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THE TEMPLE DRAMATISTS

Kyd's SPANISH TRAGEDY





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THE SPANISH TRAGEDY

A Play written by
THOMAS KYD

*Edited with a Preface, Notes
and Glossary by*

J. SCHICK

PROFESSOR AT MUNICH UNIVERSITY

J. M. DENT AND CO.
ALDINE HOUSE : LONDON

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THE present volume is based on a critical edition of *The Spanish Tragedy* which I am preparing for the collection of *Litterarhistorische Forschungen*, edited by Professor Freiherr von Waldberg and myself. The liberality and kindness of public authorities and private owners have afforded me access to the scattered material contained in numerous libraries in England and abroad, namely, the British Museum, the Bodleian, South Kensington, Sion College, Lambeth Palace, the libraries of the Hague, Leyden, Copenhagen, Göttingen, Danzig, Bonn, Munich, and Berlin, and the private libraries of Alfred Huth, Esq., the Earl of Ellesmere, and the Duke of Devonshire.

Small though this work be, I feel that it has laid upon me a heavy debt of gratitude to the many friends who have taken a kind interest in its preparation, and to those who have intrusted to me their rare and unique treasures.

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PREFACE

Thomas Kyd a satellite of Shakspeare. A few years ago the world was startled by the splendid discovery that the mightiest of the planets had a fifth satellite. Four of them had been well known for centuries and had had a glorious place in the history of the stars and light; but the one vassal nearest to his king had been so outshone by the grand luminary that, down to our own day, it had been eclipsed to the eyes of man.

Very similar is the case of the nearest vassal of another Jupiter, the Jupiter Tonitruans of the world's drama. Of his satellites, too, some four had been well known for as many centuries: one especially had, by his own brilliancy and fiery appearance, attracted the general eye; but in this case, too, the satellite nearest to the great luminary had hardly been taken notice of. And if we knew of his bare existence, we knew little or nothing of his orbit, of his history, of his magnitude, of the quality of his light—in short, nothing of all the details we care to know of poet or brilliant star.

It is only of late years that a vigorous and searching investigation has been started with the object of determining the unknown elements of Shakspeare's fifth satellite, Thomas Kyd, the author of *The Spanish Tragedy*, and, as some will have it—and with great show of probability—the man who first put the immortal story of Hamlet on the stage.



Unfortunately, this investigation is beset with great difficulties; and thus considerable discrepancy of opinion prevails even on some of the most important points.

All detailed criticism, as well as a full statement of authorities—I have only room here to mention my especial indebtedness to Sarrazin's book, *Thomas Kyd und sein Kreis*, and Mr. Sidney Lee's article in the *Dictionary of National Biography*—must be reserved for my forthcoming larger edition, of which the preface and notes in this little volume form merely a short extract.

Known facts of Kyd's life. Materials for a biography of Thomas Kyd are still but scanty. Yet we are now fortunate enough to possess as a starting-point the fact that Thomas Kyd was baptized Nov. 6, 1558, in the Church of St. Mary Woolnoth, in the City—a discovery which we owe to Mr. Gordon Goodwin; see *Notes and Queries*, 8th series, vol. v. pp. 305-6 (21st April 1894).

Thus we know now for certain that Kyd was older by a good lustrum than Marlowe or Shakspeare. This seems to me a very important consideration, in view of the astounding youthfulness of the creators of the English drama—some, after a glorious record, being carried off in early youth, and the greatest of them storming the very heights of Parnassus before he could be called a man. In such circumstances, five or six years more or less means much; and in the scarcity of known dates we may emphasise that it is thus *à priori* very probable that Kyd began his work before Marlowe or Shakspeare, that his earliest works, among them probably *Hamlet* and *The Spanish Tragedy*, were written before

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Tamburlaine. All other evidence tends to corroborate this conclusion ; and should it really be correct, we see at once what an important historical place Kyd holds in the English drama : he then, not Marlowe, is the man who wrote the first great popular English tragedy ; he then, not Marlowe, must have given to the popular drama the most thundering of all metres for its garb.

Besides knowing, as in Shakspeare's case, the date of Kyd's baptism, if not of his birth, we also know now something about his parentage. His father was Francis Kyd, scrivener, writer of the Court Letter of London, several times churchwarden of St. Mary Woolnoth, Lombard Street, in the City, in which church the boy Thomas was baptized. We see that the dramatist was indeed a regular Cockney, as had been surmised before. His mother was, almost to a certainty, Agnes Kyd : we know at least that Francis Kyd's wife was called Agnes—exactly Chaucer's case, where the circumstances (even to the very name of the mother, Agnes) are the same.

The dramatist had a sister Ann, three years his junior, who was baptized on Sept. 24, 1561 ; John Kyd, the stationer, was probably his brother. We now even hear of Prudence Cook, 'servant with Francis Kyd, scrivener,' who was buried on 2nd Sept. 1563, which is more of domestic detail than we had bargained for knowing with regard to the once proverbial 'unpersönlichste aller Dichter.' More interesting is the fact that Francis Kyd's family seems to have had intimate connection with Francis Coldocke (the printer of Wotton's *Courtly Controversy*) and his son-in-law, William Ponsonby, the publisher of the *Arcadia* and the *Faerie Queene*, as also of the

Countess of Pembroke's *Mornay* and *Antonie* (cp. Hunter in MS. Add. 24,488, fol. 381a, and Coldocke's will at Somerset House).

Some time before the discovery of the date of Kyd's baptism, an item concerning his education had been known. Through Ch. J. Robinson—see his *Register of . . . Merchant Taylors' School*, i. (1882) p. 9, and his notice in the *Academy*, vol. xxxi. (1887), p. 346—we know that 'Thomas Kydd, son of Francis, scrivener,' entered Merchant Taylors' School on Oct. 26, 1565. This, too, had been a very important discovery; it was, we may almost say, the first personal date about Kyd brought to light; the 'scrivener' appeared here for the first time; and we shall presently see the import of this one detail: it will almost prove Kyd to be the author of the *Ur-Hamlet*.

Besides, we see now at which particular school Kyd acquired the classical erudition which shows itself on every page of his *Spanish Tragedy*: it is the same school at which Edmund Spenser had acquired his. Merchant Taylors' was then under the direction of its famous first headmaster, Dr. Mulcaster, who, it befits here to note, was a great advocate of the performance of plays: his boys performed before the Queen; and it is interesting to find that, in 1582, a play taken from Ariosto, *Ariodante and Ginevra*, was performed at Court by his boys. We do not wonder therefore that Kyd knew Italian, as he, no doubt, had acquired a more than ordinary knowledge of French—witness his translation of Garnier's *Cornélie*, and, we may probably add, the composition of his *Hamlet* from a novel by Belleforest. To complete the list of his linguistic attainments, it may be added that of

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Spanish he knew 'pocas palabras' (*Spanish Tragedy*, III. xv. 79).

After 1565, we hear nothing further of Kyd for a long space of years—not until 1589, when he had written some of his greatest works and, like Shakspeare, excited the envious derision of some of his rivals. But between 1565 and 1589 history is entirely silent about him: we know not where he continued his studies—whether he went to a University or to the Inns of Court,—when he first devoted himself to dramatic writing, nor what his earliest works were. It is only very clear to us, from his own words in the dedication of his *Cornelia*, that he himself must have drunk deep from the bitter cup of woe whilst he wrote of the woes of young Hamlet and old Jeronimo.

Nash's invective in Preface to Greene's *Menaphon*. We now come to the discussion of the 1589 passage just alluded to—by far the most important contemporary passage with regard to Kyd,—oft-quoted words, much discussed and commented upon. At the same time, I am bound to add that it is not absolutely certain that the passage refers to Kyd; indeed, it would not have been quoted so often had it not, for a time, been held to refer, not to the satellite, but to the King himself. The passage occurs in Nash's preface to Greene's *Menaphon* (1589), and begins: 'I will turn back to my first text, of studies of delight, and talk a little in friendship with a few of our trivial translators. It is a common practice now-a-days, amongst a sort of shifting companions, that run through every art and thrive by none, to leave the trade of noverint, whereto they were born, and busy themselves with the endeavours of

art, that could scarcely latinize their neck-verse, if they should have need.'

The trade of 'noverint' is the trade of a scrivener, who has to write out documents beginning, 'Noverint universi per presentes,' etc. : Thomas Kyd's father being a scrivener, the son was indeed literally 'born to the trade of noverint.' In the latter part Nash seems to sneer at the defective education of Kyd, who, like Shakspeare, may have been taken away from school early and not have gone to a University ; it was only a short time afterwards that Greene, Nash's special ally, spoke in an equally disparaging way of Shakspeare. The 'neck-verse,' in special, has been held to refer to the *Miserere, Domine* in the old German *Hamlet* (Widgery, *First Quarto Edition of Hamlet*, p. 102).

Nash then continues : 'Yet English Seneca, read by candle-light, yields many good sentences, as "Blood is a beggar," and so forth : and if you entreat him fair in a frosty morning, he will afford you whole Hamlets, I should say handfuls of tragical speeches.'

Hardly anybody now doubts that this means : this man has copied Seneca wholesale ; the play on Hamlet especially, which he has written, is full of lines and 'sentences' from Seneca. Now Kyd, in his *Spanish Tragedy*, follows most decidedly in the wake of Seneca's tragedies : three Latin quotations are directly taken from the Roman dramatist ; and in the *Hamlet* Kyd's dependence on Seneca may have been even greater. It may be that Hamlet's speeches on that 'frosty morning' after the appearance of his father's ghost were especially 'tragical,' and that the phrase 'Blood is a beggar,' threatening revenge, occurred in one of them. The nearest approach to this phrase

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of which I am at present aware is, 'Bloud is an incessant crier in the eares of the Lord' (*John Brewen*, ed. Collier, p. 15); and 'Blood is a threatener and will have revenge,' in the old *Richard III.*, ed. Barron Field, p. 31.

Nash's passage goes on: 'But o grief: *tempus edax rerum!* what's that will last always? The sea exhaled by drops will in continuance be dry, and Seneca let blood line by line, and page by page, at length must needs die for our stage, which makes his famished followers to imitate the Kidde in *Æsop*, who enamoured with the Fox's newfangles, forsook all hopes of life to leap into a new occupation; and these men, renouncing all possibilities of credit or estimation, to intermeddle with Italian translations: wherein how poorly they have plodded (as those that are neither provincial men, nor able to distinguish of articles) let all indifferent gentlemen that have travailed in that tongue, discern by their twopenny pamphlets. . . .'

The 'Kidde in *Æsop*'—this is indeed, I think, calling things by their names; surely Nash points here with his very finger to the person of Kyd. The satirist may have had *Æsop's* fable of the fox and goat in his mind (see Caxton's *Æsop*, ed. Jacobs, II. 195 *sqq.*), or *Phadrus*, IV. 9 (*Vulpes et hircus*): his words are certainly not without reference to Spenser's *May-Eclogue* in the *Shepherd's Calendar*.

Further, we seem actually to possess one of Kyd's 'Italian translations.' In 1588, a year before Nash's invective was written, a little book appeared, '*The Housholders Philosophie*. . . . First written in Italian by that excellent orator and poet, Signor Torquato Tasso, and now translated by T. K.'

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This is a translation of Tasso's *Padre di famiglia*, and has a Latin motto at the end :

Me mea sic tua te caetera mortis erunt,

signed by the initials T. K. The verses, at all events, which are interspersed throughout the volume would certainly deserve Nash's adverse criticism ; they stand far below those of *The Spanish Tragedy*. We are, of course, by no means absolutely certain that T. K. means Thomas Kyd.

Nash goes on : 'And no marvel though their home-born mediocrity be such in this matter ; for what can be hoped of those that thrust Elysium into hell, and have not learned so long as they have lived in the spheres, the just measure of the Horizon without an hexameter. Sufficeth them to bodge up a blank verse with ifs and ands. . . .'

The beginning of this bit is difficult to explain. Virgil, *Aeneid*, vi. 540 *sqq.*, speaks of two ways in the nether world :

'Hic locus est, partes ubi se via findit in ambas,' etc.

Kyd, *Spanish Tragedy*, I. i. 59, says : 'Three ways there were,' and, after describing the first two of them, goes on (I. i. 72) :

'Twixt these two ways I trod the middle path,
Which brought me to the fair Elysian green.'

Can this be what Nash calls 'thrusting Elysium into hell' ? It is very probable that the 'ifs and ands' refers to *Spanish Tragedy*, II. i. 79 (Köppel, *Englische Studien*, xviii. 131)—the phrase is not over-frequent in Elizabethan literature ; 'home-born mediocrity' : how dared the stay-at-home scrivener's son

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'intermeddle with Italian translations' when Thomas Nash, gent., of Lowestoft, and (nearly) M. A. of Cambridge, had in person been to Italy?

A splendid vista of literary connection is opened to our imagination by the end of the passage: 'and otherwhile, for recreation after their candle-stuff, having starched their beards most curiously, to make a peripatetical path into the inner parts of the City, and spend two or three hours in turning over French Doudie, where they attract more infection in one minute than they can do eloquence all days of their life, by conversing with any authors of like argument.'

This means, I think, that the derided author, got up and attired in his best, goes to the City, to one of its noble houses, where French plays are translated; the 'Dowdy' may refer to a play with the title 'Didon'—Jodelle's, for instance (*cf.* 'Dido a dowdy,' *Romeo and Juliet*, II. iv. 43)—or, in Nash's jocose language at least, to Garnier-Kyd's *Cornélie* or *Porcie*, or the Cleopatra of Lady Pembroke's *Antonis*. The starched beard may be, in Nash's malicious mouth, a further allusion to the *hircus barbatus* in Phædrus' fable, iv. 9, or to the current proverb, '*Plus barba quam ingenii.*'

But whatever the precise meaning or intended sting of certain details in this last sentence may be, there is hardly any doubt that the passage in the main refers to the translation of certain plays in French by the head of the French Senecans, Robert Garnier. It is well known, first, that Lady Pembroke translated his *Marc Antoine*; her work was finished, it would seem, on November 26, 1590, at Ramsbury, and printed for the first time in 1592.

Secondly, we also have a similar translation by Kyd of the

Cornelia of Garnier. It is, indeed, usually ascribed to the year 1594, but it is not impossible that it was produced about 1588-1589. The play was licensed 26th January 1594, and printed in the same year. Kyd dedicates it to the Countess of Sussex in one of the most beautiful dedications of the time. In it he says that he has no leisure but such as evermore is travailed with the afflictions of the mind, than which the world affords no greater misery. It may be wondered at by some how he durst undertake a matter which both requireth cunning, rest, and opportunity. He only attempts the dedication of so rough, unpolished a work to the Countess, because he is well instructed in her noble and heroic dispositions, and perfectly assured of her honourable favours past. 'A fitter present for a patroness so well-accomplished I could not find than this fair precedent of honour, magnanimity, and love. Wherein what grace that excellent Garnier hath lost by my fault, I shall beseech your honour to repair with the regard of those so bitter times and privy broken passions that I endured in the writing it. And so vouchsafing but the passing of a winter's week with desolate *Cornelia*, I will assure your ladyship my next summer's better travel with the tragedy of *Portia*, and ever spend one hour of the day in some kind service to your honour and another of the night in wishing you all happiness. Perpetually thus devoting my poor self, Your honour's in all humbleness,

T. K.'

In these lines to Lady Sussex, which afford us a deep insight into the troubles and sorrows of the man, and yet offer a most pleasant contrast to the abject flattery and cringing eulogies of the humdrum dedication of the time, we get nearer Kyd's heart and character than anywhere else.

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Who was this Countess of Sussex? Hunter, in his *Chorus Vatum*, Add. MS. 24,488, fol. 380b, has left a blank for the name—evidently because he too was doubtful. All depends upon the date of the *Cornelia*, or at least of its preface. If it is 1594, then the Countess of Sussex would be Bridget, Lady Fitzwalter, wife of the fifth Earl of Sussex, to whom Greene dedicated his *Philomela*. If *Cornelia*, and its preface, was written about 1588 or 1589, it is Sir Philip Sidney's aunt, Frances, daughter of Sir William Sidney, to whom the words refer, and Kyd's 'peripatetical path into the inner parts of the City' would have been towards a house of the Sidneys or their relations. The latter interpretation suggests itself as very plausible, because Sidney's sister, later Countess of Pembroke, was 'turning over' her French play about this time. Her aunt, Frances Sidney, was the wife of Thomas Radcliffe, the third Earl of Sussex (died 1583), who had first married Elizabeth Wriothesley, daughter of Thomas, Earl of Southampton. Frances, Countess of Sussex, was the foundress of Sidney-Sussex College at Cambridge; she died on March 9, 1588-89. 'The next summer's better travel,' the translation of Garnier's *Porcie*, which Kyd had promised, may have remained undone, not on account of Kyd's death, as is generally supposed, but because Lady Sussex, in the summer of 1589, was no longer living. The Garnier-play of Lady Pembroke proved to be far more successful than Kyd's own translation; the first was printed not less than three times, Kyd's only once; and although the publisher thought to enhance its attractiveness by prefixing a new and more pompous title-page (in 1595), we hear that 'poor Cornelia stood naked on every post.'

Thus much by way of commentary to Nash's invective.

I have said above that we have no absolute proof that it refers to Kyd and no one else ; but unless as much light can be thrown on the passage, and unless as many items can be made to fit in, by substituting any other than Kyd's name, I think we may be allowed to interpret it in some such way as indicated above.

Thus, by 1589, the author of *Hamlet* and *The Spanish Tragedy* had become a man of some note, and hence, from that time onwards, we hear at least a good deal of his works, if little of personal history. In 1592 a small tract appeared, relating the murder of John Brewen or Bruen, goldsmith, by his own wife, who had an *amour* with a fellow called John Parker, and who was burned for her crime in Smithfield on 28th June 1592. On this very day the tract was licensed for John Kid, the presumable brother of Thomas (Arber, ii. 289*b*). A copy of the little pamphlet is preserved in the Lambeth Library, and has been reprinted by Collier in *Illustrations of Early English Popular Literature*, vol. i., 1863. The Lambeth copy has, at the end, the name of 'Thomas Kydde' added in handwriting, as far as I can judge, contemporary and genuine ; and thus, I suppose, we must accept the tract as a work of Kyd's, although there is, indeed, a great gulf between *The Spanish Tragedy* and this little *Morithat*. That, in 1592, Kyd was reduced to writing, in all haste it would seem, a composition of this sort, throws all the more light on Nash's 'shifting companions,' with their twopenny pamphlets, who 'run through every art and thrive by none.'

The Spanish Tragedy and *The First Part of Jeronimo*.
But from the same year 1592 onwards, we have also distinct

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and indisputable evidence that Kyd's most famous play had entered upon its career of almost unrivalled success in Elizabethan literature. Early in 1592 it was put upon the stage by Henslowe and Lord Strange's men; on October 6, 1592, it was entered on the Stationers' Registers for Abel Jeffes, and shortly afterwards a pirated edition, by White, must have come out, which was confiscated (Ames-Herbert, ii. 1160), and no copy of which has come down to us.

Nay, owing to the popularity of the play, even as early as February 1592, a very inferior introduction to *The Spanish Tragedy* was brought out by Henslowe along with the great play itself. Whether this *First Part of Jeronimo*—*Jeronimo* was the usual contemporary name for *The Spanish Tragedy*, from its principal hero—was done by Kyd himself, or by a rival, whether it preceded *The Spanish Tragedy*, or followed it, has been a matter of much dispute, and is difficult to decide. Certain it is that it is quite unnecessary for the understanding of *The Spanish Tragedy*; the latter can be understood, and was therefore also probably devised, without any reference to this *First Part*; further, it is certain that this introduction presents, in nearly everything that is vital to the making up of a play, a great contrast to *The Spanish Tragedy* (see R. Fischer, *Zur Kunstentwicklung der englischen Tragoedie*, pp. 100-112). The dramatic structure and economy, the treatment of the characters, the diction, the versification, are all very different in the two plays; in the *First Part* we note, further, its independence of any Senecan model, the great number of slangy phrases, its farcical humour, and its crude jokes about the littleness of Jeronimo's stature; and if we grant that the latter are probably late interpolations, its far lower intellectual level is apparent on

every page. The contemporary public must have been of the same opinion; it brought Henslowe in but poor profits, and in its own day it was only once printed (in 1605)—a very different case from that of *The Spanish Tragedy*.

Can Kyd have written it, nevertheless? Could this *Wars of Portugal*, as we might conveniently name the play, be an early, cruder work of his? The many rhymes might be in favour of this; but the great number of feminine endings is strongly against it. Could Kyd have written the *Wars of Portugal* after the great play, pressed by sore need and enticing promises of Henslowe's? The hurried production of the play under such circumstances might account for its inferiority, but, if writing in haste, would Kyd have introduced so much rhyme, much more than in *The Spanish Tragedy*?

It has been pointed out that, besides the same subject, the same *motifs*, and the same situations, a great many other resemblances may after all be found in the two plays; namely, stylistic resemblances in tropes and figures, parallel passages, ridiculous puns, common geographical mistakes, etc., so that several of our foremost connoisseurs of Kyd are convinced of his authorship of the play. One wonders, too, that in 1592—in Kyd's own lifetime—two rival plays, on the same subject, should have been performed together on the same stage by the same company—for I think the nature of Henslowe's entries absolutely forces this interpretation upon us (Herrig, xc. 185). Were it not for the last-named weighty considerations, or did I feel sure that the two Jeronimo-plays belonged originally to different companies (Fleay, *Biographical Chronicle*, ii. 30), I should have little hesitation in entirely disclaiming the *Wars of Portugal* as Kyd's.

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The Spanish Tragedy and *Soliman and Perseda*. Another difficult problem forces itself on our attention in this very same year 1592. The hero of *The Spanish Tragedy*, Jeronimo, to bring about his revenge, has a play on the story of Soliman and Perseda performed, and the subject of this play within the play had, by 1592, been worked out into a separate, and most interesting, drama. On Nov. 20, 1592, this drama *Soliman and Perseda* was entered on the Stationers' Registers, and it was twice printed, *sine anno* and 1599. The question is, who is the author of this play—the man who had already made use of its story as an episode in *The Spanish Tragedy*, or some one else? and when was it written—before or after *The Spanish Tragedy*? A similar divergence of opinion prevails here as in the case of the *First Part of Jeronimo*; but with one great difference: this play would be anything but unworthy of the author of *The Spanish Tragedy*; indeed, it is one of the most interesting and entertaining plays of the period, pervaded with excellent humour, which would justify the epithet 'sporting' given to Kyd by Ben Jonson. Shakspeare alludes to its principal hero—or rather non-hero—Basilisco, in *King John*, and this descendant of Pyrgopolinices is certainly by far the most remarkable Elizabethan precursor of the immortal Falstaff.

Kyd's later life. To continue the chronicle of Kyd's life. The dramatist became, somewhat later on, entangled in the dangerous accusations made against the 'atheistic academy' of Sir Walter Raleigh and Marlowe. MS. Harl. 7042, fol. 401, shows that, in May 1593, Marlowe, Royden, Warner, and Heriots—(i.e. Thomas Harriott, the famous mathematician,

who forms with Napier and Gilbert the great triad of Elizabethan discoverers in the realms of science—worthy predecessors of a Newton)—were dangerously implicated in a judicial investigation, in which they had to answer a charge of blasphemy. Kyd too was accused, but ‘he seemes to have been innocent, and writes a Letter to the Ld: Keeper Puckering to purge himself from these aspersions.’

In 1594 we hear from Henslowe that a *Hamlet*—I think we may say *Kyd's*—was performed. Early in the same year (26th Jan.) his *Cornelia* was licensed and printed; and if it met with scant general success, yet scholars did it sufficient justice. W. C[lerke?], in his *Polimanteia*, 1595, thinks it was ‘excellently well’ done; and the last allusion to our dramatist as still living, an allusion doubly interesting because it couples him in a remarkable way with Shakspeare, is due to his *Cornelia*. On 10th April 1594, Lady Helen Branch, wife of Sir John Branch, Lord Mayor, had died; and to her memory an epicedium was composed by W. Har[bert?], which contains the following lines:—

‘ You that have writ of chaste Lucretia,
Whose death was witness of her spotless life,
Or penn'd the praise of sad Cornelia,
Whose blameless name hath made her fame so rife
As noble Pompey's most renowned wife:
Hither unto your home direct your eyes,
Whereas, unthought on, much more matter lies.’

Henceforth we lose all trace of Kyd's person. It is, as a rule, supposed that he died in 1594 or 1595. If this is true, he died before his parents; Francis Coldocke, the printer, bequeathed, in 1602-1603, to Francis Kyd, scrivener (and

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overseer of his testament), and to Agnes Kyd, 'now his wife,' the sum of 20s. each. Meres mentions the poet in his *Palladis Tamia* (1598), as it were as a parallel to Tasso—after all, not such a ridiculously ill-matched couple as Royden and Dante! In another place he names him, quite calmly and without the slightest misgiving, next to Shakspeare among 'our best for Tragedie.' Bodenham, in the preface to his *Belvedere*, quotes him in 1600 among 'the modern and extant poets'; Dekker, in *A Knight's Conjuring*, 1607, puts him into the Elysian grove of bay-trees to which 'none resort but the children of Phœbus': we find there 'learned Watson, industrious Kyd, ingenious Atchlow and . . . inimitable Bentley,' then 'Marlowe, Greene, and Peele . . . laughing to see Nash (that was but newly come to their College).' Kyd had therefore died before Nash, *i. e.* some time before *c.* 1601.

With this apotheosis, generously extended to Kyd by not the least of his fellow-dramatists, let us close his scanty biography. After all the 'afflictions of the mind, than which the world affords no greater misery,' and all the 'privy, broken passions' he endured in this life, we can wish him no better than to dwell peaceably in the Elysian laurel-grove amongst the children of Phœbus.

Date of composition of *The Spanish Tragedy*. Whenever he died, one at least of his works far outlived him, *The Spanish Tragedy*. Nay, it may fairly be maintained that in its own time, before the paramount greatness of Shakspeare had become a dogma for the whole civilised world, Kyd's *Spanish Tragedy* was the most popular of all English plays.

We approach a very difficult question when we ask *when*

this play was written and what materials entered into its composition. To get a *terminus a quo*, we must first consider that Wotton's *Courtly Controversy*, a source of the play, had come out in 1578. Further, although it is difficult to recognise Philip II. of Spain in the Spanish King of Kyd's play, whilst the Portuguese 'Vice-roy' altogether presents the appearance of a myth, yet the play can only have reference to the Portuguese war of independence in 1580 and the following years. Moreover, lines II. i. 3-6 and 9-10 of *The Spanish Tragedy* are a friendly loan from Watson's 'Εκατομπαθλια (about 1581 or 1582). Lastly, such a detail from Portuguese history as that there was a special *Capitão Donatario* of Terceira (see *Spanish Tragedy*, I. iii. 82 and note) could hardly have been generally known in England before Terceira had come into prominent notice in the course of the Hispano-Portuguese war. It is well-known that, in 1582, the island distinguished itself by its stubborn resistance to the Spaniards. The Spanish leader, Alvaro de Baçan, Marquis de Santa Cruz, one of the greatest naval officers of the time, wrote accounts of his expeditions to the Azores, which were translated into English about 1582 and 1584 (copies in the British Museum). About the same time, Drake had formed a great plan to crush the King of Spain's power, with the Azores as a centre of operations.

As to a *terminus ad quem*, we know that the play was performed and licensed in 1592. Further, we have seen that Nash seems to allude to some phrases from the play in 1589; we might even get as far back as the beginning of 1588, if the ingenious conjecture by Fleay (*Biographical Chronicle*, ii. 31) is correct, that 'the mad priest of the sonne,' coupled with Tamburlaine in Greene's *Perimedes the Blacksmith*, is Hieronimo.

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Further, Ben Jonson says in the Induction to his *Bartholomew Fair* in 1614: 'He that will swear, *Jeronimo* or *Andronicus* are the best plays yet, shall pass unexcepted at here, as a man whose judgment shews it is constant, and hath stood still these five and twenty or thirty years.' This takes us back to 1584-1589, which date would harmonise well with the decidedly archaic atmosphere of the drama, with its dumb-shows, ghosts, its pretentious classicism, the wooden stiffness which appears in many parts, and last, not least, its archaic metre, which presents very few double endings, tolerably much rhyme (even stanzas), and an unusual amount of alliteration (perhaps in imitation of 'English Seneca').

To get still nearer the date, it has been emphasised—and rightly, I believe—that the play must have been written before the year of the Armada. There is not the slightest reference to the great event, much less any attempt at derision or insult with regard to Spain, where the opportunity offered itself so readily—an opportunity which other authors were not slack to avail themselves of. There seems to me an especially pre-Armadan ring in the close of the first act, where *Jeronimo* directs a dumb-show, in which some ancient victories of the English in Spain and Portugal are represented. It is difficult to believe that these half-apocryphal stories should have been brought forward as a matter of satisfaction, in face of the real and tangible glories of the Armada. The enumeration of these old victories, and the whole tone of *The Spanish Tragedy*, was certainly more in place about 1585-87, when the great contest with Spain was only just brewing. Nay, as far as history is concerned, the years 1583-1585 would perhaps fit still better. Our 'Vice-roy' can only be the Duke of Braganza, with whom

Philip II. wished to come to terms after the death of King Henry of Portugal. 'The King of Spain solemnly promised the duke that he should have Brazil in full sovereignty with the title of king, and that a marriage should be arranged between his daughter and the Prince of the Asturias, heir to the conjoined thrones; and the duke, who hated war and loved peace, accepted these terms, in spite of his wife's opposition. But to the surprise of Philip, another competitor for the crown, to whom he had paid no attention—Don Antonio, the Prior of Crato—declared himself king at Santarem, and, entering Lisbon without opposition, struck money and began to raise soldiers' (H. M. Stephens, *Portugal*, p. 280). The battle described in our play would, nevertheless, seem to be the battle of Alcantara, in which Don Antonio da Crato was beaten by the Duke of Alva on August 26, 1580.

We should think that such a perversion of Spanish and Portuguese history could only have been possible while Spain still loomed far in the distance, and before the second 'Viceroy,' Don Antonio da Crato, had become a tangible reality to every pawnbroker in London. From an historical standpoint, 1585, the year in which 'El Draque' was loose in the Spanish Main, would certainly do as well as any. In 1587, after Drake had stormed the harbour of Cadiz and singed the King of Spain's beard, it could no longer be literally said that John of Gaunt performed the last victorious exploit in Spain. The unlikeliest years of all would seem to be 1588—the year of the Armada—and 1589, which saw the least successful expedition of the last of the Vikings.

Still, all these arguments are very uncertain, and, to get a firm basis for the chronology of Kyd's works, it is perhaps

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safest to turn once more to Nash's allusions, and not only boldly claim them for Kyd's person, but, still more boldly, to extract from them whatever chronological conclusions they may possibly yield. Nash's words imply that his victim first went through a period of plays in the style of Seneca, and then, 'renouncing all possibilities of credit or estimation,' turned to Italian translations and to the peripatetical path into the City. Let us therefore say that the first period lasts down to about 1587, and includes *Hamlet* and *The Spanish Tragedy*; that the second comprises the years 1587 and certainly 1588—(T. K.'s translation from Tasso appears 1588)—and that the *Cornelia*, and the plan to translate *Porcie*, date from about 1588 and 1589, and everything seems to harmonise perfectly. I may add that metrical tests—for instance, such an important one as the feminine-ending test—are decidedly in favour of the sequence *Spanish Tragedy, Cornelia, Soliman and Perseda*.

Source of the Plot. It would presumably be a great help in determining the date of *The Spanish Tragedy* more accurately, if we knew the source of the main story of the play (if, indeed, such existed outside the brain of Kyd)—the story of the love of Don Horatio for the Spanish Princess Bellimperia; his murder by Bellimperia's brother, Don Lorenzo, and his own rival in his love, the captive Prince of Portugal, Don Balthazar; and the dreadful revenge of Horatio's father, Jeronimo, the Marshal of Spain, by means of a play, where the murders supposed to be acted are carried out in reality. But nothing is known of any play or novel containing such a story.

Fortunately, we know at least the source of the inserted play

which Jeronimo and Bellimperia perform together with their opponents Don Lorenzo and Don Balthazar. It is contained in Henry Wotton's *Courtly Controversie of Cupids Cantels*, a collection of five stories related to a company of ladies and gentlemen. This book appeared in 1578, printed by Francis Coldocke and Henry Binneman; it is now rather rare, but copies are in the British Museum, the Bodleian, and Sion College. Wotton himself says that he translated the work 'so near unto the French as our English tongue will tolerate'; he does not give the slightest clue, though, as to his original. His reference to a French source is, however, correct; the *Courtly Controversy* is a translation of Jacques Yver's *Printemps d'Ioer*, of which no less than seven editions are in the British Museum: 1572 (tierce édition), 1575, 1588, 1589, 1598, 1600, 1618 (see further Brunet). It may be added that this book and its translation form also a main source of another well-known Elizabethan drama, the pseudo-Shaksperean play, *Fair Em*.

The story of Soliman and Perseda stands first in this collection, and relates how Soliman, the great Emperor of the Turks, fell overwhelmingly in love with the fair Perseda, a beautiful Greek taken prisoner at the capture of Rhodes. But he finds out that his valiant friend Erastus, who had had to leave Rhodes in consequence of a duel, and had fled to Constantinople, was the beloved of Perseda, and thus he magnanimously withdraws his suit and gives her up to his friend. However, through the insinuations of his cousin Brusor, 'Bellerbeck' of Servia, Soliman does not adhere to his resolution, and even causes Erastus to be treacherously murdered. This step, however, does but remove him further from his goal; for Perseda defiantly puts herself and Rhodes in a state of defence, and

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prefers death to a union with Soliman. In Yver-Wotton she is killed by a shot on the walls of Rhodes, whilst Soliman has the traitor Brusor hanged; in the separate play *Perseda* manages to kill Soliman by a kiss with poisoned lips, when Rhodes is on the point of falling and she herself is already in the arms of death; in *The Spanish Tragedy*, Bellimperia—personating *Perseda*—kills Soliman-Balthazar by the more simple and straightforward way of stabbing him.

This story of Yver's has been widespread in literature. In Herrig's *Archiv*, vol. xc. p. 183, I have mentioned a considerable number of novelistic and dramatic treatments—by Mainfray, Mlle. de Scudéry and Georges de Scudéry, Desfontaines, Zesen, Lohenstein, Settle, Haugwitz—and Dr. E. Sieper, in a Heidelberg dissertation, has given a detailed account of the whole question. Since that time, I have noted for further investigation the titles of several other works likely to contain, or to refer to, the story; one of them, Davenant's *Siege of Rhodes*, is now, indeed, held to be another treatment (by Killis Campbell, in *Modern Language Notes*, xiii. 354, number for June 1898).

Popularity of the Play; 'additions'; actors. If we are insufficiently informed as to the genesis and exact date of *The Spanish Tragedy*, yet we know a great deal of its further history, its performances, its editions, its offspring, its translations, or adaptations, in Dutch and German.

As early as 1592 we have seen how popular the piece was; it was frequently played in that year, and brought in great profits, often £3 and more, especially on high holidays or on the re-opening of the theatre. In 1597 we again hear of performances, but the piece must have had an especially

popular run about 1601-1602. For we hear that Ben Jonson received, on 25th Sept. 1601, the sum of 40s. from Henslowe, for additions in 'Geronymo,' and on 24th June 1602 £10, 'in earnest of . . . Richard Crockbacke, and for new adicyons for Jeronymo.' We shall presently see that in 1602 these additions, which were a fresh source of attraction to the piece, were printed along with the original play.

In 1604, the two companies of the King and the Children of the Chapel had a dispute about the piece; the Children's Company at the Blackfriars had misappropriated the play, and the King's men revenged themselves by performing Marston's *Malcontent*, which belonged to their rivals. 'Why not Malevole *in folio* with us, as Jeronimo *in decimo sexto* with them?' asks Condell, in the interest of the King's men (Bullen's *Marston*, i. 203). The fact that the play was acted by children accounts for the interpolated jokes about Jeronimo's stature in the *First Part*, which was printed the first and only time in the following year, 1605. The allusion to the jubilee in Rome can only refer to the year 1600, and is thus, no doubt, also an interpolation.

At an unknown date, though certainly after 1615, a ballad on the story of *The Spanish Tragedy* was printed for H. Gosson (copies in *Roxburghe Ballads*, i. 364-365 and i. 390). The ballad has been reprinted by Chappell in *The Roxburghe Ballads*, ii. 453-459; a slightly different version is printed in the second and third editions of *Dodsley*, and in *The Ancient British Drama*, 1810, i. 515-517.

As to the play itself, we have even in 1620 distinct evidence, from Thomas May's play, *The Heir* (Dodsley-Hazlitt, xi. 514), that 'ladies in the boxes shed bitter tears over the fate of Jero-

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nimo'; and as late as 1633 Prynne, in his *Histriomastix*, fol. 556*a*, dishes up a terrible story that a woman, immediately before her end, deaf to all ghostly advice, cried out: 'Hieronimo, Hieronimo, O let me see Hieronimo!' The anecdote, as in Prynne, and Brathwaite's *English Gentlewoman Drawn out to the Full Body* (1631)—Prynne retails it from the latter—is probably apocryphal; but it shows what a powerful hold 'Jeronimo' still had on the popular imagination nearly fifty years after its first appearance.

Allusions to *The Spanish Tragedy*. We have no space left to quote the innumerable allusions to, and skits on, *The Spanish Tragedy*, which accompanied the popular play during its long literary career. Certain expressions and situations furnished matter for laughter until the theatres were closed, and many of the phrases of *Jeronimo* became stock quotations in Elizabethan slang; for instance, the opening lines of the play, Balthazar's euphuistic speech at the beginning of the Second Act, Jeronimo's 'O eyes, no eyes!' in the Third Act (Scene ii.), his 'pocas palabras' and 'Jeronimo, go by'; last, not least, his appearance on the stage 'in his shirt,' etc., coming straight from his 'naked bed' (II. v.)—an especially famous scene, a picture of which formed the frontispiece of the old quartos from 1615 onwards (reproduced at the beginning of the present volume). It may suffice to give as an example an excellent parody of Lorenzo's speech (*Sp. Tr.*, II. i. 10 *sqq.*) taken from Field's *A Woman is a Weathercock*, I. ii. :—

SIR ABRAHAM NINNY. *O no, she laughs at me and scorns my suit:
For she is wilder and more hard withal,
Than beast or bird, or tree, or stony wall.*

KATE. *Ha! God-a-mercy, old Hieronimo.*

ABR. *Yet she might love me for my lovely eyes.*

COUNT FREDERICK. *Ay, but perhaps your nose she doth despise.*

ABR. *Yet might she love me for my dimpled chin.*

PENDANT. *Ay, but she sees your beard is very thin.*

ABR. *Yet might she love me for my proper body.*

STRANGE. *Ay, but she thinks you are an arrant noddy. . . .*

ABR. *Yet might she love me in despite of all.*

LUCIDA. *Ay, but indeed I cannot love at all.*

(Dodsley-Hazlitt, xi. 28 seq.)

Shakspeare joins the general chorus with Sly's *paucas pallabris* and 'Go by, Jeronimy, go to thy cold bed and warm thee' (*Taming of the Shrew*, Induction; *cp.* also *Lear*, III. iv. 48), as also with the taunt of Benedick by Don Pedro: 'In time the savage bull sustains the yoke' (*Much Ado*, I. i. 263).

Early editions: the discrepancies. Parallel with the performances, we can adduce the still more tangible evidence of its numerous prints as to the popularity of the play. I know at present of as many as twelve early editions, in altogether twenty-four extant copies, and it is quite likely that there are still more copies or even editions. They are as follows:—

- I. We know that the play was licensed on October 6, 1592, but the history of the earliest prints is not absolutely clear. Unfortunately the first impression, which seems to have been a pirated edition and abounded in 'gross faults,' was confiscated, and no copy seems to have come down to us.

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2. The oldest copy of the play now extant, or at least known, is thus the undated Quarto from the Garrick Collection in the British Museum. Its title runs :
THE | SPANISH TRAGE- | die, Containing the
lamentable | end of *Don Horatio*, and *Bel-imperia* : |
with the pittifull death of | olde *Hieronimo*. | Newly
corrected and amended of such grosse faults as |
passed in the first impression. | [Woodcut with
harvest emblems] AT LONDON | Printed by *Edward
Allde*, for | Edward White.

This copy, being the oldest and best, has been made the basis of the present edition. I denote it by Q.

3. The third print is the earliest with a date, 1594 ; it is also unique, and preserved in the University Library at Göttingen.
4. The next copy, also unique, and beautifully preserved, of the year 1599, is at Bridgewater House, in the possession of the Earl of Ellesmere. The copy is important as being the last print without the additions.
5. We have seen above that in 1601 and 1602 Ben Jonson was paid a large sum for additions in 'Jeronimo.' We consequently find six interpolations in all the later editions from 1602 onwards, namely, II. v. 46-98 ; III. ii. 65, etc. ; III. xi. 2-48 ; III. Scene xiiiA. ; IV. iv. 167-181 ; IV. iv. 193, etc. I think there is hardly any reasonable doubt that they are, in the main at least, identical with the work done by Ben Jonson for Henslowe. Of them, the so-called 'Painter's part' (in Scene xiiiA. of the Third Act) attained marked success ; it figures prominently on the title-pages of
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all the later editions ('enlarged with new additions of the Painter's part and others'), and it is indeed, with its high-strung passion and weird madness, one of the greatest scenes, if not the greatest, in the play. Coleridge thought it was done by Shakspeare.

The oldest copy with these additions is in the Bodleian, and unique; unfortunately the last leaves are wanting, IV. iv. 192 being its last line. It dates from 1602.

6. Thus the oldest copy extant with all the additions complete is one in the library of the Duke of Devonshire, which, like the British Museum, is especially rich in copies of Kyd plays. The imprint of this oldest copy at Chatsworth is dated 1602, the colophon 1603.

I have not been able to find out the whereabouts of another copy of this edition, once in the possession of Heber, 'wanting the title-page, and sheet F torn, with the autograph of Owen Feltham.'

7. A similar discrepancy in the year is shown in the imprint and colophon of the next edition, 1610-1611. I have come across three copies: in the British Museum, the Bodleian, and the Duke of Devonshire's library. A fourth copy must be extant, with the imprint cut off (see Hazlitt's *Bibl. Collections and Notes*, 3rd Series, p. 134).
8. Edition of 1615. British Museum and Duke of Devonshire. This starts another addition on the title-page: *The Spanish Tragedy: or Hieronimo is mad againe*; and has also the well-known woodcut for the first time.

9. Edition of 1618. Bodleian, Duke of Devonshire, Dyce Collection, Town Library at Danzig.
- 10 and 11. Editions of 1623, with different imprints; British Museum, Duke of Devonshire, Alfred Huth, Esq.
12. Edition of 1633. British Museum (two copies), Bodleian, Duke of Devonshire, Dyce Collection, Advocates' Library, Sion College (date torn off).

In modern times, *The Spanish Tragedy* has been reprinted in the four editions of Dodsley's *Collection*, in Hawkins's *Origin of the English Drama*, 1773, and in *The Ancient British Drama*, 1810.

The present edition follows throughout the oldest copies now extant, namely, the oldest Quarto in the British Museum for Kyd's part of the play, the Quarto of 1602 in the Bodleian, and the Duke of Devonshire's oldest Quarto for the additions. These latter, as well as the play within the play, have been printed in italics.

The Spanish Tragedy and Shakspeare. To describe the influence of *The Spanish Tragedy* on the contemporary drama would be an involved task. Owing to the scarcity and uncertainty of dates, the very opening would present formidable difficulties. Fortunately, we are on relatively firm ground with regard to the most important point, its influence on Shakspeare. That *The Spanish Tragedy* bears a great likeness both to Shakspeare's earliest work, *Titus Andronicus*, and to his deepest and greatest, *Hamlet*, has often been pointed out. In the case of *Hamlet*, these similarities, together with Nash's significant allusion, have led to the conclusion that Kyd

himself was the author of the earlier, now lost, play on the Danish Prince. It may be that he also wrote the *Titus and Vespasian*, which may have formed the basis of Shakspeare's earliest play, unless, indeed, Shakspeare here outbraved the pens of the hostile camp of Greene and his companions. At any rate, *The Spanish Tragedy* and *Titus Andronicus* are certainly birds of a feather, according to the verdict not only of our modern criticism, but of their own contemporaries. Note particularly the exceptional good-fortune of both plays on the Continent, in Germany and Holland; in the latter country, a *rifacimento* of both of them was even made by one and the same man, Adriaen van den Bergh.

I refrain here from pointing out similarities in detail; they are many and apparent, and have often been set forth. Generally speaking, I think we may go the length of saying that the greatest elements of the Shakspearean drama, great action and great characters, great scenes and great play of the passions, a mighty language and a mighty metre, are foreshadowed together, one and all, in no earlier drama so well as in *The Spanish Tragedy*.

If we further consider that *The Spanish Tragedy* belonged to Shakspeare's company, we are tolerably certain that personal relations, probably near and friendly ones, must have existed between the two men. Thus the fact gains significance that Shakspeare and Kyd are constantly mentioned together: by Meres in the *Palladis Tamia*; by Gullio in *The Return from Parnassus*, ed. Macray, p. 57; several times by Ben Jonson; and especially in the epicedium on Lady Branch. The two men may have been drawn together by the similarity of their outward circumstances, as both probably had had much the

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same sort of interrupted education, so that they stood together in contrast to the University men, and, in turn, were equally derided and scoffed at by Nash and Greene. Shakspeare, no doubt, acted in *The Spanish Tragedy*—which part? we wonder—as also Ben Jonson and Burbadge may have done. Shakspeare's quotations from *The Spanish Tragedy* I should interpret less as intentional making fun of the author than as perfectly good-humoured chaff—with equal aptitude he joked at Marlowe's 'pampered jades of Asia.' It would be tempting to draw further conclusions from the connection of the names Kyd, Shakspeare, Sidney, Sussex, Wriothoesley, Pembroke; but we must take care that we build up no 'baseless fabric of a vision.'

The Spanish Tragedy abroad. So much for the history and influence of *The Spanish Tragedy* in England. I have now to add that it was quite as popular abroad as in its home. The English comedians took it to the Continent, and we hear of various performances in German towns (*cp.* W. Creizenach, *Engl. Komoedianten*, p. xxxiii. *seq.*). Besides, the Nuremberg dramatist Ayser (died 1605), who has also treated the subject of Shakspeare's *Much Ado* and *Tempest*, wrote a 'Tragedia von dem Griegischen Keyser zu Constantinopel, und seiner Tochter Pelimperia, mit dem gehengten Horatio.' A later German version of *The Spanish Tragedy*, Kaspar Stieler's *Bellemerie*, Jena, 1680, is taken from an anonymous Dutch play; and we must now turn to Holland, where the story of Jeronimo's revenge gained, if anything, a yet stronger hold on the public. We first come across it in a place where we certainly should not expect to meet it, namely, in a Dutch translation of Ariosto's

Orlando Furioso, by Everaert Siceram, 1615; see Worp in the German *Shakespeare-Jahrbuch*, vol. xxix.-xxx. pp. 183-191. In 1621, a dramatic treatment appeared by Adriaen van den Bergh, the same man who, later on, wrote also a *Titus Andronicus* (see the *Nederlandsche Spectator*, 1875, p. 95, and 1886, p. 342).

This play was not reprinted; but an astonishing popularity was attained by a second anonymous play, *Don Jeronimo Marschalk van Spanje*. In Herrig's *Archiv*, xc. 193, I have given a survey of the copies of this play known to me at the time; and I have now much pleasure in announcing that Herr Rudolph Schönwerth, of Munich, is bringing forth a critical edition of the Dutch versions of *The Spanish Tragedy*. He has, for this purpose, made a systematic research, particularly in Dutch libraries; and thus, with his help, I am now able to give the following more complete list of editions of this anonymous play, fully one-third of which is due to the labours of Herr Schönwerth:—

1. Edition of 1638: The Hague, Utrecht, Liège, Haarlem, Paris.
2. 1644: The Hague, Haarlem, Paris.
3. *sine anno*: Leyden.
4. 1662: Dresden.
5. 1665: Amsterdam.
6. 1669: Amsterdam, Leyden, Munich, Bonn.
7. 1683: Amsterdam, Leyden, British Museum (two copies).
8. *sine anno* (1698?): Amsterdam, Leyden, British Museum.
9. 1729: The Hague, Amsterdam, Leyden, Berlin.

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This makes twenty-six copies, and if we add the four copies of Bergh's play (The Hague, Haarlem, British Museum, Paris), we get altogether thirty Dutch 'Jeronimos.'

General Criticism of *The Spanish Tragedy*. We see plenty of popularity was to follow the privy, broken passions of the poor famish'd follower of Seneca. We ask the question, did he deserve it? was it a sign of bad taste in our forefathers that they showed such partiality for this play? How shall we judge of it and of its author?

The latter question, I am afraid, will always have to be guarded by 'ifs and ands.' If the *First Part of Jeronimo* is by Kyd, we should think a good deal less of him; but if the early *Hamlet*, or *Soliman and Perseda* were done by him, this would raise him vastly in importance. We may leave *Cornelia* entirely out of account, although 'excellently well done,' and although its best eighteen lines grew in Kyd's head, and were not translated from Garnier. We should venture on too unsafe a footing were we to draw divers other plays into the discussion which have been guessed to be his, such as *The Rare Triumphs of Love and Fortune*, the pre-Shakspearean *Taming of a Shrew*, *Arden of Feversham*, the old *King Leir*—we might with equal show of probability add *Lochrine*, or the old *Richard III.*, or *A Knack to know a Knave*, and so on. As the case stands, we must principally judge Kyd by the merits of *The Spanish Tragedy*, and these are, in my opinion, by no means contemptible, especially in the light of historical, evolutionary criticism. We have here for the first time in the English language a living tragedy on a great scale, with a complicated plot developed with remarkable artistic insight. Mysterious

beings from the nether world strike the opening key upon which the play begins vigorous and imposing, emulating Seneca in massive rhetoric, and yet thoroughly English with its bustling life and the crowd of figures brought at once upon the stage. The action then swells on in bold outline, with risings and fallings, and a cleverly contrived retardation at the end of the third act. We have further a remarkable attempt at depicting character and the sway of the passions ; we can very well realise how a great actor in the character of Hieronimo moved his audience even to tears.

As regards the outward form and structural elements of *The Spanish Tragedy*, we may point to the Induction, the choruses at the end of the acts, the play within the play, the interesting hints as to an upper stage, the division into four acts, the almost defiant disregard of the unity of time and place, the mixture of the tragic and comic, a fair sprinkling of atrocious puns, the Italianising nomenclature, and last, not least, the use of blank verse interspersed with rhyme and prose. We thus perceive in how many points *The Spanish Tragedy* has become a prototype and regulating standard for the Elizabethan drama. If we add that here, for the first time, a successful fusion of classic and national elements has been brought about on a great scale, we shall not hesitate to say that Kyd's play represents a mighty intellectual and artistic effort for its time.

No doubt it had its great shortcomings. The perfect *Motivierung* of such a complex dramatic fable was beyond Kyd's power ; we may even laugh at his childish makeshifts to get out of difficulties and to reach his end in spite of all obstacles. The characters are, of course, not yet free from stiffness and woodenness ; the Kings and Viceroy are more

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like carved idols than living beings ; Lorenzo is an absolutely unmitigated villain ; even Bellimperia is occasionally most stiff and ludicrous, and not least when she spouts her Latin hexameters (which I, for one, do not understand). We may also easily make fun of the learned lady's-maid who talks of the Elysian fields (III. viii. 9); of the wonderfully mild Cerberus, who contents himself with 'honey'd speech' (I. i. 30)—less ferocious than his diminutive Cerberine ; and certainly of the uncanny figure of Revenge, who goes to sleep over the author's own play (III. xvi.), with a delightful *naïveté*: for if Revenge did not go to sleep, the Ghost of Andrea could not cry out his terrible 'Awake, Revenge, awake !'

Further, a good deal of depreciatory criticism has been evoked by the 'horrors' of *The Spanish Tragedy*. True, there are no less than two hanging-scenes in the play (II. iv. and III. vi.) ; and especially towards the end, madness, murders, suicides, and other horrors follow thick upon each other. But, nevertheless, I would rather like to say a word here in excuse of Kyd. We must not forget that we are in the midst of the Renaissance-Drama, and theory and practice favoured the view, especially in the birthplace of the Renaissance, in Italy, that *tragedy* meant *atrocitv*. *The Spanish Tragedy* stands just at the turning-point from the horrible to the terrible: the terrible, as represented most sublimely in *Hamlet*, *Othello*, *Lear* ; and the horrible, as illustrated practically by a *Titus Andronicus* or an *Orbecche*, and laid down theoretically as the fittest motive power for a tragedy by Scaliger: 'Res tragicae grandes, atroces, jussa regum, caedes, desperationes, suspendia, exilia, orbitates, parricidia, incestus, incendia, pugnae, occaecationes, fletus, ululatus, conquestiones, funera, epitaphia, epicedia.' *The*

Spanish Tragedy is merely a link in this development, and hardly goes beyond the average measure of horrors requisite for a 'tragedy of blood.'

Moreover, we must not overlook the fact that there are also a good many soft, tender, and insinuating passages in Kyd's play. Certainly such lines commend themselves to our ear as II. ii. 45, etc. :—

' Our hour shall be, when Vesper 'gins to rise,
That summons home distressful travellers :
There none shall hear us but the harmless birds ;
Haply the gentle nightingale
Shall carol us asleep, ere we be ware,
And, singing with the prickle at her breast,
Tell our delight and mirthful dalliance.'

So do the similar lines II. iv. 24 *sqq.*; however,

' *Desinit in piscem mulier formosa superne,*'

and the amorous warfare at once falls into the ludicrous. But again, poor, hopeless, hapless, wicked Balthazar's despairing words are not without a certain pathos (III. x. 106, etc.) :—

' Led by the loadstar of her heav'nly looks,
Wends poor, oppressed Balthazar,
As o'er the mountains walks the wanderer,
Uncertain to effect his pilgrimage.'

And, in the last scenes, suggestions of Elysian life steal most pleasantly upon our ear (IV. v. 21 *sqq.*) :—

' I'll lead my Bellimperia to those joys,
That vestal virgins and fair queens possess ;
I'll lead Hieronimo where Orpheus plays,
Adding sweet pleasure to eternal days.'

Why did he not end here altogether and polish off the Tartarus folk first of all? We might then leave *The Spanish Tragedy* with something like the wave of music which Homer's description of the 'Ἠλύσιον πεδίων leaves still ringing upon the ear and inward sense :—

'Ἀλλὰ σ' ἐς 'Ἠλύσιον πεδίων καὶ πείρατα γαίης
 'Ἀθάνατοι πέμψουσιν, ὅθι ξανθὸς 'Ραδάμανθους.
 Τῆ περ ῥήϊστη βιοτῆ πέλει ἀνθρώποισιν·
 Οὐ νιφετὸς, οὐτ' ἄρ χειμῶν πολλὸς οὔτε ποτ' ὄμβρος,
 'Ἄλλ' αἰεὶ Ζεφύροιο λυγυπνεύοντασ ἀήτας
 'Ὠκεανὸς ἀνίησιν, ἀναψύχειν ἀνθρώπους.

For the modern reader, however, it is probably less its own intrinsic worth at which he values the play, than its suggestiveness and promise of greater things to come. The play is like an enchanted garden, where lifeless, wooden puppets seem to wait for the magician who is to wake them into life. We know that the magician did come, and of old Jeronimo he made Hamlet and Lear, out of the love-rhymes of Horatio and Bellimperia he made the loveliest of all wooing-scenes in *Romeo and Juliet*, of the play within the play he made the most subtle awakener of conscience and the greatest glorification of the actor's art, and of the wooden and grotesque figure of Revenge he made the terrible goddess of his sublimest tragedies—Nemesis. Thus we have the great vista of another *Classische Walpurgisnacht* before us, and we cannot, I think, be accused of over-partiality, if we apply to *The Spanish Tragedy* Faust's words on the first uncouth creations of Greek genius :

'Im Widerwärt'gen grosse, tücht'ge Züge.'

Concluding remarks. To draw up a sketch of Kyd's life and works is a *periculosa plenum opus alea*. In its execution one cannot shake off the feeling that one is building, as it were, a house of cards. A few data with regard to his person, and a good many about his main work, enable us to build the central structure tolerably secure. But the nature of the task obliges us also to add wings and outbuildings, and they endanger the safety of the whole fabric to no small extent. We feel that a gust of wind might work tremendous havoc in this part of the building, and so damage the cards that they would defy any attempt at reconstruction.

Fortunately we need not give up all hope of strengthening our position, or even of enlarging our fabric on safe and firm ground. For instance, we have in a contemporary anthology, *England's Parnassus*, by Robert Allot, the following three quotations assigned to Thomas Kyd :

1. ' Time is a bonds slave to Eternity.'
2. ' Honour, indeed, and all things yield to death,
Vertue excepted, which alone survives,
And living toileth in an earthly gaol,
At last to be extoll'd in Heaven's high joys.'
3. ' It is an hell, in hateful vassalage,
Under a tyrant, to consume one's age,
A self-shav'n Dennis, or a Nero fell,
Whose cursed courts with blood and incest swell,
An owl, that flies the light of Parliaments
And state assemblies, jealous of th' intents
Of private tongues, who for a pastime sets
His peers at odds, and on their fury whets,
Who neither faith, honour; nor right respects.'

The Spanish Tragedy

PREFACE

Were any one so fortunate as to identify them in any anonymous play of the time, we should then have rescued another work of Kyd's, and gained a firmer basis for all further investigation. Of course, it is equally possible that one, or all, of these quotations may be merely stray wreckage from some hopelessly lost work. Thus, to indulge in a last flight of fancy, we might even suppose that the third of the quotations may be taken from the *Ur-Hamlet*, say from a chorus towards the end of the play, denouncing the tyrant Claudius, whose 'cursed court swells with blood and incest,' and who, 'for a pastime, whets on the fury of his peers'—Laertes and Hamlet. We might go on to say that the lines are sufficiently wretched to account for the ridicule cast upon this lost *Hamlet*, which would probably have been doomed to oblivion even without being eclipsed by its grand descendant. We might look at the metre, and, finding the lines all rhymed, argue for a comparatively high age of the play—in one word, we might set the see-saw of argument again in motion, and give it a good long swing too. But after all, is it not better to say: 'Claudite jam rivulos, pueri, sat prata biberunt'? For notwithstanding all the ingenuity expended on Kyd of late years, the ground on which we can put our foot with any firmness is still very small, and with regard to the most interesting questions we are at present forced to say—exactly as we do concerning the incomparably greater problems raised anew by Jupiter's fifth satellite—

Οὐ γὰρ ἔτι Τροίην ἀλρήσομεν εὐρυγύσιαν.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

Ghost of Andrea, a Spanish nobleman, } Chorus
Revenge, }

KING OF SPAIN
CYPRIAN DUKE OF CASTILE, his brother
LORENZO, the Duke's son
BELLIMPERIA, Lorenzo's sister
VICEROY OF PORTUGAL
BALHAZAR, his son
DON PEDRO, the Viceroy's brother
HIERONIMO, Marshal of Spain
ISABELLA, his wife
HORATIO, their son
Spanish General
Deputy
DON BAZULTO, an old man
Three Citizens
Portuguese Ambassador
ALEXANDRO, } Portuguese Noblemen
VILLUPFO, }

Two Portuguese
PEDRINGANO, Bellimperia's servant
CHRISTOPHIL, Bellimperia's custodian
Lorenzo's Page
CERBERINE, Balthazar's servant
Isabella's Maid
Messenger
Hangman
Three Kings and three Knights in the first Dumb-show
Hymen and two torch-bearers in the second
BAZARDO, a Painter
PEDRO and JACQUES, Hieronimo's servants
Army. Banquet. Royal suites. Noblemen. Halberdiers.
Officers. Three Watchmen. Trumpets. Servants, etc.
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THE SPANISH TRAGEDY

ACT I

SCENE I: INDUCTION

Enter the Ghost of Andrea, and with him Revenge.

Ghost. When this eternal substance of my soul —
Did live imprison'd in my wanton flesh, —
Each in their function serving other's need,
I was a courtier in the Spanish court :
My name was Don Andrea ; my descent,
Though not ignoble, yet inferior far
To gracious fortunes of my tender youth.
For there in prime and pride of all my years,
By duteous service and deserving love,
In secret I possess'd a worthy dame,
Which hight sweet Bellimperia by name. 10
But, in the harvest of my summer joys,
Death's winter nipp'd the blossoms of my bliss,
Forcing divorce betwixt my love and me.

For in the late conflict with Portingal
 My valour drew me into danger's mouth,
 Till life to death made passage through my wounds.
 When I was slain, my soul descended straight

To pass the flowing stream of Acheron ;

✓ But churlish Charon, only boatman there, 20
 Said that, my rites of burial not perform'd,

I might not sit amongst his passengers.

Ere Sol had slept three nights in Thetis' lap,

And slak'd his smoking chariot in her flood,

By Don Horatio, our knight marshal's son,

My funerals and obsequies were done.

Then was the ferryman of hell content

To pass me over to the slimy strand,

That leads to fell Avernus' ugly waves.

There, pleasing Cerberus with honey'd speech, 30

I pass'd the perils of the foremost porch.

Not far from hence, amidst ten thousand souls,

Sat Minos, Aeacus, and Rhadamanth ;

To whom no sooner 'gan I make approach,

To crave a passport for my wand'ring ghost,

✓ But Minos, in graven leaves of lottery,

Drew forth the manner of my life and death.

'This knight,' quoth he, 'both liv'd 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 Rhadamanth, 'it were not well;
With loving souls to place a martialist :
He died in war, and must to martial fields,
Where wounded Hector lives in lasting pain,
And Achilles' Myrmidons do scour the plain.'
Then Minos, mildest censor of the three, 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's court,
Through dreadful shades of ever-glooming night,
I saw more sights than thousand tongues can
tell,
Or pens can write, or mortal hearts can think.
Three ways there were: that on the right-hand
side
Was ready way unto the 'foresaid fields, 60
Where lovers live and bloody martialists ;
But either sort contain'd within his bounds.
The left-hand path, declining fearfully,
Was ready downfall to the deepest hell,
Where bloody Furies shakes their whips of steel,
And poor Ixion turns an endless wheel ;
Where usurers are chok'd with melting gold,
And wantons are embrac'd with ugly snakes,

And murd'ers groan with never-killing wounds,
 And perjur'd wights scalded in boiling lead, 70
 And all foul sins with torments overwhelm'd.
 'Twi'x these two ways I trod the middle path,
 Which brought me to the fair Elysian green,
 In midst whereof there stands a stately tower,
 The walls of brass, the gates of adamant :
 ✓ Here finding Pluto with his Proserpine,
 I show'd my passport, humbled on my knee ;
 Whereat fair Proserpine began to smile,
 And begg'd that only she might give my doom :
 Pluto was pleas'd, and seal'd it with a kiss. 80
 Forthwith, Revenge, she rounded thee in th' ear,
 And bad thee lead me through the gates of horn,
 Where dreams have passage in the silent night.
 No sooner had she spoke, but we were here—
 I wot not how—in twinkling of an eye.

Revenge. Then know, Andrea, that thou art arriv'd
 Where thou shalt see the author of thy death,
 Don Balthazar, the prince of Portingal,
 Depriv'd of life by Bellimperia.

Here sit we down to see the mystery, 90
 And serve for Chorus in this tragedy.

SCENE II

The Court of Spain.

Enter Spanish King, General, Castile, and Hieronimo.

King. Now say, lord General, how fares our camp?

Gen. All well, my sovereign liege, except some few
That are deceas'd by fortune of the war.

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

Gen. Victory, my liege, and that with little loss.

King. Our Portingals will pay us tribute then?

Gen. Tribute and wonted homage therewithal.

King. Then bless'd be heaven and guider of the
 heavens, 10

From whose fair influence such justice flows.

Cast. *O multum dilecte Deo, tibi militat aether,
Et conjuratae curvato poplite gentes
Succumbunt: recti soror est victoria juris.*

King. Thanks to my loving brother of Castile.
But, General, unfold in brief discourse
Your form of battle and your war's success,
That, adding all the pleasure of thy news
Unto the height of former happiness,

With deeper wage and greater dignity 20
 We may reward thy blissful chivalry.

Gen. Where Spain and Portingal do jointly knit
 Their frontiers, leaning on each other's bound,
 There met our armies in their proud array :
 Both furnish'd well, both full of hope and fear,
 Both menacing alike with daring shows,
 Both vaunting sundry colours of device,
 Both cheerly sounding trumpets, drums, and fifes,
 Both raising dreadful clamours to the sky,
 That valleys, hills, and rivers made rebound, 30
 And heav'n itself was frighted with the sound.
 Our battles both were pitch'd in squadron form,
 Each corner strongly fenc'd with wings of shot ;
 But ere we join'd and came to push of pike,
 I brought a squadron of our readiest shot
 From out our rearward, to begin the fight :
 They brought another wing t' encounter us.
 Meanwhile, our ordnance play'd on either side,
 And captains strove to have their valours tried.
 Don Pedro, their chief horsemen's colonel, 40
 Did with his cornet bravely make attempt
 To break the order of our battle ranks :
 But Don Rogero, worthy man of war,
 March'd forth against him with our musketeers,
 And stopp'd the malice of his fell approach.
 While they maintain hot skirmish to and fro,
 Both battles join, and fall to handy-blows,

The Spanish Tragedy

ACT I. SC. 2.

Their violent shot resembling th' ocean's rage,
When, roaring loud, and with a swelling tide,
It beats upon the rampiers of huge rocks, 50
And gapes to swallow neighbour-bounding lands.
Now while Bellona rageth here and there,
Thick storms of bullets ran like winter's hail,
And shiver'd lances dark the troubled air.

Pede pes et cuspidē cuspidis;

Arma sonant armis, vir petiturque viro.

On every side drop captains to the ground,
And soldiers, some ill-maim'd, some slain outright :
Here falls a body sunder'd from his head,
There legs and arms lie bleeding on the grass, 60
Mingled with weapons and unbowell'd steeds,
That scatt'ring overspread the purple plain.
In all this turmoil, three long hours and more,
The victory to neither part inclin'd ;
Till Don Andrea, with his brave lanciers,
In their main battle made so great a breach,
That, half dismay'd, the multitude retir'd :
But Balthazar, the Portingals' young prince,
Brought rescue, and encourag'd them to stay.
Here-hence the fight was eagerly renew'd, 70
And in that conflict was Andrea slain :
Brave man at arms, but weak to Balthazar.
Yet while the prince, insulting over him,
Breath'd out proud vaunts, sounding to our reproach,
Friendship and 'hardy valour, join'd in one,

Prick'd forth Horatio, our knight marshal's son,
 To challenge forth that prince in single fight.
 Not long between these twain the fight endur'd,
 But straight the prince was beaten from his horse,
 And forc'd to yield him prisoner to his foe. 80
 When he was taken, all the rest they fled,
 And our carbines pursu'd them to the death,
 Till, Phœbus waving to the western deep,
 Our trumpeters were charg'd to sound retreat.

King. Thanks, good lord General, for these good news ;
 And for some argument of more to come,
 Take this and wear it for thy sovereign's sake.

[*Gives him his chain.*]

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

Gen. No peace, my liege, but peace conditional,
 That if with homage tribute be well paid, 90
 The fury of your forces will be stay'd :
 And to this peace their viceroy hath subscrib'd,

[*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.
 But now, knight marshal, frolic with thy king,
 For 'tis thy son that wins this battle's prize.

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

King. Nor thou, nor he, shall die without reward. 100

[*A tucket afar off.*]

The Spanish Tragedy

ACT I. SC. 2.

What means the warning of this trumpet's sound?

Gen. This tells me that your grace's men of war,
Such as war's fortune hath reserv'd from death,
Come marching on towards your royal seat,
To show themselves before your majesty :
For so I gave in charge at my depart.
Whereby by demonstration shall appear,
That all, except three hundred or few more,
Are safe return'd, and by their foes enrich'd.

*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 Portingal,
That by our nephew was in triumph led?

Gen. It was, my liege, the prince of Portingal.

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

Hier. That was my son, my gracious sovereign ;
Of whom though from his tender infancy
My loving thoughts did never hope but well,
He never pleas'd his father's eyes till now,
Nor fill'd my heart with over-cloying 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,
 By virtue of thy worthy son's exploit. [*Enter again.*
 Bring hither the young prince of Portugal :
 The rest march on ; but, ere they be dismiss'd,
 We will bestow on every soldier
 Two ducats and on every leader ten, 130
 That they may know our largess welcomes them.

[*Exeunt all 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,
 Deserve but evil measure at our hands,
 Yet shalt thou know that Spain is honourable.

Bal. The trespass that my father made in peace
 Is now controll'd by fortune of the wars ;
 And cards once dealt, it boots not ask why so. 140
 His men are slain, a weak'ning to his realm ;
 His colours seiz'd, a blot unto his name ;
 His son distress'd, a cor'sive to his heart :
 These punishments may clear his late offence.

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

The Spanish Tragedy

ACT I. SC. 2.

Bal. And I shall study to deserve this grace.

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

Lor. To me, my liege.

Hor. To me, my sovereign.

Lor. This hand first took his courser by the reins.

Hor. But first my lance did put him from his horse.

Lor. I seiz'd his weapon, and enjoy'd it first.

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

King. Let go his arm, upon our privilege.

[*They let him go.*]

Say, worthy prince, to whether did'st thou yield ?

Bal. To him in courtesy, to this perforce : 161

He spake me fair, this other gave me strokes ;

He promis'd life, this other threaten'd death ;

He won my love, this other conquer'd me,

And, truth to say, I yield myself to both.

Hier. But that I know your grace for just and wise,

And might seem partial in this difference,

Enforc'd 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.

Will both abide the censure of my doom ?

Lor. I crave no better than your grace awards.

Hor. 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 :

His weapons and his horse are thy reward. 181

Horatio, thou did'st force him first to yield :

His ransom therefore is thy valour's fee ;

Appoint the sum, as you shall both agree.

But, nephew, thou shalt have the prince in guard,

For thine estate best fitteth such a guest :

Horatio's house were small for all his train.

Yet, in regard thy substance passeth his,

And that just guerdon may befall desert,

To him we yield the armour of the prince. 190

How likes Don Balthazar of this device ?

Bal. Right well, my liege, if this proviso were,

That Don Horatio bear us company,

Whom I admire and love for chivalry.

King. Horatio, leave him not that loves thee so.—

Now let us hence to see our soldiers paid,

And feast our prisoner as our friendly guest.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III

The Court of Portugal.

Enter Viceroy, Alexandro, Villuppo.

Vic. Is our ambassador despatch'd for Spain?

Alex. Two days, my liege, are past since his depart.

Vic. And tribute-payment gone along with him?

Alex. Ay, my good lord.

Vic. Then rest we here awhile in our unrest, ✓
 And feed our sorrows with some inward sighs ;
 For deepest cares break never into tears.
 But wherefore sit I in a regal throne?
 This better fits a wretch's endless moan.

[Falls to the ground.

Yet this is higher than my fortunes reach, 10
 And therefore better than my state deserves.
 Ay, ay, this earth, image of melancholy,
 Seeks him whom fates adjudge to misery.
 Here let me lie ; now am I at the lowest.

Qui jacet in terra, non habet unde cadat.

In me consumpsit vires fortuna nocendo: ✓

Nil superest ut jam possit obesse magis.

Yes, Fortune may bereave me of my crown :
 Here, take it now ;—let Fortune do her worst,
 She will not rob me of this sable weed : 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,
 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 ?
 O yes, complaining makes my grief seem less.
 My late ambition hath distain'd my faith ;
 My breach of faith occasion'd bloody wars ;
 Those bloody wars have spent my treasure ;
 And with my treasure my people's blood ;
 And with their blood, my joy and best belov'd,
 My best belov'd, my sweet and only son.
 O, wherefore went I not to war myself ?
 The cause was mine ; I might have died for both :
 My years were mellow, his but young and green ;
 My death were natural, but his was forc'd. 42

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

Vic. Survives ! ay, where ?

Alex. In Spain—a prisoner by mischance of war.

Vic. Then they have slain him for his father's fault.

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

Vic. They reckon no laws that meditate revenge.

The Spanish Tragedy

ACT I. SC. 3

Alex. His ransom's worth will stay from foul revenge.

Vic. No ; if he liv'd, the news would soon be here. 50

Alex. Nay, evil news fly faster still than good.

Vic. Tell me no more of news ; for he is dead.

Vil. My sovereign, pardon the author of ill news,
And I'll bewray the fortune of thy son.

Vic. Speak on, I'll guerdon thee, whate'er it be :
Mine ear is ready to receive ill news ;
My heart grown hard 'gainst mischief's battery.
Stand up, I say, and tell thy tale at large.

Vil. Then hear that truth which these mine eyes have
seen :

When both the armies were in battle join'd, 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,
Under the colour of a duteous friend
Discharg'd 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 liv'd, the day had sure been ours.

Alex. O wicked forgery ! O trait'rous miscreant !

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

Vil. I saw them drag it to the Spanish tents.

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

[*Takes the crown and puts it on again.*

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

Alex. Vouchsafe, dread sovereign, to hear me speak.

Vic. Away with him ; his sight is second hell.
 Keep him till we determine of his death : 90
 If Balthazar be dead, he shall not live.
 Villuppo, follow us for thy reward. [*Exit Viceroy.*

Vil. Thus have I with an envious, forged tale
 Deceiv'd the king, betray'd mine enemy,
 And hope for guerdon of my villany. [*Exit.*

SCENE IV

Enter Horatio and Bellimperia.

Bel. Signior Horatio, this is the place and hour,
 Wherein I must entreat thee to relate

The Spanish Tragedy

ACT I. SC. 4

The circumstance of Don Andrea's death,
Who, living, was my garland's sweetest flower,
And in his death hath buried my delights.

Hor. For love of him and service to yourself,
I will refuse this heavy doleful charge ;
Yet tears and sighs, I fear, will hinder me.
When both our armies were enjoin'd in fight,
Your worthy chevalier amidst the thickest, 10
For glorious cause still aiming at the fairest,
Was at the last by young Don Balthazar
Encounter'd hand to hand : their fight was long,
Their hearts were great, their clamours menacing,
Their strength alike, their strokes both dangerous.
But wrathful Nemesis, that wicked power,
Envyng at Andrea's praise and worth,
Cut short his life, to end his praise and worth.
She, she herself, disguis'd in armour's mask—
As Pallas was before proud Pergamus— 20
Brought in a fresh supply of halberdiers,
Which paunch'd his horse, and ding'd him to the
ground.

Then young Don Balthazar with ruthless rage,
Taking advantage of his foe's distress,
Did finish what his halberdiers begun,
And left not, till Andrea's life was done.
Then, though too late, incens'd with just remorse,
I with my band set forth against the prince,
And brought him prisoner from his halberdiers.

Bel. Would thou hadst slain him that so slew my love !
But then was Don Andrea's carcase lost ? 31

Hor. No, that was it for which I chiefly strove,
Nor stepp'd I back till I recover'd him :
I took him up, and wound him in mine arms ;
And wielding him unto my private tent,
There laid him down, and dew'd him with my tears,
And sigh'd and sorrow'd as became a friend.
But neither friendly sorrow, sighs, nor tears
Could win pale Death from his usurp'd right.
Yet this I did, and less I could not do : 40
I saw him honour'd with due funeral.
This scarf I pluck'd from off his lifeless arm,
And wear it in remembrance of my friend.

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

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

The Spanish Tragedy

ACT I. SC. 4.

Bel. Ay, go, Horatio, leave me here alone;
For solitude best fits my cheerless mood. [*Exit Hor.*
Yet what avails to wail Andrea's death, 60
From whence Horatio proves my second love?
Had he not lov'd Andrea as he did,
He could not sit in Bellimperia's thoughts.
But how can love find harbour in my breast,
Till I revenge the death of my belov'd?
Yes, second love shall further my revenge!
I'll love Horatio, my Andrea's friend,
The more to spite the prince that wrought his end,
And where Don Balthazar, that slew my love,
Himself now pleads for favour at my hands, 70
He shall, in rigour of my just disdain,
Reap long repentance for his murd'rous deed.
For what was 't else but murd'rous cowardice,
So many to oppress one valiant knight,
Without respect of honour in the fight?
And here he comes that murder'd my delight.

Enter Lorenzo and Balthazar.

Lor. Sister, what means this melancholy walk?

Bel. That for a while I wish no company.

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

Bel. That argues that he lives in liberty. 80

Bal. No, madam, but in pleasing servitude.

Bel. Your prison then, belike, is your conceit.

Bal. Ay, by conceit my freedom is enthralld.

Bel. Then with conceit enlarge yourself again.

Bal. What, if conceit have laid my heart to gage?

Bel. Pay that you borrow'd, and recover it.

Bal. I die, if it return from whence it lies.

Bel. A heartless man, and live? A miracle!

Bal. Ay, lady, love can work such miracles.

Lor. Tush, tush, my lord! let go these ambages, 90
And in plain terms acquaint her with your love.

Bel. What boots complaint, when there's no remedy?

Bal. Yes, to your gracious self must I complain,
In whose fair answer lies my remedy;
On whose perfection all my thoughts attend;
On whose aspect mine eyes find beauty's bower;
In whose translucent breast my heart is lodg'd.

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

*[She, in going in, lets fall her glove, which
Horatio, coming out, takes up.]*

Hor. Madam, your glove. 100

Bel. Thanks, good Horatio; take it for thy pains.

Bal. Signior Horatio stoop'd in happy time!

Hor. I reap'd more grace than I deserv'd or hop'd.

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

The Spanish Tragedy

ACT I. SC. 5

Hor. The king, my lords, is coming hither straight, 110
To feast the Portingal ambassador ;
Things were in readiness before I came.

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

SCENE V

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

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

Amb. Sad is our king, and Portingal laments,
Supposing that Don Balthazar is slain.

Bal. So am I !—slain by beauty's tyranny.
You see, my lord, how Balthazar is slain :
I frolic with the Duke of Castile's son,
Wrapp'd every hour in pleasures of the court,
And grac'd with favours of his majesty. 10

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

[Sit to the banquet.]

Sit down, young prince, you are our second guest ;
Brother, sit down ; and, nephew, take your place.
Signior Horatio, wait thou upon our cup ;
For well thou hast deserved to be honour'd.

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? 20
 He promis'd us, in honour of our guest,
 To grace our banquet with some pompous jest.

Enter Hieronimo with a drum, three knights, each his scutcheon; then he fetches three kings, they take their crowns and them captive.

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

Hier. The first arm'd knight, that hung his scutcheon up,
 [*He takes the scutcheon and gives it to the King.*
 Was English Robert, Earl of Gloucester,
 Who, when King Stephen bore sway in Albion,
 Arriv'd with five and twenty thousand men
 In Portingal, and by success of war
 Enforc'd the king, then but a Saracen, 30
 To bear the yoke of the English monarchy.

King. My lord of Portingal, 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 ?

Hier. The second knight, that hung his scutcheon up,
 [*He doth as he did before.*
 Was Edmond, Earl of Kent in Albion,
 When English Richard wore the diadem.

The Spanish Tragedy

ACT I. SC. 5

He came likewise, and razèd Lisbon walls,
And took the King of Portingal in fight ; 40
For which and other such-like service done
He after was created Duke of York.

King. This is another special argument,
That Portingal may deign to bear our yoke,
When it by little England hath been yok'd.
But now, Hieronimo, what were the last ?

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

Was, as the rest, a valiant Englishman,
Brave John of Gaunt, the Duke of Lancaster,
As by his scutcheon plainly may appear. 50
He with a puissant army came to Spain,
And took our King of Castile prisoner.

Amb. This is an argument for our viceroy
That Spain may not insult for her success,
Since English warriors likewise conquer'd Spain,
And made them bow their knees to Albion.

King. Hieronimo, I drink to thee for this device,
Which hath pleas'd both the ambassador and me :
Pledge me, Hieronimo, if thou love thy king.

[*Takes the cup of Horatio.*

My lord, I fear we sit but over-long, 60
Unless our dainties were more delicate ;
But welcome are you to the best we have.
Now let us in, that you may be despatch'd :
I think our council is already set. [*Exeunt omnes.*

SCENE VI

Ghost of Andrea, Revenge.

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

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

ACT II

SCENE I

Enter Lorenzo and Balthazar.

Lor. My lord, though Bellimperia seem thus coy,
Let reason hold you in your wonted joy :
In time the savage bull sustains the yoke,
In time all haggard hawks will stoop to lure,
In time small wedges cleave the hardest oak,
In time the flint is pierc'd with softest shower,
And she in time will fall from her disdain,
And rue the suff'rance of your friendly pain.

Bal. No, she is wilder, and more hard withal,
Than beast, or bird, or tree, or stony wall. 10
But wherefore blot I Bellimperia's name?
It is my fault, not she, that merits blame.
My feature is not to content her sight,
My words are rude, and work her no delight.
The lines I send her are but harsh and ill,
Such as do drop from Pan and Marsyas' quill.
My presents are not of sufficient cost,
And being worthless, all my labour's lost.
Yet might she love me for my valiancy :

Ay, but that's slander'd by captivity. 20

Yet might she love me to content her sire :

Ay, but her reason masters his desire.

Yet might she love me as her brother's friend :

Ay, but her hopes aim at some other end.

Yet might she love me to uprear her state :

Ay, but perhaps she hopes some nobler mate.

Yet might she love me as her beauty's thrall :

Ay, but I fear she cannot love at all.

Lor. My lord, for my sake leave this ecstasy,
And doubt not but we'll find some remedy. 30

Some cause there is that lets you not be lov'd ;

First that must needs be known, and then remov'd.

What, if my sister love some other knight ?

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

Lor. I have already found a stratagem,
To sound the bottom of this doubtful theme.
My lord, for once you shall be rul'd 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 !

Ped. *Signior !*

Lor. *Vien qui presto.*

Enter Pedringano.

Ped. Hath your lordship any service to command me ?

Lor. Ay, Pedringano, service of import ;

The Spanish Tragedy

ACT II. SC. 1.

And—not to spend the time in trifling words—
Thus stands the case : It is not long, thou know'st,
Since I did shield thee from my father's wrath,
For thy conveyance in Andrea's love,
For which thou wert adjudg'd to punishment : 50
I stood betwixt thee and thy punishment,
And since, thou know'st how I have favour'd thee.
Now to these favours will I add reward,
Not with fair words, but store of golden coin,
And lands and living join'd with dignities,
If thou but satisfy my just demand :
Tell truth, and have me for thy lasting friend.

Ped. Whate'er it be your lordship shall demand,
My bounden duty bids me tell the truth,
If case it lie in me to tell the truth. 60

Lor. Then, Pedringano, this is my demand :
Whom loves my sister Bellimperia ?
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 ?

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

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

And fear shall force what friendship cannot win : 70
Thy death shall bury what thy life conceals ;
Thou diest for more esteeming her than me.

Ped. O, stay, my lord.

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

Ped. If madam Bellimperia be in love—

Lor. What, villain ! ifs and ands ?

Ped. O, stay, my lord, she loves Horatio. 80

[Balthazar starts back.]

Lor. What, Don Horatio, our knight marshal's son ?

Ped. Even him, my lord.

Lor. 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.

Ped. She sent him letters, which myself perus'd,
Full-fraught with lines and arguments of love,
Preferring him before Prince Balthazar.

Lor. Swear on this cross that what thou say'st is true ;
And that thou wilt conceal what thou hast told. 90

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

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

Ped. What I have said is true, and shall—for me—
Be still conceal'd from Bellimperia.
Besides, your honour's liberality
Deserves my duteous service, ev'n till death.

The Spanish Tragedy

ACT II. SC. 1.

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

Ped. I will, my lord.

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

[*Exit Pedringano.*]

Why so : *tam armis quam ingenio* :

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

Bal. Both well and ill ; it makes me glad and sad :
Glad, that I know the hind'rer of my love ;
Sad, that I fear she hates me whom I love.
Glad, that I know on whom to be reveng'd ;
Sad, that she'll fly me, if I take revenge.
Yet must I take revenge, or die myself,
For love resisted grows impatient.
I think Horatio be my destin'd plague : 120
First, in his hand he brandishèd a sword,
And with that sword he fiercely wagèd war,
And in that war he gave me dang'rous wounds,
And by those wounds he forcèd 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,
 Which sweet conceits are lim'd with sly deceits,
 Which sly deceits smooth Bellimperia's ears,
 And through her ears dive down into her heart, 130
 And in her heart set him, where I should stand.
 Thus hath he ta'en my body by his force,
 And now by sleight would captivate my soul :
 But in his fall I 'll tempt the destinies,
 And either lose my life, or win my love.

Lor. Let's go, my lord ; your staying stays revenge.
 Do you but follow me, and gain your love :
 Her favour must be won by his remove. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II

Enter Horatio and Bellimperia.

Hor. Now, madam, since by favour of your love
 Our hidden smoke is turn'd to open flame,
 And that with looks and words we feed our thought
 (Two chief contents, where more cannot be had) :
 Thus, in the midst of love's fair blandishments,
 Why show you sign of inward languishments ?

*[Pedringano showeth all to the Prince and
 Lorenzo, placing them in secret.]*

Bel. My heart, sweet friend, is like a ship at sea :
 She wisheth port, where, riding all at ease,
 She may repair what stormy times have worn,

The Spanish Tragedy

ACT II. SC. 2.

And leaning on the shore, may sing with joy, 10
That pleasure follows pain, and bliss annoy.
Possession of thy love is th' only port,
Wherein my heart, with fears and hopes long
toss'd,

Each hour doth wish and long to make resort,
There to repair the joys that it hath lost,
And, sitting safe, to sing in Cupid's quire
That sweetest bliss is crown of love's desire.

[*Balthazar and Lorenzo above.*]

Bal. O sleep, mine eyes, see not my love profan'd ;
Be deaf, my ears, hear not my discontent ;
Die, heart : another joys what thou deserv'st. 20

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

Bel. Why stands Horatio speechless all this while ?

Hor. The less I speak, the more I meditate.

Bel. But whereon dost thou chiefly meditate ?

Hor. On dangers past, and pleasures to ensue.

Bal. On pleasures past, and dangers to ensue.

Bel. What dangers and what pleasures dost thou mean ?

Hor. Dangers of war, and pleasures of our love. 30

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

Bel. 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 ;

Write loving lines, I'll answer loving lines ;

Give me a kiss, I'll countercheck thy kiss :

Be this our warring peace, or peaceful war.

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

Bal. Ambitious villain, how his boldness grows !

Bel. Then be thy father's pleasant bow'r the field,
Where first we vow'd a mutual amity ;

The court were dangerous, that place is safe.

Our hour shall be, when Vesper 'gins to rise,

That summons home distressful travellers :

There none shall hear us but the harmless birds ;

Haply the gentle nightingale

Shall carol us asleep, ere we be ware,

And, singing with the prickle at her breast, 50

Tell our delight and mirthful dalliance :

Till then each hour will seem a year and more.

Hor. But, honey sweet and honourable love,

Return we now into your father's sight :

Dang'rous suspicion waits on our delight.

Lor. Ay, danger mixed with jealous despite

Shall send thy soul into eternal night. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III

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

King. Brother of Castile, to the prince's love
What says your daughter Bellimperia ?

Cyp. Although she coy it, as becomes her kind,
And yet dissemble that she loves the prince,
I doubt not, I, but she will stoop in time.
And were she froward, which she will not be,
Yet herein shall she follow my advice,
Which is to love him, or forgo my love.

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

Amb. 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,
 In celebration of the nuptial day ;
 And let himself determine of the time.

Amb. Will't please your grace command me ought beside?

King. Commend me to the king, and so farewell.

But where's Prince Balthazar to take his leave? 30

Amb. That is perform'd already, my good lord.

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

Amb. Between us there's a price already pitch'd,
 And shall be sent with all convenient speed.

King. Then once again farewell, my lord.

Amb. Farewell, my lord of Castile, and the rest. [*Exit.*]

King. Now, brother, you must take some little pains 41
 To win fair Bellimperia from her will :
 Young virgins must be rulèd by their friends.
 The prince is amiable, and loves her well ;
 If she neglect him and forgo his love,
 She both will wrong her own estate and ours.
 Therefore, whiles I do entertain the prince
 With greatest pleasure that our court affords,
 Endeavour you to win your daughter's thought :
 If she give back, all this will come to naught. 50

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV

Enter Horatio, Bellimperia, and Pedringano.

Hor. Now that the night begins with sable wings
To overcloud the brightness of the sun,
And that in darkness pleasures may be done :
Come, Bellimperia, let us to the bow'r,
And there in safety pass a pleasant hour.

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

Hor. Why, make you doubt of Pedringano's faith?

Bel. No, he is as trusty as my second self.—
Go, Pedringano, watch without the gate, 10
And let us know if any make approach.

Ped. [*Aside*]. Instead of watching, I'll deserve more gold
By fetching Don Lorenzo to this match.

[Exit Pedringano.]

Hor. What means my love?

Bel. I know not what myself ;
And yet my heart foretells me some mischance.

Hor. Sweet, say not so ; fair fortune is our friend,
And heav'ns have shut up day to pleasure us.
The stars, thou see'st, hold back their twinkling shine,
And Luna hides herself to pleasure us.

Bel. Thou hast prevail'd ; 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.

Hor. The more thou sitt'st within these leafy bowers,
 The more will Flora deck it with her flowers.

Bel. Ay, but if Flora spy Horatio here,
 Her jealous eye will think I sit too near.

Hor. Hark, madam, how the birds record by night,
 For joy that Bellimperia sits in sight.

Bel. No, Cupid counterfeits the nightingale, 30
 To frame sweet music to Horatio's tale.

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

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

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

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

Hor. But first my looks shall combat against thine.

Bel. Then ward thyself : I dart this kiss at thee. 40

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

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

Hor. Nay, then my arms are large and strong withal :
 Thus elms by vines are compass'd, till they fall.

Bel. O, let me go ; for in my troubled eyes
 Now may'st thou read that life in passion dies.

The Spanish Tragedy

ACT II. SC. 5.

Hor. O, stay a while, and I will die with thee ;
So shalt thou yield, and yet have conquer'd me.

Bel. Who's there? Pedringano ! we are betray'd ! 50

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

Lor. 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.

Hor. What, will you murder me ?

Lor. Ay, thus, and thus : these are the fruits of love.
[They stab him.

Bel. O, save his life, and let me die for him !
O, save him, brother ; save him, Balthazar :
I lov'd Horatio ; but he lov'd not me.

Bal. But Balthazar loves Bellimperia.

Lor. Although his life were still ambitious-proud,
Yet is he at the highest now he is dead. 60

Bel. Murder ! murder ! Help, Hieronimo, help !

Lor. Come, stop her mouth ; away with her.
[Exeunt.

SCENE V

Enter Hieronimo in his shirt, etc.

Hier. 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.
 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 murd'rous spectacle is this?
 A man hang'd up and all the murd'ers 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 whilom was my son!
 O, was it thou that call'dst 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 dishonour'd here,
 For me, amidst these dark and deathful shades,
 To drown thee with an ocean of my tears?
 O heav'ns, why made you night to cover sin?
 By day this deed of darkness had not been.
 O earth, why didst thou not in time devour
 The vild profaner of this sacred bow'r?
 O poor Horatio, what hadst thou misdone,
 To leese thy life, ere life was new begun?

The Spanish Tragedy

ACT II. SC. 5.

O wicked butcher, whatsoe'er thou wert, 30
How could thou strangle virtue and desert?
Ay me most wretched, that have lost my joy,
In leasing my Horatio, my sweet boy !

Enter Isabella.

Isab. My husband's absence makes my heart to throb:—
Hieronimo !

Hier. Here, Isabella, help me to lament ;
For sighs are stopp'd, and all my tears are spent.

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

Hier. To know the author were some ease of grief ; 40
For in revenge my heart would find relief.

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

[Ay me, Hieronimo, sweet husband, speak !

Hier. *He suppd with us to-night, frolic 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 : 50
He may be in his chamber ; some go see.
Roderigo, ho !*

Enter Pedro and Jaques.

Isab. *Ay me, he raves ! sweet Hieronimo.*

Hier. *True, all Spain takes note of it.*

Besides, he is so generally below'd;

His majesty the other day did grace him

With waiting on his cup: these be favours,

Which do assure me he cannot be short-liv'd.

Isab. *Sweet Hieronimo!*

Hier. *I wonder how this fellow got his clothes!—* 60

Sirrah, sirrah, I'll know the truth of all:

Jaques, run to the Duke of Castile's presently,

And bid my son Horatio to come home:

I and his mother have had strange dreams to-night.

Do ye hear me, sir?

Jaques.

Ay, sir.

Hier.

Well, sir, be gone.

Pedro, come hither; know'st thou who this is?

Ped. *Too well, sir.*

Hier. *Too well! who, who is it? Peace, Isabella!*

Nay, blush not, man.

Ped.

It is my lord Horatio.

Hier. *Ha, ha, St. James! but this doth make me laugh,*

That there are more deluded than myself. 70

Ped. *Deluded?*

Hier.

Ay:

I would have sworn myself, within this hour,

That this had been my son Horatio:

His garments are so like.

Ha! are they not great persuasions?

Isab. *O, would to God it were not so!*

The Spanish Tragedy

ACT II. SC. 5.

Hier. *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
On one so pure and spotless as our son? 80
Away, I am ashamed.*

Isab. *Dear Hieronimo,
Cast a more serious eye upon thy grief:
Weak apprehension gives but weak belief.*

Hier. *It was a man, sure, that was hang'd up here;
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,
Drop all your stings at once in my cold bosom, 90
That now is stiff with horror: kill me quickly!
Be gracious to me, thou infective night,
And drop this deed of murder down on me;
Gird in my waste of grief with thy large darkness,
And let me not survive to see the light
May put me in the mind I had a son.*

Isab. *O sweet Horatio! O my dearest son!*

Hier. *How strangely had I lost my way to grief!
Sweet, lovely rose, ill-pluck'd before thy time,
Fair, worthy son, not conquer'd, but betray'd, 100
I'll kiss thee now, for words with tears are stay'd.*

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

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

Isab. The heav'ns are just ; murder cannot be hid : 110
 Time is the author both of truth and right,
 And time will bring this treachery to light.

Hier. Meanwhile, good Isabella, cease thy plaints,
 Or, at the least, dissemble them awhile :
 So shall we sooner find the 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 cursèd place.
 I'll say his dirge ; singing fits not this case.

O aliquis mihi quas pulchrum ver educat herbas, 120
 [Hieronimo sets his breast unto his sword.]

Misceat, & nostro detur medicina dolori ;
Aut, si qui faciunt annorum oblivia, succos
Praebeat ; ipse metam magnum quaecunque per
orbem

Gramina Sol pulchras effert in luminis oras ;
Ipse bibam quicquid meditatur saga veneni,
Quicquid & herbarum vi caeca nenia nectit :
Omnia perpetiar, lethum quoque, dum semel omnis

*Noster in extincto moriatur pectore sensus.—
Ergo tuos oculos nunquam, mea vita, videbo,
Et tua perpetuus sepelivit lumina somnus? 130
Emoriar tecum : sic, sic jureat ire sub umbras.—
Attamen absistam properato cedere letho,
Ne mortem vindicta tuam tam nulla sequatur.*

[Here he throws it from him and bears
the body away.]

SCENE VI

Ghost of Andrea, Revenge.

Andrea. Brought'st thou me hither to increase my pain?
I look'd that Balthazar should have been slain :
But 'tis my friend Horatio that is slain,
And they abuse fair Bellimperia,
On whom I doted more than all the world,
Because she lov'd me more than all the world.

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, 10
I'll show thee Balthazar in heavy case.

ACT III

SCENE I

The Court of Portugal.

Enter Viceroy of Portingal, Nobles, Alexandro, Villuppo.

Vic. Infortunate condition of kings,
Seated amidst so many helpless doubts !
First we are plac'd upon extremest height,
And oft supplanted with exceeding hate,
But ever subject to the wheel of chance ;
And at our highest never joy we so,
As we both doubt and dread our overthrow.
So striveth not the waves with sundry winds,
As fortune toileth in the affairs of kings,
That would be fear'd, yet fear to be belov'd, 10
Sith fear or love to kings is flattery.
For instance, lordings, look upon your king,
By hate deprivèd of his dearest son,
The only hope of our successive line.

Nob. I had not thought that Alexandro's heart

Had been envenom'd with such extreme hate ;
 But now I see that words have several works,
 And there's no credit in the countenance.

Vil. No ; for, my lord, had you beheld the train,
 That feignèd love had colour'd in his looks, 20
 When he in camp consorted Balthazar,
 Far more inconstant had you thought the sun,
 That hourly coasts the centre of the earth,
 Than Alexandro's purpose to the prince.

Vic. No more, Villuppo, thou hast said enough,
 And with thy words thou slay'st our wounded
 thoughts.

Nor shall I longer dally with the world,
 Procrastinating Alexandro's death :
 Go some of you, and fetch the traitor forth,
 That, as he is condemnèd, he may die. 30

Enter Alexandro, with a Nobleman and halberts.

Nob. In such extremes will nought but patience serve.

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

Nob. Yet hope the best.

Alex. 'Tis heaven is my hope :
 As for the earth, it is too much infect
 To yield me hope of any of her mould.

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

Alex. 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 heav'ns have known my secret
 thoughts,
 So am I free from this suggestion.

Vic. 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 unquenchèd fires
 Of Phlegethon, preparèd for his soul. 50

Alex. My guiltless death will be aveng'd on thee,
 On thee, Villuppo, that hath malic'd thus,
 Or for thy meed hast falsely me accus'd.

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

Enter Ambassador.

Amb. Stay, hold a while ;
 And here—with pardon of his majesty—
 Lay hands upon Villuppo.

Vic. Ambassador, 60
 What news hath urg'd this sudden enterance ?

The Spanish Tragedy

ACT III. SC. 2.

Amb. Know, sovereign lord, that Balthazar doth live.

Vic. What say'st thou? liveth Balthazar our son?

Amb. Your highness' son, Lord Balthazar, doth live ;

And, well entreated in the court of Spain,

Humbly commends him to your majesty.

These eyes beheld—and these my followers— ;

With these, the letters of the king's commends

[Gives him letters.

Are happy witnesses of his highness' health.

[The King looks on the letters, and proceeds.

Vic. ' Thy son doth live, your tribute is receiv'd ; 70

Thy peace is made, and we are satisfied.

The rest resolve upon as things propos'd

For both our honours and thy benefit.'

Amb. These are his highness' farther articles.

[He gives him more letters.

Vic. Accursèd wretch, to intimate these ill

Against the life and reputation

Of noble Alexandro ! Come, my lord, unbind
him :

Let him unbind thee, that is bound to death,

To make a quital for thy discontent.

[They unbind him.

Alex. Dread lord, in kindness you could do no less, 80

Upon report of such a damnèd fact ;

But thus we see our innocence hath sav'd

The hopeless life which thou, Villuppo, sought

By thy suggestions to have massacred.

Vic. Say, false Villuppo, wherefore didst thou thus
 Falsely betray Lord Alexandro's life?
 Him, whom thou know'st that no unkindness else,
 But ev'n the slaughter of our dearest son,
 Could once have mov'd us to have misconceiv'd.

Alex. Say, treacherous Villuppo, tell the king : 90
 Wherein hath Alexandro us'd thee ill?

Vil. 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 preferr'd,
 Thus have I shamelessly hazarded his life.

Vic. Which, villain, shall be ransom'd with thy death— :
 And not so mean a torment as we here
 Devis'd for him who, thou said'st, slew our son,
 But with the bitt'rest torments and extremes 100
 That may be yet invented for thine end.

[*Alexandro seems to entreat.*

Entreat me not ; go, take the traitor hence :

[*Exit Villuppo.*

And, Alexandro, let us honour thee
 With public notice of thy loyalty.—
 To end those things articulated here
 By our great lord, the mighty King of Spain,
 We with our council will deliberate.
 Come, Alexandro, keep us company. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II*Enter Hieronimo.*

Hier. O eyes! no eyes, but fountains fraught with
tears;

O life! no life, but lively form of death;
O world! no world, but mass of public wrongs,
Confus'd and fill'd with murder and misdeeds!
O sacred heav'ns! if this unhallow'd deed,
If this inhuman and barbarous attempt,
If this incomparable murder thus
Of mine, but now no more my son,
Shall unreveal'd and unrevengèd 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 wakes my vexèd soul,
And with the wounds of my distressful son
Solicits me for notice of his death.
The ugly fiends do sally forth of hell,
And frame my steps to unfrequented paths,
And fear my heart with fierce inflamèd 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, heav'ns, hell, night, and day,
 See, search, shew, 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.*

'For want of ink, receive this bloody writ:
 Me hath my hapless brother hid from thee;
 Revenge thyself on Balthazar and him:
 For these were they that murderèd thy son.
 Hieronimo, revenge Horatio's death, 30

And better fare than Bellimperia doth.'
 What means this unexpected miracle?
 My son slain by Lorenzo and the prince!
 What cause had they Horatio to malign?
 Or what might move thee, Bellimperia,
 To accuse thy brother, had he been the mean?
 Hieronimo, beware!—thou art betray'd,
 And to entrap thy life this train is laid.
 Advise thee therefore, be not credulous:

This is devisèd to endanger thee, 40
 That thou, by this, Lorenzo shouldst accuse;
 And he, for thy dishonour done, should draw
 Thy life in question and thy name in hate.
 Dear was the life of my belovèd son,
 And of his death behoves me be reveng'd:
 Then hazard not thine own, Hieronimo,
 But live t' effect thy resolution.

I therefore will by circumstances try,
What I can gather to confirm this writ ;
And, heark'ning near the Duke of Castile's house, 50
Close, if I can, with Bellimperia,
To listen more, but nothing to bewray.

Enter Pedringano.

Now, Pedringano !

Ped. Now, Hieronimo !

Hier. Where's thy lady ?

Ped. I know not ; here's my ord.

Enter Lorenzo.

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

Hier. My lord——

Ped. He asketh for my lady Bellimperia.

Lor. What to do, Hieronimo ? The duke, my father,
hath,

Upon some disgrace, awhile remov'd her hence ;

But if it be ought I may inform her of,

Tell me, Hieronimo, and I'll let her know it. 60

Hier. 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.

Lor. Why so, Hieronimo ? use me.

Hier. O no, my lord ; I dare not ; it must not be ;
I humbly thank your lordship.¹

Lor. Why then, farewell.

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

Lor. Come hither, Pedringano, see'st thou this ?

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

Lor. This is that damnèd villain Serberine, 70
That hath, I fear, reveal'd Horatio's death.

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

Lor. Admit he have not, his condition's such,
As fear or flatt'ring words may make him false.
I know his humour, and therewith repent
That e'er I us'd him in this enterprise.

¹ Line 65 and first part of 66 (O no . . . lordship) are replaced, in all the Qq. from 1602 onwards, by the following lines :

Hier. *Who ? you, my lord ?*

I reserve your favour for a greater honour ;

This is a very toy, my lord, a toy.

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

Hier. *I'faith, my lord, it is an idle thing ;*

I must confess I ha' been too slack, too tardy,

Too remiss unto your honour.

Lor.

How now, Hieronimo ?

Hier. *In troth, my lord, it is a thing of nothing :*

The murder of a son, or so—

A thing of nothing, my lord !

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 devis'd :
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 :
For die he must, if we do mean to live.

Ped. But how shall Serberine be there, my lord ?

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

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

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

Che le Ieron !

Enter Page.

Page. My lord ?

Lor. Go, sirrah,
To Serberine, and bid him forthwith meet
The prince and me at Saint Luigi's Park,
Behind the house ; this evening, boy !

Page. I go, my lord.

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

Page. I fly, my lord. *[Exit.*

Lor. Now to confirm the complot thou hast cast 100
Of all these practices, I'll spread the watch,
Upon precise commandment from the king,
Strongly to guard the place where Pedringano
This night shall murder hapless Serberine.
Thus must we work that will avoid distrust ;
Thus must we practise to prevent mishap,
And thus one ill another must expulse.
This sly enquiry of Hieronimo
For Bellimperia 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 endangerèd,
To save my life, for coin shall venture theirs ;
And better it's that base companions die,
Than by their life to hazard our good haps.
Nor shall they live, for me to fear their faith :
I'll trust myself, myself shall be my friend ;
For die they shall, slaves are ordain'd to no other
end. *[Exit.*

SCENE III

Enter Pedringano, with a pistol.

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

Enter the Watch.

1. I wonder much to what intent it is
 That we are thus expressly charg'd to watch.
2. 'Tis by commandment in the king's own name.
3. But we were never wont to watch and ward 20
 So near the duke, his brother's, house before.
2. Content yourself, stand close, there's somewhat in't.

Enter Serberine.

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

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

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

Ped. For this, Serberine !—and thou shalt ha't.

[Shoots the dog.

So, there he lies ; my promise is perform'd.

The Watch.

1. Hark, gentlemen, this is a pistol shot.
2. And here's one slain ;—stay the murderer.

Ped. Now by the sorrows of the souls in hell,

[He strives with the watch.

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

3. Sirrah, confess, and therein play the priest,
Why hast thou thus unkindly kill'd the man ?

Ped. Why ? because he walk'd abroad so late. 40

3. Come, sir, you had been better kept your bed,
Than have committed this misdeed so late.
2. Come, to the marshal's with the murderer !

I. On to Hieronimo's ! help me here
To bring the murder'd body with us too.

Ped. 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.*

SCENE IV

Enter Lorenzo and Balthazar.

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

Lor. Fear of preventing our mishaps too late.

Bal. What mischief is it that we not mistrust ?

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

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

Lor. Nor you, nor me, my lord, but both in one :
For I suspect—and the presumption's great—
That by those base confed'rates in our fault 10
Touching the death of Don Horatio,
We are betray'd to old Hieronimo.

Bal. Betray'd, Lorenzo? tush ! it cannot be.

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

Enter Page.

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

Page. My lord, Serberine is slain.

Bal. Who? Serberine, my man? 20

Page. Your highness' man, my lord.

Lor. Speak, page, who murder'd him?

Page. He that is apprehended for the fact.

Lor. Who?

Page. Pedringano.

Bal. Is Serberine slain, that lov'd his lord so well?

Injurious villain, murd'rer of his friend!

Lor. Hath Pedringano murder'd Serberine?

My lord, let me entreat you to take the pains

To exasperate and hasten his revenge

With your complaints unto my lord the king.

This their dissension breeds a greater doubt. 30

Bal. Assure thee, Don Lorenzo, he shall die,

Or else his highness hardly shall deny.

Meanwhile I'll haste the marshal-sessions:

For die he shall for this his damnèd deed.

[Exit Balthasar.]

Lor. Why so, this fits our former policy,

And thus experience bids the wise to deal.

I lay the plot: he prosecutes the point;

I set the trap: he breaks the worthless twigs,

And sees not that wherewith the bird was lim'd.
 Thus hopeful men, that mean to hold their own, 40
 Must look like fowlers to their dearest friends.
 He runs to kill whom I have holp to catch,
 And no man knows it was my reaching fetch.
 'Tis hard to trust unto a multitude,
 Or any one, in mine opinion,
 When men themselves their secrets will reveal.

Enter a Messenger with a letter.

Boy—

Page. My lord?

Lor. What's he?

Mes. I have a letter to your lordship.

Lor. From whence?

Mes. From Pedringano that's imprison'd.

Lor. So he is in prison then?

Mes. Ay, my good lord. 50

Lor. What would he with us?—He writes us here,
 To stand good lord, and help him in distress.—
 Tell him I have his letters, know his mind;
 And what we may, let him assure him of.
 Fellow, begone: my boy shall follow thee.

[Exit Messenger.]

This works like wax; yet once more try thy wits.
 Boy, go, convey this purse to Pedringano;
 Thou know'st the prison, closely give it him,
 And be advis'd that none be there about:

Bid him be merry still, but secret ; 60
 And though the marshal-sessions be to-day,
 Bid him not doubt of his delivery.
 Tell him his pardon is already sign'd,
 And thereon bid him boldly be resolv'd :
 For, were he ready to be turnèd off—
 As 'tis my will the uttermost be tried—
 Thou with his pardon shalt attend him still.
 Show him this box, tell him his pardon's in't ;
 But open 't not, and if thou lov'st thy life ;
 But let him wisely keep his hopes unknown : 70
 He shall not want while Don Lorenzo lives.
 Away !

Page. I go, my lord, I run.

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

[*Exit Page.*]

Now stands our fortune on a tickle point,
 And now or never ends Lorenzo's doubts.
 One only thing is uneffected yet,
 And that's to see the executioner.
 But to what end ? I list not trust the air
 With utterance of our pretence therein,
 For fear the privy whisp'ring of the wind 80
 Convey our words amongst unfriendly ears,
 That lie too open to advantages.
E quel che voglio io, nessun lo sa ;
Intendo io : quel mi basterà. [Exit.

SCENE V

Enter Boy, with the box.

Boy. My master hath forbidden me to look in this box ; and, by my troth, 'tis likely, if he had not warned me, I should not have had so much idle time ; for we men's-kind, in our minority, are like women in their uncertainty : that they are most forbidden, they will soonest attempt : so I now.—By my bare honesty, here's nothing but the bare empty box : were it not sin against secrecy, I would say it were a piece of gentlemanlike knavery. I must go to Pedringano, and tell him his pardon is in this box ; nay, I would have sworn it, had I not seen the contrary.—I cannot choose but smile to think how the villain will flout the gallows, scorn the audience, and descant on the hangman, and all presuming of his pardon from hence. 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 would say : 'Mock on, here's thy warrant.' Is't not a scurvy jest that a man should jest himself to death? Alas ! poor Pedringano, I am in a sort sorry for thee ; but if I should be hanged with thee, I cannot weep. *[Exit.*

SCENE VI

Enter Hieronimo and the Deputy.

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

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

Hier. So is't my duty to regard his death
 Who, when he liv'd, deserv'd my dearest blood.
 But come, for that we came for : let's begin ;
 For here lies that which bids me to be gone.

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

Dep. Bring forth the prisoner, for the court is set.

Ped. Gramercy, boy, but it was time to come ;
 For I had written to my lord anew
 A nearer matter that concerneth him, 20
 For fear his lordship had forgotten me.

But sith he hath remember'd me so well—

Come, come, come on, when shall we to this gear?

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

Ped. 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?

Dep. Ay, Pedringano.

Ped. Now I think not so.

Hier. Peace, impudent ; for thou shalt find it so :
For blood with blood shall, while I sit as judge,
Be satisfièd, and the law discharg'd.
And though myself cannot receive the like,
Yet will I see that others have their right.
Despatch : the fault 's approvèd and confess'd,
And by our law he is condemn'd to die. 40

Hangm. Come on, sir, are you ready?

Ped. To do what, my fine, officious knave?

Hangm. To go to this gear.

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

Hangm. Come, sir.

Ped. So, then, I must up? 50

Hangm. No remedy.

Ped. Yes, but there shall be for my coming down.

Hangm. Indeed, here's a remedy for that.

Ped. How? be turned off?

Hangm. Ay, truly; come, are you ready? I pray, sir, despatch; the day goes away.

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

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

Ped. Dost thou mock me, hangman? pray God, I be not preserved to break your knave's pate for this.

Hangm. 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.

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

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

Ped. Ay, that companion.

Hangm. I know him not; but what of him? 70

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

Hangm. Ay, and many a fair year after, to truss up many an honest man than either thou or he.

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

Hangm. Faith, I cannot tell, nor I care not greatly;

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ACT III. SC. 6.

methinks you should rather hearken to your soul's health.

Ped. 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. 81

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

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

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

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

Hangm. Ay, marry, sir, this is a good motion : my masters, you see here's a good fellow. 91

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

Hier. I have not seen a wretch so impudent.

O monstrous times, where murder's set so light,
And where the soul, that should be shrin'd in heaven,
Solely delights in interdicted things,
Still wand'ring in the thorny passages,
That intercepts itself of happiness.

Murder ! O bloody monster ! God forbid 100

A fault so foul should 'scape unpunishèd.

Despatch, and see this execution done !—

This makes me to remember thee, my son.

[*Exit Hieronimo.*]

Ped. Nay, soft, no haste.

Dep. Why, wherefore stay you? Have you hope of life?

Ped. Why, ay!

Hangm. As how?

Ped. Why, rascal, by my pardon from the king.

Hangm. Stand you on that? then you shall off with
this. *[He turns him off.]*

Dep. So, executioner;—convey him hence;

But let his body be unburied: 110

Let not the earth be chokèd or infect

With that which heav'n contemns, and men neglect.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE VII

Enter Hieronimo.

Hier. Where shall I run to breathe abroad my woes,

My woes, whose weight hath wearied the earth?

Or mine exclams, that have surcharg'd the air

With ceaseless plaints for my deceased son?

The blust'ring winds, conspiring with my words,

At my lament have mov'd the leafless trees,

Disrob'd the meadows of their flower'd green,

Made mountains marsh with spring-tides of my tears,

And broken through the brazen gates of hell.

Yet still tormented is my tortur'd soul 10

With broken sighs and restless passions,

That wingèd mount; and, hov'ring in the air,

Beat at the windows of the brightest heavens,
 Soliciting for justice and revenge :
 But they are plac'd in those empyreal heights,
 Where, countermur'd 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.

Hangm. O lord, sir ! God bless you, sir ! the man,
 sir, Petergade, sir, he that was so full of merry
 conceits— 21

Hier. Well, what of him ?

Hangm. 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.

Hier. I warrant thee, give it me.

Hangm. You will stand between the gallows and me ?

Hier. Ay, ay.

Hangm. I thank your lord worship. [*Exit Hangman.*]

Hier. And yet, though somewhat nearer me concerns,
 I will, to ease the grief that I sustain, 32
 Take truce with sorrow while I read on this.
 ' My lord, I write, as mine extremes requir'd,
 That you would labour my delivery :
 If you neglect, my life is desperate,
 And in my death I shall reveal the troth.
 You know, my lord, I slew him for your sake,

And was confed'rate with the prince and you ;
 Won by rewards and hopeful promises, 40
 I holp to murder Don Horatio too.'—
 Holp he to murder mine Horatio ?
 And actors in th' accursèd tragedy
 Wast thou, Lorenzo, Balthazar and thou,
 Of whom my son, my son deserv'd so well ?
 What have I heard, what have mine eyes beheld ?
 O sacred heavens, may it come to pass
 That such a monstrous and detested deed,
 So closely smother'd, and so long conceal'd,
 Shall thus by this be vengèd or reveal'd ? 50
 Now see I what I durst not then suspect,
 That Bellimperia's letter was not feign'd.
 Nor feignèd she, though falsely they have wrong'd
 Both her, myself, Horatio, and themselves.
 Now may I make compare 'twixt hers and this,
 Of every accident I ne'er could find
 Till now, and now I feelingly perceive
 They did what heav'n unpunish'd would not leave.
 O false Lorenzo ! are these thy flatt'ring looks ?
 Is this the honour that thou didst my son ? 60
 And Balthazar—bane to thy soul and me !—
 Was this the ransom he reserv'd thee for ?
 Woe to the cause of these constrainèd wars !
 Woe to thy baseness and captivity,
 Woe to thy birth, thy body and thy soul,
 Thy cursèd father, and thy conquer'd self !

And bann'd with bitter execrations be
 The day and place where he did pity thee !
 But wherefore waste I mine unfruitful words,
 When naught but blood will satisfy my woes ? 70
 I will go plain me to my lord the king,
 And cry aloud for justice through the court,
 Wearing the flints with these my wither'd feet ;
 And either purchase justice by entreats,
 Or tire them all with my revenging threats. [*Exit.*]

SCENE VIII

Enter Isabella and her Maid.

Isab. So that, you say, this herb, will purge the eye,
 And this, the head ?—
 Ah !—but none of them will purge the heart !
 No, there's no medicine left for my disease,
 Nor any physic to recure the dead.

[*She runs lunatic.*]

Horatio ! O, where's Horatio ?

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

Isab. Why, did I not give you gowns and goodly things, 10
 Bought you a whistle and a whipstalk too,
 To be revengèd on their villanies ?

Maid. Madam, these humours do torment my soul.

Isab. My soul—poor soul! thou talk'st of things—

Thou know'st not what : my soul hath silver wings,
 That mounts me up unto the highest heavens ;
 To heav'n : ay, there sits my Horatio,
 Back'd with a troop of fiery Cherubins,
 Dancing about his newly healèd wounds, 19
 Singing sweet hymns and chanting heav'nly notes :
 Rare harmony to greet his innocence,
 That died, ay died, a mirror in our days.
 But say, where shall I find the men, the murderers,
 That slew Horatio? Whither shall I run
 To find them out that murderèd my son? [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IX

Bellimperia at a window.

Bel. What means this outrage that is offer'd me?

Why am I thus sequester'd from the court?

No notice! Shall I not know the cause

Of these my secret and suspicious ills?

Accursèd brother, unkind murderer,

Why bend'st thou thus thy 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 saw'st

Me for thy friend Horatio handled thus, 10

The Spanish Tragedy

ACT III. SC. 10.

And him for me thus causeless murderèd !—
Well, force perforce, I must constrain myself
To patience, and apply me to the time,
Till heav'n, as I have hop'd, shall set me free.

Enter Christophil.

Chris. Come, madam Bellimperia, this may not be.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE X

Enter Lorenzo, Balthazar, and the Page.

Lor. Boy, talk no further ; thus far things go well.
Thou art assurèd that thou saw'st him dead ?

Page. Or else, my lord, I live not.

Lor.

That's enough.

As for his resolution in his end,
Leave that to him with whom he sojourns now.—
Here, take my ring and give it Christophil,
And bid him let my sister be enlarg'd,
And bring her hither straight.— *[Exit Page.]*
This that I did was for a policy,
To smooth and keep the murder secret, 10
Which, as a nine-days' wonder, being o'erblown,
My gentle sister will I now enlarge.

Bal. And time, Lorenzo : for my lord the duke,
You heard enquirèd for her yester-night.

Lor. Why, and my lord, I hope you heard me say

Sufficient reason why she kept away ;
But that 's all one. My lord, you love her ?

Bal.

Ay.

Lor. Then in your love beware ; deal cunningly :

Salve all suspicions, only soothe me up ;
And if she hap to stand on terms with us— 20

As for her sweetheart and concealment so—
Jest with her gently : under feignèd jest
Are things conceal'd that else would breed unrest.—
But here she comes.

Enter Bellimperia.

Now, sister ?

Bel.

Sister ?—No !

Thou art no brother, but an enemy ;
Else wouldst thou not have us'd thy sister so :
First, to affright me with thy weapons drawn,
And with extremes abuse my company ;
And then to hurry me, like whirlwind's rage,
Amidst a crew of thy confederates, 30
And clap me up, where none might come at me,
Nor I at any, to reveal my wrongs.
What madding fury did possess thy wits ?
Or wherein is 't that I offended thee ?

Lor. Advise you better, Bellimperia,
For I have done you no disparagement ;
Unless, by more discretion than deserv'd,
I sought to save your honour and mine own.

Bel. Mine honour ? why, Lorenzo, wherein is 't

That I neglect my reputation so, 40
 As you, or any, need to rescue it?

Lor. His highness and my father were resolv'd
 To come confer with old Hieronimo,
 Concerning certain matters of estate,
 That by the viceroy was determin'd.

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

Bal. Have patience, Bellimperia ; hear the rest.

Lor. Me (next in sight) as messenger they sent,
 To give him notice that they were so nigh :
 Now when I came, consorted with the prince, 50
 And unexpected, in an arbour there,
 Found Bellimperia with Horatio—

Bel. How then?

Lor. Why, then, remembering that old disgrace,
 Which you for Don Andrea had endur'd,
 And now were likely longer to sustain,
 By being found so meanly accompanied,
 Thought rather—for I knew no readier mean—
 To thrust Horatio forth my father's way.

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

Bel. Ev'n so, my lord? And you are witness
 That this is true which he entreateth of?
 You, gentle brother, forg'd this for my sake,
 And you, my lord, were made his instrument?
 A work of worth, worthy the noting too!
 But what's the cause that you conceal'd me since?

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

70

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

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

Lor. That were to add more fuel to your fire,
Who burnt like *Ætna* for Andrea's loss.

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

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

[He whispereth in her ear.]

But, *Bellimperia*, see the gentle prince ;
Look on thy love, behold young *Balthazar*,
Whose passions by thy presence are increas'd ; 80
And in whose melancholy thou may'st see
Thy hate, his love ; thy flight, his following
thee.

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

Bal. 'Tis of thy beauty then that conquers kings ;
Of those thy tresses, *Ariadne's* twines,
Wherewith my liberty thou hast surpris'd ; 90
Of that thine ivory front, my sorrow's map,
Wherein I see no hav'n to rest my hope.

Bel. To love and fear, and both at once, my lord,

The Spanish Tragedy

ACT III. SC. 10.

In my conceit, are things of more import
Than women's wits are to be busied with.

Bal. 'Tis I that love.

Bel. Whom?

Bal. Bellimperia.

Bel. But I that fear.

Bal. Whom?

Bel. Bellimperia.

Lor. Fear yourself?

Bel. Ay, brother.

Lor. How?

Bel. As those

That, what they love, are loath and fear to lose.

Bal. Then, fair, let Balthazar your keeper be. 100

Bel. No, Balthazar doth fear as well as we :

Et tremulo metui pavidum junxere timorem—

Est vanum stolidae proditiōnis opus.

Lor. Nay, and you argue things so cunningly,
We'll go continue this discourse at court.

Bal. Led by the loadstar of her heav'nly looks,

Wends poor, oppressèd Balthazar,

As o'er the mountains walks the wanderer,

Incertain to effect his pilgrimage. [Exeunt.

SCENE XI

Enter two Portingals, and Hieronimo meets them.

I. By your leave, sir.

Hier. [*'Tis neither as you think, nor as you think,
Nor as you think; you're wide all:
These slippers are not mine, they were my son
Horatio's.*

*My son! and what's a son? A thing begot
Within a pair of minutes—thereabout;
A lump bred up in darkness, and doth serve
To ballace these light creatures we call women;
And, at nine months' end, creeps forth to light.
What is there yet in a son,*

10

*To make a father dote, rave, or run mad?
Being born, it pouts, cries, and breeds teeth.
What is there yet in a son? He must be fed,
Be taught to go, and speak. Ay, or yet
Why might not a man love a calf as well?
Or melt in passion o'er a frisking kid,
As for a son? Methinks, a young bacon,
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,
The more he grows in stature and in years,*

20

*The more unsquar'd, unbevell'd, 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.
 This is a son!—And what a loss were this,
 Consider'd truly?—O, but my Horatio
 Grew out of reach of these insatiate humours:
 He lov'd his loving parents; 30
 He was my comfort, and his mother's joy,
 The very arm that did hold up our house:
 Our hopes were stor'd up in him,
 None but a damn'd murderer could hate him.
 He had not seen the back of nineteen year,
 When his strong arm unhors'd
 The proud Prince Balthazar, and his great mind,
 Too full of honour, took him to his mercy—
 That valiant, but ignoble Portingal!
 Well, heaven is heaven still!
 And there is Nemesis, and Furies, 40
 And things call'd whips,
 And they sometimes do meet with murderers:
 They do not always 'scape, that is some comfort.
 Ay, ay, ay; and then time steals on,
 And steals, and steals, till violence leaps forth
 Like thunder wrapped in a ball of fire,
 And so doth bring confusion to them all.]
 Good leave have you: nay, I pray you go,
 For I'll leave you, if you can leave me so. 50*

2. Pray you, which is the next way to my lord the duke's?

Hier. The next way from me.

1. To his house, we mean.

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

2. You could not tell us if his son were there?

Hier. Who, my Lord Lorenzo?

1. Ay, sir.

[He goeth in at one door and comes out at another.]

Hier. O, forbear!

For other talk for us far fitter were.

But if you be importunate to know

The way to him, and where to find him out,

Then list to me, and I'll resolve your doubt.

There is a path upon your left-hand side, 60

That leadeth from a guilty conscience

Unto a forest of distrust and fear—

A darksome place, and dangerous to pass:

There shall you meet with melancholy thoughts,

Whose baleful humours if you but uphold,

It will conduct you to Despair and Death—

Whose rocky cliffs when you have once beheld,

Within a huge dale of lasting night,

That, kindled with the world's iniquities,

Doth cast up filthy and detested fumes—: 70

Not far from thence, where murderers have built

A habitation for their cursèd souls,

There, in a brazen cauldron, fix'd by Jove,

In his fell wrath, upon a sulphur flame,
 Yourselves shall find Lorenzo bathing him
 In boiling lead and blood of innocents.

1. Ha, ha, ha !

Hier. Ha, ha, ha ! Why, ha, ha, ha ! Farewell, good
 ha, ha, ha ! [*Exit.*

2. Doubtless this man is passing lunatic,
 Or imperfection of his age doth make him dote. 80
 Come, let's away to seek my lord the duke.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE XII

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

Hier. Now, sir, perhaps I come and see the king ;
 The king sees me, and fain would hear my suit :
 Why, is not this a strange and seld-seen thing,
 That standers-by with toys should strike me mute ?—
 Go to, I see their shifts, and say no more.—
 Hieronimo, 'tis time for thee to trudge :
 Down by the dale that flows with purple gore,
 Standeth a fiery tower ; there sits a judge
 Upon a seat of steel and molten brass,
 And 'twixt his teeth he holds a fire-brand, 10
 That leads unto the lake where hell doth stand.
 Away, Hieronimo ! to him be gone :

He'll do thee justice for Horatio's death.
 Turn down this path: thou shalt be with him
 straight;

Or this, and then thou need'st not take thy breath:
 This way or that way!—Soft and fair, not so:
 For if I hang or kill myself, let's know
 Who will revenge Horatio's murder then?
 No, no! fie, no! pardon me, I'll none of that.

[He flings away the dagger and halter.]

This way I'll take, and this way comes the king: 20
[He takes them up again.]

And here I'll have a fling at him, that's flat;
 And, Balthazar, I'll be with thee to bring,
 And thee, Lorenzo! Here's the king—nay, stay;
 And here, ay here—there goes the hare away.

Enter King, Ambassador, Castile, and Lorenzo.

King. Now show, ambassador, what our viceroy saith:
 Hath he receiv'd the articles we sent?

Hier. Justice, O, justice to Hieronimo.

Lor. Back! see'st thou not the king is busy?

Hier. O, is he so?

King. Who is he that interrupts our business?

Hier. Not I. Hieronimo, beware! go by, go by! 30

Amb. Renowned King, he hath receiv'd and read
 Thy kingly proffers, and thy promis'd league;
 And, as a man extremely over-joy'd
 To hear his son so princely entertain'd,

Whose death he had so solemnly bewail'd,
This for thy further satisfaction,
And kingly love, he kindly lets thee know :
First, for the marriage of his princely son
With Bellimperia, thy belovèd niece,
The news are more delightful to his soul, 40
Than myrrh or incense to the offended heavens.
In person, therefore, will he come himself,
To see the marriage rites solemnizèd,
And, in the presence of the court of Spain,
To knit a sure inextricable band
Of kingly love and everlasting league
Betwixt the crowns of Spain and Portingal.
There will he give his crown to Balthazar,
And make a queen of Bellimperia.

King. Brother, how like you this our viceroy's love? 50

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

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

Hier. Horatio ! who calls Horatio ?

King. And well remember'd : thank his majesty. 60
Here, see it given to Horatio.

Hier. Justice, O, justice, justice, gentle king !

King. Who is that? Hieronimo?

Hier. Justice, O, justice! O my son, my son!

My son, whom naught can ransom or redeem!

Lor. Hieronimo, you are not well-advis'd.

Hier. Away, Lorenzo, hinder me no more;

For thou hast made me bankrupt of my bliss.

Give me my son! you shall not ransom him!

Away! I'll rip the bowels of the earth, 70

[He diggeth with his dagger.]

And ferry over to th' Elysian plains,

And bring my son to show his deadly wounds.

Stand from about me!

I'll make a pickaxe of my poniard,

And here surrender up my marshalship;

For I'll go marshal up the fiends in hell,

To be avengèd on you all for this.

King. What means this outrage?

Will none of you restrain his fury?

Hier. Nay, soft and fair! you shall not need to strive: 80

For needs must he go that the devils drive.

[Exit.]

King. What accident hath happ'd Hieronimo?

I have not seen him to demean him so.

Lor. My gracious lord, he is with extreme pride,

Conceiv'd of young Horatio his son—

And covetous of having to himself

The ransom of the young prince Balthazar—

Distract, and in a manner lunatic.

- King.* Believe me, nephew, we are sorry for't :
 This is the love that fathers bear their sons. 90
 But, gentle brother, go give to him this gold,
 The prince's ransom ; let him have his due.
 For what he hath, Horatio shall not want ;
 Haply Hieronimo hath need thereof.
- Lor.* But if he be thus helplessly distract,
 'Tis requisite his office be resign'd,
 And giv'n to one of more discretion.
- King.* We shall increase his melancholy so.
 'Tis best that we see further in it first,
 Till when ourself will hold exempt the place. 100
 And, brother, now bring in the ambassador,
 That he may be a witness of the match
 'Twixt Balthazar and Bellimperia,
 And that we may prefix a certain time,
 Wherein the marriage shall be solemniz'd,
 That we may have thy lord, the viceroy, here.
- Amb.* Therein your highness highly shall content
 His majesty, that longs to hear from hence.
- King.* On, then, and hear you, lord ambassador——

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE XIII.

Enter Jaques and Pedro.

- Jaq.* *I wonder, Pedro, why our master thus
 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.*

Ped. *O Jaques, know thou that our master's mind
Is much distraught, since his Horatio died,
And—now his aged years should sleep in rest,
His heart in quiet—like a desp'rate man,
Grows lunatic and childish for his son.
Sometimes, as he doth at his table sit,
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 :
See, where he comes.*

10

Enter Hieronimo.

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

20

Ped. *We are your servants that attend you, sir.*

Hier. *What make you with your torches in the dark ?*

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

Hier. *No, no, you are deceiv'd ! not I ;—you are deceiv'd !
Was I so mad to bid you light your torches now ?*

*Light me your torches at the mid of noon,
When-as the sun-god rides in all his glory;
Light me your torches then.*

Ped. *Then we burn daylight.*

Hier. *Let it be burnt; Night is a murd'rous slut,* 31
*That would not have her treasons to be seen;
And yonder pale-fac'd Hecate there, the moon,
Doth give consent to that is done in darkness;
And all those stars that gaze upon her face,
Are aglets on her sleeve, pins on her train;
And those that should be powerful and divine,
Do sleep in darkness, when they most should shine.*

Ped. *Provoke them not, fair sir, with tempting words:
The heav'ns are gracious, and your miscries* 40
And sorrow makes you speak, you know not what.

Hier. *Villain, thou liest! and thou dost nought
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?
Where was she that same night,
When my Horatio was murder'd?
She should have shone: search thou the book.—Had
the moon shone,
In my boy's face there was a kind of grace,
That I know—nay, I do know—had the murd'rer
seen him,* 50
*His weapon would have fall'n and cut the earth,
Had he been fram'd of naught but blood and death.*

*Alack! when mischief doth it knows not what,
What shall we say to mischief?*

Enter Isabella.

Isab. *Dear Hieronimo, come in a-doors;*

O, seek not means so to increase thy sorrow.

Hier. *Indeed, Isabella, we do nothing here;*

I do not cry: ask Pedro, and ask Jaques;

Not I indeed; we are very merry, very merry.

Isab. *How? be merry here, be merry here?*

60

Is not this the place, and this the very tree,

Where my Horatio died, where he was murder'd?

Hier. *Was—do not say what: let her weep it out.*

This was the tree; I set it of a kernel:

And when our hot Spain could not let it grow,

But that the infant and the human sap

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 the length

70

It grew a gallows, and did bear our son:

It bore thy fruit and mine—O wicked, wicked plant!

[One knocks within at the door.

See, who knock there.

Ped.

It is a painter, sir.

Hier. *Bid him come in, and paint some comfort,*

For surely there's none lives but painted comfort.

*Let him come in!—One knows not what may
chance:*

*God's will that I should set this tree!—but even so
Masters ungrateful servants rear from nought,
And then they hate them that did bring them up.*

Enter the Painter.

Paint. *God bless you, sir.*

Hier. *Wherefore? why, thou scornful villain?
How, where, or by what means should I be bless'd? 81*

Isab. *What wouldst thou have, good fellow?*

Paint. *Justice, madam.*

Hier. *O ambitious beggar!
Wouldst thou have that that lives not in the world?
Why, all the undelved mines cannot buy
An ounce of justice!
'Tis a jewel so inestimable. I tell thee,
God hath engross'd all justice in his hands,
And there is none but what comes from him.*

Paint. *O, then I see
That God must right me for my murder'd son. 90*

Hier. *How, was thy son murder'd?*

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

Hier. *What, not as thine? that's a lie,
As massy as the earth: I had a son,
Whose least unvalu'd hair did weigh
A thousand of thy sons: and he was murder'd.*

Paint. *Alas, sir, I had no more but he.*

Hier. *Nor I, nor I: but this same one of mine
Was worth a legion. But all is one.
Pedro, Jaques, go in a-doors; Isabella, go,* 100
*And this good fellow here and I
Will range this hideous orchard up and down,
Like to two lions reav'd of their young.
Go in a-doors, I say.*

[Exeunt. The painter and he sits down.
Come, let's talk wisely now.

Was thy son murder'd?

Paint. *Ay, sir.*

Hier. *So was mine.*

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

Paint. *O Lord, yes, sir.*

Hier. *Art a painter? canst paint me a tear, or a
wound, a groan, or a sigh? canst paint me such a
tree as this?* 111

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

Hier. *Bazardo! afore God, an excellent fellow. Look
you, sir, do you see, I'd have you paint me for my
gallery, in your oil-colours matted, and draw me
five years younger than I am—do ye 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 bless thee, my*

*sweet son'; and my hand leaning upon his head,
thus, sir; do you see?—may it be done? 123*

Paint. *Very well, sir.*

Hier. *Nay, I pray, mark me, sir: then, sir, would I
have you paint me this tree, this very tree. Canst
paint a doleful cry?*

Paint. *Seemingly, sir.*

Hier. *Nay, it should cry; but all is one. Well, sir,
baint me a youth run through and through with
villains' swords, hanging upon this tree. Canst thou
draw a murderer? 132*

Paint. *I'll warrant you, sir; I have the pattern of the
most notorious villains that ever lived in all Spain.*

Hier. *O, let them be worse, worse: stretch thine art,
and let their beards be of Judas his own colour;
and let their eye-brows jutty 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 my
sword reared up thus:—and with these words: 141*

'What noise is this? who calls Hieronimo?'

May it be done?

Paint. *Yea, sir.*

Hier. *Well, sir; then bring me forth, bring me through
alley and alley, still with a distracted countenance
going along, and let my hair heave up my night-
cap. Let the clouds scowl, make the moon dark,*

the stars extinct, the winds blowing, the bells tolling, the owls shrieking, the toads croaking, the minutes jarring, and the clock striking twelve. And then at last, sir, starting, behold a man hanging, and tottering and tottering, as you know the wind will wave a man, and I with a trice to cut him down. And looking upon him by the advantage of my torch, find it to be my son Horatio. There you may show a passion, there you may show a passion! Draw me like old Priam of Troy, crying: 'The house is a-fire, the house is a-fire, 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, invoke heaven, and in the end leave me in a trance—and so forth.

163

Paint. *And is this the end?*

Hier. *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 abuseth 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.*

172

[He beats the painter in, then comes out again, with a book in his hand.

SCENE XIII

Enter Hieronimo, with a book in his hand.

Vindicta mihi!

Ay, heav'n will be reveng'd of every ill ;
 Nor will they suffer murder unrepaid.
 Then stay, Hieronimo, attend their will :
 For mortal men may not appoint their time !—
 ' *Per scelus semper tutum est sceleribus iter.*'
 Strike, and strike home, where wrong is offer'd thee ;
 For evils unto ills conductors be,
 And death's the worst of resolution.
 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' :
 If destiny thy miseries do ease,
 Then hast thou health, and happy shalt thou be ;
 If destiny deny thee life, Hieronimo,
 Yet shalt thou be assurèd of a tomb—:
 If neither, yet let this thy comfort be :
 Heav'n cov'reth him that hath no burial.
 And to conclude, I will revenge his death ! 20
 But how ? not as the vulgar wits of men,
 With open, but inevitable ills,
 As by a secret, yet a certain mean,
 Which under kindship will be cloakèd best.
 Wise men will take their opportunity

Closely and safely, fitting things to time.—
But in extremes advantage hath no time ;
And therefore all times fit not for revenge.

Thus therefore will I rest me in unrest,
Dissembling quiet in unquietness, 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, and well they know,
Remedium malorum iners est.

Nor ought avails it me to menace them
Who, as a wintry storm upon a plain,
Will bear me down with their nobility.

No, no, Hieronimo, thou must enjoin
Thine eyes to observation, and thy tongue 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 ?

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Here are a sort of poor petitioners,
That are importunate, and it shall please you, sir,
That you should plead their cases to the king.

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

Enter three Citizens and an Old Man.

1. So, 50

I tell you this : for learning and for law,
There is not any advocate in Spain
That can prevail, or will take half the pain
That he will, in pursuit of equity.

Hier. Come near, you men, that thus importune me.—

[*Aside.*] Now must I bear a face of gravity ;
For thus I us'd, before my marshalship,
To plead in causes as corregidor.—
Come on, sirs, what's the matter ?

2. Sir, an action.

Hier. Of battery ?

1. Mine of debt.

Hier. Give place. 60

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

3. Mine an *ejectione firmæ* by a lease.

Hier. Content you, sirs ; are you determinèd
That I should plead your several actions ?

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

2. And here's my band.

3. And here's my lease.

[*They give him papers.*]

Hier. But wherefore stands yon silly man so mute,
With mournful eyes and hands to heav'n uprear'd ?
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,
And melt the Corsic rocks with ruthless tears.

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

Senex.

No, sir, could my woes

Give way unto my most distressful words,
Then should I not in paper, as you see,
With ink bewray what blood began in me.

Hier. What's here? 'The humble supplication
Of Don Bazulto for his murder'd son.'

Senex. Ay, sir.

Hier.

No, sir, it was my murder'd son :

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

80

But mine, or thine, Bazulto, be content.

Here, take my handkercher, and wipe thine eyes,

Whiles wretched I in thy mishaps may see

The lively portrait of my dying self.

[He draweth out a bloody napkin.]

O no, not this ; Horatio, this was thine ;

And when I dy'd it in thy dearest blood,

This was a token 'twixt thy soul and me,

That of thy death revengèd I should be.

But here, take this, and this—what, my purse?—

Ay, this, and that, and all of them are thine ;

90

For all as one are our extremities.

1. O, see the kindness of Hieronimo !

2. This gentleness shows him a gentleman.

Hier. See, see, O see thy shame, Hieronimo ;

See here a loving father to his son !

Behold the sorrows and the sad laments,
That he deliv'reth for his son's decease !
If love's effects so strive in lesser things,
If love enforce such moods in meaner wits,
If love express such power in poor estates : 100
Hieronimo, when as a raging sea,
Toss'd with the wind and tide, o'erturnest then
The upper billows course of waves to keep,
Whilst lesser waters labour in the deep :
Then sham'st thou not, Hieronimo, to neglect
The sweet revenge of thy Horatio ?
Though on this earth justice will not be found,
I'll down to hell, and in this passion
Knock at the dismal gates of Pluto's court,
Getting by force, as once Alcides did, 110
A troop of Furies and tormenting hags
To torture Don Lorenzo and the rest.
Yet lest the triple-headed porter should
Deny my passage to the slimy strand,
The Thracian poet thou shalt counterfeit :
Come on, old father, be my Orpheus,
And if thou canst no notes upon the harp,
Then sound the burden of thy sore heart's-grief,
Till we do gain that Proserpine may grant
Revenge on them that murderèd my son. 120
Then will I rent and tear them, thus and thus,
Shiv'ring their limbs in pieces with my teeth.

[Tears the papers.]

1. O sir, my declaration !

[*Exit Hieronimo, and they after.*

2.

Save my bond !

Enter Hieronimo.

2. Save my bond !

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

Hier. That cannot be, I gave it never a wound ;
Show me one drop of blood fall from the same :
How is it possible I should slay it then ?

Tush, no ; run after, catch me if you can. 130

[*Exeunt all but the Old Man. Bazulto remains
till Hieronimo enters again, who, staring him
in the face, speaks.*

Hier. And art thou come, Horatio, from the depth,
To ask for justice in this upper earth,
To tell thy father thou art unreveng'd,
To wring more tears from Isabella's eyes,
Whose lights are dimm'd with over-long laments ?
Go back, my son, complain to Aeacus,
For here's no justice ; gentle boy, be gone,
For justice is exiled from the earth :
Hieronimo will bear thee company.

Thy mother cries on righteous Rhadamanth 140
For just revenge against the murderers.

Senex. Alas, my lord, whence springs this troubled
speech ?

Hier. But let me look on my Horatio.

Sweet boy, how art thou chang'd in death's black
shade !

Had Proserpine no pity on thy youth,
But suffer'd thy fair crimson-colour'd spring

With wither'd winter to be blasted thus?

Horatio, thou art older than thy father :

Ah, ruthless fate, that favour thus transforms !

Bas. Ah, my good lord, I am not your young son. 150

Hier. What, not my son? thou then a Fury art,
Sent from the empty kingdom of black night

To summon me to make appearance

Before grim Minos and just Rhadamanth,

To plague Hieronimo that is remiss,

And seeks not vengeance for Horatio's death.

Bas. I am a grievèd man, and not a ghost,
That came for justice for my murder'd son.

Hier. Ay, now I know thee, now thou nam'st thy son :

Thou art the lively image of my grief ; 160

Within thy face, my sorrows I may see.

Thy eyes are gumm'd with tears, thy cheeks are wan,

Thy forehead troubled, and thy mutt'ring lips

Murmur sad words abruptly broken off ;

By force of windy sighs thy spirit breathes,

And all this sorrow riseth for thy son :

And selfsame sorrow feel I for my son.

Come in, old man, thou shalt to Isabel ;

Lean on my arm : I thee, thou me, shalt stay,

And thou, and I, and she will sing a song, 170
 Three parts in one, but all of discords fram'd— :
 Talk not of chords, but let us now be gone,
 For with a cord Horatio was slain. [Exeunt.

SCENE XIV

*Enter King of Spain, the Duke, Viceroy, and Lorenzo,
 Balthazar, Don Pedro, and Bellimperia.*

King. Go, brother, 'tis the Duke of Castile's cause ;
 Salute the Viceroy in our name.

Cast. I go.

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

Ped. It shall be so.

King. And now to meet these Portuguese :
 For as we now are, so sometimes were these,
 Kings and commanders of the western Indies.
 Welcome, brave Viceroy, to the court of Spain,
 And welcome all his honourable train !
 'Tis not unknown to us for why you come, 180
 Or have so kingly cross'd the seas :
 Sufficeth it, in this we note the troth
 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)

Already is betroth'd to Balthazar :
 And by appointment and our condescent
 To-morrow are they to be marièd.
 To this intent we entertain thyself,
 Thy followers, their pleasure, and our peace. 20
 Speak, men of Portingal, shall it be so?
 If ay, say so; if not, say flatly no.

Vic. Renowmèd King, I come not, as thou think'st,
 With doubtful followers, unresolvèd men,
 But such as have upon thine articles
 Confirm'd thy motion, and contented me.
 Know, sovereign, I come to solemnize
 The marriage of thy belovèd niece,
 Fair Bellimperia, 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 heav'n hath thee preserv'd.

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

Vic. Or here, or where your highness thinks it good.
 [*Exeunt all but Castile and Lorenzo.*]

SCENE XV

Castile, Lorenzo.

Cast. Nay, stay, Lorenzo, let me talk with you.
See'st thou this entertainment of these kings?

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

Cast. And know'st thou why this meeting is?

Lor. For her, my lord, whom Balthazar doth love,
And to confirm their promis'd marriage.

Cast. She is thy sister?

Lor. Who, Bellimperia? ay,
My gracious lord, and this is the day,
That I have long'd so happily to see.

Cast. Thou wouldst be loath that any fault of thine 10
Should intercept her in her happiness?

Lor. Heav'n will not let Lorenzo err so much.

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

Lor. That I, my lord—?

Cast. I tell thee, son, myself have heard it said,
When (to my sorrow) I have been asham'd 20
To answer for thee, though thou art my son.
Lorenzo, know'st thou not the common love
And kindness that Hieronimo hath won

By his deserts within the court of Spain ?
 Or see'st thou not the king my brother's care
 In his behalf, and to procure his health ?
 Lorenzo, shouldst thou thwart his passions,
 And he exclaim against thee to the king,
 What honour were 't in this assembly,
 Or what a scandal were 't among the kings 30
 To hear Hieronimo exclaim on thee ?
 Tell me—and look thou tell me truly too—
 Whence grows the ground of this report in court ?

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

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

Lor. Yourself, my lord, hath seen his passions, 40
 That ill beseem'd the presence of a king :
 And for I pitied him in his distress,
 I held him thence with kind and courteous words,
 As free from malice to Hieronimo
 As to my soul, my lord.

Cast. Hieronimo, my son, mistakes thee then.

Lor. My gracious father, believe me, so he doth.
 But what's a silly man, distract in mind
 To think upon the murder of his son ?
 Alas ! how easy is it for him to err ! 50
 But for his satisfaction and the world's,

'Twere good, my lord, that Hieronimo and I
Were reconcil'd, if he misconster me.

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

Enter Balthazar and Bellimperia.

Bal. Come, Bellimperia, Balthazar's content,
My sorrow's ease and sovereign of my bliss,
Sith heaven hath ordain'd 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. 61

Bel. My looks, my lord, are fitting for my love,
Which, new-begun, can show no brighter yet.

Bal. New-kindled flames should burn as morning sun.

Bel. But not too fast, lest heat and all be done.
I see my lord my father.

Bal. Truce, my love ;
I'll go salute him.

Cast. Welcome, Balthazar,
Welcome, brave prince, the pledge of Castile's
peace !

And welcome, Bellimperia !—How now, girl ?

Why com'st thou sadly to salute us thus ?

70

Content thyself, for I am satisfied :

It is not now as when Andrea liv'd ;

We have forgotten and forgiven that,

The Spanish Tragedy

ACT III. SC. 15.

And thou art gracèd with a happier love.—
But, Balthazar, here comes Hieronimo ;
I'll have a word with him.

Enter Hieronimo and a Servant.

Hier. And where 's the duke ?

Serv. Yonder.

Hier. Ev'n so.—

What new device have they devisèd, trow ?

~~*Pocas palabras !*~~ mild as the lamb !

Is't I will be reveng'd ? No, I am not the man.— 80

Cast. Welcome, Hieronimo.

Lor. Welcome, Hieronimo.

Bal. Welcome, Hieronimo.

Hier. My lords, I thank you for Horatio.

Cast. Hieronimo, the reason that I sent

To speak with you, is this.

Hier. What, so short ?

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

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

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

Hier. With me, sir ? why, my lord, I thought you had
done. 90

Lor. No ; [*Aside*] would he had !

Cast. Hieronimo, I hear

You find yourself aggrievèd at my son,
Because you have not access unto the king ;
And say 'tis he that intercepts your suits.

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

Cast. Hieronimo, I hope you have no cause,
And would be loath that one of your deserts
Should once have reason to suspect my son,
Consid'ring how I think of you myself.

Hier. Your son Lorenzo ! whom, my noble lord? 100
The hope of Spain, mine honourable friend?
Grant me the combat of them, if they dare :

[*Draws out his sword.*

I'll meet him face to face, to tell me so !
These be the scandalous reports of such
As love not me, and hate my lord too much :
Should I suspect Lorenzo would prevent
Or cross my suit, that lov'd my son so well ?
My lord, I am asham'd it should be said.

Lor. Hieronimo, I never gave you cause.

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

Cast. There then pause ;
And for the satisfaction of the world, 111
Hieronimo, frequent my homely house,
The Duke of Castile, Cyprian's ancient seat ;
And when thou wilt, use me, my son, and it :
But here, before Prince Balthazar and me,
Embrace each other, and be perfect friends.

Hier. Ay, marry, my lord, and shall.
Friends, quoth he ? see, I'll be friends with you all :
Especially with you, my lovely lord ;
For divers causes it is fit for us 120

That we be friends : the world's suspicious,
And men may think what we imagine not.

Bal. Why, this is friendly done, Hieronimo.

Lor. And that I hope: old grudges are forgot?

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

Cast. Come on, Hieronimo, at my request;

Let us entreat your company to-day. [*Exeunt.*]

Hier. Your lordship's to command.—Pah! keep your
way:

*Chi mi fa più carezze che non suole,
Tradito mi ha, o tradir mi vuole.*

130
[*Exit.*]

SCENE XVI

Enter Ghost and Revenge.

Ghost. Awake, Erichtho! Cerberus, awake!
Solicit Pluto, gentle Proserpine!
To combat, Acheron and Erebus!
For ne'er, by Styx and Phlegethon in hell,
O'er-ferried Charon to the fiery lakes
Such fearful sights, as poor Andrea sees.
Revenge, awake!

Revenge. Awake? for why?

Ghost. Awake, Revenge; for thou art ill-advis'd
To sleep—awake! what, thou art warn'd to watch!

Revenge. Content thyself, and do not trouble me. 10

Ghost. Awake, Revenge, if love—as love hath had—
 Have yet the power or prevalence in hell !
 Hieronimo with Lorenzo is join'd in league,
 And intercepts our passage to revenge :
 Awake, Revenge, or we are woe-begone !

Revenge. Thus worldlings ground, what they have
 dream'd, upon.

Content thyself, Andrea : though I sleep,
 Yet is my mood soliciting their souls.
 Sufficeth thee that poor Hieronimo
 Cannot forget his son Horatio.

20

Nor dies Revenge, although he sleep awhile ;
 For in unquiet quietness is feign'd,
 And slumb'ring is a common worldly wile.—
 Behold, Andrea, for an instance, how
 Revenge hath slept, and then imagine thou,
 What 'tis to be subject to destiny.

Enter a Dumb-Show.

Ghost. Awake, Revenge ; reveal this mystery.

Revenge. Lo ! the two first the nuptial torches bore

As brightly burning as the mid-day's sun ;

But after them doth Hymen hie as fast,

30

Clothèd in sable and a saffron robe,

And blows them out, and quencheth them with
 blood,

As discontent that things continue so.

The Spanish Tragedy

ACT III. SC. 16.

Ghost. Sufficeth me ; thy meaning's understood,
And thanks to thee and those infernal powers,
That will not tolerate a lover's woe.—

Rest thee, for I will sit to see the rest.

Revenge. Then argue not, for thou hast thy request.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT IV

SCENE I

Enter Bellimperia and Hieronimo.

Bel. Is this the love thou bear'st Horatio?
 Is this the kindness that thou counterfeit'st?
 Are these the fruits of thine incessant tears?
 Hieronimo, are these thy passions,
 Thy protestations and thy deep laments,
 That thou wert wont to weary men withal?
 O unkind father! O deceitful world!
 With what excuses canst thou show thyself
 From this dishonour and the hate of men?
 Thus to neglect the loss and life of him
 Whom both my letters and thine own belief
 Assures thee to be causeless slaughterèd!
 Hieronimo, for shame, Hieronimo,
 Be not a history to after-times
 Of such ingratitude unto thy son:
 Unhappy mothers of such children then,
 But monstrous fathers to forget so soon
 The death of those, whom they with care and cost
 Have tender'd so, thus careless should be lost.

10

Myself, a stranger in respect of thee, 20
So lov'd his life, as still I wish their deaths.
Nor shall his death be unreveng'd by me,
Although I bear it out for fashion's sake :
For here I swear, in sight of heav'n and earth,
Shouldst thou neglect the love thou shouldst retain,
And give it over, and devise no more,
Myself should send their hateful souls to hell,
That wrought his downfall with extremest death.

Hier. But may it be that Bellimperia
Vows such revenge as she hath deign'd to say? 30
Why, then I see that heav'n applies our drift,
And all the saints do sit soliciting
For vengeance on those cursèd murderers.
Madam, 'tis true, and now I find it so :
I found a letter, written in your name,
And in that letter, how Horatio died.
Pardon, O pardon, Bellimperia,
My fear and care in not believing it ;
Nor think I thoughtless think upon a mean
To let his death be unreveng'd 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 murderèd my son.

Bel. Hieronimo, I will consent, conceal,
And ought that may effect for thine avail,
Join with thee to revenge Horatio's death.

Hier. On, then ; and whatsoever I devise,
 Let me entreat you, grace my practices,
 For why the plot's already in mine head. 50
 Here they are.

Enter Balthazar and Lorenzo.

Bal. How now, Hieronimo?
 What, courting Bellimperia?

Hier. Ay, my lord ;
 Such courting as (I promise you) :
 She hath my heart, but you, my lord, have hers.

Lor. But now, Hieronimo, or never,
 We are to entreat your help.

Hier. My help?
 Why, my good lords, assure yourselves of me ;
 For you have giv'n me cause— :
 Ay, by my faith have you !

Bal. It pleased you,
 At the entertainment of the ambassador, 60
 To grace the king so much as with a show.
 Now, were your study so well furnishèd,
 As for the passing of the first night's sport
 To entertain my father with the like,
 Or any such-like pleasing motion,
 Assure yourself, it would content them well.

Hier. Is this all?

Bal. Ay, this is all.

Hier. Why then, I'll fit you ; say no more.

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

Lor. And how for that ?

Hier. Marry, my good lord, thus :
 (And yet, methinks, you are too quick with us)—
 When in Toledo there I studièd,
 It was my chance to write a tragedy :
 See here, my lords— [*He shows them a book.*]
 Which, long forgot, I found this other day.
 Now would your lordships 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 plausible to that assembly.

Bal. What, would you have us play a tragedy ?

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

Lor. Nay, be not angry, good Hieronimo ;
 The prince but ask'd a question.

Bal. In faith, Hieronimo, and you be in earnest, 90
 I'll make one.

Lor. And I another.

Hier. Now, my good lord, could you entreat
 Your sister Bellimperia to make one ?
 For what's a play without a woman in

Bel. Little entreaty shall serve me, Hieronimo ;
For I must needs be employèd in your play.

Hier. Why, this is well : I tell you, lordings,
It was determinèd to have been acted,
By gentlemen and scholars too,
Such as could tell what to speak.

Bal. And now **100**

It shall be play'd by princes and courtiers,
Such as can tell how to speak :
If, as it is our country manner,
You will but let us know the argument.

Hier. That shall I roundly. The chronicles of Spain

Record this written of a knight of Rhodes :
He was betroth'd, and wedded at the length,
To one Perseda, an Italian dame,
Whose beauty ravish'd all that her beheld,
Especially the soul of Soliman, **110**
Who at the marriage was the chiefest guest.
By sundry means sought Soliman to win
Perseda's love, and could not gain the same.
Then 'gan he break his passions to a friend,
One of his bashaws, whom he held full dear ;
Her had this bashaw long solicited,
And saw she was not otherwise to be won,
But by her husband's death, this knight of Rhodes,
Whom presently by treachery he slew.
She, stirr'd with an exceeding hate therefore, **120**
As cause of this slew Soliman,

The Spanish Tragedy

ACT IV. SC. 2.

And, to escape the bashaw's tyranny,
Did stab herself: and this the tragedy.

Lor. O excellent!

Bel. But say, Hieronimo, what then became
Of him that was the bashaw?

Hier. Marry, thus:

Mov'd with remorse of his misdeeds,
Ran to a mountain-top, and hung himself.

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

Hier. O, that will I, my lords; make no doubt of it:
I'll play the murderer, I warrant you; 131
For I already have conceited that.

Bal. And what shall I?

Hier. Great Soliman, the Turkish emperor.

Lor. And I?

Hier. Erastus, the knight of Rhodes.

Bel. And I?

Hier. Perseda, chaste and resolute.—

And here, my lords, are several abstracts drawn,
For each of you to note your parts,
And act it, as occasion's offer'd you.
You must provide a Turkish cap, 140
A black mustachio and a falchion;

[*Gives a paper to Balthazar.*

You with a cross, like to a knight of Rhodes;

[*Gives another to Lorenzo.*

And, madam, you must attire yourself

[*He giveth Bellimperia another.*

Like Phœbe, Flora, or the hunteress,
 Which to your discretion shall seem best.
 And as for me, my lords, I'll look to one,
 And, with the ransom that the viceroy sent,
 So furnish and perform this tragedy,
 As all the world shall say, Hieronimo
 Was liberal in gracing of it so. 150

Bal. Hieronimo, methinks a comedy were better.

Hier. A comedy?

Fie! comedies are fit for common wits :
 But to present a kingly troop withal,
 Give me a stately-written tragedy ;
Tragœdia cothurnata, fitting kings,
 Containing matter, and not common things.
 My lords, all this must be perform'd,
 As fitting for the first night's revelling.
 The Italian tragedians were so sharp of wit, 160
 That in one hour's meditation
 They would perform anything in action.

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

Hier. In Paris? mass! and well rememberèd!
 There's one thing more that rests for us to do.

Bal. What's that, Hieronimo? forget not anything.

Hier. Each one of us
 Must act his part in unknown languages,
 That it may breed the more variety : 170
 As you, my lord, in Latin, I in Greek,

The Spanish Tragedy

ACT IV. SC. 1.

You in Italian, and for because I know
That Bellimperia hath practised the French,
In courtly French shall all her phrases be.

Bel. You mean to try my cunning then, Hieronimo?

Bal. But this will be a mere confusion,
And hardly shall we all be understood.

Hier. 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.

Bal. How like you this ?

Lor. Why, thus my lord :
We must resolve to soothe his humours up.

Bal. On then, Hieronimo ; farewell till soon.

Hier. You'll ply this gear ?

Lor. I warrant you.

[Exeunt all but Hieronimo.]

Hier. Why so : 190

Now shall I see the fall of Babylon,
Wrought by the heav'ns in this confusion.

And if the world like not this tragedy,
Hard is the hap of old Hieronimo. *[Exit.]*

SCENE II

Enter Isabella with a weapon.

Isab. 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 murder'd my belovèd son.

[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—
 Accursèd complot of my misery !
 Fruitless for ever may this garden be,
 Barren the earth, and blissless whosoe'er
 Imagines not to keep it unmanur'd !
 An eastern wind, commix'd with noisome airs,
 Shall blast the plants and the young saplings ;
 The earth with serpents shall be pesterèd,
 And passengers, for fear to be infect, 20
 Shall stand aloof, and, looking at it, tell :

'There, murder'd, died the son of Isabel.'
 Ay, here he died, and here I him embrace :
 See, where his ghost solicits, with his wounds,
 Revenge on her that should revenge his death.
 Hieronimo, make haste to see thy son ;
 For sorrow and despair hath cited me
 To hear Horatio plead with Rhadamanth :
 Make haste, Hieronimo, to hold excus'd
 Thy negligence in pursuit of their deaths 30
 Whose hateful wrath bereav'd him of his breath.—
 Ah, nay, thou dost delay their deaths,
 Forgiv'st the murd'ers of thy noble son,
 And none but I bestir me—to no end !
 And as I curse this tree from further fruit,
 So shall my womb be cursèd for his sake ;
 And with this weapon will I wound the breast,
 The hapless breast, that gave Horatio suck.
[She stabs herself.]

SCENE III

Enter Hieronimo ; he knocks up the curtain.

Enter the Duke of Castile.

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

Hier. O sir, it is for the author's credit,

To look that all things may go well.
 But, good my lord, let me entreat your grace,
 To give the king the copy of the play :
 This is the argument of what we show.

Cast. I will, Hieronimo.

Hier. One thing more, my good lord.

Cast. What's that?

Hier. Let me entreat your grace
 That, when the train are pass'd into the gallery, 10
 You would vouchsafe to throw me down the key.

Cast. I will, Hieronimo. *[Exit Castile.]*

Hier. What, are you ready, Balthazar?
 Bring a chair and a cushion for the king.

Enter Balthazar, with a chair.

Well done, Balthazar ! hang up the title :
 Our scene is Rhodes ;—what, is your beard on ?

Bal. Half on ; the other is in my hand.

Hier. Despatch for shame ; are you so long ?

[Exit Balthazar.]

Bethink thyself, Hieronimo,
 Recall thy wits, recount thy former wrongs
 Thou hast receiv'd by murder of thy son, 20
 And lastly—not least !—how Isabel,
 Once his mother and thy dearest wife,
 All woe-begone for him, hath slain herself.
 Behoves thee then, Hieronimo, to be reveng'd !

The plot is laid of dire revenge :
 On, then, Hieronimo, pursue revenge ;
 For nothing wants but acting of revenge !

[*Exit Hieronimo.*]

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,
 Perform'd—of pleasure—by your son the prince,
 My nephew Don Lorenzo, and my niece.

Vic. Who? Bellimperia?

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 :
 This is the argument of that they show.

[*He giveth him a book.*]

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

Enter Balthazar, Bellimperia, and Hieronimo.

Bal. *Bashaw, that Rhodes is ours, yield heav'ns the
 honour,*

10

*And holy Mahomet, our sacred prophet!
 And be thou grac'd with every excellence
 That Soliman can give, or thou desire.
 But thy desert in conquering Rhodes is less
 Than in reserving this fair Christian nymph,
 Perseda, blissful lamp of excellence,
 Whose eyes compel, like powerful adamant,
 The warlike heart of Soliman to wait.*

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

Vic. Ay, Bellimperia hath taught him that.

Cast. That's because his mind runs all on Bellimperia.

Hier. *Whatever joy earth yields, betide your majesty.*

Bal. *Earth yields no joy without Perseda's love.*

Hier. *Let then Perseda on your grace attend.*

Bal. *She shall not wait on me, but I on her :*

Drawn by the influence of her lights, I yield.

*But let my friend, the Rhodian knight, come forth,
 Erasto, dearer than my life to me,* 30

That he may see Perseda, my belov'd.

Enter Erasto.

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

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

Lor. *Thrice happy is Erasto that thou liv'st ;*

*Rhodes' loss is nothing to Erasto's joy :
Sith his Perseda lives, his life survives.*

Bal. *Ah, bashaw, here is love between Erasto
And fair Perseda, sovereign of my soul.*

Hier. *Remove Erasto, mighty Soliman,* 40
And then Perseda will be quickly won.

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

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

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

Hier. *But if he be your rival, let him die.*

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

Hier. *Erasto, Soliman saluteth thee,*
And lets thee wit by me his highness' will, 50
Which is, thou shouldst be thus employ'd.

[Stabs him.
Ay me!

Bel.

Erasto! see, Soliman, Erasto's slain!

Bal. *Yet liveth Soliman to comfort thee.
Fair queen of beauty, let not favour die,
But with a gracious eye behold his grief,
That with Perseda's beauty is increas'd,
If by Perseda his grief be not releas'd.*

Bel. *Tyrant, desist soliciting vain suits ;
Relentless are mine ears to thy laments,
As thy butcher is pitiless and base,* 60
Which seiz'd 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
Thy treacheries on thee, ignoble prince : [Stabs him.
And on herself she would be thus reveng'd.*

[Stabs herself.

King. Well said !—Old marshal, this was bravely done !

Hier. But Bellimperia plays Perseda well !

Vic. Were this in earnest, Bellimperia,

You would be better to my son than so.

70

King. But now what follows for Hieronimo ?

Hier. Marry, this follows for Hieronimo :

Here break we off our sundry languages,

And thus conclude I in our vulgar tongue.

Haply you think—but bootless are your thoughts—

That this is fabulously counterfeit,

And that we do as all tragedians do :

To die to-day (for fashioning our scene)

The death of Ajax or some Roman peer,

And in a minute starting up again,

60

Revive to please to-morrow's audience.

No, princes ; know I am Hieronimo,

The hopeless father of a hapless son,

Whose tongue is tun'd to tell his latest tale,

Not to excuse gross errors in the play.

I see, your looks urge instance of these words ;

Behold the reason urging me to this :

[Shows his dead son.

See here my show, look on this spectacle :
Here lay my hope, and here my hope hath end ;
Here lay my heart, and here my heart was slain ;
Here lay my treasure, here my treasure lost ; 91
Here lay my bliss, and here my bliss bereft :
But hope, heart, treasure, joy, and bliss,
All fled, fail'd, died, yea, all decay'd with this.
From forth these wounds came breath that gave me
 life ;

They murder'd 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 Bellimperia.
But night, the cov'rer of accusèd crimes, 100
With pitchy silence hush'd these traitors' harms,
And lent them leave, for they had sorted leisure
To take advantage in my garden-plot
Upon my son, my dear Horatio :
There merciless they butcher'd up my boy,
In black, dark night, to pale, dim, cruel death.
He shrieks : I heard (and yet, methinks, I hear)
His dismal outcry echo in the air.
With soonest speed I hasted to the noise,
Where hanging on a tree I found my son, 110
Through-girt with wounds, and slaughter'd as you
 see.

And griev'd I, think you, at this spectacle?
Speak, Portuguese, whose loss resembles mine :

If thou canst weep upon thy Balthazar,
 'Tis like I wail'd for my Horatio.
 And you, my lord, whose reconcilèd son
 March'd in a net, and thought himself unseen,
 And rated me for brainsick lunacy,
 With 'God amend that mad Hieronimo!'—
 How can you brook our play's catastrophe? 120
 And here behold this bloody hand-kercher,
 Which at Horatio's death I weeping dipp'd
 Within the river of his bleeding wounds :
 It as propitious, see, I have reserv'd,
 And never hath it left my bloody heart,
 Soliciting remembrance of my vow
 With these, O, these accursèd murderers :
 Which now perform'd my heart is satisfied.
 And to this end the bashaw I became
 That might revenge me on Lorenzo's life, 130
 Who therefore was appointed to the part,
 And was to represent the knight of Rhodes,
 That I might kill him more conveniently.
 So, Viceroy, was this Balthazar, thy son,
 That Soliman which Bellimperia,
 In person of Perseda, murderèd :
 Solely appointed to that tragic part
 That she might slay him that offended her.
 Poor Bellimperia miss'd her part in this :
 For though the story saith she should have died,
 Yet I of kindness, and of care to her, 141

Did otherwise determine of her end ;
 But love of him whom they did hate too much
 Did urge her resolution to be such.—
 And, princes, now behold Hieronimo,
 Author and actor in this tragedy,
 Bearing his latest fortune in his fist ;
 And will as resolute conclude his part,
 As any of the actors gone before.
 And, gentles, thus I end my play ; 150
 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 !

Vic. We are betray'd ; my Balthazar is slain !
 Break ope the doors ; run, save Hieronimo.

[They break in and hold Hieronimo.]

Hieronimo,

Do but inform the king of these events ;
 Upon mine honour, thou shalt have no harm.

Hier. Viceroy, I will not trust thee with my life,
 Which I this day have offer'd to my son.
 Accursèd wretch ! 160

Why stay'st thou him that was resolv'd to die ?

King. Speak, traitor ! damnèd, bloody murd'rer, speak !
 For now I have thee, I will make thee speak.

Why hast thou done this undeserving deed ?

Vic. Why hast thou murderèd my Balthazar ?

Cast. Why hast thou butcher'd both my children thus ?

Hier. [*But are you sure they are dead?*]

Cast. *Ay, slave, too sure.*

Hier. *What, and yours too?*

Vic. *Ay, all are dead; not one of them survive.*

Hier. *Nay, then I care not; come, and we shall be friends;*

Let us lay our heads together: 171

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

Vic. *O damnèd devil, how secure he is!*

Hier. *Secure? why, dost thou wonder at it?*

*I tell thee, Viceroy, this day I have seen revenge,
And in that sight am grown a prouder monarch,
Than ever sat under the crown of Spain.*

*Had I as many lives as there be stars,
As many heav'ns to go to, as those lives,
I'd give them all, ay, and my soul to boot,
But I would see thee ride in this red pool.]*

180

O, good words!

As dear to me was my Horatio,

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 revengèd thoroughly,

Upon whose souls may heav'ns be yet aveng'd

With greater far than these afflictions.

Cast. But who were thy confederates in this?

190

Vic. That was thy daughter Bellimperia;

For by her hand my Balthazar was slain:

I saw her stab him.

King. Why speak'st thou not?¹

Hier. What lesser liberty can kings afford

Than harmless silence? then afford it me.

Sufficeth, I may not, nor I will not tell thee.

King. Fetch forth the tortures : traitor as thou art,
I'll make thee tell.

¹ Instead of ll. 193 (second half: 'Why speak'st thou not') to 204, the Qq. from 1602 onwards have the following passage (they have also put ll. 190-193, first half, before l. 182):

[*Hier.*] *Methinks, since I grew inward with revenge,
I cannot look with scorn enough on death.*

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

Hier. *Do, do, do: and meantime I'll torture you.*

You had a son, as I take it; and your son

Should ha' been married to your daughter:

Ha, was it not so?—You had a son too,

He was my liege's nephew; he was proud

And politic; had he liv'd, he might have come

To wear the crown of Spain (I think 'twas so)—:

'Twas I that kill'd him; look you, this same hand,

'Twas it that stabb'd his heart—do ye see this hand?

For one Horatio, if you ever knew him: a youth,

One that they hang'd up in his father's garden;

One that did force your valiant son to yield,

While your more valiant son did take him prisoner.

Vic. *Be deaf, my senses; I can hear no more.*

King. *Fall, heav'n, and cover us with thy sad ruins.*

Cast. *Roll all the world within thy pitchy cloud.*

Hier. *Now do I applaud what I have acted.*

Nunc iners cadat manus!

Now to express the rupture of my part—

Hier.

Indeed,

Thou may'st torment me, as his wretched son
 Hath done in murd'ring my Horatio : 200
 But never shalt thou force me to reveal
 The thing which I have vow'd inviolate.
 And therefore, in despite of all thy threats,
 Pleas'd with their deaths, and eas'd with their
 revenge,
 First take my tongue, and afterwards my heart.

[He bites out his tongue.]

King. O monstrous resolution of a wretch !
 See, Viceroy, he hath bitten forth his tongue,
 Rather than to reveal what we requir'd.

Cast. Yet can he write.

King. And if in this he satisfy us not, 210
 We will devise th' extremest kind of death
 That ever was invented for a wretch.

*[Then he makes signs for a knife to mend his pen.]**Cast.* O, he would have a knife to mend his pen.

Vic. Here, and advise thee that thou write the troth.—
 Look to my brother ! save Hieronimo !

[He with a knife stabs the duke and himself.]

King. What age hath ever heard such monstrous
 deeds?

My brother, and the whole succeeding hope
 That Spain expected after my decease !—
 Go, bear his body hence, that we may mourn
 The loss of our belovèd brother's death— : 220

That he may be entomb'd !—Whate'er befall,
I am the next, the nearest, last of all.

Vic. And thou, Don Pedro, do the like for us :
Take up our hapless son, untimely slain ;
Set me with him, and he with woeful me,
Upon the main-mast of a ship unmann'd,
And let the wind and tide haul me along
To Scylla's barking and untamèd gulf,
Or to the loathsome pool of Acheron,
To weep my want for my sweet Balthazar : 230
Spain hath no refuge for a Portingal.

[The trumpets sound a dead march ; the King of Spain mourning after his brother's body, and the King of Portingal bearing the body of his son.]

SCENE V

Enter Ghost and Revenge.

Ghost. Ay, now my hopes have end in their effects,
When blood and sorrow finish my desires :
Horatio murder'd in his father's bower ;
Vild Serberine by Pedringano slain ;
False Pedringano hang'd by quaint device ;
Fair Isabella by herself misdome ;
Prince Balthazar by Bellimperia stabb'd ;

The Duke of Castile and his wicked son
 Both done to death by old Hieronimo ;
 My Bellimperia fall'n, as Dido fell, 10
 And good Hieronimo slain by himself :
 Ay, these were spectacles to please my soul !—
 Now will I beg at lovely Proserpine
 That, by the virtue of her princely doom,
 I may consort my friends in pleasing sort,
 And on my foes work just and sharp revenge.
 I'll lead my friend Horatio through those fields,
 Where never-dying wars are still inur'd ;
 I'll lead fair Isabella to that train,
 Where pity weeps, but never feeleth pain ; 20
 I'll lead my Bellimperia to those joys,
 That vestal virgins and fair queens possess ;
 I'll lead Hieronimo where Orpheus plays,
 Adding sweet pleasure to eternal days.
 But say, Revenge—for thou must help, or none—
 Against the rest how shall my hate be shown ?

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

Ghost. Then, sweet Revenge, do this at my request :
 Let me be judge, and doom them to unrest. 30
 Let loose poor Tityus from the vulture's gripe,
 And let Don Cyprian supply his room ;
 Place Don Lorenzo on Ixion's wheel,
 And let the lover's endless pains surcease
 (Juno forgets old wrath, and grants him ease) ;

The Spanish Tragedy

ACT IV. SC. 5.

Hang Balthazar about Chimæra's neck,
And let him there bewail his bloody love,
Repining at our joys that are above ;
Let Serberine go roll the fatal stone,
And take from Sisyphus his endless moan ; 40
False Pedringano, for his treachery,
Let him be dragg'd through boiling Acheron,
And there live, dying still in endless flames,
Blaspheming gods and all their holy names.

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

FINIS



GLOSSARY

- AGLETS, ornamental tags, III. xiii. 36.
- AMBAGES, round-about ways, beating about the bush, I. iv. 90.
- APPLY, to conform, III. ix. 13; to ply, further, IV. i. 31.
- BACON, pig, III. xi. 17.
- BALLACE, *vó.*, to ballast, III. xi. 8.
- BANN'D, cursed, III. vii. 67.
- BATTERY, unlawful beating, III. xiii. 60.
- BECAME, WHERE=what became of, I. iii. 74.
- BEWRAY, to reveal, I. iii. 54, III. ii. 52, III. xiii. 76.
- BRING, I'll be with you to bring; *cp.* note to III. xii. 22.
- BUGS, bugbears, IV. v. 28.
- CARBINES, carabineers, I. ii. 82.
- CASE, AN ACTION OF THE, 'an action for redress of wrongs not specially provided against by law, in which the whole cause of complaint was set out in the writ' (Webster); III. xiii. 61.
- CASE, IF CASE=if the case be, in case, II. i. 60.
- CLEANLY, adroitly, dexterously, III. iv. 73.
- CLOSELY, secretly, III. iv. 58, III. xiii. 26.
- COIL, noise, tumult, III. xiii. 45.
- COMPANY, companion, III. x. 28.
- CONDESCENT, consent, III. xiv. 17.
- CONSORT, TO, with acc.=to consort with, III. i. 21, IV. v. 15.
- CONTEND, to strive towards, III. xiii. 10.
- CONTENTS, contentments, II. ii. 4.
- CORNET, troop of cavalry, I. ii. 41.
- CORREGIDOR, a Spanish magistrate, III. xiii. 58.
- COR'SIVE = corrosive, annoyance, worry, I. ii. 143.
- COUNTERCHECK, to meet a check (attack) with a check, II. ii. 37.
- COUNTERMUR'D, walled in, protected by walls, III. vii. 16.
- COURSE, WORDS OF, meaningless, empty words, I. iv. 98.
- CUNNING, wit, skill, IV. i. 175.
- DAG, large pistol, III. iii. 32.
- DING, to strike, I. iv. 22.
- DISTAIN, to tarnish, defile, I. iii. 33.
- DRIFT, aim, intention, IV. i. 31.
- EJECTIONE FIRMÆ, 'a writ which lay to eject a tenant from his holding' (Wharton's *Law-Lexicon*); III. xiii. 62.
- FACT, (criminal) deed, III. iv. 22.
- FAVOUR, appearance, look, III. xiii. 149.
- FETCH, in the original Quarto *fetch*, trick, stratagem, III. iv. 43.
- FLAT, THAT'S FLAT, that's clear, that is certain, III. vi. 48, III. xii. 21.

GLOSSARY

FORCE PERFORCE, of necessity, yielding to necessity, III ix. 12.

FOR WHY, because, IV. i. 50.

FRONT, forehead, III. x. 91.

GEAR, affair, matter, business, III. vi. 23, 32, 43, IV. i. 189; dress, clothing, III. vi. 46, 47.

GIVE BACK, to go back, recede, withdraw, II. iii. 50.

GRACE, *vô.*, to favour, IV. i. 49, IV. i. 61; embellish, III. v. 15; fit out, IV. i. 150.

GRAMERCY, great thanks, many thanks, III. vi. 18.

GUMMED, clogged, dimmed, as with gum, III. xiii. 162.

HAGGARD, wild, refractory, II. i. 4.
HERE-HENCE, hence, in consequence of this, I. ii. 70.

HUMOROUS, capricious, whimsical, I. iv. 105.

INGRATITUDE, unkindness, IV. i. 15.
INURED, put in practice, carried on, IV. v. 18.

JUTTY, TO **JUTTY OVER**, to project, overhang, III. xiii. 137.

LEESE, to lose, II. v. 29, 33.
LORDING, of lordly descent, lord, I. v. 17, III. i. 12, IV. i. 97.

MATTED, dull, III. xiii. 116.

NILL, will not, I. iv. 7.

PRETENCE, intention, III. iv. 79.

QUITAL, requital, recompense, III. i. 79.

REACHING, far-reaching, clever, III. iv. 43.

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RECURE, probably 'contamination' of *recure* and *recover*, III. viii. 5.

REMORSE, regret, pity, I. iv. 27.

RENT, to rend, III. xiii. 121, IV. ii. 8.

ROUNDED, whispered, I. i. 81.

SEEMINGLY, in semblance, in appearance, III. xiii. 128.

SELD-SEEN, strange, curious, III. xii. 3.

SIT, TO **SIT BESIDE**, to miss, lose, I. ii. 177.

SOOTHE UP, *çp.* note to III. x. 19.

SORT, troop, number, III. xiii. 46.

SORTED, selected, chosen, sought out, IV. iv. 102.

SUSPECT, suspicion, III. iii. 15.

TERMS, TO **STAND ON**, to stand on one's own terms, to hold out, III. x. 20.

THROUGH-GIRT, pierced, IV. iv. 111.
TICKLE, uncertain, critical, dangerous, III. iv. 74.

TOIL, *vô.*, to harass, weary, III. vi. 8.

TRAIN, snare, trap, III. ii. 38; wile deceit (?), III. i. 19.

TRAVELLERS, labourers, II. ii. 46.

TRICKS, delusions, III. xiii. 107.

TUCKET, flourish of trumpets, fanfare, I. ii. 100.

UNBEVELLED, not well adjusted, rough, unpolished, III. xi. 23.

UNMANURED, unworked, uncultivated, IV. ii. 16.

UNSQUARED, uneven, rough, III. xi. 23.

VILD, vile, II. v. 27, IV. v. 4.

VULGAR, *κ.*, the common people, mob, III. xv. 35.

WAVING, moving, departing, I. ii. 83.

WHEN? See note to III. i. 47.

WIELD, to carry, I. iv. 35.

NOTES

INDUCTION.—The Induction of *The Spanish Tragedy* was certainly conceived in imitation of Seneca's *Thyestes*, which play is opened by the ghost of Tantalus in company of Megaera. Very similar is the beginning (and end) of the contemporary *Misfortunes of Arthur*, where the ghost of the murdered Gorlois appears, expressing his thirst for revenge. Kyd may have introduced the figure of a ghost earlier, in his *Hamlet*; and one might even speculate as to whether that play did not begin with an introductory speech similar to that of Andrea or Gorlois, had not the German *Hamlet* (*Brudermord*) a prologue with Night and the Furies. Of course, the ghost appears in untold dramas of the Renaissance in England and abroad, and it is needless to say to what splendid use this old requisite of the Seneca drama has been transformed by Shakspeare.

I. i. 1 sqq. The opening lines have often been quoted and caricatured by contemporary dramatists, e.g. in *The Knight of the Burning Pestle*, *The Rebellion*, *Albumazar*, *The Fair Maid of the West*, etc.

I. i. 19 sqq. The description of the nether world in the Induction is principally taken from the *Æneid*, Canto vi.

I. i. 82. *gates of horn*. Of course, from *Æneid*, vi. 893 (cp. *Odyssey*, xix. 563).

I. ii. 12. The Duke of Castile addresses his brother here with words adapted from those famous ones originally addressed by Claudian to Honorius, the son of Theodosius the Great (*De tertio*

Consulatu Honorii, ll. 96-98). In reality, they are more fit for the father, who, in 392, had conquered the rival Emperor Eugenius, near Aquileia. See Gibbon, chapter xxvii., towards the end. St. Augustine and, after him, Orosius quote the lines too, but leave out the heathen god Æolus: a host of other writers follow in their train. Ælfric must have known them also.

I. ii. 55. These lines were probably put together by Kyd after classical models, like *Æneid*, x. 361 :—

'haeret pede pes, densusque viro vir';

Statius' *Thebais*, viii. 399 :—

'Ense minax ensis, pede pes, et cuspidē cuspis';

Curtius, III. ii. 13 :—

'vir viro, armis arma, conserta sunt';

and numerous others. The structure reminds one at once of the splendid passage in the *Iliad* (xvi. 215), where the Myrmidons are mustered by their great captain :—

'Ἀσπίς ἀρ' ἀσπίδ' ἔπειθε, κόρυς κόρυν, ἀνέρα δ' ἀνήρ.

I. iii. Like III. i. a most unnecessary scene, but thoroughly English in its aim to bring as much action and movement on the scene as possible. If Kyd had deliberately planned a demonstration against the law of the unity of place, he could not have done better.

I. iii. 7. Translation or paraphrase of the well-known line from Seneca (*Phædra*, 607, ed. Leo) :—

'Curæ leves loquuntur, ingentes stupent.'

I. iii. 15. Probably again an adaptation of current Latin lines. John Webster, in his *Academiæ Examens*, fol. B₁ a, has the line :—

'Qui cadit in terram, non habet unde cadat.'

Similarly Th. Andrewe, in *The Unmasking of a Feminine Machiavell* (1604), fol. B, b. A literal translation of them is to be found in the *Old Timon*, ed. Dyce, p. 61, ll. 9, 10.

I. iii. 82. *Terceira's lord*. With respect to the power inherent in such a dignity, I may be allowed to quote W F. Walker, *The Azores, or Western Islands*, p. 35: 'In those days, Portugal bestowed upon the original discoverers and colonisers of countries annexed to her crown the lordships of them, with the title of *Capitão Donatario*. This post was held in high esteem, as, besides the emoluments attaching to it, the fortunate holder was given plenary powers, which secured him almost despotic sway. . . . Their privileges were hereditary and descended to the lineal successors of those to whom they were granted; provisions being made for regencies in the case of minors . . . such comprehensive powers making of the Donatario a sort of sub-regulus. . . .'

I. iv. 20. *Æneid*, ii. 615 seq. :—

'Jam summas arces Tritonia (respice) Pallas
Insedit, nimbo effulgens et Gorgone saeva.'

I. v. 26. Robert of Gloucester was never, as far as I know, in Portugal. It was Alonzo I., Portugal's first great warrior-king, the hero of Ourique, before whom Saracen Lisbon fell (1147). But in this attempt Alonzo was helped by a fleet of adventurers on their way to the Holy Land, the greater part of whom were English. Camões celebrates the event in the *Lusiadas*, iii. 57, 58.

I. v. 37. This is Edmond Langley, Earl of Kent, and first Duke of York (1341-1402). He went on an expedition to Spain and Portugal in 1381-82; but that he 'razed Lisbon walls and took the king of Portingal in fight' is a free flight of Kyd's fancy. The *Dictionary of National Biography* says (xxxii. 110): 'Edmund

would have attacked the king of Portugal if he had felt strong enough, but as it was he had no choice except to return to England, where he arrived in October 1382.' He was created Duke of York on August 6, 1385, principally for his having taken part in the king's expedition to Scotland.

I. v. 49. John of Gaunt made two expeditions to Spain: one in 1367, under the Black Prince, to support Pedro the Cruel against Henry of Trastamara, when in the battle of Najera Du Guesclin was made a prisoner (Henry himself escaped); and a second in 1386-87, when he styled himself King of Castile, but 'met with little success and was eventually forced to quit Spain.' He had, however, the gratification that his two daughters became, respectively, Queens of Portugal and of Castile. Kyd lost a great chance here: why did he not introduce the splendid figure of the Black Prince?

II. i. 3-6 and 9-10 are taken, almost literally, from Watson's 'Εκατομυαβλα, Sonnet 47. Watson's lines themselves are an adaptation of a sonnet by Serafino d'Aquila (No. 103 in the edition of Venice, 1548; ed. Menghini, p. 213).

II. i. 9 *sqq.* This speech of Balthazar, not a little tinged with euphuism, was the subject of many a joke: *e.g.* in Ben Jonson's *Poetaster*, III. i.; and Field's *A Woman is a Weathercock*, I. ii. (see the Preface, p. xxix).

II. i. 47. Thus there had been a domestic catastrophe on account of Bellimperia's love for an inferior, where Pedringano, the go-between, had been saved from punishment by Lorenzo. This is alluded to in III. x. 54, and III. xv. 72 and 73.

II. i. 109. More frequently we find the synonymous motto: *Tam Marti quam Mercurio* (which had, for instance, been adopted by Gascoigne).

II. ii. 50. *prickle, i.e.* thorn. That the nightingale sings 'with a prickle at her breast,' in order to be kept awake, is a *motif* made use of by numberless poets.

II. iii. 17-21. Lorenzo is not very likely to admire this generosity on the part of his uncle.

II. iv. 57. Had our play been written after *Othello*, we might consider this line a *gauche* imitation of Desdemona's *magnanima menzogna*.

II. iv. 61 and 62, II. v. 1 *sqq.* *Cp.* the picture given as frontispiece. It represents the situation at the beginning of the fifth scene, one of the best and most popular of the play.

II. v. 46-98. I do not think that this first addition is an improvement. It panders to the vulgar taste, which considers the more rant and madness the better. Kyd certainly showed greater artistic refinement and deeper insight in here dwelling chiefly on Hieronimo's grief and tenderness for his son, and in introducing madness only as a later phase in the development of the character.

II. v. 57. This refers to I. v. 15, 16.

II. v. 120. These Latin verses were probably composed by Kyd himself, having, perhaps, in his mind the lines from *Thyestes*, 691, 692 :

' Ipse est sacerdos: ipse funesta prece
Letale carmen ore violento canit.'

Sic, sic juvat ire sub umbras is, of course, from Dido's speech in the *Aeneid*, iv. 660. In line 124 the Quarto reads *effecit*; I owe the conjecture *effert* to my colleague, Dr. Traube, of Munich. Dr. Traube is, I think, also right in pointing, for the probable original of ll. 125, 126, to Tibullus, II. iv. 55 *sqq.* :

' Quidquid habet Circe, quidquid Medea veneni,
Quidquid et herbarum Thessala terra gerit . .
Si modo me placido videat Nemesis mea vultu,
Mille alias herbas misceat illa, bibam.'

III. I. 1 *sqq.* These are regular commonplaces of the Seneca drama. The whole scene has no bearing upon the main plot.

Viluppo is an Italian word, meaning *confusion, entanglement*. We have an Italian play with the title *Il Viluppo*, by Girolamo Parabosco, in which some similarity has been found by Klein with Shakspeare's *Two Gentlemen of Verona*.

III. i. 47. *when?* Expression of impatience, common in Elizabethan writers; also in Shakspeare.

III. ii. 1 *sqq.* Often quoted and derided.

III. ii. 83 (and 96). The Quartos read *Luigi*. Such a saint is, however, unknown to me (as is also the St. Lingis of Koppel's German translation). *Luigi* is, at any rate, Italian, if not Spanish.

III. ii. 94. *Che le Ieron!* Unintelligible words, which seem to call the page (is it the page's name?). The best conjecture is, perhaps, Koppel's '*Chè, leggiéron!*' It is only a pity that *leggiéron* is hardly an Italian word.

III. ii. 105. That we have in Lorenzo 'the nearest approach to a Machiavellian' before Marlowe's Barabas has been well set forth by Edward Meyer in his *Machiavelli and the Elizabethan Drama*, p. 32 *seq.* He quotes *Spanish Tr.*, III. ii. 105-107, 115-119; II. i. 110, 111; and III. iv. 4, 5; and points out the parallels in Machiavelli's works.

III. iv. 52. *To stand good lord, i.e.* to be or act as a good lord to him; *cp.* the similar phrase: 'to stand good friend.'

III. vi. 45 (and 71). Alludes to the well-known custom of the hangman getting the clothes of the hanged.

III. vi. 99. *i.e.* which intercept, bar it from happiness. We have the ending *-es, -s* several times for the plural of verbs: I. i. 65, shakes; III. iv. 75, ends; III. viii. 16, mounts.

III. vii. 1-10. Note the unusual frequency of alliteration in these lines.

III. vii. 15-18. The passage reminds one somewhat of Iphigenia's sublime *Parrenlied*, in Goethe's drama.

III. viii. Here some modern editions begin a new act. This

division is not warranted by the old Quartos, nor, indeed, by the internal structure of the play: Kyd evidently meant each act to finish with the re-appearance of Ghost and Revenge as chorus. We have a division into four acts in the English Seneca (*Thebais* and *Octavia*); in the plays of the Spaniard Juan de la Cueva, who was especially proud of this innovation; in Naogeorgus' *Pammachius*; in *Jack Straw*, etc., down to Shelley's *Prometheus Unbound*, and Alfred Austin's *England's Darling*.

III. x. 11. *A nine-days' wonder*. A phrase particularly well known in Elizabethan times; *cp.* Kemp's *Nine days' wonder*, performed in a dance from London to Norwich. 1600.

III. x. 19. *soothe me up*, *i.e.* bear out, confirm what I say. *Sooth* means originally *true* (*cp.* forsooth, in sooth); it is the participle of the root *es*, to be (Greek *εἶναι*). Thus O.E. *gesōðian* = to prove the truth of, to bear witness; *gesōð* glosses *parasita* (*cp.* Shakspeare's *soother* = German *Ja-sager*). *cp.* also IV. i. 187, to soothe his humours up = flatter his humour.

III. x. 22. This advice of Lorenzo's is duly put into practice towards the end of the scene, where the meaning is indeed 'concealed under feigned jest.'

III. x. 28. *my company* = my companion, *i.e.* Horatio.

III. x. 54. *cp.* note to II. i. 47.

III. xi. 15. The original *Spanish Tragedy* has certainly many ridiculous passages, but here Kyd is outdone by the interpolator.

III. xi. 42. *And things called whips*. The same phrase in *a Henry VI.*, II. i. 136 (and *The Contentions*); it was probably also in the old *Hamlet*.

III. xi. 54. Thus the stage for *The Spanish Tragedy* had two doors.

III. xi. 60 *sqq.* An oft-praised passage. As to the allegory in it, *cp.* Sarrazin, p. 53, and an article by F. I. Carpenter, in *Mod.*

Lang. Notes, xii. 258 *sqq.* In certain expressions Kyd doubtless had the *Æneid* in his mind (as in I. i.).

III. xii. *Poniard and rope.* Constantly occurring *motif*; see Schröer, *Titus Andronicus*, p. 77 *seq.*, and Carpenter, *l.c.*

III. xii. 6 *sqg.* As Hieronimo sees no means of attaining justice and revenge, he, for a moment, contemplates suicide. The similarity to *Hamlet* is apparent.

III. xii. 14 and 15. *this path . . . or this, i.e. poniard, or rope.*

III. xii. 16. The sequence of ideas is exactly as in the Latin lines, II. v. 132 *seq.* *Cp.* also III. ii. 46 *seq.*

III. xii. 22. *I'll be with thee to bring, i.e. I'll chastise you; I'll give you a sound lesson; I'll give it to you.* See in *Troilus and Cressida*, I. ii. 305, and some other Elizabethan passages.

III. xii. 24. 'There goes the hare away,' *i.e. there is the game I want to hunt; that's where the game lies.* *Cp.* Gosson, *The School of Abuse*, ed. Arber, p. 70:

' *Hic labor, hoc opus est, there goeth the hare away.*'

III. xii. 30. *Hieronimo, go by!* One of the best-known pieces of Elizabethan slang, introduced by Shakspeare, Ben Jonson, Dekker, Chapman, Webster, etc.

III. xii. 61. Is this a slip of Kyd's? Surely, by this time, the king must have heard of Horatio's murder.

III. xii. 76. *Cp.* Virgil's and Bismarck's:

' *Flectere si nequeo superos, Acheronta movebo.*'

III. xii. 81. An old proverb, already found in the *Assembly of Gods*, ascribed to Lydgate, l. 21. See Dr. Triggs's edition.

III. xiiA. 90. The painter Bardo with his slain son recalls Luca Signorelli, whose son was also murdered; *cp.* the poem by Graf Platen, and Symonds's *Renaissance in Italy*, iii. 280-282.

III. xiii. 1 *sqg.* The connecting thread of ideas in this passage is:

'Vengeance is mine; I will repay, saith the Lord' (Deuteronomy xxxii. 35 and Romans xii. 19). Wait therefore till Heaven avenges you (ll. 1-5). But one evil or crime leads to another; therefore 'strike home where wrong is offered thee' (6-11). If, then, you take upon yourself to act, after all but two things can happen: either you win your game—then all is well; or you lose your life in your attempt—then you are at least 'assured of a tomb.' Therefore, I will be my son's avenger (12-20).

III. xiii. 6. This line is from Seneca's *Agamemnon*, 115: 'Per scelera semper sceleribus tutum est iter'; ll. 12 and 13 are from the *Troades*, 510-512:

'Fata si miseros juvant,
Habes salutem; fata si vitam negant,
Habes sepulcrum.'

III. xiii. 19. This is Lucan's 'Caelo tegitur, qui non habet urnam' (*Pharsalia*, vii. 818). The passage has often been quoted, e.g. by St. Augustine (*De Civitate Dei*, i. 12); in Sir Thomas More's *Utopia*, in Lyly's *Endymion*, and elsewhere. A pretty little poem by Heine should not be forgotten in connection with this.

III. xiii. 35. From Seneca's *Ædipus*, 515.

III. xiii. 72. The 'Corsic rocks' come from *Octavia*, 382:

'Remotus inter Corsici rupes maris.'

III. xiii. 98-106. Difficult passage, for which many emendations have been brought forward. The best suggestion is probably Mr. Gollancz's, namely, to take ll. 103 and 104 as an exclamation, reading, at the same time, *o'erturneth thee* in l. 102.

III. xiii. 171. *dis-cords—chords—cord*: one of the cruellest puns in the play. Cp. also iv. i. 153, 'Fie! comedies are fit for common wits'; iv. ii. 12, 'this garden-plot':

Accursèd *complot* of my misery!

and others.

III. xiv. 11. Kyd's geography is quite on a par with his history.

III. xv. 129, 130. The correct form of this quotation seems to be :

' Chi mi fa più carezze che non suole,
O mi ha ingannato o ingannar mi vuole.'

Dunlop (*History of Prose Fiction*, ed. Wilson, II. 310) says the lines are taken from Ariosto; but I have not been able to identify them. See further Vossler, *Das deutsche Madrigal*, p. 48, who gives a translation into German by Caspar Ziegler (1685).

III. xvi. 1. The Quarto reads *Erichtha*. This means, of course, the Thessalian sorceress Erichtho, well known from Lucan, Ovid, Dante, and Goethe's *Faust*. She is often introduced in the Elizabethan drama (cf. especially Marston's *Sophonisba*).

III. xvi. 3 *sqq.* The Quarto reads :

' To combat *Achion* and *Ericus* in hell.
For neere by *Stix* and *Phlegeton* :
Nor ferried *Caron*,' etc.

III. xvi. 12. Revenge seems to have fallen asleep over the author's play! The ghost reminds him that Proserpine—Pluto's all-powerful consort—had enjoined him to watch.

IV. i. 9. Instead of this line, the Quartos have two :

' With what dishonour, and the hate of men,
From this dishonour and the hate of men.'

IV. i. 17-19. Anacoluthon.

IV. i. 31. *applies our drift*. Collier conjectures 'applauds our drift' (*Introduction to John Bruen*), but wrongly, I think. The meaning is evidently : 'Heaven furthers our drifting plans, brings them to a definite goal.' There may be a touch of Latinism in *apply*—*applicare* (*navem*), to land, to bring ashore.

IV. i. 71, 72. The poet has made the same lament in a Latin hexameter at the end of his *Cornelia* :

' Non prosunt Domino, quae prosunt omnibus, artes.

IV. i. 85-87. These lines were quoted by Heywood in his *Apology for Actors* (1612), fol. E, b. Heywood's words have been the means of identifying Kyd as the author of *The Spanish Tragedy*.

IV. iii. The allusion to a curtain (in the stage-direction), to the 'book' (IV. iv. 9), or 'copy of the play,' to the 'title' (IV. iii. 14)—*i.e.* the play-bill—and to the 'gallery' (IV. iii. 10) whither the spectators of the play within the play proceed, are very important for the history of the stage.

IV. iv. 69, 70. By no means a bad attempt at tragic irony.

IV. iv. 205. From this point Kyd completely loses his head in heaping on horror after horror. Biting out the tongue and stabbing the innocent Duke of Castile are certainly quite unnecessary. Classical reminiscences may have been in his mind, like the story of Zeno and others alluded to by Cicero, *Tusc.* ii. 22, and *De Natura Deorum*, iii. 33. We read in Lyly's *Euphues* (ed. Arber, p. 146): 'Zeno because he would not be enforced to reveal anything against his will by torments, bit off his tongue and spit it in the face of the tyrant.' *Cp.* also *Titus Andronicus*, III. i. 131.

IV. iv. 225 *sqq.* Although there is little poetic ring in this passage, and although Kyd cannot let us off without the inevitable Acheron, yet these lines recall, by their choice of simile—a mysterious ship setting out into the boundless sea—some of the most beautiful fancies of the western and northern nations of Europe, and especially some of the finest passages in English literature: the Viking-burial of Scyld Scéfin in *Beowulf*, the Passing of Arthur in *Layamon* and the *Idylls of the King*, and the most perfect lyric of our time, Tennyson's *Crossing the Bar*. They recall, too, many victims seized by treacherous Rán, or heroes gone to rest in *Tir-fa-íonn*, notably the greatest Englishman of the time of *The Spanish Tragedy*, the sea-king of terrible and glorious memory, Sir Francis Drake.

LIST OF PRINCIPAL DEVIATIONS FROM Q

- | | |
|---|---|
| <p>I. i. 82. horn] Hor Q.
 I. ii. 101. the] this Q.
 I. iii. 29. is] not in Q.
 I. v. 59. thy] the Q.
 II. i. 27. beauty's] beauteous.
 II. i. 29. this ecstacy] these
 extasies.
 II. ii. 33. war] warring.
 II. iii. 49. thought] thoughts.
 II. iv. 32. not] nor.
 II. iv. 35. wars] warre.
 II. v. 101. stay'd] staine.
 III. i. 4. hate] heat.
 III. i. 91. Or wherein Q.
 III. ii. 13. wakes] wake.
 III. ii. 15. Solicits] Solicite.
 III. ii. 83 and 96. Saint Luigi's]
 <i>S. Liugis.</i>
 III. vi. 112. heav'n] heuens.
 III. vii. 15. empyreal] imperiall.</p> | <p>III. x. 102. <i>Est]</i> <i>Est.</i>
 III. x. 103. <i>Est]</i> <i>Et.</i>
 III. xii. 45. inextricable] in-
 excecrable.
 III. xii. 81. For] not in Q.
 III. xiii. 62. Eiectione firma Q.
 III. xiii. 149. fate] Father.
 III. xiii. 159. thy] my.
 III. xv. 63. no] not in Q.
 III. xv. 119. Especially]
 Specially.
 III. xvi. 1-4. See the Notes.
 III. xvi. 9. To sleep—awake!]
 Th sleepe, away.
 IV. i. 9. See the Notes.
 IV. i. 48. and] not in Q.
 IV. i. 181, 182. Transposed in Q.
 IV. iv. 57. Perseda his] <i>Persedaes.</i>
 IV. iv. 228. gulf] greefe.</p> |
|---|---|

ADDITIONS

- | | |
|---|---|
| <p>II. v. 58. he] not in Quartos 1602
 and 1610.
 II. v. 80. pure] poore 1602.
 III. ii. 38. to his] vs to.
 III. xiiA. 36. aglets] aggots.
 III. xiiA. 62. died] hied.</p> | <p>III. xiiA. 115. for] not in Qq.
 III. xiiA. 150. owls] Owle.
 III. xiiA. 154. wave] weaue 1602.
 III. xiiA. 157. <i>first</i> show] not in
 Qq.
 IV. iv. 175. revenge] reueng'd.</p> |
|---|---|

The Latin and Italian quotations have all been considerably changed.

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