his majesty.”
 To this effect my passport straight was drawn.
 In keeping on my way to Pluto’s³⁰ court, 55
 Through dreadful shades of ever-glooming night,³¹
 I saw more sights than thousand tongues can tell,
 Or pens can write, or mortal hearts can think.
 Three ways there were: that on the right-hand side
 Was ready way unto the ‘foresaid fields 60
 Where lovers live and bloody martialists,
 But either sort contained within his bounds.
 The left-hand path, declining fearfully,

²⁵ Said.

²⁶ Warrior, soldier.

²⁷ Foremost Trojan hero in the war with the Greeks, son of Priam.

²⁸ The killers of Hector, followers of Achilles, the foremost Greek hero in the same war.

²⁹ Race across.

³⁰ King of the Underworld, the “infernal world.”

³¹ Always dark and dangerous.

Was ready downfall to the deepest hell,
Where bloody Furies³² shake their whips of steel, 65
And poor Ixion³³ turns an endless wheel;
Where usurers are choked with melting gold,
And wantons are embraced with ugly snakes,
And murderers groan with never-killing wounds,
And perjured wights³⁴ scalded in boiling lead, 70
And all foul sins with torments overwhelmed.
'Twixt these two ways I trod the middle path,
Which brought me to the fair Elysian green,³⁵
In midst whereof there stands a stately tower,
The walls of brass, the gates of adamant.³⁶ 75
Here finding Pluto with his Proserpine,³⁷
I showed my passport, humbled on my knee,
Whereat fair Proserpine began to smile,
And begged that only she might give my doom.
Pluto was pleased and sealed it with a kiss. 80
Forthwith, Revenge, she rounded thee in th'ear,³⁸
And bade thee lead me through the gates of horn,³⁹
Where dreams have passage in the silent night.
No sooner had she spoke but we were here,
I wot⁴⁰ not how, in twinkling of an eye. 85
Revenge
Then know, Andrea, that thou art arrived

³² Mythical deities avenging wrongs and blood-guilt.

³³ The world's first parricide and would-be rapist of Hera, Zeus' wife; as punishment he was crucified on a fiery wheel, turning for all eternity.

³⁴ Beings.

³⁵ Where the shades of the blessed dwell.

³⁶ Stone of impenetrable hardness.

³⁷ Queen of the Underworld, Pluto's wife.

³⁸ Whispered in your ear.

³⁹ The gate of *true* dreams. False dreams go through the ivory gate.

⁴⁰ Know.

Where thou shalt see the author of thy death,
Don Balthazar, the prince of Portingale,
Deprived of life by Bel-imperia.
Here sit we down to see the mystery, 90
And serve for Chorus in this tragedy.

Act I, Scene i

Enter Spanish King, General, Duke of Castile, and Hieronimo

King

Now say, Lord General, how fares our camp?

General

All well, my sovereign liege, except some few
That are deceased by fortune of the war.

King

But what portends thy cheerful countenance,
And posting⁴¹ to our presence thus in haste? 5
Speak, man, hath fortune given us victory?

General

Victory, my liege, and that with little loss.

King

Our Portingals⁴² will pay us tribute then?

General

Tribute and wonted homage therewithal.

King

Then blest be heaven and guider of the heavens, 10
From whose fair influence such justice flows.

Duke of Castile

O multum dilecte Deo, tibi militat aetber,

⁴¹ Hurrying with all speed.

⁴² Portuguese.

*Et conjuratae curvato poplite gentes
Succumbunt: recti soror est victoria juris.*⁴³

King

Thanks to my loving brother of Castile. 15
But General, unfold⁴⁴ in brief discourse
Your form of battle and your war's success,
That, adding all the pleasure of thy news
Unto the height of former happiness,
With deeper wage and greater dignity 20
We may reward thy blissful chivalry.⁴⁵

General

Where Spain and Portingale do jointly knit
Their frontiers, leaning on each other's bound,
There met our armies in their proud array,⁴⁶
Both furnished well, both full of hope and fear, 25
Both menacing alike with daring shows,
Both vaunting sundry colours of device,⁴⁷
Both cheerly sounding trumpets, drums and fifes,⁴⁸
Both raising dreadful clamours to the sky,
That valleys, hills and rivers made rebound, 30
And heaven itself was frightened with the sound.
Our battles both were pitched in squadron form⁴⁹
Each corner strongly fenced with wings of shot.⁵⁰
But ere we joined and came to push of pike,⁵¹
I brought a squadron of our readiest shot

⁴³ "O, muchfavored of God, Heaven fights for thee and the conspiring people fall down on bended knee; victory is the sister of just law."

⁴⁴ Make clear.

⁴⁵ Prowess; military skill.

⁴⁶ Full splendor.

⁴⁷ Both proudly flaunting their coats of arms.

⁴⁸ Small, shrill sounding flutes.

⁴⁹ Square formation.

⁵⁰ Firearms at the edge of the formation.

⁵¹ Hand-to-hand combat; pike = long wooden shaft with pointed metal head.

From out our rearward to begin the fight. 35
 They brought another wing to encounter us.
 Meanwhile our ordinance⁵² played on either side,
 And captains strove to have their valours tried.
 Don Pedro, their chief horseman's colonel,
 Did with his cornet⁵³ bravely make attempt 40
 To break the order of our battle ranks,
 But Don Rogero, worthy man of war,
 Marched forth against him with our musketeers,
 And stopped the malice of his fell approach.
 While they maintain hot skirmish to and fro, 45
 Both battles join and fall to handy blows,⁵⁴
 Their violent shot resembling th'ocean's rage,
 When, roaring loud, and with a swelling tide,
 It beats upon the rampiers⁵⁵ of huge rocks
 And gapes to swallow neighbour-bounding lands. 50
 Now while Bellona⁵⁶ rageth here and there,
 Thick storms of bullets rain like winter's hail,
 And shivered⁵⁷ lances dark⁵⁸ the troubled air.
 Pede pes et cuspidē cuspidis;
 *Arma sonant armis, vir petiturque viro.*⁵⁹ 55
 On every side drop captains to the ground,
 And soldiers, some ill maimed, some slain outright:
 Here falls a body sundered from his head,

⁵² Heavy artillery.⁵³ Troop.⁵⁴ Close combat.⁵⁵ Ramparts.⁵⁶ The goddess of war.⁵⁷ Splintered.⁵⁸ Darken.⁵⁹ "Foot against foot, and blade against blade; arms clash on arms, and man attacks man."

There legs and arms lie bleeding on the grass, 60
Mingled with weapons and unbowelled steeds,
That scattering overspread the purple⁶⁰ plain.
In all this turmoil, three long hours and more,
The victory to neither part inclined,
Till Don Andrea with his brave lancers⁶¹ 65
In their main battle made so great a breach
That, half dismayed, the multitude retired.
But Balthazar, the Portingales' young prince,
Brought rescue and encouraged them to stay.
Here-hence⁶² the fight was eagerly renewed, 70
And in that conflict was Andrea slain,
Brave man at arms, but weak to Balthazar.
Yet while the prince, insulting⁶³ over him,
Breached out proud vaunts,⁶⁴ sounding to our reproach,
Friendship and hardy valour, joined in one, 75
Pricked forth⁶⁵ Horatio, our Knight Marshal's son
To challenge forth that prince in single fight.
Not long between these twain the fight endured,
But straight the prince was beaten from his horse,
And forced to yield him prisoner to his foe. 80
When he was taken, all the rest they fled,
And our carbines⁶⁶ pursued them to the death,
Till, Phoebus⁶⁷ waning to the western deep,
Our trumpeters were charged to sound retreat.

⁶⁰ The color of blood.

⁶¹ Lancers.

⁶² Therefore, because of this.

⁶³ In triumph.

⁶⁴ Boasts.

⁶⁵ Spurred.

⁶⁶ Probably soldiers armed with carbines.

⁶⁷ The sun.

King

Thanks, good Lord General, for these good news. 85
And for some argument⁶⁸ of more to come,
Take this and wear it for thy sovereign's sake.

Gives him his gold chain

But tell me now, hast thou confirmed a peace?

General

No peace, my liege, but peace conditional,
That if with homage tribute be well paid, 90
The fury of your forces will be stayed;
And to this peace their viceroy hath subscribed,

Gives the king a paper

And made a solemn vow that during life
His tribute shall be truly paid to Spain.

King

These words, these deeds, become thy person well. 95
But now, Knight Marshal, frolic⁶⁹ with thy King,
For 'tis thy son that wins this battle's prize.

Hieronimo

Long may he live to serve my sovereign liege,
And soon decay unless he serve my liege.

A tucket⁷⁰ afar off

King

Nor thou, nor he, shall die without reward. 100
What means the warning of this trumpet's sound?

General

This tells me that your grace's men of war,
Such as war's fortune hath reserved from death,
Come marching on towards your royal seat
To show themselves before your majesty, 105

⁶⁸ Sign.

⁶⁹ Celebrate.

⁷⁰ Trumpet fanfare.

For so I gave in charge at my depart.
Whereby by demonstration shall appear
That all (except three hundred or few more)
Are safe returned, and by their foes enriched.

The army enters; Balthazar, between Lorenzo and Horatio, captive

King
A gladsome sight! I long to see them here. 110
They enter and pass by

Was that the warlike prince of Portingale,
That by our nephew was in triumph led?

General
It was, my liege, the prince of Portingale.

King
But what was he that on the other side
Held him by th'arm, as partner of the prize? 115

Hieronimo
That was my son, my gracious sovereign,
Of whom, though from his tender infancy
My loving thoughts did never hope but well,
He never pleased his father's eye till now,
Nor filled my heart with overcloying⁷¹ joys. 120

King
Go let them march once more about these walls,
That, staying them, we may confer and talk
With our brave prisoner and his double guard.
Hieronimo, it greatly pleaseth us
That in our victory thou have a share 125
By virtue of thy worthy son's exploit.

Enter the army again

Bring hither the young prince of Portingale.

⁷¹ Almost too satisfying.

The rest march on, but ere they be dismissed
 We will bestow on every soldier
 Two ducats, and on every leader ten, 130
 That they may know our largess welcomes them.

Exeunt all the army but Balthazar, Lorenzo, and Horatio

Welcome, Don Balthazar, welcome, nephew,
 And thou, Horatio, thou art welcome too.
 Young prince, although thy father's hard misdeeds,
 In keeping back the tribute that he owes, 135
 Deserve but evil measure at our hands,
 Yet shalt thou know that Spain is honourable.

Balthazar

The trespass that my father made in peace
 Is now controlled by fortune of the wars,
 And cards once dealt, it boots⁷² not ask, "Why so?" 140
 His men are slain, a weakening to his realm,
 His colours seized, a blot unto his name,
 His son distressed, a corsive⁷³ to his heart.
 Those punishments may clear his late offense.

King

Ay, Balthazar, if he observe this truce, 145
 Our peace will grow the stronger for these wars.
 Meanwhile live thou, though not in liberty,
 Yet free from bearing any servile yoke,
 For in our hearing thy deserts were great,
 And in our sight thyself art gracious. 150

Balthazar

And I shall study to deserve this grace.

King

But tell me (for their holding⁷⁴ makes me doubt)
 To which of these twain art thou prisoner?

⁷² Is no use.

⁷³ A substance that corrodes.

⁷⁴ The way the two of them restrain you.

Lorenzo

To me, my liege.

Horatio

To me, my sovereign.

Lorenzo

This hand first took his courser⁷⁵ by the reins. 155

Horatio

But first my lance did put him from his horse.

Lorenzo

I seized his weapon and enjoyed it first.

Horatio

But first I forced him lay his weapons down.

King

Let go his arm, upon our privilege.⁷⁶ *They let him go*

Say, worthy prince, to whether⁷⁷ didst thou yield? 160

Balthazar

To him in courtesy, to this perforce.

He spake me fair, this other gave me strokes.

He promised life, this other threatened death.

He won my love, this other conquered me,

And truth to say I yield myself to both. 165

Hieronimo

But that I know your grace for just and wise,

And might seem partial in this difference,

Enforced by nature and by law of arms

My tongue should plead for young Horatio's right.

He hunted well that was a lion's death, 170

Not he that in a garment wore his skin;

So hares may pull dead lions by the beard.

King

Content thee, Marshal, thou shalt have no wrong,

And for thy sake thy son shall want no right.

⁷⁵ War horse.

⁷⁶ Right as King.

⁷⁷ To which of them.

Will both abide the censure of my doom?⁷⁸ 175

Lorenzo
I crave no better than your grace awards.

Horatio
Nor I, although I sit beside my right.

King
Then by my judgment thus your strife shall end:
You both deserve, and both shall have reward.
Nephew, thou took'st his weapon and his horse, 180
His weapons and his horse are thy reward.
Horatio, thou didst force him first to yield,
His ransom therefore is thy valor's fee,
Appoint the sum as you shall both agree.
But nephew, thou shalt have the prince in guard 185
For thine estate best fitteth such a guest;
Horatio's house were small for all his train.
Yet in regard thy substance passeth his,
And that just guerdon⁷⁹ may befall desert,
To him we yield the armour of the prince. 190
How likes Don Balthazar of this device?

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

King
Horatio, leave him not that loves thee so. 195
Now let us hence to see our soldiers paid,
And feast our prisoner as our friendly guest. *Exeunt*

⁷⁸ The judgment I shall render.

⁷⁹ Remuneration, reward.

Act I, Scene ii

Enter Viceroy, Alexandro, Villuppo and Attendants

Viceroy

Is our ambassador despatched for Spain?

Alexandro

Two days, my liege, are passed since his depart.

Viceroy

And tribute payment gone along with him?

Alexandro

Ay, my good lord.

Viceroy

Then rest we here awhile in our unrest, 5

And feed our sorrows with some inward sighs,

For deepest cares break never into tears.

But wherefore sit I in a regal throne?

Falls to the ground and takes off his crown

This better fits a wretch's endless moan.

Yet this is higher than my fortunes reach, 10

And therefore better than my state deserves.⁸⁰

Ay, ay, this earth, image of melancholy,⁸¹

Seeks him whom fates adjudge to misery.

Here let me lie, now am I at the lowest.

Qui jacet in terra, non habet unde cadat. 15

In me consumpsit vires fortuna nocendo,

Nil superest ut jam possit obesse magis.⁸²

⁸⁰ Situation merits.

⁸¹ See word list under "the four humors."

⁸² "He who lies upon the ground cannot fall any further. Fortune has spent all her power to hurt me. Nothing is left that can harm me any more."

Yes, Fortune⁸³ may bereave me of my crown,
 Here, take it now, let Fortune do her worst,
 She will not rob me of this sable weed.⁸⁴ 20
 O no, she envies none but pleasant things.
 Such is the folly of despiteful chance.
 Fortune is blind and sees not my deserts,
 So is she deaf and hears not my laments;
 And could she hear, yet is she wilful mad,⁸⁵ 25
 And therefore will not pity my distress.
 Suppose that she could pity me, what then?
 What help can be expected at her hands
 Whose foot is standing on a rolling stone
 And mind more mutable than fickle winds? 30
 Why wail I then, where's hope of no redress?
 Oh yes, complaining makes my grief seem less.
 My late ambition hath distained⁸⁶ my faith,
 My breach of faith occasioned bloody wars,
 Those bloody wars have spent my treasure, 35
 And with my treasure my people's blood,
 And with their blood, my joy and best beloved,
 My best beloved, my sweet and only son.
 O wherefore went I not to war myself?
 The cause was mine, I might have died for both. 40
 My years were mellow, his but young and green,
 My death were natural, but his was forced.

Alexandro

No doubt, my liege, but still the prince survives.

⁸³ Fortune is usually depicted as unstable and changeable. She is blind and/or deaf, or she may stand on a sphere. Her wheel will turn randomly and irrationally; man has no control over her.

⁸⁴ Black clothes for mourning.

⁸⁵ Purposefully unreasonable.

⁸⁶ Tainted.

Viceroy
Survives! Ay, where?
Alexandro
In Spain, a prisoner by mischance of war. 45
Viceroy
Then they have slain him for his father's fault.
Alexandro
That were a breach to common law of arms.
Viceroy
They reck⁸⁷ no laws that meditate revenge.
Alexandro
His ransom's worth will stay from⁸⁸ foul revenge.
Viceroy
No, if he lived the news would soon be here. 50
Alexandro
Nay, evil news fly faster still than good.
Viceroy
Tell me no more of news, for he is dead.
Villuppo
My sovereign, pardon the author⁸⁹ of ill news,
And I'll bewray⁹⁰ the fortune of thy son.
Viceroy
Speak on, I'll guerdon⁹¹ thee whate'er it be. 55
Mine ear is ready to receive ill news,
My heart grown hard 'gainst mischief's battery.⁹²
Stand up, I say, and tell thy tale at large.
Villuppo
Then hear that truth which these mine eyes have seen.

⁸⁷ Obey.

⁸⁸ Hinder.

⁸⁹ Bringer.

⁹⁰ Reveal.

⁹¹ Reward.

⁹² The assault of ill fortune.

When both the armies were in battle joined, 60
 Don Balthazar, amidst the thickest troops,
 To win renown did wondrous feats of arms.
 Amongst the rest I saw him hand to hand
 In single fight with their Lord General,
 Till Alexandro, that here counterfeits 65
 Under the colour⁹³ of a duteous friend,
 Discharged his pistol at the prince's back,
 As though he would have slain their general.
 But therewithal Don Balthazar fell down,
 And when he fell, then we began to fly. 70
 But had he lived, the day had sure been ours.

Alexandro

O wicked forgery! O Traitorous miscreant!

Viceroy

Hold thou thy peace! But now, Villuppo, say
 Where then became the carcass of my son?

Villuppo

I saw them drag it to the Spanish tents. 75

Viceroy

Ay, ay, my nightly dreams have told me this.
 Thou false, unkind, unthankful, traitorous beast,
 Wherein had Balthazar offended thee
 That thou shouldst thus betray him to our foes?
 Was't Spanish gold that bleared so thine eyes 80
 That thou couldst see no part of our deserts?
 Perchance, because thou art Terceira's⁹⁴ lord,
 Thou hast some hope to wear this diadem,
 If first my son and then myself were slain,
 But thy ambitious thought shall break thy neck. 85
 Ay, this was it that made thee spill his blood.

⁹³ Semblance.

⁹⁴ One of the islands of the Azores.

Takes the crown and puts it on again

But I'll now wear it till thy blood be spilt.

Alexandro

Vouchsafe, dread sovereign, to hear me speak.

Viceroy

Away with him, his sight⁹⁵ is second hell. 90

Keep him till we determine of his death.

Alexandro is led away

If Balthazar be dead, he shall not live. *Exit Viceroy*

Villuppo, follow us for thy reward.

Villuppo

Thus have I with an envious, forged tale

Deceived the king, betrayed mine enemy, *Exit* 95

And hope for guerdon of my villainy.

Act I, Scene iii

Enter Horatio and Bel-imperia

Bel-imperia

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

5

Horatio

For love of him and service to yourself,
I nil⁹⁶ refuse this heavy doleful charge.
Your tears and sighs, I fear, will hinder me.
When both our armies were enjoined in fight,

⁹⁵ The sight of him.

⁹⁶ Will not.

Your worthy chevalier⁹⁷ amidst the thick'st,
 For glorious cause still aiming at the fairest,⁹⁸ 10
 Was at the last by young Don Balthazar
 Encountered hand to hand. Their fight was long,
 Their hearts were great, their clamours menacing,
 Their strength alike, their strokes both dangerous.
 But wrathful Nemesis⁹⁹ that wicked power, 15
 Envyng at Andrea's praise and worth,
 Cut short his life to end his praise and worth,
 She, she herself, disguised in armour's mask,
 (As Pallas¹⁰⁰ was before proud Pergamus)¹⁰¹
 Brought in a fresh supply of halberdiers.¹⁰² 20
 Which paunched¹⁰³ his horse, and dinged¹⁰⁴ him to the ground.
 Then young Don Balthazar with ruthless rage
 Taking advantage of his foe's distress
 Did finish what his halberdiers begun,
 And left not till Andrea's life was done. 25
 Then, though too late, incensed with just remorse,¹⁰⁵
 I with my band set forth against the prince,
 And brought him prisoner from his halberdiers,
 Bel-imperia
 Would thou hadst slain him that so slew my love.
 But then was Don Andrea's carcass lost? 30
 Horatio
 No, that was it for which I chiefly strove,

⁹⁷ Knight in a lady's service.

⁹⁸ Striving for his best in a most worthy cause (here: love of Bel-imperia).

⁹⁹ Goddess of retribution, "relentless Fate."

¹⁰⁰ The goddess Athena, on the Greek side in the Trojan War.

¹⁰¹ Troy.

¹⁰² Soldiers armed with halberds, a combination spear and battle ax.

¹⁰³ Stabbed in the belly.

¹⁰⁴ Hurlled.

¹⁰⁵ Justly enraged and pitying.

Nor stepped I back till I recovered him.
I took him up and wound¹⁰⁶ him in mine arms,
And wielding¹⁰⁷ him unto my private tent 35
There laid him down and dewed him with my tears
And sighed and sorrowed as became a friend.
But neither friendly sorrow, sighs nor tears
Could win pale Death from his usurped right.
Yet this I did, and less I could not do, 40
I saw him honoured with due funeral.
This scarf¹⁰⁸ I plucked from off his lifeless arm,
And wear it in remembrance of my friend.

Bel-imperia

I know the scarf, would he had kept it still.
For had he lived he would have kept it still 45
And worn it for his Bel-imperia's sake,
For 'twas my favour¹⁰⁹ at his last depart.
But now wear thou it both for him and me,
For after him thou hast deserved it best.
But for thy kindness in his life and death, 50
Be sure while Bel-imperia's life endures
She will be Don Horatio's thankful friend.

Horatio

And madam, Don Horatio will not slack
Humbly to serve fair Bel-imperia.
But now, if your good liking stand thereto, 55
I'll crave your pardon to go seek the prince,
For so the duke your father gave me charge. *Exit*

Bel-imperia

Ay, go, Horatio, leave me here alone,

¹⁰⁶ Held.

¹⁰⁷ Carrying.

¹⁰⁸ Scarves, gloves, handkerchiefs, even sleeves were often given by a lady for her love to wear as a love token.

¹⁰⁹ Gift given as a love token.

For solitude best fits my cheerless mood.
Yet what avails to wail Andrea's death,
From whence Horatio proves my second love? 60
Had he not loved Andrea as he did,
He could not sit in Bel-imperia's thoughts.
But how can love find harbour in my breast
Till I revenge the death of my beloved?
Yes, second love shall further my revenge. 65
I'll love Horatio, my Andrea's friend,
The more to spite the prince that wrought his end.
And where Don Balthazar that slew my love
Himself now pleads for favour at my hands,
He shall in rigour of my just disdain¹¹⁰ 70
Reap long repentance for his murderous deed.
For what was't else but murderous cowardice,
So many to oppress one valiant knight
Without respect of honour in the fight?
And here he comes that murdered my delight. 75

Enter Lorenzo and Balthazar

Lorenzo

Sister, what means this melancholy walk?

Bel-imperia

That for a while I wish no company.

Lorenzo

But here the prince is come to visit you.

Bel-imperia

That argues that he lives in liberty.

Balthazar

No madam, but in pleasing servitude. 80

¹¹⁰ Indignation.

Bel-imperia

Your prison then, belike, is your conceit.¹¹¹

Balthazar

Ay, by conceit my freedom is enthralled.

Bel-imperia

Then with conceit enlarge yourself¹¹² again.

Balthazar

What if conceit have laid my heart to gage?¹¹³ 85

Bel-imperia

Pay that you borrowed and recover it.

Balthazar

I die if it return from whence it lies.

Bel-imperia

A heartless man and live? A miracle!

Balthazar

Ay, lady, love can work such miracles.

Lorenzo

Tush. tush, my lord, let go these ambages,¹¹⁴ 90

And in plain terms acquaint her with your love.

Bel-imperia

What boots¹¹⁵ complaint, when there's no remedy?

Balthazar

Yes, to your gracious self must I complain,

In whose fair answer lies my remedy,

On whose perfection all my thoughts attend, 95

On whose aspect mine eyes find beauty's bower,

In whose translucent breast my heart is lodged.¹¹⁶

¹¹¹ Is of your imagination.

¹¹² Free yourself.

¹¹³ Pawned my heart.

¹¹⁴ Circumlocutions.

¹¹⁵ Helps; serves.

¹¹⁶ True lovers often see themselves as having exchanged hearts.

Bel-imperia

Alas, my lord, these are but words of course,¹¹⁷
And but device to drive me from this place.

She, in going in, lets fall her glove, which Horatio, coming out, takes up

Horatio

Madam, your glove. 100

Bel-imperia

Thanks, good Horatio, take it for thy pains.

Balthazar

Signior Horatio stooped in happy time.

Horatio

I reaped more grace than I deserved or hoped.

Lorenzo

My lord, be not dismayed for what is passed,
You know that women oft are humorous,¹¹⁸ 105
These clouds will overblow with little wind.
Let me alone, I'll scatter them myself.
Meanwhile, let us devise to spend the time
In some delightful sports and revelling.

Horatio

The king, my lord, is coming hither straight 110
To feast the Portingale ambassador.
Things were in readiness before I came.

Balthazar

Then here it fits us to attend the King,
To welcome hither our ambassador,
And learn my father and my country's health. 115

Enter the banquet,¹¹⁹ trumpets, the King, and ambassador

¹¹⁷ Stale phrases.

¹¹⁸ Changeable, capricious.

¹¹⁹ Banquets were usually carried in, spectacularly arranged, to be set on a table.

King

See, Lord Ambassador, how Spain entreats
Their prisoner Balthazar, thy viceroy's son.
We pleasure more in kindness than in wars.

Ambassador

Sad is our King, and Portingale laments,
Supposing that Don Balthazar is slain. 120

Balthazar (*aside*)

So am I slain by beauty's tyranny.
(*aloud*) You see, my lord, how Balthazar is slain!
I frolic with the Duke of Castile's son,
Wrapped every hour in pleasures of the court,
And graced with favours of his majesty. 125

King

Put off your greetings till our feast be done.
Now come and sit with us and taste our cheer.

They sit to the banquet

Sit down, young prince, you are our second guest.
Brother, sit down, and nephew, take your place.
Signior Horatio, wait thou upon our cup, 130
For well thou hast deserved to be honoured.
Now, lordings, fall to; Spain is Portugal,
And Portugal is Spain, we both are friends,
Tribute is paid, and we enjoy our right.
But where is old Hieronimo, our marshal? 135
He promised us, in honour of our guest,
To grace our banquet with some pompous jest.¹²⁰

*Enter Hieronimo with a drummer, three knights, each with his scutcheon,¹²¹
then he fetches three kings. The knights take their crowns and them captive¹²²*

¹²⁰ Entertainment fit for the court.

¹²¹ Shield, bearing coat of arms.

¹²² Kyd makes several historical errors in Hieronimo's explanation of this dumb show.

Hieronimo, this masque contents mine eye,
 Although I sound not well the mystery.¹²³

Hieronimo

The first armed knight that hung his scutcheon up 140

He takes the scutcheon and gives it to the King

Was English Robert, Earl of Glouchester,
 Who, when King Stephen bore sway in Albion,¹²⁴
 Arrived with five and twenty thousand men
 In Portingale, and by success of war
 Enforced the King, then but a Saracen, 145
 To bear the yoke of th'English monarchy.¹²⁵

King

My lord of Portingale, by this you see
 That which may comfort both your King and you,
 And make your late discomfort seem the less.
 But say, Hieronimo, what was the next? 150

Hieronimo

The second knight that hung his scutcheon up

He doth as he did before

Was Edmund, Earl of Kent¹²⁶ in Albion,
 When English Richard wore the diadem.¹²⁷
 He came likewise and razed Lisbon walls,
 And took the King of Portingale in fight, 155
 For which, and other suchlike service done,
 He after was created Duke of York.

King

This is another special argument
 That Portingale may deign to bear our yoke,
 When it by little England hath been yoked. 160

¹²³ Do not quite understand the hidden meaning.

¹²⁴ England.

¹²⁵ This refers to the capture of Lisbon in 1147; the earl was not present.

¹²⁶ Led expedition against Portugal in 1381 with no result.

¹²⁷ Crown.

But now, Hieronimo, what were the last?

Hieronimo

The third and last, not least in our account,

Doing as before

Was as the rest a valiant Englishman,

Brave John of Gaunt, the Duke of Lancaster,¹²⁸

As by his scutcheon plainly may appear. 165

He with a puissant¹²⁹ army came to Spain,

And took our King of Castile prisoner.

Ambassador

This is an argument for our Viceroy

That Spain may not insult for her success,

Since English warriors likewise conquered Spain, 170

And made them bow their knees to Albion.

King

Hieronimo, I drink to thee for this device,

Which hath pleased both the ambassador and me.

Pledge me, Hieronimo, if you love the King.

Takes the cup of³⁰ Horatio

My Lord, I fear we sit but overlong, 175

Unless our dainties were more delicate,

But welcome are you to the best we have

Now let us in, that you may be despatched;

I think our council is already set. *Exeunt omnes*

Chorus

Andrea

Come we for this from depth of underground, 180

To see him feast that gave me my death's wound?

¹²⁸ Forced to retreat from Spain in 1385.

¹²⁹ Strong.

¹³⁰ From.

These pleasant sights are sorrow to my soul,
Nothing but league,¹³¹ and love, and banqueting.

Revenge

Be still, Andrea. Ere we go from hence,
I'll turn their friendship into fell despite,¹³²
Their love to mortal hate, their day to night,
Their hope into despair, their peace to war,
Their joys to pain, their bliss to misery.

185

¹³¹ Alliance.

¹³² Cruel hatred.

Act II, Scene i

Enter Lorenzo and Balthazar

Lorenzo

My lord, though Bel-imperia seem thus coy,
Let reason hold you in your wonted joy.
In time the savage bull sustains the yoke.
In time all haggard hawks will stoop to lure,¹³³
In time small wedges cleave the hardest oak, 5
In time the flint is pierced with softest shower.
And she in time will fall from her disdain,
And rue the sufferance of your friendly pain.¹³⁴

Balthazar

No, she is wilder and more hard withal,
Than beast, or bird, or tree, or stony wall. 10
But wherefore blot I Bel-imperia's name
It is my fault, not she, that merits blame.
My feature¹³⁵ is not to content her sight,
My words are rude and work her no delight.
The lines I send her are but harsh and ill, 15
Such as to drop from Pan and Marsyas¹³⁶ quill.¹³⁷
My presents are not of sufficient cost,
And, being worthless, all my labour's lost.
Yet might she love me for my valiancy,¹³⁸
Ay, but that's slandered by captivity. 20

¹³³ Untrained hawks will learn to come to the lure, a device used in training.

¹³⁴ Take pity on your patient suffering.

¹³⁵ Not only the face, but the whole person.

¹³⁶ Pan, "guardian of flocks," a god of shepherds, and Marsyas, a satyr. Both challenged Apollo to a contest of music, and both lost.

¹³⁷ Means both pen and flute-like instrument.

¹³⁸ Bravery, valor.

Yet might she love me to content her sire,
Ay, but her reason masters her desire.
Yet might she love me as her brother's friend,
Ay, but her hopes aim at some other end.
Yet might she love me to uprear her state,¹³⁹ 25
Ay, but perhaps she hopes some nobler mate.
Yet might she love me as her beauty's thrall,
Ay, but I fear she cannot love at all.

Lorenzo

My lord, for my sake leave these ecstasies,¹⁴⁰
And doubt not but we'll find some remedy. 30
Some cause there is that lets you not be loved;
First that must needs be known, and then removed.
What if my sister love some other knight?

Balthazar

My summer's day will turn to winter's night.

Lorenzo

I have already found a stratagem 35
To sound the bottom of this doubtful theme.
My lord, for once you shall be ruled by me,
Hinder me not whate'er you hear or see.
By force or fair means will I cast about
To find the truth of all this question out. 40
Ho, Pedringano!

Pedringano (*within*)

Signior!

Lorenzo

*Vien qui presto!*¹⁴¹

Enter Pedringano

¹³⁹ To gain a better social position.

¹⁴⁰ Violent passions.

¹⁴¹ "Come here at once" (Italian).

Pedringano

Hath your lordship any service to command me?

Lorenzo

Ay, Pedringano, service of import.

And not to spend the time in trifling words,

Thus stands the case. It is not long, thou know'st, 45

Since I did shield thee from my father's wrath

For thy conveyance¹⁴² in Andrea's love,

For which thou wert adjudged to punishment.

I stood betwixt thee and thy punishment,

And since, thou know'st how I have favoured thee. 50

Now to these favours will I add reward,

Not with fair words, but store of golden coin,

And lands and living joined with dignities,

If thou but satisfy my just demand.

Tell truth, and have me for thy lasting friend. 55

Pedringano

Whate'er it be your lordship shall demand,

My bounden duty bids me tell the truth,

If case it lie in me¹⁴³ to tell the truth.

Lorenzo

Then, Pedringano, this is my demand:

Whom loves my sister, Bel-imperia? 60

For she reposes all her trust in thee.

Speak, man, and gain both friendship and reward,

I mean, whom loves she in Andrea's place?

Pedringano

Alas, my lord, since Don Andrea's death

I have no credit with her as before, 65

And therefore know not if she love or no.

¹⁴² Acting as go-between.

¹⁴³ If I can.

Lorenzo

Nay, if thou dally, then I am thy foe, *Draws his sword*
 And fear shall force what friendship cannot win.
 Thy death shall bury what thy life conceals.
 Thou diest for more esteeming her than me. 70

Pedringano

O stay, my lord!

Lorenzo

Yet speak the truth, and I will guerdon¹⁴⁴ thee,
 And shield thee from whatever can ensue,
 And will conceal whate'er proceeds from thee.
 But if thou dally once again, thou diest. 75

Pedringano

If Madam Bel-imperia be in love—

Lorenzo

What, villain! Ifs and ands! *Offers to kill him*

Pedringano

O stay, my lord, she loves Horatio. *Balthazar starts back*

Lorenzo

What, Don Horatio, our Knight Marshal's son?

Pedringano

Even him, my lord. 80

Lorenzo

Now say but how know'st thou he is her love,
 And thou shalt find me kind and liberal.
 Stand up, I say, and fearless tell the truth.

Pedringano

She sent him letters, which myself perused,
 Full-fraught¹⁴⁵ with lines and arguments of love, 85
 Preferring him before Prince Balthazar.

¹⁴⁴ Reward.

¹⁴⁵ Loaded to capacity.

Lorenzo

Swear on this cross¹⁴⁶ that what thou say'st is true
And that thou wilt conceal what thou hast told.

Pedringano

I swear to both by him that made us all.

Lorenzo

In hope thine oath is true, here's thy reward. 90
But if I prove thee perjured and unjust,¹⁴⁷
This very sword whereon thou took'st thine oath
Shall be the worker of thy tragedy.

Pedringano

What I have said is true, and shall, for me
Be still concealed from Bel-imperia. 95
Besides, your honour's liberality
Deserves my duteous service even till death.

Lorenzo

Let this be all that thou shalt do for me:
Be watchful when and where these lovers meet,
And give me notice in some secret sort. 100

Pedringano

I will, my lord.

Lorenzo

Then shalt thou find that I am liberal.
Thou know'st that I can more advance thy state¹⁴⁸
Than she, be therefore wise and fail me not.
Go and attend her as thy custom is, 105
Lest absence make her think thou dost amiss.¹⁴⁹

Exit Pedringano

Why so! *Tam armis quam ingenio.*¹⁵⁰

¹⁴⁶ The sword-hilt is shaped like a cross.

¹⁴⁷ Dishonest.

¹⁴⁸ Better your position.

¹⁴⁹ You are into mischief.

¹⁵⁰ "By force and skill equally."

Where words prevail not, violence prevails,
 But gold doth more than either of them both.
 How likes Prince Balthazar this stratagem? 110

Balthazar

Both well and ill, it makes me glad and sad:
 Glad, that I know the hinderer of my love,
 Sad, that I fear she hates me whom I love.
 Glad, that I know on whom to be revenged,
 Sad, that she'll fly me if I take revenge. 115

Yet must I take revenge or die myself,
 For love resisted grows impatient.
 I think Horatio be my destined plague:
 First, in his hand he brandished a sword,
 And with that sword he fiercely waged war, 120
 And in that war, he gave me dangerous wounds,
 And by those wounds he forced me to yield,
 And by my yielding I became his slave.

Now in his mouth he carries pleasing words,
 Which pleasing words do harbour sweet conceits,¹⁵¹ 125
 Which sweet conceits are limed with¹⁵² sly deceits,
 Which sly deceits smooth¹⁵³ Bel-imperia's ears,
 And through her ears dive down into her heart,
 And in her heart set him where I should stand.
 Thus hath he ta'en my body by his force, 130
 And now by sleight¹⁵⁴ would captivate my soul.
 But in his fall I'll tempt the destinies,
 And either lose my life or win my love.

Lorenzo

Let's go, my lord, your staying stays revenge.

¹⁵¹ Charming figures of speech.

¹⁵² Are made into traps; from "bird lime," a glue-like substance smeared onto branches to make birds stick.

¹⁵³ Gentle; flatter.

¹⁵⁴ On the sly.

Do you but follow me and gain your love. 135
Her favour must be won by his remove.¹⁵⁵ *Exeunt*

Act II, Scene ii

Enter Horatio and Bel-imperia

Horatio

Now, madam, since by favour of your love
Our hidden smoke is turned to open flame,
And that with looks and words we feed our thoughts,
Two chief contents¹⁵⁶ where more cannot be had,
Thus in the midst of love's fair blandishments, 5
Why show you sign of inward languishments?

*Pedringano showeth all to the Prince and Lorenzo placing them in secret*¹⁵⁷

Bel-imperia

My heart, sweet friend,¹⁵⁸ is like a ship at sea:
She wisheth port, where, riding all at ease
She may repair what stormy times have worn,
And leaning on the shore may sing with joy 10
That pleasure follows pain, and bliss annoy.¹⁵⁹
Possession of thy love's the only port
Wherein my heart, with fears and hopes long tossed,
Each hour doth wish and long to make resort,
There to repair the joys that it hath lost, 15

¹⁵⁵ Removing him.

¹⁵⁶ Means of being content.

¹⁵⁷ The eavesdropping takes place on the balcony.

¹⁵⁸ "Friend," in Elizabethan times, often used to address a lover.

¹⁵⁹ Trouble.

And, sitting safe, to sing in Cupid's choir
That sweetest bliss is crown of love's desire.

Balthazar (*above*)

O sleep, mine eyes, see not my love profaned;
Be deaf, my ears, hear not my discontent;
Die, heart, another joys¹⁶⁰ what thou deservest. 20

Lorenzo

Watch still, mine eyes, to see this love disjoined;
Hear still, mine ears, to hear them both lament;
Live, heart, to joy at fond¹⁶¹ Horatio's fall.

Bel-imperia

Why stands Horatio speechless all this while?

Horatio

The less I speak, the more I meditate. 25

Bel-imperia

But whereon dost thou chiefly meditate?

Horatio

On dangers past, and pleasures to ensue.

Balthazar

On pleasures past, and dangers to ensue.

Bel-imperia

What dangers and what pleasures dost thou mean?

Horatio

Dangers of war, and pleasures of our love. 30

Lorenzo

Dangers of death, but pleasures none at all.

Bel-imperia

Let dangers go, thy war shall be with me,
But such a war as breaks no bond of peace.
Speak thou fair words, I'll cross them with fair words.
Send thou sweet looks, I'll meet them with sweet looks. 35

¹⁶⁰ Enjoys.

¹⁶¹ Foolish; too enamored.

Write loving lines, I'll answer loving lines.
Give me a kiss, I'll countercheck¹⁶² thy kiss!
Be this our warring peace, or peaceful war.

Horatio

But, gracious madam, then appoint the field
Where trial of this war shall first be made. 40

Balthazar

Ambitious villain, how his boldness grows!

Bel-imperia

Then be thy father's pleasant bower¹⁶³ the field,
Where first we vowed a mutual amity.
The court were dangerous, that place is safe.
Our hour shall be when Vesper¹⁶⁴ 'gins to rise, 45

That summons home distressful travellers.
There none shall hear us but the harmless birds.

Happily¹⁶⁵ the gentle nightingale
Shall carol us asleep ere we be 'ware,
And, singing with the prickle at her breast,¹⁶⁶ 50

Tell our delight and mirthful dalliance.
Till then each hour will seem a year and more.

Horatio

But, honey sweet, and honourable love,
Return we now into your father's sight;
Dangerous suspicion waits on our delight. 55

Lorenzo

Ay, danger mixed with jealous¹⁶⁷ despite
Shall send thy soul into eternal night. *Exeunt*

¹⁶² Take action against.

¹⁶³ Arbor; seat enclosed with trellises, branches, or the like.

¹⁶⁴ The evening star.

¹⁶⁵ Maybe.

¹⁶⁶ Nightingales were supposed to sing with a thorn against their breast.

¹⁶⁷ Suspicious.

Act II, Scene iii

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

King

Brother of Castile, to the prince's love
What says your daughter Bel-imperia?

Duke of Castile

Although she coy it¹⁶⁸ as becomes her kind,¹⁶⁹
And yet dissemble that she loves the prince,
I doubt not, I, but she will stoop¹⁷⁰ in time. 5
And were she froward,¹⁷¹ which she will not be,
Yet herein shall she follow my advice,
Which is to love him or forego my love.

King

Then, Lord Ambassador of Portingale,
Advise thy King to make this marriage up, 10
For strengthening of our late-confirmed league;
I know no better means to make us friends.
Her dowry shall be large and liberal.
Besides that she is daughter and half-heir
Unto our brother here, Don Cyprian, 15
And shall enjoy the moiety¹⁷² of his land
I'll grace her marriage with an uncle's gift,
And this it is: In case the match go forward,
The tribute which you pay shall be released,
And if by Balthazar she have a son, 20
He shall enjoy the kingdom after us.

¹⁶⁸ Pretends coyness.

¹⁶⁹ As women will do.

¹⁷⁰ Obey; a hawk "stoops to the lure" when trained.

¹⁷¹ Not obedient, rebellious.

¹⁷² Half.

Ambassador

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

King

Do so, my lord, and if he give consent,
I hope his presence here will honour us 25
In celebration of the nuptial day;
And let himself determine of the time.

Ambassador

Will't please your grace command me aught beside?

King

Commend me to the King, and so farewell.
But where's Prince Balthazar to take his leave? 30

Ambassador

That is performed already, my good lord.

King

Amongst the rest of what you have in charge,
The prince's ransom must not be forgot.
That's none of mine, but his that took him prisoner,
And well his forwardness¹⁷³ deserves reward. 35
That was Horatio, our Knight Marshal's son.

Ambassador

Between us there's a price already pitched,¹⁷⁴
And shall be sent with all convenient speed.

King

Then once again farewell, my lord.

Ambassador

Farewell, my Lord of Castile and the rest. *Exit* 40

King

Now, brother, you must take some little pains
To win fair Bel-imperia from her will.

¹⁷³ Skill.

¹⁷⁴ Agreed upon.

Young virgins must be ruled by their friends.
The prince is amiable and loves her well.
If she neglect him and forego his love, 45
She both will wrong her own estate and ours.
Therefore, whiles I do entertain the prince
With greatest pleasure that our court affords,
Endeavour you to win your daughter's thought.
If she give back,¹⁷⁵ all this will come to naught. *Exeunt*

Act II, Scene iv

Enter Horatio, Bel-imperia, and Pedringano

Horatio

Now that the night begins with sable¹⁷⁶ wings
To overcloud the brightness of the sun,
And that in darkness pleasures may be done,
Come, Bel-imperia, let us to the bower,
And there in safety pass a pleasant hour. 5

Bel-imperia

I follow thee, my love, and will not back,
Although my fainting heart controls my soul.¹⁷⁷

Horatio

Why, make you doubt of Pedringano's faith?

Bel-imperia

No, he is as trusty as my second self.
Go, Pedringano, watch without¹⁷⁸ the gate, 10
And let us know if any make approach.

¹⁷⁵ Turns away from us.

¹⁷⁶ Black.

¹⁷⁷ Her heart (fearful) is in conflict with her soul (amorous).

¹⁷⁸ Outside.

Pedringano (*aside*)

Instead of watching, I'll deserve more gold

By fetching Don Lorenzo to this match. *Exit Pedrango*

Horatio

What means my love?

Bel-imperia I know not what myself

And yet my heart foretells me some mischance. 15

Horatio

Sweet, say not so, fair fortune is our friend,

And heavens have shut up day to pleasure us.

The stars, thou see'st, hold back their twinkling shine,

And Luna¹⁷⁹ hides herself to pleasure us.

Bel-imperia

Thou hast prevailed, I'll conquer my misdoubt, 20

And in thy love and counsel drown my fear.

I fear no more, love now is all my thoughts.

Why sit we not? For pleasure asketh ease.

Horatio

The more thou sit'st within these leafy bowers,

The more will Flora¹⁸⁰ deck it with her flowers. 25

Bel-imperia

Ay, but if Flora spy Horatio here,

Her jealous eye will think I sit too near.

Horatio

Hark, madam, how the birds record¹⁸¹ by night,

For joy that Bel-imperia sits in sight.

Bel-imperia

No, Cupid counterfeits the nightingale, 30

To frame sweet music to Horatio's tale.

¹⁷⁹ The moon.

¹⁸⁰ The goddess of blossoming plants.

¹⁸¹ Sing.

Horatio

If Cupid sing, then Venus¹⁸² is not far;
Ay thou art Venus or some fairer star.

Bel-imperia

If I be Venus, thou must needs be Mars,¹⁸³
And where Mars reigneth, there must needs be wars. 35

Horatio

Then thus begin our wars! Put forth thy hand,
That it may combat with my ruder¹⁸⁴ hand.

Bel-imperia

Set forth thy foot to try the push of mine.

Horatio

But first my looks shall combat against thine.

Bel-imperia

Then ward¹⁸⁵ thyself! I dart this kiss at thee. 40

Horatio

Thus I retort the dart thou threw'st at me.

Bel-imperia

Nay then, to gain the glory of the field,
My twining arms shall yoke and make thee yield.

Horatio

Nay then, my arms are large and strong withal;
Thus elms by vines are compassed till they fall. 45

Bel-imperia

O let me go, for in my troubled eyes
Now mayst thou read that life in passion dies.¹⁸⁶

¹⁸² The goddess of passionate love.

¹⁸³ The god of war. Venus (in Greek mythology Aphrodite) betrayed her husband Hephaestus with Mars (Ares).

¹⁸⁴ Rougher.

¹⁸⁵ Guard.

¹⁸⁶ This "die," as well as others in this scene, plays on the common Elizabethan double meaning of actual death and sexual orgasm.

Horatio

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

Bel-imperia

Who's there? Pedringano? We are betrayed! 50

Enter Lorenzo, Balthazar, Serberine, Pedringano, disguised

Lorenzo

My lord, away with her, take her aside.
O sir, forbear, your valour is already tried.
Quickly despatch, my masters. *They hang him in the arbour*

Horatio

What, will you murder me?

Lorenzo

Ay, thus, and thus! These are the fruits of love. 55
They stab him

Bel-imperia

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

Balthazar

But Balthazar loves Bel-imperia.

Lorenzo

Although his life was still ambitious proud,¹⁸⁷ 60
Yet is he at the highest now he is dead.

Bel-imperia

Murder! Murder! Help, Hieronimo, help!

Lorenzo

Come, stop her mouth, away with her.
Exeunt, leaving Horatio's body

¹⁸⁷ Out for a position to satisfy his pride.

Act II, Scene v

*Enter Hieronimo in his shirt*¹⁸⁸

Hieronimo

What outcries pluck me from my naked bed,
 And chill my throbbing heart with trembling fear,
 Which never danger yet could daunt before?
 Who calls Hieronimo? Speak, here I am.
 I did not slumber, therefore 'twas no dream. 5
 No, no, it was some woman cried for help
 And here within this garden did she cry,
 And in this garden must I rescue her.
 But stay, what murderous spectacle is this?
 A man hanged up and all the murderers gone, 10
 And in my bower to lay the guilt on me.
 This place was made for pleasure, not for death.

He cuts him down

Those garments that he wears I oft have seen—
 Alas, it is Horatio, my sweet son!
 O no, but he that whilom¹⁸⁹ was my son. 15
 O was it thou that calledst me from my bed?
 O speak, if any spark of life remain!
 I am thy father. Who hath slain my son?
 What savage monster, not of human kind,
 Hath here been glutted with thy harmless blood, 20
 And left thy bloody corpse dishonoured here,
 For me, amidst these dark and deathful shades,
 To drown thee with an ocean of my tears?
 O heavens, why made you night to cover sin?
 By day this deed of darkness had not been. 25

¹⁸⁸ Nightshirt.¹⁸⁹ Until now.

O earth, why didst thou not in time devour
The vild¹⁹⁰ profaner of this sacred bower?
O poor Horatio, what hadst thou misdone,
To lose thy life ere life was new begun?¹⁹¹ 30
O wicked butcher, whatsoe'er thou wert,
How could thou strangle virtue and desert?
Ay me most wretched, that have lost my joy,
In losing my Horatio, my sweet boy!

Enter Isabella

Isabella
My husband's absence makes my heart to throb. 35
Hieronimo!

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

Isabella
What world of grief! My son Horatio!
O where's the author¹⁹² of this endless woe? 40

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

Isabella
Then is he gone? And is my son gone too?
O, gush out, tears, fountains and floods of tears;
Blow, sighs, and raise an everlasting storm, 45
For outrage¹⁹³ fits our cursed wretchedness.^ψ

¹⁹⁰ Vile.

¹⁹¹ Had begun a new phase.

¹⁹² The responsible one.

¹⁹³ Great passion.

^ψ See Appendix for the first 1602 addition, placed here.

Hieronimo

Sweet lovely rose, ill plucked before thy time,
 Fair worthy son, not conquered, but betrayed,
 I'll kiss thee now, for words with tears are stayed.

Isabella

And I'll close up the glasses of his sight,¹⁹⁴
 For once these eyes were only my delight. 50

Hieronimo

Seest thou this handkercher besmeared with blood?
 It shall not from me till I take revenge.
 Seest thou those wounds that yet are bleeding fresh?
 I'll not entomb them till I have revenged.
 Then will I joy amidst my discontent, 55
 Till then my sorrow never shall be spent.

Isabella

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

Hieronimo

Meanwhile, good Isabella, cease thy plaints,¹⁹⁵ 60
 Or at the least dissemble them awhile;
 So shall we sooner find this practice out,
 And learn by whom all this was brought about.
 Come, Isabel, now let us take him up, *They take him up*
 And bear him in from out this cursed place. 65
 I'll say his dirge,¹⁹⁶ singing fits not this case.

O aliquis mihi pulchrum ver educat verbas

Hieronimo sets his breast unto his sword

Misceat, et nostro detur medicina dolori;

Aut, si qui faciunt animis obliviam, succos

¹⁹⁴ His eyes.

¹⁹⁵ Complaints.

¹⁹⁶ Funeral song.

Praebeat; ipse metam magnum quaecunque per orbem 70
Gramina Sol pulchras effert in luminis oras;
Ipse bibam quicquid mediatur saga veneni,
Quicquid et herbarum vi caeca nenia nectit:
Omnia perpetiar, lethum quoque, dum semel omnis
Noster in extincto moriatur pectore sensus. 75
Ergo tuos oculos nunquam, mea vita, videbo,
Et tua perpetuus sepelivit lumina somnus?
Emoriar tecum: sic, sic juvat ire sub umbras.
At tamen absistam properato cedere letho,
*Ne mortem vindicta tuam tum nulla sequatur.*¹⁹⁷ 80
Here he throws the sword from him and bears the body away

Chorus

Andrea

Brought'st thou me hither to increase my pain?
I looked¹⁹⁸ that Balthazar should have been slain;
But 'tis my friend Horatio that is slain,
And they abuse fair Bel-imperia,
On whom I doted¹⁹⁹ more than all the world, 85
Because she loved me more than all the world.

¹⁹⁷ "O, let someone mix me herbs brought forth by the beautiful spring, and let there be balm for our grief; or let him offer potions if any be that bring forgetfulness. I shall myself gather any fair plants the sun brings forth into light in this great world; I'll drink whatever potion the wise-woman shall brew and whatever herbs her spells unite in secret force. I will endure all things, even death, until all our feelings die in this already dead breast. And so, my life, I shall never see your eyes again, and has everlasting sleep buried your lights (i.e., eyes)? Let me die with you, so would I happily go into the shadows. Nonetheless I will avoid yielding to a hasty death, for then no vengeance should follow your death."

¹⁹⁸ Expected.

¹⁹⁹ Whom I loved inordinately.

Revenge

Thou talk'st of harvest when the corn is green:
The end is crown of every work well done;
The sickle comes not till the corn be ripe.
Be still, and ere I lead thee from this place,
I'll show thee Balthazar in heavy case.²⁰⁰

90

²⁰⁰ In a tight spot.

Act III, Scene i

Enter the Viceroy of Portingale, Nobles, Villuppo

Viceroy

Unfortunate condition of kings,
Seated amidst so many helpless doubts!
First we are placed upon extremest height,
And oft supplanted with exceeding heat,
But ever subject to the wheel of chance; 5
And at our highest never joy we so
As we both doubt and dread our overthrow.
So striveth not the waves with sundry winds
As Fortune toileth in the affairs of kings,
That would be feared, yet fear to be beloved, 10
Sith fear or love to kings is flattery.²⁰¹
For instance, lordings,²⁰² look upon your King,
By hate deprived of his dearest son,
The only hope of our successive line.

First Nobleman

I had not thought that Alexandro's heart 15
Had been envenomed with such extreme hate,
But now I see that words have several works,²⁰³
And there's no credit in the countenance.²⁰⁴

Villuppo

No, for, my lord, had you beheld the train²⁰⁵

²⁰¹ Kings, too, are subjected to the vagaries of Fortune; her wheel will plunge one from the utmost heights to the low point of defeat and death at random.

²⁰² Lords.

²⁰³ A man's action and speech do not always match.

²⁰⁴ You cannot judge a man by his face.

²⁰⁵ Deceit.

Viceroy

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

Alexandro

Not that I fear the extremity of death, 40
For nobles cannot stoop to servile fear,
Do I, O King, thus discontented live.
But this, O this, torments my labouring soul,
That thus I die suspected of a sin
Whereof, as heavens have known my secret thoughts, 45
So am I free from this suggestion.²¹⁴

Viceroy

No more, I say! To the tortures! When!
Bind him and burn his body in those flames
They bind him to the stake
That shall prefigure those unquenched fires
Of Phlegethon²¹⁵ prepared for his soul. 50

Alexandro

My guiltless death will be avenged on thee,
On thee, Villuppo, that hath maliced²¹⁶ thus,
Or for thy meed²¹⁷ hast falsely me accused.

Villuppo

Nay Alexandro, if thou menace me,
I'll lend a hand to send thee to the lake²¹⁸ 55
Where those thy words shall perish with thy works.
Injurious traitor, monstrous homicide!

Enter Ambassador

²¹⁴ Wrongful accusation.

²¹⁵ Fiery river in the Underworld.

²¹⁶ Intended harm.

²¹⁷ Gain.

²¹⁸ Acheron, river or lake in the Underworld.

Let him unbind thee that is bound to death,
To make a quital²²² for thy discontent. *They unbind him*

Alexandro

Dread lord, in kindness²²³ you could do no less 80
Upon report of such a damned fact.
But thus we see our innocence hath saved
The hopeless life which thou, Villuppo, sought
By thy suggestions to have massacred.

Viceroy

Say, false Villuppo, wherefore didst thou thus 85
Falsely betray Lord Alexandro's life?
Him, whom thou knowest that no unkindness else
But even the slaughter of our dearest son
Could once have moved us to have misconceived.²²⁴

Alexandro

Say, treacherous Villuppo, tell the King 90
Wherein hath Alexandro used thee ill?

Villuppo

Rent with remembrance of so foul a deed,
My guilty soul submits me to thy doom,
For not for Alexandro's injuries,
But for reward and hope to be preferred, 95
Thus have I shamelessly hazarded his life.

Viceroy

Which, villain, shall be ransomed with thy death,
And not so mean a torment as we here
Devised for him who thou said'st slew our son,
But with the bitterest torments and extremes 100
That may be yet invented for thine end.

Alexandro seems to entreat

²²² Requitil.

²²³ As king ("being of the king kind").

²²⁴ Thought badly of.

Entreat me not, go, take the traitor hence.

Exit Villuppo and Guard

And, Alexandro, let us honour thee

With public notice of thy loyalty. 105

To end those things articulated²²⁵ here

By our great lord, the mighty King of Spain,

We with our council will deliberate. *Exeunt*

Come, Alexandro, keep us company.

Act III, Scene ii

Enter Hieronimo

Hieronimo

O eyes, no eyes, but fountains fraught²²⁶ with tears.

O life, no life, but lively form of death.

O world, no world, but mass of public wrongs,
Confused and filled with murder and misdeeds!

O sacred heavens! If this unhallowed deed, 5

If this inhuman and barbarous attempt,

If this incomparable murder thus

Of mine, but now no more my son,

Shall unrevealed and unrevenged pass,

How should we term your dealings to be just, 10

If you unjustly deal with those that in your justice trust?

The night, sad secretary to my moans,

With direful visions wake my vexed soul,

And with the wounds of my distressful²²⁷ son

Solicit me for notice of his death. 15

²²⁵ Set down.

²²⁶ Filled.

²²⁷ Distressed.

The ugly fiends do sally forth of hell,
And frame my steps to unfrequented paths,
And fear²²⁸ my heart with fierce inflamed thoughts.
The cloudy day my discontents records,
Early begins to register my dreams 20
And drive me forth to seek the murderer.
Eyes, life, world, heavens, hell, night and day,
See, search, show, send some man, some mean, that may—
A letter falleth
What's here? a letter? Tush, it is not so!
A letter written to Hieronimo! *Red ink*²²⁹ 25
(*Reads*²³⁰) "For want of ink, receive this bloody writ.
Me hath my hapless²³¹ brother hid from thee.
Revenge thyself on Balthazar and him,
For these were they that murdered thy son.
Hieronimo, revenge Horatio's death, 30
And better fare than Bel-imperia doth."
What means this unexpected miracle?
My son slain by Lorenzo and the prince!
What cause had they Horatio to malign?²³²
Or what might move thee, Bel-imperia, 35
To accuse thy brother, had he been the mean?
Hieronimo, beware, thou art betrayed,
And to entrap thy life this train²³³ is laid.
Advise thee therefore, be not credulous:
This is devised to endanger thee 40
That thou, by this, Lorenzo shouldst accuse,

²²⁸ Make fearful.

²²⁹ This stage direction indicates that the letter is meant to be seen by the audience.

²³⁰ The 1592 edition of the play has Bel-imperia speak the text of the letter.

²³¹ Luckless.

²³² Seek to harm.

²³³ Trap, plot.

And he, for thy dishonour done, should draw
 Thy life in question, and thy name in hate.
 Dear was the life of my beloved son,
 And of his death behoves me be revenged. 45
 Then hazard not thine own, Hieronimo,
 But live t'effect thy resolution.²³⁴
 I therefore will by circumstances²³⁵ try
 What I can gather to confirm this writ,
 And, hearkening near the Duke of Castile's house, 50
 Close²³⁶ if I can with Bel-imperia,
 To listen more, but nothing to bewray.²³⁷

Enter Pedringano

Now, Pedringano!
 Pedringano Now, Hieronimo!
 Hieronimo
 Where's thy lady?
 Pedringano I know not; here's my lord.

Enter Lorenzo

Lorenzo
 How now, who's this? Hieronimo?
 Hieronimo My lord. 55
 Pedringano
 He asketh for my lady Bel-imperia.
 Lorenzo
 What to do, Hieronimo? The duke, my father, hath

²³⁴ To carry out what you have decided to do.

²³⁵ In a roundabout way.

²³⁶ Meet.

²³⁷ Betray, give away.

Upon some disgrace awhile removed her hence
But if it be aught I may inform her of,
Tell me, Hieronimo, and I'll let her know it. 60

Hieronimo

Nay, nay, my lord, I thank you, it shall not need.
I had a suit unto her, but too late,
And her disgrace makes me unfortunate.

Lorenzo

Why so, Hieronimo? Use me.^Ψ

Hieronimo

O no, my lord, I dare not, it must not be, 65
I humbly thank your lordship.

Lorenzo Why then, farewell.

Hieronimo

My grief no heart, my thoughts no tongue can tell. *Exit*

Lorenzo

Come hither, Pedringano, see'st thou this?

Pedringano

My lord, I see it, and suspect it too.

Lorenzo

This is that damned villain, Serberine, 70
That hath, I fear, revealed Horatio's death.

Pedringano

My lord, he could not, 'twas so lately done,
And since, he hath not left my company.

Lorenzo

Admit he have not, his condition²³⁸'s such
As fear or flattering words may make him false. 75
I know his humour,²³⁹ and therewith repent
That e'er I used him in this enterprise.

^Ψ See appendix for 1602 addition beginning here, replacing ll. 65-66.

²³⁸ Nature.

²³⁹ Disposition.

But, Pedringano, to prevent the worst,
And 'cause I know thee secret as my soul,
Here, for thy further satisfaction, take thou this, 80
Gives him more gold

And hearken to me. Thus it is devised.
This night thou must, and prithee so resolve
Meet Serberine at Saint Luigi's Park—
Thou know'st 'tis here hard by behind the house—
There take thy stand, and see thou strike him sure, 85
For die he must, if we do mean to live.

Pedringano

But how shall Serberine be there, my lord?

Lorenzo

Let me alone,²⁴⁰ I'll send to him to meet
The prince and me, where thou must do this deed.

Pedringano

It shall be done, my lord, it shall be done, 90
And I'll go arm myself to meet him there.

Lorenzo

When things shall alter, as I hope they will,
Then shalt thou mount²⁴¹ for this; thou know'st my mind.
Exit Pedringano

*Che le Ieron!*²⁴²

Enter Page

Page My lord?

Lorenzo Go, sirrah, to Serberine,
And bid him forthwith meet the prince and me 95
At Saint Luigi's Park, behind the house,
This evening, boy.

²⁴⁰ Leave that to me.

²⁴¹ Rise (but later Pedringano "mounts" the gallows).

²⁴² Unexplained, but seems to be a summons for the page.

Page	I go, my lord.	
Lorenzo		
	But, sirrah, let the hour be eight o'clock.	
	Bid him not fail.	
Page	I fly, my lord.	<i>Exit</i>
Lorenzo		
	Now to confirm the complot ²⁴³ thou hast cast ²⁴⁴	100
	Of all these practices, ²⁴⁵ I'll spread the watch, ²⁴⁶	
	Upon precise commandment from the King,	
	Strongly to guard the place where Pedringano	
	This night shall murder hapless Serberine.	
	Thus must we work that will avoid distrust,	105
	Thus must we practise to prevent mishap,	
	And thus one ill another must expulse. ²⁴⁷	
	This sly enquiry of Hieronimo	
	For Bel-imperia breeds suspicion,	
	And this suspicion bodes a further ill.	110
	As for myself, I know my secret fault,	
	And so do they, but I have dealt for them.	
	They that for coin their souls endangered,	
	To save my life for coin shall venture theirs.	
	And better it's that base ²⁴⁸ companions die,	115
	Than by their life to hazard our good haps. ²⁴⁹	
	Nor shall they live, for me to fear their faith.	
	I'll trust myself, myself shall be my friend,	
	For die they shall, slaves ²⁵⁰ are ordained to no other end	
		<i>Exit</i>

²⁴³ Plot.

²⁴⁴ Planned.

²⁴⁵ Schemes.

²⁴⁶ Position the constables.

²⁴⁷ Remove.

²⁴⁸ Of low class.

²⁴⁹ Fortune.

²⁵⁰ Lowly fellows, knaves.

Act III, Scene iii

Enter Pedringano with a pistol

Pedringano

Now, Pedringano, bid thy pistol hold!²⁵¹
And hold on, Fortune, once more favour me!
Give but success to mine attempting spirit,
And let me shift²⁵² for taking of mine aim!
Here is the gold, this is the gold proposed,
It is no dream that I adventure for, 5
But Pedringano is possessed thereof.
And he that would not strain his conscience
For him that thus his liberal purse hath stretched,
Unworthy such a favour, may he fail.
And wishing, want, when such as I prevail, 10
As for the fear of apprehension,
I know, if need should be, my noble lord
Will stand between me and ensuing harms.
Besides, this place is free from all suspect.²⁵³
Here therefore will I stay and take my stand. 15

Enter the Watch

First Watch

I wonder much for what intent it is
That we are thus expressly charged to watch.

Second Watch

'Tis by commandment in the King's own name.

²⁵¹ Work properly.

²⁵² Let it be up to me.

²⁵³ Suspicion.

Third Watch

But we were never wont to watch and ward²⁵⁴ 20
So near the duke his brother's house before.

Second Watch

Content yourself, stand close,²⁵⁵ there's somewhat in't.

Enter Serberine

Serberine

Here, Serberine, attend and stay thy pace,²⁵⁶
For here did Don Lorenzo's page appoint
That thou by his command shouldst meet with him. 25
How fit a place, if one were so disposed,
Methinks this corner is, to close with²⁵⁷ one.

Pedringano

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

Serberine

I wonder that his lordship stays so long, 30
Or wherefore should he send for me so late?

Pedringano

For this, Serberine, and thou shalt ha't. *Shoots the dag*²⁵⁸
So, there he lies, my promise is performed.

The Watch come forward

First Watch

Hark, gentlemen, this is a pistol shot.

²⁵⁴ Keep guard.

²⁵⁵ Hidden.

²⁵⁶ Stop walking.

²⁵⁷ Meet secretly.

²⁵⁸ Pistol.

Second Watch

And here's one slain! Stay²⁵⁹ the murderer! 35

Pedringano

Now by the sorrows of the souls in hell,

He strives with the Watch

Who first lays hand on me, I'll be his priest.

Third Watch

Sirrah, confess, and therein play the priest.

Why hast thou thus unkindly²⁶⁰ killed this man?

Pedringano

Why? Because he walked abroad so late. 40

Third Watch

Come sir, you had been better kept your bed

Than have committed this misdeed so late.

Second Watch

Come, to the marshal's with the murderer!

First Watch

On to Hieronimo's. Help me here

To bring the murdered body with us too. 45

Pedringano

Hieronimo? Carry me before whom you will,

Whate'er he be, I'll answer him and you.

And do your worst, for I defy you all. *Exeunt*

Act III, Scene iv

Enter Lorenzo and Balthazar

Balthazar

How now, my lord, what makes you rise so soon?

²⁵⁹ Stop.

²⁶⁰ Unnaturally.

Lorenzo

Fear of preventing our mishaps too late.

Balthazar

What mischief is it that we not mistrust²⁶¹

Lorenzo

Our greatest ills we least mistrust, my lord,
And unexpected harms do hurt us most. 5

Balthazar

Why, tell me, Don Lorenzo, tell me, man,
If ought concerns our honour and your own.

Lorenzo

Nor you, nor me, my lord, but both in one.
For I suspect, and the presumption's great,
That by those base confederates in our fault²⁶² 10
Touching the death of Don Horatio,
We are betrayed to old Hieronimo.

Balthazar

Betrayed, Lorenzo? Tush, it cannot be.

Lorenzo

A guilty conscience, urged with the thought
Of former evils, easily cannot err. 15
I am persuaded, and dissuade me not,
That all's revealed to Hieronimo.
And therefore know that I have cast it thus²⁶³—

Enter Page

But here's the page. How now, what news with thee?

Page

My lord, Serberine is slain. 20

²⁶¹ Suspect.

²⁶² Our partners in crime.

²⁶³ Planned it like this.

Balthazar

Who? Serberine, my man?

Page

Your highness' man, my lord.

Lorenzo

Speak, page, who murdered him?

Page

He that is apprehended for the fact.

Lorenzo

Who?

25

Page

Pedringano.

Balthazar

Is Serberine slain that loved his lord so well?

Injurious villain, murderer of his friend!

Lorenzo

Hath Pedringano murdered Serberine?

My lord, let me entreat you to take the pains

30

To exasperate²⁶⁴ and hasten his revenge

With your complaints unto my lord the King.

This their dissension breeds a greater doubt.

Balthazar

Assure thee, Don Lorenzo, he shall die,

Or else his highness hardly shall deny.²⁶⁵

35

Meanwhile, I'll haste²⁶⁶ the Marshal sessions,

For die he shall for this his damned deed. *Exit Balthazar*

Lorenzo

Why so, this fits our former policy,

And thus experience bids the wise to deal.

I lay the plot, he prosecutes the point.

40

²⁶⁴ Make harsher.

²⁶⁵ Will be hard on me, denying me.

²⁶⁶ Speed up.

I set the trap, he breaks the worthless twigs,
And sees not that wherewith the bird was limed.²⁶⁷
Thus hopeful men that mean to hold their own
Must look like fowlers to their dearest friends.
He runs to kill whom I have holpe²⁶⁸ to catch, 45
And no man knows it was my reaching fatch.²⁶⁹
'Tis hard to trust unto a multitude,
Or anyone, in mine opinion,
When men themselves their secrets will reveal.

Enter a Messenger with a letter

Boy! 50
Page
My lord?
Lorenzo
What's he?
Messenger I have a letter to your lordship,
Lorenzo
From whence?
Messenger From Pedringano that's imprisoned.
Lorenzo
So he's in prison?
Messenger Ay, my good lord.
Lorenzo
What would he with us? He writes us here 55
To stand good lord²⁷⁰ and help him in distress.
Tell him I have his letters, know his mind,
And what we may, let him assure him of.²⁷¹

²⁶⁷ Caught in bird lime.

²⁶⁸ Helped.

²⁶⁹ Carefully devised plan.

²⁷⁰ Be his lordly protector.

²⁷¹ Let him be sure I'll do all I may.

Fellow, be gone; my boy shall follow thee. *Exit Messenger*
 This works like wax;²⁷² yet once more try thy wits. 60
 Boy, go, convey this purse to Pedringano,
 Thou knowest the prison, closely²⁷³ give it him,
 And be advised that none be thereabout.
 Bid him be merry still, but secret;
 And though the marshal sessions be today, 65
 Bid him not doubt of his delivery.
 Tell him his pardon is already signed,
 And thereon bid him boldly be resolved.²⁷⁴
 For, were he ready to be turned off,²⁷⁵
 As 'tis my will the uttermost be tried, 70
 Thou with his pardon shalt attend him still.
 Show him this box, tell him his pardon's in't,
 But open't not and if²⁷⁶ thou lovest thy life,
 But let him wisely keep his hopes unknown.
 He shall not want while Don Lorenzo lives. 75
 Away!

Page I go, my lord, I run.

Lorenzo

But sirrah, see that this be cleanly done. *Exit Page*
 Now stands our fortune on a tickle²⁷⁷ point,
 And now or never ends Lorenzo's doubts.
 One only thing is uneffected yet, 80
 And that's to see the executioner.
 But to what end? I list not²⁷⁸ trust the air

²⁷² I.e., easily; wax is extremely malleable.

²⁷³ In secret.

²⁷⁴ Assured.

²⁷⁵ Hanged.

²⁷⁶ "And if" = if.

²⁷⁷ Unsteady.

²⁷⁸ Do not wish to.

With utterance of our pretence²⁷⁹ therein,
For fear the privy whispering of the wind
Convey our words amongst unfriendly ears, 85
That lie too open to advantages.

E quel che voglio io, nessun lo sa;

*Intendo io: quel mi basterá.*²⁸⁰ *Exit*

Act III, Scene v

Enter Boy with the box

Page

My master hath forbidden me to look in this box, and by
my troth 'tis likely, if he had not warned me, I should not
have had so much idle time. For we men's-kind in our
minority²⁸¹ are like women in their uncertainty; that they
are most forbidden, they will soonest attempt. So I now.
By my bare honesty, here's nothing but the bare, empty 5
box. Were it not sin against secrecy, I would say it were
a piece of gentlemanlike knavery. I must go to
Pedringano and tell him his pardon is in this box. Nay, I
would have sworn it, had I not seen the contrary. I can-
not choose but smile to think how the villain will flout²⁸² 10
the gallows, scorn the audience, and descant on²⁸³ the
hangman, and all presuming of his pardon from hence.
Will't not be an odd jest, for me to stand and grace every
jest he makes, pointing my finger at this box, as who

²⁷⁹ Plot.

²⁸⁰ "And what I wish no one knows; I know, and that is enough for me"
(Italian).

²⁸¹ While still children.

²⁸² Mock.

²⁸³ Carry on about.

would say, "Mock on, here's thy warrant." Is't not a 15
 scurvy²⁸⁴ jest that a man should jest himself to death?
 Alas, poor Pedringano, I am in a sort sorry for thee, but
 if I should be hanged with thee, I cannot weep.

Exit

Act III, Scene vi

Enter Hieronimo and the Deputy

Hieronimo

Thus must we toil in other men's extremes,
 That know not how to remedy our own,
 And do them justice, when unjustly we,
 For all our wrongs can compass no redress.
 But shall I never live to see the day 5
 That I may come by justice of the heavens,
 To know the cause that²⁸⁵ may my cares allay?
 This toils²⁸⁶ my body, this consumeth age,²⁸⁷
 That only I to all men just must be,
 And neither gods nor men be just to me. 10

Deputy

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

Hieronimo

So is't my duty to regard his death
 Who, when he lived, deserved my dearest blood.
 But come, for that we came for, let's begin, 15

²⁸⁴ Low.

²⁸⁵ Experience that which.

²⁸⁶ Burdens.

²⁸⁷ Makes me old before my time.

For here lies that²⁸⁸ which bids me to be gone.

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

Deputy

Bring forth the prisoner, for the court is set.

Pedringano

Gramercy,²⁸⁹ boy, but it was time to come,
For I had written to my lord anew,
A nearer matter that concerneth him, 20
For fear his lordship had forgotten me.
But sith he hath remembered me so well,
Come, come, come on, when shall we to this gear?²⁹⁰

Hieronimo

Stand forth, thou monster, murderer of men,
And here, for satisfaction of the world, 25
Confess thy folly and repent thy fault,
For there's thy place of execution.

Pedringano

This is short work. Well, to your Marshalship
First I confess, nor fear I death therefore,
I am the man, 'twas I slew Serberine. 30
But sir, then you think this shall be the place
Where we shall satisfy you for this gear?

Deputy

Ay, Pedringano.

Pedringano

Now I think not so.

Hieronimo

Peace, impudent, for thou shalt find it so;

²⁸⁸ This may refer to the bloody handkerchief, or maybe to Hieronimo's heart.

²⁸⁹ Exclamation to signify Pedringano's relief.

²⁹⁰ Business.

For blood with blood shall, while I sit as judge, 35
 Be satisfied, and the law discharged.
 And though myself cannot receive the like,
 Yet will I see that others have their right.
 Dispatch, the fault's approved²⁹¹ and confessed,
 And by our law he is condemned to die. 40

Hangman

Come on, sir, are you ready?

Pedringano

To do what, my fine officious knave?

Hangman

To go to this gear.²⁹²

Pedringano

O sir, you are too forward; thou wouldst fain furnish me
 with a halter, to disfurnish me of my habit.²⁹³ So I should 45
 go out of this gear, my raiment, into that gear, the rope.
 But, hangman, now I spy your knavery, I'll not change
 without boot,²⁹⁴ that's flat.

Hangman

Come, sir.

Pedringano

So then, I must up? 50

Hangman

No remedy.

Pedringano

Yes, but there shall be for my coming down.

Hangman

Indeed, here's a remedy for that.

²⁹¹ Demonstrated.

²⁹² Business, here the hanging.

²⁹³ Clothes; part of the hangman's fee is the executed man's clothes.

²⁹⁴ Without further payment.

Pedringano

How? Be turned off?²⁹⁵

Hangman

Ay, truly! Come, are you ready? I pray sir, dispatch, the 55
day goes away.

Pedringano

What, do you hang by the hour? If you do, I may chance
to break your old custom.

Hangman

Faith, you have reason, for I am like to break your young
neck. 60

Pedringano

Dost thou mock me, hangman? Pray God I be not pre-
served to break your knave's pate for this.

Hangman

Alas, sir, you are a foot too low to reach it, and I hope
you will never grow so high while I am in the office.

Pedringano

Sirrah, dost see yonder boy with the box in his hand? 65

Hangman

What, he that points to it with his finger?

Pedringano

Ay, that companion.²⁹⁶

Hangman

I know him not, but what of him?

Pedringano

Dost thou think to live till his old doublet will make thee
a new truss?²⁹⁷ 70

²⁹⁵ Pushed off the platform, hanged.

²⁹⁶ Fellow.

²⁹⁷ Jacket.

Hangman

Ay, and many a fair year after, to truss up²⁹⁸ many an
honester man that either thou or he.

Pedringano

What hath he in his box as thou think'st?

Hangman

Faith, I cannot tell, nor I care not greatly. Methinks you
should rather hearken to²⁹⁹ your soul's health. 75

Pedringano

Why, sirrah hangman, I take it that that is good for the
body is likewise good for the soul, and it may be, in
that box is balm for both.

Hangman

Well, thou art even the merriest piece of man's flesh
that e'er groaned at my office door. 80

Pedringano

Is your roguery become an office with a knave's name?

Hangman

Ay, and that shall all they witness that see you seal it
with a thief's name.

Pedringano

I prithee, request this good company to pray with me.

Hangman

Ay marry, sir, this is a good motion. My masters, you
see here's a good fellow. 85

Pedringano

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

Hieronimo

I have not seen a wretch so impudent!
O monstrous times, where murder's set so light, 90

²⁹⁸ Hang.

²⁹⁹ Take care of.

And where the soul that should be shrined in heaven
Solely delights in interdicted things,
Still wandering in the thorny passages
That intercepts itself of happiness.
Murder, O bloody monster, God forbid 95
A fault so foul should 'scape unpunished.
Despatch and see this execution done.
This makes me to remember thee, my son. *Exit Hieronimo*

Pedringano
Nay soft,³⁰⁰ no haste.

Deputy
Why, wherefore stay you? Have you hope of life? 100

Pedringano
Why, ay.

Hangman
As how?

Pedringano
Why, rascal, by my pardon from the King.

Hangman
Stand you on that?³⁰¹ Then you shall off with this.

He turns him off

Deputy
So, executioner. Convey him hence, 105
But let his body be unburied:
Let not the earth be choked or infect
With that which heaven contemns, and men neglect. *Exeunt*

³⁰⁰ Easy, now.

³⁰¹ Do you rely on that?

Act III, Scene vii

Enter Hieronimo

Hieronimo

Where shall I run to breathe abroad³⁰² my woes,
My woes whose weight hath wearied the earth?
Or mine exclaims,³⁰³ that have surcharged the air
With ceaseless plaints for my deceased son?
The blustering winds, conspiring with my words, 5
At my lament have moved the leafless trees,
Disrobed the meadows of their flowered green,
Made mountains marsh with spring tides of my tears,
And broken through the brazen gates of hell.
Yet still tormented is my tortured soul 10
With broken sighs and restless passions,
That winged mount,³⁰⁴ and hovering in the air,
Beat at the windows of the brightest heavens,
Soliciting for justice and revenge.
But they are placed in those empyreal³⁰⁵ heights, 15
Where, countermured³⁰⁶ with walls of diamond,
I find the place impregnable, and they
Resist my woes, and give my words no way.

Enter Hangman with a letter

Hangman

O lord, sir, God bless you, sir, the man, sir,

³⁰² Express.

³⁰³ Cries.

³⁰⁴ That rise into the air, born on wings.

³⁰⁵ Celestial.

³⁰⁶ With double walls.

Petergade,³⁰⁷ sir, he that was so full of merry conceits³⁰⁸ 20

Hieronimo

Well, what of him?

Hangman

O Lord, sir, he went the wrong way, the fellow had a fair commission to the contrary. Sir, here is his passport.

I pray you, sir, we have done him wrong.

Hieronimo

I warrant thee,³⁰⁹ give it me. 25

Hangman

You will stand between the gallows and me?

Hieronimo

Ay, ay.

Hangman

I thank your lord worship. *Exit Hangman*

Hieronimo

And yet, though somewhat nearer me concerns,
I will, to ease the grief that I sustain, 30

Take truce with sorrow while I read on this.

“My lord, I writ as mine extremes³¹⁰ required,

That you would labour my delivery.

If you neglect, my life is desperate,

And in my death I shall reveal the troth.³¹¹ 35

You know, my lord, I slew him for your sake,

And was confederate with the prince and you.

Won by rewards and hopeful promises,

I holp to murder Don Horatio too.”

Holp he to murder mine Horatio? 40

And actors in th'accursed tragedy

³⁰⁷ Hangman's “take” on Pedringano's name.

³⁰⁸ Jests.

³⁰⁹ I tell you.

³¹⁰ Predicament.

³¹¹ 1) The loyalty I pledged to you; 2) the truth.

Wast thou, Lorenzo, Balthazar and thou?
 Of whom my son, my son, deserved so well?
 What have I heard, what have mine eyes beheld?
 O sacred heavens, may it come to pass 45
 That such a monstrous and detested deed,
 So closely smothered³¹² and so long concealed,
 Shall thus by this be vengéd³¹³ or revealed!
 Now see I what I durst not then suspect,
 That Bel-imperia's letter was not feigned. 50
 Nor feigned she, though falsely they have wronged
 Both her, myself, Horatio and themselves.
 Now may I make compare 'twixt hers and this,
 Of every accident³¹⁴ I ne'er could find³¹⁵
 Till now, and now I feelingly³¹⁶ perceive 55
 They did what Heaven unpunished would not leave.
 O false Lorenzo, are these thy flattering looks?
 Is this the honour that thou didst my son?
 And Balthazar, bane³¹⁷ to my soul and me,
 Was this the ransom he reserved thee³¹⁸ for? 60
 Woe to the cause of these constrained wars!
 Woe to thy baseness and captivity,
 Woe to thy birth, thy body, and thy soul,
 Thy cursed father, and thy conquered self!
 And banned³¹⁹ with bitter execrations be 65
 The day and place where he did pity thee!
 But wherefore waste I mine unfruitful words,

³¹² Kept so very secret.

³¹³ Revenged.

³¹⁴ Event.

³¹⁵ Understand.

³¹⁶ Clearly; with feeling.

³¹⁷ Death.

³¹⁸ Preserved you; let you live.

³¹⁹ Accursed.

When naught but blood will satisfy my woes?
I will go plain me³²⁰ to my lord the King,
And cry aloud for justice through the court, 70
Wearing the flints with these my withered feet,
And either purchase justice by entreats
Or tire them all with my revenging threats. *Exit*

³²⁰ Complain.

Act IV, Scene i

Enter Isabella and her Maid

Isabella

So that, you say, this herb will purge the eye,
And this the head?
Ah, but none of them will purge the heart.
No, there's no medicine left for my disease,
Nor any physic to recure³²¹ the dead. *She runs lunatic* 5
Horatio! O, where's Horatio?

Maid

Good madam, affright not thus yourself
With outrage³²² for your son Horatio.
He sleeps in quiet in Elysian³²³ fields.

Isabella

Why, did I not give you gowns and goodly things, 10
Bought you a whistle and a whipstalk³²⁴ too,
To be revenged on their villainies?

Maid

Madam, these humours³²⁵ do torment my soul.

Isabella

"My soul," poor soul, thou talks of things
Thou know'st not what; my soul hath silver wings, 15
That mounts me up unto the highest heavens.
To heaven, ay, there sits my Horatio,
Backed with a troop of fiery cherubins

³²¹ Return to life.

³²² Passionate behavior.

³²³ Where the blessed go in the afterlife.

³²⁴ Whip handle.

³²⁵ Fancies.

Dancing about his newly healed wounds, 20
Singing sweet hymns and chanting heavenly notes,
Rare harmony to greet his innocence,
That died, ay died a mirror³²⁶ in our days.
But say, where shall I find the men, the murderers,
That slew Horatio? Whither shall I run *Exeunt* 25
To find them out that murdered my son?

Act IV, Scene ii

*Bel-imperia at a window*³²⁷

Exit Hangman

Bel-imperia

What means this outrage that is offered me?
Why am I thus sequestered³²⁸ from the court?
No notice?³²⁹ Shall I not know the cause
Of this my secret and suspicious ills?
Accursed brother, unkind³³⁰ murderer, 5
Why bends thou thus my mind to martyr me?
Hieronimo, why writ I of thy wrongs,
Or why art thou so slack in thy revenge?
Andrea, O Andrea, that thou sawest
Me for thy friend Horatio handled thus, 10
And him for me thus causeless murdered.
Well, force perforce,³³¹ I must constrain myself
To patience, and apply me³³² to the time,

³²⁶ Example of excellence.

³²⁷ Entrance, probably, on the balcony.

³²⁸ Hidden away.

³²⁹ Kept uninformed.

³³⁰ Unnatural.

³³¹ Of necessity.

³³² Conform.

Till heaven, as I have hoped, shall set me free. 14

Enter Christophil

Christophil *Exeunt*
Come, Madam Bel-imperia, this may not be.

Act IV, Scene iii

Enter Lorenzo, Balthazar, and the Page

Lorenzo

Boy, talk no further, thus far things go well.
Thou art assured that thou sawst him dead?

Page

Or else, my lord, I live not.

Lorenzo

That's enough.

As for his resolution³³³ in the end
Leave that to him with whom he sojourns now. 5
Here, take my ring and give it Christophil,
And bid him let my sister be enlarged,³³⁴
And bring her hither straight. *Exit Page*

This that I did was for a policy³³⁵
To smooth and keep the murder secret, 10
Which as a nine-days' wonder, being o'erblown,³³⁶
My gentle sister will I now enlarge.

Balthazar

And time, Lorenzo, for my lord the Duke,

³³³ Courage.

³³⁴ Set free.

³³⁵ Ingenious purpose.

³³⁶ The murder is no longer fresh news.

You heard, enquired for her yesternight.

Lorenzo

Why, and, my lord, I hope you heard me say 15
Sufficient reason why she kept away.
But that's all one. My lord, you love her?

Balthazar

Ay.

Lorenzo

Then in your love beware, deal cunningly,
Salve³³⁷ all suspicions; only soothe me up.³³⁸
And if she hap to stand on terms³³⁹ with us 20
As for her sweetheart and concealment so,
Jest with her gently; under feigned jest
Are things concealed that else would breed unrest.
But here she comes.

Enter Bel-imperia

Now, sister—

Bel-imperia

Sister? No!

Thou art no brother but an enemy, 25
Else wouldst thou not have used thy sister so:
First, to affright me with thy weapons drawn,
And with extremes³⁴⁰ abuse my company³⁴¹
And then to hurry me, like whirlwind's rage,
Amidst a crew of thy confederates, 30
And clap me up³⁴² where none might come at me,
Nor I at any, to reveal my wrongs.
What madding fury did possess thy wits?

³³⁷ Gentle; stop.

³³⁸ Agree with me, say what I say.

³³⁹ Gainsay us; argue.

³⁴⁰ Violent actions.

³⁴¹ Companion, i.e., Horatio.

³⁴² Hide me.

Or wherein is't that I offended thee?

Lorenzo

Advise you better, Bel-imperia, 35
 For I have done you no disparagement;³⁴³
 Unless, by more discretion than deserved,
 I sought to save your honour and mine own.

Bel-imperia

Mine honour? Why, Lorenzo, wherein is't 40
 That I neglect my reputation so,
 As you, or any, need to rescue it?

Lorenzo

His highness and my father were resolved
 To come confer with old Hieronimo
 Concerning certain matters of estate³⁴⁴
 That by the viceroy was determined. 45

Bel-imperia

And wherein was mine honour touched in that?

Balthazar

Have patience, Bel-imperia; hear the rest.

Lorenzo

Me, next in sight,³⁴⁵ as messenger they sent
 To give him notice that they were so neigh.
 Now when I came, consorted with³⁴⁶ the prince, 50
 And unexpected in an arbour there
 Found Bel-imperia with Horatio—

Bel-imperia

How then?

Lorenzo

Why then, remembering that old disgrace,

³⁴³ Disgrace.

³⁴⁴ State matters.

³⁴⁵ Being near them; being in sight.

³⁴⁶ In the company of.

Which you for Don Andrea had endured, 55
And now were likely longer to sustain
By being found so meanly accompanied,³⁴⁷
Thought rather, for I knew no readier mean,
To thrust Horatio forth my father's way.

Balthazar
And carry you obscurely somewhere else, 60
Lest that his highness should have found you there.

Bel-imperia
Even so, my lord? And you are witness
That this is true which he entreateth of?
You, gentle brother, forged this for my sake,
And you, my lord, were made his instrument. 65
A work of worth, worthy the noting too.
But what's the cause that you concealed me since?

Lorenzo
Your melancholy, sister, since the news
Of your first favourite Don Andrea's death,
My father's old wrath hath exasperate.³⁴⁸ 70

Balthazar
And better was't for you, being in disgrace,
To absent yourself and give his fury place.

Bel-imperia
But why had I no notice of his ire?

Lorenzo
That were to add more fuel to your fire,
Who burnt like Aetna³⁴⁹ for Andrea's loss. 75

Bel-imperia
Hath not my father then enquired for me?

Lorenzo
Sister, he hath, and thus excused I thee.

³⁴⁷ Being found in the company of a person of lower social standing.

³⁴⁸ Made worse.

³⁴⁹ Volcano in Sicily.

He whispereth in her ear

But, Bel-imperia, see the gentle prince!
 Look on thy love, behold young Balthazar,
 Whose passions by thy presence are increased, 80
 And in whose melancholy thou may'st see
 Thy hate, his love; thy flight, his following thee.

Bel-imperia

Brother, you are become an orator—
 I know not, I, by what experience—
 Too politic³⁵⁰ for me, past all compare, 85
 Since last I saw you; but content yourself,
 The prince is meditating higher things.

Balthazar

'Tis of thy beauty, then, that conquers kings;
 Of those thy tresses, Ariadne's twines,³⁵¹
 Wherewith my liberty thou hast surprised;³⁵² 90
 Of that thine ivory front,³⁵³ my sorrow's map,
 Wherein I see no haven to rest my hope.

Bel-imperia

To love and fear, and both at once, my lord,
 In my conceit,³⁵⁴ are things of more import
 Than women's wits are to be busied with. 95

Balthazar

'Tis I that love.

Bel-imperia Whom?

Balthazar Bel-imperia.

Bel-imperia

But I that fear.

³⁵⁰ Cunning.³⁵¹ Ariadne, daughter of Minos, King of Crete, used thread to guide Theseus through her father's labyrinth in return for a promise of marriage.³⁵² Captured.³⁵³ Forehead.³⁵⁴ In my opinion.

Balthazar Whom?
Bel-imperia Bel-imperia.
Lorenzo
 Fear yourself?
Bel-imperia Ay, brother.
Lorenzo How?
Bel-imperia As those
 That what they love are loath and fear to lose.
Balthazar
 Then, fair, let Balthazar your keeper be. 100
Bel-imperia
 No, Balthazar doth fear as well as we:
 Et tremulo metui pavidum junxere timorem,
 *Et vanum stolidae proditionis opus.*³⁵⁵ *Exit*
Lorenzo
 Nay, and you argue things so cunningly,
 We'll go continue this discourse at court. 105
Balthazar
 Led by the loadstar³⁵⁶ of her heavenly looks,
 Wends³⁵⁷ poor oppressed Balthazar,
 As o'er the mountain walks the wanderer,
 Uncertain to effect³⁵⁸ his pilgrimage. *Exeunt*

Act IV, Scene iv

Enter two Portugales, and Hieronimo meets them

³⁵⁵ "Fearful fear was yoked to fearful man; the workings of total treachery are vain."

³⁵⁶ Star to steer by.

³⁵⁷ Walks.

³⁵⁸ Not certain whether he may complete.

First Portingale

By your leave, sir.^ψ

Hieronimo

Good leave have you; nay, I pray you go,
For I'll leave you; if you can leave me, so.

Second Portingale

Pray you, which is the next³⁵⁹ way to my lord the Duke's?

Hieronimo

The next way from me.

First Portingale To his house, we mean. 5

Hieronimo

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

Second Portingale

You could not tell us if his son were there?

Hieronimo

Who, my lord Lorenzo?

First Portingale Ay, sir.

He goeth in at one door and comes out at another

Hieronimo O, forbear,

For other talk for us far fitter were.
But if you be importunate to know³⁶⁰ 10
The way to him, and where to find him out,
Then list to me, and I'll resolve your doubt.
There is a path upon your left-hand side
That leadeth from a guilty conscience
Unto a forest of distrust and fear, 15
A darksome place, and dangerous to pass.
There shall you meet with melancholy thoughts,

^ψ See appendix for third 1602 addition.

³⁵⁹ Nearest.

³⁶⁰ Insist on knowing.

Whose baleful humours if you but uphold,³⁶¹
It will conduct you to despair and death;
Whose rocky cliffs when you have once beheld, 20
Within a huge³⁶² dale of lasting night,
That, kindled with the world's iniquities,
Doth cast up filthy and detested fumes.
Not far from thence, where murderers have built
A habitation for their cursed souls, 25
There, in a brazen cauldron, fixed by Jove
In his fell³⁶³ wrath upon a sulphur flame,
Yourselves shall find Lorenzo bathing him
In boiling lead and blood of innocents.

First Portingale
Ha, ha, ha!

Hieronimo Ha, ha, ha! 30
Why, ha, ha, ha! Farewell, good, ha, ha, ha! *Exit*

Second Portingale
Doubtless this man is passing³⁶⁴ lunatic,
Or imperfection of his age³⁶⁵ doth make him dote.
Come, let's away to seek my lord the Duke. *Exeunt*

Act IV, Scene v

*Enter Hieronimo, with a poniard in one hand, and a rope in the other*³⁶⁶

³⁶¹ Persist.

³⁶² Huge.

³⁶³ Cruel.

³⁶⁴ Extremely.

³⁶⁵ Senility.

³⁶⁶ These are stock hand props for a would-be suicide on the Elizabethan stage.

And here, ay here—there goes the hare away.³⁷⁴

Enter King, Ambassador, Duke of Castile, and Lorenzo

King

Now show, Ambassador, what our Viceroy saith. 25
Hath he received the articles we sent?

Hieronimo

Justice, O, justice to Hieronimo.

Lorenzo

Back, see'st thou not the King is busy?

Hieronimo

O, is he so?

King

Who is he that interrupts our business? 30

Hieronimo

Not I. Hieronimo, beware, go by, go by.

Ambassador

Renowned King, he hath received and read
Thy kingly proffers and thy promised league,
And, as a man extremely overjoyed
To hear his son so princely entertained, 35

Whose death he had so solemnly bewailed,
This for thy further satisfaction

And kingly love, he kindly lets thee know:

First, for the marriage of his princely son
With Bel-imperia, thy beloved niece, 40

The news are more delightful to his soul
Than myrrh or incense to the offended heavens.

In person, therefore, will he come himself,

To see the marriage rites solemnized,
And, in the presence of the court of Spain, 45

³⁷⁴ "There I lost my chance."

To knit a sure, inexecrable³⁷⁵ band
Of kingly love and everlasting league
Betwixt the crowns of Spain and Portingale.
There will he give his crown to Balthazar,
And make a queen of Bel-imperia. 50

King

Brother, how like you this our viceroy's love?

Duke of Castile

No doubt, my lord, it is an argument³⁷⁶
Of honourable care to keep his friend,
And wondrous zeal to Balthazar his son,
Nor am I least indebted to his grace, 55
That bends his liking to my daughter thus.

Ambassador

Now last, dread lord, here hath his highness sent,
Although he sent not that his son return,
His ransom due to Don Horatio.

Hieronimo

Horatio! Who calls Horatio? 60

King

And well remembered, thank his majesty.
Here, see it given to Horatio.

Hieronimo

Justice, O justice, justice, gentle King!

King

What is that? Hieronimo?

Hieronimo

Justice, O justice! O my son, my son, 65
My son, whom naught can ransom or redeem!

Lorenzo

Hieronimo, you are not well advised.

³⁷⁵ Sacred; not to be execrated.

³⁷⁶ Proof.

Hieronimo

Away, Lorenzo, hinder me no more,
For thou hast made me bankrupt of my bliss.
Give me my son, you shall not ransom him! 70
Away, I'll rip the bowels of the earth,

He diggeth with his dagger

And ferry over to th'Elysian plains,³⁷⁷
And bring my son to show his deadly wounds.
Stand from about me!
I'll make a pickax of my poniard, 75
And here surrender up my marshalship;
For I'll go marshal up the fiends in hell,
To be avenged on you all for this.

King

What means this outrage?³⁷⁸
Will none of you restrain his fury? 80

Hieronimo

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

King

What accident hath happed³⁷⁹ Hieronimo?
I have not seen him to demean him³⁸⁰ so.

Lorenzo

My gracious lord, he is with extreme pride 85
Conceived of young Horatio, his son,
And covetous of having to himself
The ransom of the young prince Balthazar,
Distract, and in a manner lunatic.

King

Believe me, nephew, we are sorry for't. 90

³⁷⁷ The place for the blessed dead in the afterlife.

³⁷⁸ Outcry.

³⁷⁹ Happened to.

³⁸⁰ Behave.

This is the love that fathers bear their sons.
 But, gentle brother, go give him this gold,
 The prince's ransom, let him have his due.
 For what he hath Horatio shall not want,
 Haply³⁸¹ Hieronimo hath need thereof. 95

Lorenzo

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

King

We shall increase his melancholy so.
 'Tis best that we see further in it first, 100
 Till when, ourself will exempt the place.³⁸²

And, brother, now bring in the Ambassador,
 That he may be a witness of the match
 'Twixt Balthazar and Bel-imperia,
 And that we may prefix a certain time 105
 Wherein the marriage shall be solemnized,
 That we may have thy lord, the Viceroy, here.

Ambassador

Therein your highness highly shall content
 His majesty, that longs to hear from hence.

King

On, then, and hear you, Lord Ambassador. *Exeunt*^ψ 110

Act IV, Scene vi

Enter Hieronimo, with a book in his hand

³⁸¹ Perhaps.

³⁸² We will continue business without an acting Knight Marshal.

^ψ See appendix for the fourth 1602 addition, a scene between IV.v and IV.vi.

Hieronimo

*Vindicta mihi.*³⁸³

Ay, heaven will be revenged of every ill,
Nor will they suffer murder unrepaid.
Then stay, Hieronimo, attend their will,
For mortal men may not appoint their time. 5

*Per scelus semper tutum est sceleribus iter.*³⁸⁴

Strike, and strike home, where wrong is offered thee!
For evils unto ills conductors be,
And death's the worst of resolution.³⁸⁵
For he that thinks with patience to contend 10
To quiet life, his life shall easily end.

Fata si miseros juvant, habes salutem;

*Fata si vitam negant, habes sepulchrum.*³⁸⁶

If destiny thy miseries do ease,
Then hast thou health, and happy shalt thou be. 15
If misery deny thee life, Hieronimo,
Yet shall thou be assured of a tomb.

If neither, yet let this thy comfort be,
Heaven covereth him that hath no burial.
And to conclude, I will revenge his death! 20

But how? not as the vulgar³⁸⁷ wits of men,
With open, but inevitable ills,
As by a secret, yet a certain mean,³⁸⁸
Which under kindness will be cloaked best.³⁸⁹

Wise men will take their opportunity, 25
Closely³⁹⁰ and safely fitting things to time,

³⁸³ "Vengeance is mine" (Romans xii.19).

³⁸⁴ "The safe path is always from crime to crimes."

³⁸⁵ Death is the worst outcome of decisive action.

³⁸⁶ The next four lines translate this adequately.

³⁸⁷ Base.

³⁸⁸ Instrument.

³⁸⁹ Which kindness best hides.

³⁹⁰ Subtly.

But in extremes advantage hath no time,
 And therefore all times fit not for revenge.
 Thus, therefore, will I rest me in unrest.
 Dissembling quiet in unquietness, 30
 Not seeming that I know their villainies,
 That my simplicity may make them think
 That ignorantly I will let all slip.
 For ignorance, I wot,³⁹¹ and well they know,
*Remedium malorum iners est,*³⁹² 35
 Nor aught avails it me to menace them,
 Who, as a wintry storm upon a plain,
 Will bear me down with their nobility.³⁹³
 No, no, Hieronimo, thou must enjoin
 Thine eyes to observation, and thy tongue 40
 To milder speeches than thy spirit affords,
 Thy heart to patience, and thy hands to rest,
 Thy cap to courtesy, and thy knee to bow,
 Till to revenge thou know, when, where, and how.
A noise within
 How now, what noise? What coil is that you keep?³⁹⁴ 45

Enter a Servant

Servant

Here are a sort³⁹⁵ of poor petitioners,
 That are importunate,³⁹⁶ and³⁹⁷ it shall please you, sir,
 That you should plead their cases to the King.

³⁹¹ I know.

³⁹² "An ineffective remedy for evils."

³⁹³ Rank as noblemen.

³⁹⁴ What is this disturbance you're making?

³⁹⁵ Group.

³⁹⁶ Solicit urgently.

³⁹⁷ If.

First Citizen

Ay, sir, and here's my declaration.⁴⁰² 65

Second Citizen

And here is my band.⁴⁰³

Third Citizen

And here is my lease.

They give him papers

Hieronimo

But wherefore stands yon silly⁴⁰⁴ man so mute,
With mournful eyes and hands to heaven upreared?
Come hither, father, let me know thy cause.

Senex

O, worthy sir, my cause, but slightly known, 70
May move the hearts of warlike Myrmidons,⁴⁰⁵
And melt the Corsic⁴⁰⁶ rocks with ruthful tears.

Hieronimo

Say, father, tell me, what's thy suit?

Senex

No, sir, could my woes
Give way unto my most distressful words, 75
Then should I not in paper, as you see,
With ink bewray what blood began in me.

Hieronimo

What's here? "The humble supplication
Of Don Bazulto for his murdered son."

Senex

Ay, sir.

Hieronimo

No, sir, it was my murdered son. 80

O my son, my son, O my son Horatio!

⁴⁰² Plaintiff's statement of claim.

⁴⁰³ Bond.

⁴⁰⁴ Simple.

⁴⁰⁵ Achilles' followers, known for their fierceness.

⁴⁰⁶ Corsican.

But mine, or thine, Bazulto, be content.
Here, take my handkercher and wipe thine eyes,
Whiles wretched I in thy mishap may see
The lively⁴⁰⁷ portrait of my dying self. 85
He draweth out a bloody napkin

O no, not this! Horatio, this was thine,
And when I dyed it in thy dearest blood,
This was a token 'twixt thy soul and me
That of thy death revenged I should be.
But here, take this,⁴⁰⁸ and this—what, my purse?— 90
Ay, this, and that, and all of them are thine,
For all as one are our extremities.⁴⁰⁹

First Citizen

O see the kindness of Hieronimo!

Second Citizen

This gentleness shows him a gentleman.

Hieronimo

See, see, O see thy shame, Hieronimo, 95
See here a loving father to his son!
Behold the sorrows and the sad laments
That he delivereth for his son's decease.
If love's effects so strive in lesser things,
If love enforce such moods in meaner⁴¹⁰ wits, 100
If love express such power in poor estates,
Hieronimo, when as a raging sea
Tossed with the wind and tide, o'erturneth then
The upper billows, course of waves to keep,
Whiles lesser waters labour in the deep, 105
Then sham'st thou not, Hieronimo, to neglect

⁴⁰⁷ Living.

⁴⁰⁸ (Probably) this coin.

⁴⁰⁹ Great suffering.

⁴¹⁰ Socially lower.

The sweet revenge of thy Horatio?⁴¹¹
 Though on this earth justice will not be found,
 I'll down to hell, and in this passion
 Knock at the dismal gates of Pluto's court, 110
 Getting by force, as once Alcides⁴¹² did,
 A troop of Furies and tormenting hags
 To torture Don Lorenzo and the rest.
 Yet, lest the triple-headed porter should
 Deny my passage to the slimy strond, 115
 The Thracian poet⁴¹³ thou shalt counterfeit.
 Come on, old father, be my Orpheus,
 And if thou canst no notes upon the harp,
 Then sound the burden⁴¹⁴ of thy sore heart's grief,
 Till we do gain that Proserpine may grant 120
 Revenge on them that murdered my son.
 Then will I rent and tear them thus and thus,
 Shivering their limbs in pieces with my teeth. *Tear the paper*

First Citizen

O sir, my declaration! *Exit Hieronimo and they after*

Second Citizen

Save my bond! 125

Enter Hieronimo

⁴¹¹ This passage compares Hieronimo (upper billows) and Bazulto (lesser waters); Bazulto, socially inferior, seeks recourse in the law as his situation demands; Hieronimo does not do what he thinks he ought to do, and therefore should be ashamed.

⁴¹² Hercules, whose twelfth labor was to capture Cerberus, the three-headed dog guarding the entrance to the Underworld, Pluto's kingdom.

⁴¹³ Orpheus, who went to win his wife Eurydice from the Underworld by means of his music. Pluto's wife, Proserpine, gave her to him.

⁴¹⁴ Refrain.

Second Citizen

Save my bond!

Third Citizen

Alas, my lease! It cost me ten pound,
And you, my lord, have torn the same.

Hieronimo

That cannot be, I gave it never a wound; 130
Show me one drop of blood fall from the same.
How is it possible I should slay it then?
Tush, no; run after, catch me if you can.

Exeunt all but the Old Man

Bazulto remains till Hieronimo enters again, who, staring him in the face, speaks

Hieronimo

And art thou come, Horatio, from the depth,
To ask for justice in this upper earth?
To tell thy father thou art unrevenged, 135
To wring more tears from Isabella's eyes,
Whose lights⁴¹⁵ are dimmed with overlong laments?
Go back, my son, complain to Aeacus,⁴¹⁶
For here's no justice; gentle boy, be gone,
For justice is exiled from the earth. 140
Hieronimo will bear thee company,
Thy mother cries on righteous Radamanth
For just revenge against the murderers.

Senex

Alas, my lord, whence springs this troubled speech?

⁴¹⁵ Eyes.

⁴¹⁶ Judge of the Underworld (see Introduction), as are Radamanth and Minos.

Hieronimo

But let me look on my Horatio. 145
 Sweet boy, how art thou changed in death's black shade!
 Had Proserpine no pity on thy youth,
 But suffered thy fair crimson-coloured spring
 With withered winter to be blasted thus?
 Horatio, thou art older than thy father. 150
 Ah, ruthless fate, that favour⁴¹⁷ thus transforms!

Senex

Ah my good lord, I am not your young son.

Hieronimo

What, not my son? Thou then a Fury art,
 Sent from the empty kingdom of black night
 To summon me to make appearance 155
 Before grim Minos and just Radamanth,
 To plague Hieronimo that is remiss,
 And seeks not vengeance for Horatio's death.

Senex

I am a grieved man, and not a ghost,
 That came for justice for my murdered son. 160

Hieronimo

Ay, now I know thee, now thou nam'st thy son.
 Thou are the lively⁴¹⁸ image of my grief.
 Within thy face my sorrows I may see.
 Thy eyes are gummed with tears, thy cheeks are wan,
 Thy forehead troubled, and thy muttering lips 165
 Murmur sad words abruptly broken off
 By force of windy sighs thy spirit breathes,
 And all this sorrow riseth for thy son.
 And selfsame sorrow feel I for my son.
 Come in, old man, thou shalt to Isabel. 170
 Lean on my arm; I thee, thou me shalt stay,⁴¹⁹

⁴¹⁷ Appearance.

⁴¹⁸ Living.

And thou, and I, and she will sing a song,
Three parts in one, but all of discords framed.
Talk not of cords,⁴²⁰ but let us now be gone,
For with a cord Horatio was slain. *Exeunt* 175

Act IV, Scene vii

*Enter King of Spain, The Duke of Castile, Viceroy, and Lorenzo, Balthazar,
Don Pedro, and Bel-imperia*⁴²¹

King

Go, brother, it is the Duke of Castile's cause,
Salute the Viceroy in our name.

Duke of Castile I go.

Viceroy

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

Don Pedro It shall be so.

King

And now to meet these Portuguese;
For as we now are, so sometimes were these, 5
Kings and commanders of the western Indies.
Welcome, brave Viceroy, to the court of Spain,
And welcome all his honourable train.⁴²²
'Tis not unknown to us for why you come,
Or have so kingly crossed the seas. 10

⁴¹⁹ Support.

⁴²⁰ Pun on 1) musical chord; 2) rope.

⁴²¹ They enter as two groups, one from each door.

⁴²² Company.

Sufficeth it, in this we note the troth⁴²³
 And more than common love you lend to us.
 So is it that mine honourable niece,
 For it beseems us now that it be known, 15
 Already is betrothed to Balthazar,
 And by appointment and our condescent⁴²⁴
 Tomorrow are they to be married.
 To this intent we entertain thyself,
 Thy followers, their pleasure and our peace, 20
 Speak, men of Portingale, shall it be so?
 If ay, say so; if not, say flatly no.

Viceroy

Renowned King, I come not as thou think'st
 With doubtful followers, unresolued men,
 But such as have upon thine articles 25
 Confirmed thy motion and contented me.
 Know, Sovereign, I come to solemnise
 The marriage of thy beloved niece,
 Fair Bel-imperia, with my Balthazar,
 With thee, my son, whom, sith I live to see, 30
 Here take my crown, I give it her and thee;
 And let me live a solitary life.
 In ceaseless prayers,
 To think how strangely heaven hath thee preserved.

King

See, brother, see how nature strives in him!⁴²⁵ 35
 Come, worthy Viceroy, and accompany
 Thy friend with thine extremities,⁴²⁶
 A place more private fits this princely mood.

⁴²³ Loyalty.

⁴²⁴ Consent.

⁴²⁵ He is weeping.

⁴²⁶ Emotional outbursts.

Viceroy

Or here, or where your highness thinks it good.

Exeunt all but the Duke of Castile and Lorenzo

Duke of Castile

Nay, stay, Lorenzo, let me talk with you. 40

See'st thou this entertainment⁴²⁷ of these Kings?

Lorenzo

I do, my lord, and joy to see the same.

Duke of Castile

And knowest thou why this meeting is?

Lorenzo

For her, my lord, whom Balthazar doth love,
And to confirm their promised marriage. 45

Duke of Castile

She is thy sister?

Lorenzo

Who, Bel-imperia?

Ay, my gracious lord, and this is the day
That I have longed so happily to see.

Duke of Castile

Thou wouldst be loath that any fault of thine
Should intercept her in her happiness? 50

Lorenzo

Heavens will not let Lorenzo err so much.

Duke of Castile

Why, then, Lorenzo, listen to my words:
It is suspected and reported too,
That thou, Lorenzo, wrong'st Hieronimo,
And in his suits towards his Majesty 55
Still keep'st him back and seeks to cross⁴²⁸ his suit.

Lorenzo

That I, my lord?

⁴²⁷ Greetings.

⁴²⁸ Prevent.

Duke of Castile

I tell thee, son, myself have heard it said,
 When, to my sorrow, I have been ashamed
 To answer for thee, though thou art my son. 60
 Lorenzo, knowest thou not the common⁴²⁹ love
 And kindness that Hieronimo hath won
 By his deserts within the court of Spain?
 Or seest thou not the King my brother's care
 In his behalf, and to procure his health? 65
 Lorenzo, shouldst thou thwart his passions,⁴³⁰
 And he exclaim against thee to the King,
 What honour were't in this assembly,
 And what a scandal were't among the Kings
 To hear Hieronimo exclaim on thee? 70
 Tell me, and look thou tell me truly too,
 Whence grows the ground of this report in court?

Lorenzo

My lord, it lies not in Lorenzo's power
 To stop the vulgar,⁴³¹ liberal of their tongues.
 A small advantage makes a water-breach,⁴³² 75
 And no man lives that long contenteth all.

Duke of Castile

Myself have seen thee busy to keep back
 Him and his supplications from the King.

Lorenzo

Yourself, my lord, hath seen his passions,
 That ill beseemed the presence of a King. 80
 And for I pitied him in his distress,
 I held him thence with kind and courteous words
 As free from malice to Hieronimo

⁴²⁹ General.

⁴³⁰ Complaints.

⁴³¹ The common folk.

⁴³² A little weakness grows into a broken-down dike.

As to my soul, my lord.

Duke of Castile

Hieronimo, my son, mistakes thee then. 85

Lorenzo

My gracious father, believe me, so he doth.

But what's a silly⁴³³ man, distract in mind,

To think upon the murder of his son?

Alas, how easy is it for him to err!

But for his satisfaction and the world's, 90

'Twere good, my lord, that Hieronimo and I

Were reconciled, if he misconster⁴³⁴ me.

Duke of Castile

Lorenzo, thou hast said, it shall be so,

Go, one of you, and call Hieronimo.

Enter Balthazar and Bel-imperia

Balthazar

Come, Bel-imperia, Balthazar's content, 95

My sorrow's ease and sovereign of my bliss,

Sith heaven hath ordained thee to be mine.

Disperse those clouds and melancholy looks,

And clear them up with those thy sun-bright eyes,

Wherein my hope and heaven's fair beauty lies. 100

Bel-imperia

My looks, my lord, are fitting for my love,

Which, new begun, can show no brighter yet.

Balthazar

New-kindled flame should burn as morning sun.

Bel-imperia

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

⁴³³ Poor.

⁴³⁴ Willfully makes wrong assumptions of.

I see my lord my father.
 Balthazar Truce, my love, 105
 I will go salute him.
 Duke of Castile Welcome, Balthazar,
 Welcome, brave prince, the pledge of Castile's peace;
 And welcome, Bel-imperia. How now, girl?
 Why com'st thou sadly to salute us thus?
 Content thyself, for I am satisfied. 110
 It is not now as when Andrea lived,
 We have forgotten and forgiven that,
 And thou art graced with a happier love.
 But, Balthazar, here comes Hieronimo,
 I'll have a word with him. 115

Enter Hieronimo and Servant

Hieronimo
 And where's the Duke?
 Servant Yonder.
 Hieronimo Even so.
 What new device⁴³⁵ have they devised, trow?⁴³⁶
*Pocas palabras!*⁴³⁷ Mild as the lamb,
 Is't I will be revenged? No, I am not the man.
 Duke of Castile
 Welcome, Hieronimo. 120
 Lorenzo
 Welcome, Hieronimo.
 Balthazar
 Welcome, Hieronimo.

⁴³⁵ Plot.

⁴³⁶ Do you think.

⁴³⁷ Few words.

Hieronimo

My lords, I thank you for Horatio.

Duke of Castile

Hieronimo, the reason that I sent

To speak with you is this. 125

Hieronimo

What, so short?

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

Duke of Castile

Nay, stay, Hieronimo—go, call him, son.

Lorenzo

Hieronimo, my father craves a word with you.

Hieronimo

With me, sir? Why, my lord, I thought you had done.

Lorenzo

No. Would he had! 130

Duke of Castile

Hieronimo, I hear

You find yourself aggrieved at my son

Because you have not access unto the King,

And say 'tis he that intercepts your suits.

Hieronimo

Why, is not this a miserable thing, my lord?

Duke of Castile

135

Hieronimo, I hope you have no cause,

And would be loath that one of your deserts

Should once have reason to suspect my son,

Considering how I think of you myself.

Hieronimo

Your son Lorenzo? Whom, my noble lord?

140

The hope of Spain, mine honourable friend?

Grant me the combat of them,⁴³⁸ if they dare.

Draws out his sword

I'll meet him face to face to tell me so.

⁴³⁸ Let me fight with them.

These be the scandalous reports of such
 As love not me and hate my lord too much.
 Should I suspect Lorenzo would prevent 145
 Or cross⁴³⁹ my suit, that loved my son so well?
 My lord, I am ashamed it should be said.

Lorenzo

Hieronimo, I never gave you cause.

Hieronimo

My good lord, I know you did not.

Duke of Castile

There then, pause,

And for the satisfaction of the world, 150
 Hieronimo, frequent my homely⁴⁴⁰ house,
 The Duke of Castile, Cyprian's ancient seat,
 And when thou wilt, use me, my son, and it.
 But here, before Prince Balthazar and me,
 Embrace each other, and be perfect friends. 155

Hieronimo

Ay, marry, my lord, and shall.
 Friends, quoth he? See, I'll be friends with you all,
 Specially with you, my lovely lord;
 For diverse causes it is fit for us
 That we be friends. The world is suspicious, 160
 And men may think what we imagine not.

Balthazar

Why, this is friendly done, Hieronimo.

Lorenzo

And thus I hope old grudges are forgot.

Hieronimo

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

Duke of Castile

Come on, Hieronimo, at my request. 165

⁴³⁹ Hinder.

⁴⁴⁰ Home-like.

Let us entreat your company today.

Exeunt all but Hieronimo

Hieronimo

Your lordship's to command. Pha!⁴⁴¹ keep your way.

Chi mi fa più carezze che non suole,

*Tradito mi ha, o tradir vuole.*⁴⁴²

Exit

Chorus: Ghost of Andrea and Revenge

Andrea

Awake, Erichtho!⁴⁴³ Cerberus, awake! 170

Solicit Pluto, gentle Proserpine!

To combat, Acheron⁴⁴⁴ and Erebus!⁴⁴⁵

For ne'er by Styx and Phlegethon⁴⁴⁶ in Hell

Nor ferried Charon⁴⁴⁷ to the fiery lakes

Such fearful sights, as poor Andrea sees! 175

Revenge, awake!

Revenge

Awake? For why?

Andrea

Awake, Revenge, for thou art ill-advised

To sleep away what thou art warned to watch!

Revenge

Content thyself, and do not trouble me. 180

⁴⁴¹ Exclamation of disgust.

⁴⁴² "He who caresses me more than usually has betrayed me or is going to betray me" (Italian).

⁴⁴³ A witch.

⁴⁴⁴ River or lake in the Underworld.

⁴⁴⁵ Son of Chaos, name for the dark spaces through which the shades must travel on their way to the Underworld.

⁴⁴⁶ Two rivers in the Underworld.

⁴⁴⁷ The ferryman of the dead.

Andrea

Awake, Revenge, if love, as love hath had,
 Have yet the power or prevalence in hell!
 Hieronimo with Lorenzo is joined in league,
 And intercepts our passage to revenge!
 Awake, Revenge, or we are woebegone!

Revenge 185

Thus worldlings ground, what they have dreamed,
 upon.⁴⁴⁸

Content thyself, Andrea; though I sleep,
 Yet is my mood soliciting their souls.

Sufficeth thee that poor Hieronimo
 Cannot forget his son Horatio. 190

Nor dies Revenge although he sleep awhile,
 For in unquiet, quietness is feigned,
 And slumbering is a common worldly wile.

Behold, Andrea, for an instance how
 Revenge hath slept, and then imagine thou 195
 What 'tis to be subject to destiny.

Enter a dumb show,⁴⁴⁹ act, and exeunt

Andrea

Awake, Revenge, reveal this mystery.

Revenge

The two first the nuptial torches bore,
 As brightly burning as the midday's sun.
 But after them doth Hymen⁴⁵⁰ hie as fast, 200
 Clothed in sable⁴⁵¹ and a saffron⁴⁵² robe,

⁴⁴⁸ Mortals take their dreams for facts and believe them.

⁴⁴⁹ For contents, see Revenge's next speech.

⁴⁵⁰ God of marriages.

⁴⁵¹ Black.

⁴⁵² Yellow.

And blows them out, and quencheth them with blood,
As discontent that things continue so.

Andrea

Sufficeth me; thy meaning's understood,
And thanks to thee and those infernal powers 205
That will not tolerate a lover's woe.
Rest thee, for I will sit to see the rest.

Revenge

Then argue not, for thou hast thy request.

Act V, Scene i

Enter Bel-imperia and Hieronimo

Bel-imperia

Is this the love thou bear'st Horatio?
 Is this the kindness that thou counterfeitst?
 Are these the fruits of thy incessant tears?
 Hieronimo, are these thy passions,⁴⁵³
 Thy protestations and thy deep laments 5
 That thou wert wont to weary men withal?
 O unkind father, O deceitful world!
 With what excuses canst thou show thyself?
 From this dishonour and the hate of men,
 Thus to neglect the loss and life of him, 10
 Whom both my letters and thine own belief
 Assures thee to be causeless slaughtered?
 Hieronimo, for shame, Hieronimo,
 Be not a history⁴⁵⁴ to after times
 Of such ingratitude unto thy son. 15
 Unhappy mothers of such children then,
 But monstrous fathers to forget so soon
 The death of those, whom they with care and cost
 Have tendered so, thus careless should be lost.
 Myself, a stranger in respect of⁴⁵⁵ thee, 20
 So loved his life as still I wish their deaths.
 Nor shall his death be unrevenged by me,
 Although I bear it out for fashion's sake.⁴⁵⁶
 For here I swear in sight of heaven and earth,

⁴⁵³ Passionate outcries.⁴⁵⁴ Example.⁴⁵⁵ Compared to.⁴⁵⁶ Pretend to accept for appearance's sake.

Shouldst thou neglect the love thou shouldst retain 25
And give it over and devise⁴⁵⁷ no more,
Myself should send their hateful souls to hell
That wrought his downfall with extremest death.

Hieronimo

But may it be that Bel-imperia
Vows such revenge as she hath deigned to say? 30
Why then, I see that heaven applies our drift⁴⁵⁸
And all the saints do sit soliciting
For vengeance on those cursed murderers.
Madam, 'tis true, and now I find it so.
I found a letter, written in your name, 35
And in that letter how Horatio died.
Pardon, O pardon, Bel-imperia,
My fear and care in not believing it,
Nor think I thoughtless⁴⁵⁹ think upon a mean
To let his death be unrevenged at full 40
And here I vow, so you but give consent,
And will conceal my resolution,
I will ere long determine of their deaths
That causeless thus have murdered my son.

Bel-imperia

Hieronimo, I will consent, conceal, 45
And aught that may effect for thine avail.⁴⁶⁰
Join with thee to avenge Horatio's death.

Hieronimo

On then; whatsoever I devise,
Let me entreat you, grace⁴⁶¹ my practices.
For why, the plot's already in mine head. 50

⁴⁵⁷ Scheme.

⁴⁵⁸ Approves what we are driving at.

⁴⁵⁹ Without care.

⁴⁶⁰ In your support.

⁴⁶¹ Support.

When I was young I gave my mind
And plied myself to fruitless poetry, 70
Which, though it profit the professor⁴⁶⁵ naught,
Yet is it passing pleasing to the world.

Lorenzo

And how for that?

Hieronimo Marry, my good lord, thus—
And yet, methinks, you are too quick with us⁴⁶⁶ —
When in Toledo there I studied, 75
It was my chance to write a tragedy,
See here, my lords, *He shows them a book*
Which, long forgot, I found this other day.
Now, would your lordship favour me so much
As but to grace me with your acting it, 80
I mean each one of you to play a part,
Assure you it will prove most passing strange
And wondrous plausible⁴⁶⁷ to that assembly.

Balthazar

What, would you have us play a tragedy?

Hieronimo

Why, Nero⁴⁶⁸ thought it no disparagement,⁴⁶⁹ 85
And kings and emperors have ta'en delight
To make experience of their wits in plays.

Lorenzo

Nay, be not angry, good Hieronimo,
The prince but asked a question.

⁴⁶⁵ Practitioner.

⁴⁶⁶ Unclear. The line can be seen as Hieronimo straining to control anger, or as conveying that Lorenzo is too importunate.

⁴⁶⁷ Pleasing.

⁴⁶⁸ Roman emperor, who did take part in theatrical productions, but who is remembered more for his fierce cruelty.

⁴⁶⁹ Baseness.

Balthazar		
	In faith, Hieronimo, and you be in earnest, I'll make one.	90
Lorenzo	And I another.	
Hieronimo		
	Now my good lord, could you entreat Your sister Bel-imperia to make one? For what's a play without a woman in it?	
Bel-imperia		
	Little entreaty shall serve me, Hieronimo, For I must needs be employed in your play.	95
Hieronimo		
	Why, this is well. I tell you, lordings, It was determined to have been acted By gentlemen and scholars too Such as could tell ⁴⁷⁰ what to speak.	100
Balthazar		
	And now it shall be played by princes and courtiers, Such as can tell how to speak, If, as it is our country manners, You will but let us know the argument. ⁴⁷¹	
Hieronimo		
	That shall I roundly. ⁴⁷² The chronicles of Spain Record this written of a knight of Rhodes: He was betrothed, and wedded at the length, To one Perseda, an Italian dame, Whose beauty ravished all that her beheld, Especially the soul of Soliman, Who at the marriage was the chiefest guest. By sundry means sought Soliman to win	105 110

⁴⁷⁰ Knew well.

⁴⁷¹ Apparently Hieronimo provides the plotline and the actors improvise the speeches.

⁴⁷² In plain terms.

Perseda's love, and could not gain the same.
Then gan he break⁴⁷³ his passions to a friend, 115
One of his bashaws,⁴⁷⁴ whom he held full dear.
Her had this bashaw long solicited,
And saw she was not otherwise to be won
But by her husband's death, this Knight of Rhodes,
Whom presently by treachery he slew. 120
She, stirred with an exceeding hate therefore
As cause of this slew Soliman;
And to escape the bashaw's tyranny
Did stab herself, and this the tragedy.

Lorenzo
O, excellent!

Bel-imperia But say, Hieronimo, 125
What then became of him that was the bashaw?

Hieronimo
Marry, thus: moved with remorse of his misdeeds,
Ran to a mountain top, and hung himself.

Balthazar
But which of us is to perform that part?

Hieronimo
O, that will I, my lords, make no doubt of it. 130
I'll play the murderer, I warrant you,
For I already have conceited⁴⁷⁵ that.

Balthazar
And what shall I?

Hieronimo Great Soliman, the Turkish emperor.

Lorenzo
And I?

Hieronimo Erastus, the knight of Rhodes.

⁴⁷³ Tell.

⁴⁷⁴ Courtiers; Pashas.

⁴⁷⁵ Decided.

Bel-imperia

And I?

Hieronimo Perseda, chaste and resolute. 135

And here, my lords, are several abstracts⁴⁷⁶ drawn,

For each of you to note your parts,

And act it as occasion offered you.

You must provide a Turkish cap,

A black mustachio, and a fauchion.⁴⁷⁷ 140

Gives a paper to Balthazar

You with a cross like to a knight of Rhodes.

Gives another to Lorenzo

And madam, you must attire yourself

He giveth Bel-imperia another

Like Phoebe,⁴⁷⁸ Flora,⁴⁷⁹ or the Huntress,⁴⁸⁰

Which to your discretion shall seem best.

And as for me, my lords, I'll look to⁴⁸¹ one, 145

And with the ransom that the Viceroy sent

So furnish and perform this tragedy

As all the world shall say Hieronimo

Was liberal in gracing of it⁴⁸² so.

Balthazar

Hieronimo, methinks a comedy were better. 150

Hieronimo

A comedy?

Fie, comedies are fit for common wits!

But to present a kingly troop withal,

Give me a stately-written tragedy,

⁴⁷⁶ Outlines of plot.

⁴⁷⁷ Curved broadsword.

⁴⁷⁸ Artemis, moon goddess.

⁴⁷⁹ Goddess of flowers and spring.

⁴⁸⁰ Diana, goddess of the hunt.

⁴⁸¹ Make ready.

⁴⁸² Making much of it.

Tragedia cotburnata,⁴⁸³ fitting kings, 155
Containing matter,⁴⁸⁴ and not common things.
My lords, all this must be performed.
As fitting for the first night's revelling.
The Italian tragedians⁴⁸⁵ were so sharp of wit
That in one hour's meditation 160
They would perform anything in action.

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

Hieronimo
In Paris? Mass,⁴⁸⁶ and well remembered!
There's one thing more that rests⁴⁸⁷ for us to do. 165

Balthazar
What's that, Hieronimo? Forget not anything.

Hieronimo
Each one of us
Must act his part in unknown⁴⁸⁸ languages,
That it may breed the more variety.⁴⁸⁹
As you, my lord, in Latin, I in Greek, 170
You in Italian. And for because I know
That Bel-imperia hath practised the French,
In courtly French shall all her phrases be.

Bel-imperia
You mean to try my cunning,⁴⁹⁰ then, Hieronimo.

⁴⁸³ Tragedy of the most serious kind.

⁴⁸⁴ Weighty material.

⁴⁸⁵ *Commedia dell' arte* performers.

⁴⁸⁶ By the mass (oath).

⁴⁸⁷ Is left.

⁴⁸⁸ Foreign.

⁴⁸⁹ The audience knows the argument, so possibly the playlet was acted in several languages.

⁴⁹⁰ Ability.

Balthazar		175
But this will be a mere confusion, And hardly shall we all be understood.		
Hieronimo		
It must be so, for the conclusion Shall prove the invention and all was good. And I myself in an oration,		180
And with a strange and wondrous show besides, That I will have there behind a curtain, Assure yourself shall make the matter known. And all shall be concluded in one scene, For there's no pleasure ta'en in tediousness.		
Balthazar (<i>to Lorenzo</i>)		
How like you this?		185
Lorenzo	Why, thus, my lord, We must resolve to soothe his humours up. ⁴⁹¹	
Balthazar	On then, Hieronimo, farewell till soon.	
Hieronimo	You'll ply this gear? ⁴⁹²	<i>Exeunt all by Hieronimo</i>
Lorenzo	I warrant you.	
Hieronimo	Why so.	
Now shall I see the fall of Babylon, Wrought by the heavens in this confusion. And if the world like not this tragedy, Hard is the hap of old Hieronimo.		190 <i>Exit</i>

⁴⁹¹ Go along with this.⁴⁹² Perform this.

Act V, Scene ii

Enter Isabella with a weapon

Isabella

Tell me no more! O monstrous homicides!
Since neither piety nor pity moves
The King to justice or compassion
I will revenge myself upon this place
Where thus they murdered my beloved son. 5

She cuts down the arbour

Down with these branches and these loathsome boughs
Of this unfortunate and fatal pine.
Down with them, Isabella, rent them up
And burn the roots from whence the rest is sprung.
I will not leave a root, a stalk, a tree, 10
A bough, a branch, a blossom, nor a leaf,
No, not an herb within this garden plot.
Accursed complot⁴⁹³ of my misery,
Fruitless for ever may this garden be!
Barren the earth, and blissless whosoever 15
Imagines not to keep it unmanured!
An eastern wind commixed with noisome⁴⁹⁴ airs
Shall blast the plants and the young saplings.
The earth with serpents shall be pestered,
And passengers,⁴⁹⁵ for fear to be infect, 20
Shall stand aloof, and, looking at it, tell,
"There, murdered, died the son of Isabel."
Ay, here he died, and here I him embrace.
See where his ghost solicits with his wounds

⁴⁹³ Plot; place.

⁴⁹⁴ Noxious.

⁴⁹⁵ Passers-by.

Revenge on her that should revenge his death. 25
 Hieronimo, make haste to see thy son,
 For sorrow and despair hath cited⁴⁹⁶ me
 To hear Horatio plead with Radamanth,⁴⁹⁷
 Make haste, Hieronimo, to hold excused
 Thy negligence in pursuit of their deaths, 30
 Whose hateful wrath bereaved him of his breath.
 Ah nay, thou dost delay their deaths
 Forgives the murderers of thy noble son,
 And none but I bestir me—to no end.
 And as I curse this tree from further fruit, 35
 So shall my womb be cursed for his sake.
 And with this weapon will I wound the breast,
 The hapless breast that gave Horatio suck.

She stabs herself and exit

Act V, Scene iii

Enter Hieronimo; he knocks up the curtain.⁴⁹⁸ Enter the Duke of Castile

Duke of Castile

How now, Hieronimo, where's your fellows,⁴⁹⁹
 That you take all this pain?

Hieronimo

O sir, it is for the author's credit
 To look that all things may go well.
 But, good my lord, let me entreat your grace 5

⁴⁹⁶ Called.

⁴⁹⁷ One of the three judges of the Underworld.

⁴⁹⁸ Hieronimo hangs a curtain, either before an entrance door or the discovery space.

⁴⁹⁹ Co-actors.

To give the King the copy of the play.
This is the argument of what we show.

Duke of Castile

I will, Hieronimo.

Hieronimo

One thing more, my good lord.

Duke of Castile

What's that? 10

Hieronimo

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

Duke of Castile

I will, Hieronimo. *Exit Duke of Castile*

Hieronimo

What, are you ready, Balthazar? 15
Bring a chair and a cushion for the King.

Enter Balthazar with a chair

Well done, Balthazar. Hang up the title.
Our scene is Rhodes. What, is your beard on?

Balthazar

Half on, the other is in my hand.

Hieronimo

Despatch,⁵⁰⁰ for shame, are you so long? *Exit Balthazar*

Bethink thyself, Hieronimo, 21

Recall thy wits, recompt⁵⁰¹ thy former wrongs

Thou hast received by murder of thy son.

And lastly, not least, how Isabel,

Once his mother and thy dearest wife, 25

⁵⁰⁰ Hurry up.

⁵⁰¹ Remember.

All woebegone for him hath slain herself.
Behoves thee then, Hieronimo, to be revenged.
The plot is laid of dire revenge.
On then, Hieronimo, pursue revenge,
For nothing wants but acting of revenge. *Exit Hieronimo* 30

Act V, Scene iv

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

King

Now, Viceroy, shall we see the tragedy
Of Soliman the Turkish emperor,
Performed of pleasure by your son the Prince,
My nephew Don Lorenzo, and my niece.

Viceroy

Who, Bel-imperia? 5

King

Ay, and Hieronimo, our marshal,
At whose request they deign to do't themselves.
These be our pastimes in the court of Spain.
Here, brother, you shall be the bookkeeper.⁵⁰²
This is the argument of that they show. 10

He giveth him a book

*Gentlemen, this play of Hieronimo, in sundry languages, was thought good to be set down in English more largely, for the easier understanding to every public reader*⁵⁰³

⁵⁰² Prompter.

⁵⁰³ As noted earlier, the play may well have been performed in “sundry languages”; however, for the printed text a translation is provided.

Enter Balthazar, Bel-imperia, and Hieronimo

Balthazar

*Bashan, that Rhodes is ours, yield heavens the honour,
And holy Mabomet, our sacred prophet;
And be thou graced with every excellence
That Soliman can give, or thou desire.
But thy deserts in conquering Rhodes is less 15
Than in reserving this fair Christian nymph,
Perseda, blissful lamp of excellence,
Whose eyes compel like powerful adamant,⁵⁰⁴
The warlike heart of Soliman to wait.*

King

See, Viceroy, that is Balthazar, your son, 20
That represents the emperor Soliman!
How well he acts his amorous passion.

Viceroy

Ay, Bel-imperia hath taught him that.

Duke of Castile

That's because his mind runs all on Bel-imperia.

Hieronimo

Whatever joy earth yields betide your majesty. 25

Balthazar

Earth yields no joy without Perseda's love.

Hieronimo

Let then Perseda on your grace attend.

Balthazar

*She shall not wait on me, but I on her.
Drawn by the influence of her lights,⁵⁰⁵ I yield.
But let my friend, the Rhodian knight, come forth, 30
Erasto, dearer than my life to me,*

⁵⁰⁴ The lodestone, which is magnetic.

⁵⁰⁵ Eyes.

That he may see Perseda, my beloved.

Enter Lorenzo as Erasto

King

Here comes Lorenzo; look upon the plot,
And tell me, brother, what part plays he?

Bel-imperia

Ab, my Erasto, welcome to Perseda. 35

Lorenzo

*Thrice happy is Erasto that thou liv'st!
Rhodes' loss is nothing to Erasto's joy,
Sith his Perseda lives, his life survives.*

Balthazar

*Ab, bashan, here is love between Erasto
And fair Perseda, sovereign of my soul.* 40

Hieronimo

*Remove Erasto, mighty Soliman,
And then Perseda will be quickly won.*

Balthazar

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

Hieronimo

Let not Erasto live to grieve great Soliman. 45

Balthazar

Dear is Erasto in our princely eye.

Hieronimo

But if he be your rival, let him die.

Balthazar

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

Hieronimo

*Erasto, Soliman saluteth thee,
And lets thee wit by me his highness' will* 50

Which is, thou shouldst be thus employed.

Stab him

Bel-imperia

Ay me, Erasto! See, Soliman, Erasto's slain!

Balthazar

Yet liveth Soliman to comfort thee.

Fair queen of beauty, let not favour die,

55

But with a gracious eye behold his grief

That with Perseda's beauty is increased,

If by Perseda his grief be not released.

Bel-imperia

Tyrant, desist soliciting vain suits!

Relentless are mine ears to thy laments,

60

As thy butcher is pitiless and base,

Which seized on my Erasto, harmless knight,

Yet by thy power thou thinkest to command,

And to thy power Perseda doth obey.

But were she able, thus she would revenge

65

Thy treacheries on thee, ignoble prince!

Stab him

And on herself she would be thus revenged.

Stab herself

King

Well said,⁵⁰⁶ old Marshal, this was bravely done!

Hieronimo

But Bel-imperia plays Perseda well.

Viceroy

Were this in earnest, Bel-imperia

70

You would be better to my son than so.

King

But now what follows for Hieronimo?

Hieronimo

Marry, this follows for Hieronimo:

Here break we off our sundry languages

And thus conclude I in our vulgar tongue.⁵⁰⁷

75

⁵⁰⁶ Well done.

⁵⁰⁷ Ordinary language.

Haply⁵⁰⁸ you think, but bootless⁵⁰⁹ are your thoughts,
 That this is fabulously counterfeit,
 And that we do as all tragedians do:
 To die today, for fashioning our scene,
 The death of Ajax,⁵¹⁰ or some Roman peer, 80
 And in a minute starting up again,
 Revive to please tomorrow's audience.
 No, princes, know I am Hieronimo,
 The hopeless father of a hapless son,
 Whose tongue is tuned to tell his latest⁵¹¹ tale, 85
 Not to excuse gross errors in the play.
 I see your looks urge instance⁵¹² of these words;
 Behold the reason urging me to this: *Shows his dead son*⁵¹³
 See here my show,⁵¹⁴ look on this spectacle.
 Here lay my hope, and here my hope hath end; 90
 Here lay my heart, and here my heart was slain;
 Here lay my treasure, here my treasure lost;
 Here lay my bliss, and here my bliss bereft;
 But hope, heart, treasure, joy, and bliss,
 All fled, failed, died, yea, all decayed with this. 95
 From forth these wounds came breath that gave me life.
 They murdered me that made these fatal marks.
 The cause was love, whence grew this mortal hate,
 The hate, Lorenzo and young Balthazar,
 The love, my son to Bel-imperia. 100
 But night, the coverer of accursed crimes,

⁵⁰⁸ Maybe.

⁵⁰⁹ To no avail.

⁵¹⁰ Greek warrior in the Trojan war.

⁵¹¹ Last.

⁵¹² Explanation.

⁵¹³ The body may be in the discovery space or behind the door which Hieronimo curtained off at the preparation for the play-within.

⁵¹⁴ Display.

With pitchy⁵¹⁵ silence hushed these traitors' harms
And lent them leave, for they had sorted⁵¹⁶ leisure
To take advantage in my garden plot
Upon my son, my dear Horatio. 105
There merciless they butchered up my boy,
In black dark night, to pale dim cruel death.
He shrieks, I heard, and yet methinks I hear
His dismal outcry echo in the air.
With soonest speed I hasted to the noise, 110
Where, hanging on a tree, I found my son,
Through-girt⁵¹⁷ with wounds, and slaughtered as you see.
And grieved I, think you, at this spectacle?
Speak, Portuguese, whose loss resembles mine,
If thou canst weep upon thy Balthazar, 115
'Tis like I wailed for my Horatio.
And you, my lord, whose reconciled⁵¹⁸ son
Marched in a net and thought himself unseen⁵¹⁹
And rated me for brainsick lunacy,
With "God amend that mad Hieronimo!" 120
How can you brook our play's catastrophe?
And here behold this bloody handkercher,
Which at Horatio's death I weeping dipped
Within the river of his bleeding wounds.
It as propitious,⁵²⁰ see, I have reserved, 125
And never hath it left my bloody heart,
Soliciting remembrance of my vow
With these, O these accursed murderers.
Which now, performed, my heart is satisfied.

⁵¹⁵ Pitch black.

⁵¹⁶ Found.

⁵¹⁷ Pierced; run through.

⁵¹⁸ Probably reconciled with Hieronimo.

⁵¹⁹ Thought his deceit was well concealed (proverbial).

⁵²⁰ A token of good omens.

And to this end the bashaw I became 130
 That might revenge me on Lorenzo's life,
 Who therefore was appointed to the part
 And was to represent the knight of Rhodes
 That I might kill him more conveniently.
 So, Viceroy, was this Balthazar, thy son, 135
 That Soliman which Bel-imperia
 In person of Perseda murdered,
 Solely appointed to that tragic part
 That she might slay him that offended her.
 Poor Bel-imperia missed her part⁵²¹ in this, 140
 For though the story saith she should have died,
 Yet I of kindness, and of care to her,
 Did otherwise determine of her end,
 But love of him whom they did hate too much
 Did urge her resolution to be such. 145
 And princes, now behold Hieronimo,
 Author and actor in this tragedy,
 Bearing his latest fortune in his fist,
 And will as resolute conclude his part
 As any of the actors gone before. 150
 And, gentles, thus I end my play.
 Urge no more words, I have no more to say.

He runs to hang himself

King

O hearken, Viceroy! Hold, Hieronimo!
 Brother, my nephew and thy son are slain!

Viceroy

We are betrayed! My Balthazar is slain! 155
 Break ope the doors, run, save Hieronimo.

They break in and bold Hieronimo

Hieronimo, do but inform the King of these events.

⁵²¹ Did not perform her part as intended.

Upon mine honour, thou shalt have no harm.
Hieronimo
Viceroy, I will not trust thee with my life,
Which I this day have offered to my son. 160
Accursed wretch!
Why stayest thou him that was resolved to die?
King
Speak, traitor! Damned, bloody murderer, speak!
For now I have thee I will make thee speak.
Why hast thou done this undeserving deed? 165
Viceroy
Why hast thou murdered my Balthazar?
Duke of Castile
Why hast thou butchered both my children thus?^ψ
Hieronimo
O! Good words!
As dear to me was my Horatio
As yours, or yours, or yours, my lord, to you. 170
My guiltless son was by Lorenzo slain,
And by Lorenzo and that Balthazar
Am I at last revenged thoroughly,
Upon whose souls may heavens be yet avenged
With greater far than these afflictions. 175
Duke of Castile
But who were thy confederates in this?
Viceroy
That was thy daughter, Bel-imperia,
For by her hand my Balthazar was slain.
I saw her stab him.
King Why speak'st thou not?
Hieronimo
What lesser liberty can kings afford 180

^ψ See appendix for the fifth 1602 addition, replacing ll.167-191.

What age hath ever heard such monstrous deeds?
My brother, and the whole succeeding hope
That Spain expected after my decease!
Go bear his body hence, that we may mourn 205
The loss of our beloved brother's death,
That he may be entombed, whate'er befall.
I am the next, the nearest, last of all.

Viceroy

And thou, Don Pedro, do the like for us.
Take up our hapless son, untimely slain. 210
Set me with him, and he with woeful me,
Upon the mainmast of a ship unmanned,
And let the wind and tide haul me along
To Scylla's⁵²³ barking and untamed gulf,
Or to the loathsome pool of Acheron,⁵²⁴ 215
To weep my want for my sweet Balthazar.
Spain hath no refuge for a Portingale.

The trumpets sound a dead march, the King of Spain mourning after his brother's body, and the Viceroy of Portingale bearing the body of his son.

Chorus: Ghost of Andrea and Revenge

Andrea

Ay, now my hopes have end in their effects,
When blood and sorrow finish my desires:
Horatio murdered in his father's bower, 220
Vild⁵²⁵ Serberine by Pedringano slain,

⁵²³ Scylla and Charybdis were a pair of dangerous rocks between Italy and Sicily, upon which ships frequently were said to founder.

⁵²⁴ Lake or river in the Underworld.

⁵²⁵ Vile.

False Pedringano hanged by quaint device,
 Fair Isabella by herself misdone,⁵²⁶
 Prince Balthazar by Bel-imperia stabbed,
 The Duke of Castile and his wicked son 225
 Both done to death by old Hieronimo,
 My Bel-imperia fallen as Dido⁵²⁷ fell,
 And good Hieronimo slain by himself.
 Ay, these were spectacles to please my soul.
 Now will I beg at lovely Proserpine 230
 That, by the virtue of her princely doom,⁵²⁸
 I may consort⁵²⁹ my friends in pleasing sort,
 And on my foes work just and sharp revenge.
 I'll lead my friend Horatio through those fields
 Where never-dying wars are still inured.⁵³⁰ 235
 I'll lead fair Isabella to that train
 Where pity weeps but never feeleth pain.
 I'll lead my Bel-imperia to those joys
 That vestal virgins⁵³¹ and fair queens possess.
 I'll lead Hieronimo where Orpheus plays, 240
 Adding sweet pleasures to eternal days.
 But say, Revenge, for thou must help, or none,
 Against the rest how shall my hate be shown?

Revenge

This hand shall hale⁵³² them down to deepest hell
 Where none but furies, bugs⁵³³ and tortures dwell. 245

⁵²⁶ Killed.⁵²⁷ Dido, Queen of Carthage, killed herself when abandoned by Aeneas.⁵²⁸ Judgment.⁵²⁹ Accompany.⁵³⁰ Waged.⁵³¹ The goddess Vesta's chaste servants.⁵³² Drag.⁵³³ Bugbears.

Andrea

Then, sweet Revenge, do this at my request:
Let me be judge and doom them to unrest.
Let loose poor Tityus⁵³⁴ from the vulture's gripe,
and let Don Cyprian supply his room;⁵³⁵
Place Don Lorenzo on Ixion's wheel,⁵³⁶ 250
And let the lover's endless pain surcease—
Juno⁵³⁷ forgets old wrath and grants him ease.
Hang Balthazar about Chimera's⁵³⁸ neck,
And let him there bewail his bloody love,
Repining at our joys that are above. 255
Let Serberine go roll the fatal stone
And take from Sisyphus⁵³⁹ his endless moan.
False Pedringano for his treachery,
Let him be dragged through boiling Acheron,
And there live, dying still in endless flames, 260
Blaspheming gods and all their holy names.

Revenge

Then haste we down to meet thy friends and foes:
To place thy friends in ease, the rest in woes.
For here, though death hath end their misery,
I'll there begin their endless tragedy. *Exeunt* 265

⁵³⁴ Giant punished for assault by having two vultures eternally tear his liver, the seat of passion.

⁵³⁵ Take his place.

⁵³⁶ For sexually assaulting Hera, wife of Zeus, Ixion was chained to a fiery wheel, revolving in eternity.

⁵³⁷ Hera's Roman equivalent.

⁵³⁸ Chimera has a lion's front, a serpent's or dragon's tail, and is a goat in the middle; sometimes it is equipped with a fire-breathing head.

⁵³⁹ Founder and king of Corinth, condemned to roll a huge stone uphill as punishment for cheating death; when the stone reaches the top of the hill, it rolls back down.

Appendix

Additions to *The Spanish Tragedy* printed in the 1602 edition

Added *DRAMATIS PERSONAE*

Pedro, servant to Hieronimo
Jaques, servant to Hieronimo
Bazardo, a Painter

First addition, between II.v.45 and 46

[Isabella

For outrage fits our cursed wretchedness. 45]
Ay me, Hieronimo, sweet husband, speak.

Hieronimo

He supped with us tonight, frolic⁵⁴⁰ and merry,
And said he would go visit Balthazar
At the Duke's palace; there the prince doth lodge.
He had no custom to stay out so late, 5
He may be in his chamber. Some go see.
Roderigo, ho!

Enter Pedro and Jaques

Isabella

Ay me, he raves. Sweet Hieronimo!

⁵⁴⁰ Happy.

Hieronimo
True, all Spain takes note of it.
Besides, he is so generally beloved 10
His majesty the other day did grace him
With waiting on his cup. These be favours
Which do assure he cannot be short-lived.

Isabella
Sweet Hieronimo!

Hieronimo
I wonder how this fellow got his clothes? 15
Sirrah, sirrah, I'll know the truth of all.
Jaques, run to the Duke of Castile's presently⁵⁴¹
And bid my son Horatio to come home.
I and his mother have had strange dreams tonight.
Do you hear me, sir?

Jaques Ay, sir.

Hieronimo Well sir, begone. 20
Pedro, come hither, knowest thou who this is?

Pedro
Too well, sir.

Hieronimo
Too well? Who is it? Peace, Isabella.
Nay, blush not, man.

Pedro It is my lord Horatio.

Hieronimo
Ha, ha! Saint James, but this doth make me laugh, 25
That there are more deluded than myself.

Pedro
Deluded?

Hieronimo
Ay, I would have sworn myself within this hour
That this had been my son Horatio,

⁵⁴¹ At once.

His garments are so like. 30

Ha! are they not great persuasions?

Isabella

O, would to God it were not so!

Hieronimo

Were not, Isabella? Dost thou dream it is?

Can thy soft bosom entertain a thought

That such a black deed of mischief should be done 35

On one so pure and spotless as our son?

Away! I am ashamed.

Isabella

Dear Hieronimo,

Cast a more serious eye upon thy grief.

Weak apprehension⁵⁴² gives but weak belief.

Hieronimo

It was a man, sure, that was hanged up here, 40

A youth, as I remember. I cut him down.

If it should prove my son, now, after all?

Say you, say you, light! Lend me a taper,

Let me look again. O God!

Confusion, mischief, torment, death, and hell, 45

Drop all your stings at once in my cold bosom,

That now is stiff with horror, kill me quickly.

Be gracious to me, thou infective⁵⁴³ night,

And drop this deed of murder down on me;

Gird in⁵⁴⁴ my waste of grief with thy large darkness, 50

And let me not survive; to see the light

May put me in the mind I had a son.

Isabella

O sweet Horatio, O, my dearest son!

⁵⁴² Understanding.

⁵⁴³ Carrying infection.

⁵⁴⁴ Limit.

Hieronimo 46]
How strangely had I lost my way to grief!
[Sweet lovely rose, ill plucked before thy time,

Second addition, replacing III.ii.65-66

[Lorenzo
Why so, Hieronimo. Use me. 64]

Hieronimo
Who, you, my lord?
I reserve your favour for a greater honour;
This is a very toy,⁵⁴⁵ my lord, a toy.

Lorenzo
All's one, Hieronimo, acquaint me with it.

Hieronimo
I'faith, my lord, 'tis an idle thing. 5
I must confess I ha' been too slack, too tardy.
Too remiss unto your honour.

Lorenzo How now, Hieronimo?

Hieronimo
In troth, my lord, it is a thing of nothing,
The murder of a son, or so,
A thing of nothing, my lord. 10

[Lorenzo Why then, farewell. 66]

Third addition, between IV.iv.1-2

[First Portingale
By your leave, sir. 1]

⁵⁴⁵ A nothing.

Hieronimo

'Tis neither as you think, nor as you think,
 Nor as you think; you're wide⁵⁴⁶ all.
 These slippers are not mine, they were my son Horatio's.
 My son, and what is a son? A thing begot
 Within a pair of minutes, thereabout; 5
 A lump bred up in darkness, and doth serve
 To ballace⁵⁴⁷ these light creatures we call women,
 And, at nine moneths' end, creeps forth to light.
 What is there yet in a son
 To make a father dote, rave, or run mad? 10
 Being born, it pouts, cries, and breeds teeth.⁵⁴⁸
 What is there yet in a son? He must be fed,
 Be taught to go⁵⁴⁹ and speak. Ay, or yet?
 Why might not a man love a calf as well?
 Or melt in passion o'er a frisking kid, 15
 As for a son? Methinks a young bacon⁵⁵⁰
 Or a fine little smooth horse-colt
 Should move a man as much as doth a son.
 For one of these in very little time
 Will grow to some good use, whereas a son, 20
 The more he grows in stature and in years,
 The more unsquared, unbevelled⁵⁵¹ he appears,
 Reckons his parents among the rank of fools,
 Strikes care upon their heads with his mad riots,
 Makes them look old before they meet with age. 25
 This is a son. And what a loss were this,

⁵⁴⁶ Off the mark.⁵⁴⁷ Be ballast to.⁵⁴⁸ Teethes.⁵⁴⁹ Walk.⁵⁵⁰ Pig.⁵⁵¹ Two terms of carpentry; both refine the wood and make it ready for use. Adolescent boys are not seen as easily refined here.

Considered truly? Oh, but my Horatio
Grew out of reach of these insatiate humors:⁵⁵²
He loved his loving parents,
He was my comfort and his mother's joy, 30
The very arm that did hold up our house.
Our hopes were stored up in him,
None but a damned murderer could hate him.
He had not seen the back of nineteen year,⁵⁵³
When his strong arm unhorsed 35
The proud Prince Balthazar, and his great mind,
Too full of honour, took him unto mercy,
That valiant but ignoble Portingale.
Well, heaven is heaven still,
And there is Nemesis⁵⁵⁴ and Furies, 40
And things called whips,
And they sometimes do meet with murderers;
They do not always 'scape, that's some comfort.
Ay, ay, ay, and then time steals on,
And steals and steals, till violence leaps forth 45
Like thunder wrapped in a ball of fire,
And so doth bring confusion⁵⁵⁵ to them all.
[Good leave have you, nay, I pray you go, 2]

Fourth addition, between IV.v and IV.vi

Enter Jaques and Pedro

Jaques

I wonder, Pedro, why our master thus

⁵⁵² Childlike behavior.

⁵⁵³ He was still only nineteen years old.

⁵⁵⁴ Goddess of retribution.

⁵⁵⁵ Destruction.

At midnight sends us with our torches light,
When man and bird and beast are all at rest,
Save those that watch for rape and bloody murder?

Pedro

O Jaques, know thou that our master's mind 5
Is much distraught since his Horatio died,
And—now his aged years should sleep in rest,
His heart in quiet—like a desperate man,
Grows lunatic and childish for his son.
Sometimes, as he doth at his table sit, 10
He speaks as if Horatio stood by him;
Then starting in a rage, falls on the earth,
Cries out, “Horatio, where is my Horatio?”
So that with extreme grief and cutting sorrow
There is not left in him one inch of man. 15
See where he comes.

Enter Hieronimo

Hieronimo

I pry through every crevice of each wall,
Look on each tree, and search through every brake,⁵⁵⁶
Beat at the bushes, stamp our grandam earth,
Dive in the water, and stare up to heaven, 20
Yet cannot I behold my son Horatio.
How now, who's there, sprites, sprites?⁵⁵⁷

Pedro

We are your servants that attend you, sir.

Hieronimo

What make you with your torches in the dark?

⁵⁵⁶ Thicket.

⁵⁵⁷ Spirits; demons.

Pedro		
	You bid us light them and attend you here.	25
Hieronimo		
	No, no, you are deceived, not I, you are deceived!	
	Was I so mad to bid you light your torches now?	
	Light me your torches at the mid of noon,	
	Whenas ⁵⁵⁸ the sun god rides in all his glory;	
	Light me your torches then?	
Pedro	Then we burn daylight.	30
Hieronimo		
	Let it be burnt! Night is a murderous slut,	
	That would not have her treasons to be seen.	
	And yonder pale-faced Hecate ⁵⁵⁹ there, the moon,	
	Doth give consent to that is done in darkness,	
	And all those stars that gaze upon her face,	35
	Are aglets ⁵⁶⁰ on her sleeve, pins on her train.	
	And those that should be powerful and divine,	
	Do sleep in darkness when they most should shine.	
Pedro		
	Provoke them not, fair sir, with tempting words.	
	The heavens are gracious, and your miseries	40
	And sorrow makes you speak you know not what.	
Hieronimo		
	Villain, thou liest, and thou doest naught	
	But tell me I am mad. Thou liest, I am not mad.	
	I know thee to be Pedro, and he Jaques.	
	I'll prove it to thee, and were I mad, how could I?	45
	Where was she that same night when my Horatio	
	Was murdered? She should have shone; search thou the	
	book. ⁵⁶¹	

⁵⁵⁸ When.

⁵⁵⁹ Goddess associated with magic, witchcraft, and the moon.

⁵⁶⁰ Ornaments or pendants.

⁵⁶¹ Almanac.

Had the moon shone, in my boy's face there was a kind of
grace,
 That I know—nay, I do know—had the murderer seen him,
 His weapon would have fallen and cut the earth, 50
 Had he been framed of naught but blood and death.
 Alack, when mischief doth it knows not what,
 What shall we say to mischief?

Enter Isabella

Isabella

Dear Hieronimo, come in a-doors,
 O seek not means so to increase thy sorrow. 55

Hieronimo

Indeed, Isabella, we do nothing here,
 I do not cry. Ask Pedro and ask Jaques.
 Not I, indeed, we are very merry, very merry.

Isabella

How? Be merry here, be merry here?
 Is not this the place, and this the very tree, 60
 Where my Horatio died, where he was murdered?

Hieronimo

Was—do not say what. Let her weep it out.
 This was the tree, I set it of a kernel,⁵⁶²
 And when our hot Spain could not let it grow,
 But that the infant and the human sap 65
 Began to wither, duly twice a morning
 Would I be sprinkling it with fountain water.
 At last it grew and grew, and bore and bore,
 Till at length
 It grew a gallows, and did bear our son. 70
 It bore thy fruit and mine. O wicked, wicked plant.

⁵⁶² Planted it from seed.

Painter

O, then I see 90
That God must right me for my murdered son.

Hieronimo

How, was thy son murdered?

Painter

Ay, sir, no man did hold a son so dear.

Hieronimo

What, not as thine? That's a lie 95
As massy⁵⁶⁶ as the earth. I had a son,
Whose least unvalued hair did weigh
A thousand of thy sons; and he was murdered.

Painter

Alas, sir, I had no more but he.

Hieronimo

Nor I, nor I, but this same one of mine 100
Was worth a legion. But all is one.
Pedro, Jaques, go in a-doors, Isabella, go,
And this good fellow here and I
Will range this hideous orchard up and down,
Like to two lions reaved⁵⁶⁷ of their young,
Go in a-doors, I say. *Exeunt. The Painter and he sit down*
Come, let's talk wisely now. 105

Was thy son murdered?

Painter

Ay, sir.

Hieronimo

So was mine.

How dost take it? Art thou not sometimes mad?
Is there no tricks that comes before thine eyes?

Painter

O Lord, yes sir.

⁵⁶⁶ Heavy.

⁵⁶⁷ Bereft.

Hieronimo

Art a painter? Canst paint me a tear, or a wound, a groan, 110
or a sigh? Canst paint me such a tree as this?

Painter

Sir, I am sure you have heard of my painting. My name
is Bazardo.

Hieronimo

Bazardo! Afore God, an excellent fellow! Look you sir,
do you see, I'd have you paint me in my gallery, in your 115
oil colours matted, and draw me five years younger
than I am. Do you see sir, let five years go, let them go,
like the Marshal of Spain. My wife Isabella standing by
me, with a speaking look to my son Horatio, which
should intend to this or some such like purpose: "God 120
bless thee, my sweet son," and my hand leaning upon
his head, thus, sir, do you see? May it be done?

Painter

Very well sir.

Hieronimo

Nay, I pray mark me sir. Then, sir, would I have you paint
me this tree, this very tree. Canst paint a doleful cry? 125

Painter

Seemingly,⁵⁶⁸ sir.

Hieronimo

Nay, it should cry; but all is one. Well sir, paint me a
youth run through and through with villains' swords,
hanging upon this tree. Canst thou draw a murderer?

Painter

I'll warrant you, sir, I have the pattern⁵⁶⁹ of the most no- 130
torious villains that ever lived in all Spain.

⁵⁶⁸ Believably.

⁵⁶⁹ Model.

Hieronimo

O, let them be worse, worse! Stretch thine art, and let their
 beards be of Judas his own colour,⁵⁷⁰ and let their eye-
 brows jutting over, in any case observe that. Then sir, after
 some violent noise, bring me forth in my shirt, and my
 gown under mine arm, with my torch in my hand, and 135
 my sword reared up thus, and with these words: *What
 noise is this? Who calls Hieronimo?* May it be done?

Painter

Yea sir.

Hieronimo

Well sir, then bring me forth, bring me through alley
 and alley, still with a distracted countenance going 140
 along, and let my hair heave up my nightcap. Let the
 clouds scowl, make the moon dark, the stars extinct,
 the winds blowing, the bells tolling, the owl shrieking,
 the toads croaking, the minutes jarring, and the clock
 striking twelve. And then, at last sir, starting, behold a 145
 man hanging, and tottering,⁵⁷¹ and tottering as you
 know the wind will weave a man, and I with a trice⁵⁷²
 to cut him down. And looking upon him by the advan-
 tage of my torch, find it to be my son Horatio. There you
 may show a passion, there you may show a passion. 150
 Draw me like old Priam of Troy, crying, "The house is
 afire, the house is afire as the torch over my head!"
 Make me curse, make me rave, make me cry, make me
 mad, make me well again, make me curse hell, invo-
 cate heaven, and in the end leave me in a trance— 155
 and so forth.

Painter

And is this the end?

⁵⁷⁰ Red; in Renaissance times Judas Iscariot was shown as a redhead.

⁵⁷¹ Swinging.

⁵⁷² All at once.

Hieronimo

O no, there is no end! The end is death and madness! As
I am never better than when I am mad, then methinks I
am a brave fellow, then I do wonders; but reason abuseth⁵⁷³ 160
me, and there's the torment, there's the hell. At the last,
sir, bring me to one of the murderers. Were he as strong
as Hector, thus would I tear and drag him up and down.

He beats the Painter in, then comes out again with a book in his hand

Fifth addition, replacing V.in.167-190

167]

[Duke of Castile

Why hast thou butchered both my children thus?

Hieronimo

But are you sure they are dead?

Duke of Castile Ay, slave, too sure.

Hieronimo

What, and yours too?

Viceroy

Ay, all are dead, not one of them survive.

Hieronimo

Nay, then, I care not, come, and we shall be friends,

Let us lay our heads together.

5

See, here's a goodly noose will hold them all.

Viceroy

O damned devil, how secure⁵⁷⁴ he is.

Hieronimo

Secure? Why dost thou wonder at it?

I tell thee, Viceroy, this day I have seen revenge,

⁵⁷³ Deceives.

⁵⁷⁴ Assured.

And in that sight am grown a prouder monarch 10
 Than ever sat under the crown of Spain.
 Had I as many lives as there be stars,
 As many heavens to go to as those lives,
 I'd give them all, ay, and my soul to boot,⁵⁷⁵
 But I would see thee ride in this red pool. 15

Duke of Castile
 Speak, who were thy confederates in this?

Viceroy
 That was thy daughter Bel-imperia,
 For by her hand my Balthazar was slain.
 I saw her stab him.

Hieronimo O good words!
 As dear to me was my Horatio 20
 As yours, or yours, or yours, my lord, to you.
 My guiltless son was by Lorenzo slain,
 And by Lorenzo and that Balthazar
 Am I at last revenged thoroughly.
 Upon whose souls may heavens yet be revenged 25
 With greater far than these afflictions.
 Methinks since I grew inward with revenge,
 I cannot look with scorn enough on death.

King
 What, dost thou mock us, slave? Bring tortures⁵⁷⁶ forth.

Hieronimo
 Do, do, do, and meantime I'll torture you. 30
 You had a son, as I take it, and your son
 Should ha' been married to your daughter,
 Ha, was't not so? You had a son too,
 He was my liege's nephew. He was proud
 And politic. Had he lived, he might ha' come 35

⁵⁷⁵ In addition.⁵⁷⁶ Instruments of torture.

To wear the crown of Spain, I think 'twas so.
'Twas I that killed him. Look you, this same hand,
'Twas it that stabbed his heart. Do you see this hand?
For one Horatio, if you ever knew him, a youth,
One that they hanged up in his father's garden, 40
One that did force your valiant son to yield,
While your more valiant son did take him prisoner.

Viceroy

Be deaf, my senses, I can hear no more.

King

Fall, heaven, and cover us with thy sad ruins.

Duke of Castile

Roll all the world within thy pitchy cloud. 45

Hieronimo

Now do I applaud what I have acted

*Nunc iners cadat manus.*⁵⁷⁷

Now to express the rupture⁵⁷⁸ of my part,
[First take my tongue, and afterwards my heart. 190]

⁵⁷⁷ "Now let the hand fall idle."

⁵⁷⁸ Breaking off.