The Spanish Tragedie:

OR,

Hieronimo is mad againe.

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

Newly corrected, amended, and enlarged with new additions of the Painter's part, and others, as it hath of late been divers times acted.

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

Ghost of ANDREA.
Revenge.

KING of Spain (‘Spanish King’).
LORENZO, the Duke’s son.
BEL-IMPERIA, Lorenzo’s sister.
GENERAL of the Spanish Army.

VICEROY of Portugal (‘King’).
PEDRO, his brother.
BALTHAZAR (‘Prince’), his son.
ALEXANDRO, VILLUPPO, noblemen at the Portuguese court.
AMBASSADOR of Portugal to the Spanish court.

HIERONIMO, Knight Marshal of Spain.
ISABELLA, his wife.
HORATIO, his son.

PEDRINGANO, servant to Bel-imperia.
SERBERINE, servant to Balthazar.
CHRISTOPHIL, servant to Lorenzo.
Page (‘Boy’) to Lorenzo.
Three Watchmen.
Messenger.
Deputy.
Hangman.
Maid to Isabella.
Two Portuguese.
Servant.
Three Citizens.
An Old Man, BAZULTO (‘Senex’).

DRAMATIS Personae] First given by Dodsley (1744) and expanded by Schick, Boas, and M.S.R. Alternative names are given in parentheses.
DRAMATIS PERSONAE

Portuguese Nobles, Soldiers, Officers, Attendants, Halberdiers.

Three Knights, Three Kings, a Drummer in the first Dumb-show. Hymen, Two Torch-bearers in the second Dumb-show.

In HIERONIMO’s play:

SOLIMAN, Sultan of Turkey (BALTHAZAR).
ERASTO (‘Erastus’), Knight of Rhodes (LORENZO).
Bashaw (HIERONIMO).
PERSEDA (BEL-IMPERIA).

In the Additions:

PEDRO servants to Hieronimo.
JAQUES A Painter, BAZARDO.]
The Spanish Tragedy
CONTAINING THE LAMENTABLE END OF DON HORATIO AND BEL-IMPERIA: WITH THE PITIFUL DEATH OF OLD HIERONIMO.

Act I

[I. i]

Enter the Ghost of ANDREA, and with him revenge.

Andrea. 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,
Whence hight sweet Bel-imperia by name.

"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.


1ff.] Of the many parodies of the opening of the play, the best-known is in The Knight of the Burning Pestle, v. i: 'When I was mortal, this my costive corpse / Did lap up figs and raisins in the Strand.'

8. prime] The line is cited in O.E.D. (s.v. prime, sb.¹, 8) to illustrate the meaning 'the spring-time of human life, the time of early manhood... from about 21-28 years of age'.

10. In secret] For further details about this clandestine relation and its consequences, see ii. i. 45-8, iii. x. 54-5, iii. xiv. 111-12.
For in the late conflict with Portingale
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,
'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,
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,

Portingale] Portugal; a quite usual form during the 16th and preceding centuries.

18ff.] The description of the underworld is based upon the Aeneid, Bk vi. See note to l. 73.

25. Knight Marshal] or Marshal of the King's House. A law officer whose authority was exercised in the English royal household, in hearing and determining all pleas of the crown, and suits between those of the king's house and others within the verge (sc. within a radius of twelve miles), and in punishing transgressions committed within his area. (See Jacob's Law Dict., s.v. Marshal.) The office was abolished in 1846.

28. strand, shore.

33. Minos, Aeacus, and Rhadamanth] appointed judges in the underworld because of the justice and integrity of their lives. Minos had the casting vote, as in ll. 50–3.

36. graven leaves of lottery] Virgil says that the dead are assigned to their dwellings 'not without lot, or judgement; Minos, who presides, shakes the urn . . .' (Aen., vi, 431–2). But here Minos is consulting the graven leaves
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.'

'Why then,' said Aeacus, 'convey him hence, To walk with lovers in our fields of love, And spend the course of everlasting time Under green myrtle trees and cypress shades.'

'No, no,' said Rhadamanth, 'it were not well With loving souls to place a martialist, He died in war, and must to martial fields, Where wounded Hector lives in lasting pain, And Achilles' Myrmidons do scour the plain.'

Then Minos, mildest censor of the three, Made this device to end the difference. 'Send him,' quoth he, 'to our infernal king, To doom him as best seems his majesty.' To this effect my passport straight was drawn.

In keeping on my way to Pluto's court, Through dreadful shades of ever-glooming night, I saw more sights than thousand tongues can tell, Or pens can write, or mortal hearts can think.

Three ways there were: that on the right-hand side  
'Was ready way unto the foresaid fields,'  

Where lovers live, and bloody martialists,  
But either sort contain'd within his bounds.

The left-hand path, declining fearfully,  

for an account of Andrea's past; there might, therefore, be some support for Brooke's gloss, 'book of fate'; lottery would presumably mean 'what is allotted to one', i.e., destiny (cf. Merchant of Venice, II. i. 15; Antony & Cleopatra, II. ii. 248). But drew forth (I. 37) is best interpreted literally and we must suppose that Minos draws from his urn the lottery slip on which was engraved the manner of life which Andrea has by now fulfilled, i.e., what has been his lot.

38-40.) The figure of repetition in these lines (anadiplosis) is a favourite with Kyd; cf. I. iii. 33ff.; II. i. 119ff.

46. martialist] used by Kyd again in Cornelia, iv. ii. 46.

53. doom] give judgement on.
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 murderers groan with never-killing wounds,
And perjur'd wights scalded in boiling lead,
And all foul sins with torments overwhelm'd.'
'Twixt these two ways, I trod the middle path,
Which brought me to the fair Elysian green,
In midst whereof there stands a stately tower,
The walls of brass, the gates of adamant.
Here finding Pluto with his Proserpine,
I 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.
Forthwith, Revenge, she rounded thee in th' ear,
And bade thee lead me through the gates of horn,
Where dreams have passage in the silent night.
No sooner had she spoke but we were here,
THE SPANISH TRAGEDY

I wot not how, in twinkling of an eye.

85

Revenge. Then know, Andrea, that thou art arriv'd
Where thou shalt see the author of thy death,
Don Balthazar the prince of Portingale,
Depriv'd of life by Bel-imperia:
Here sit we down to see the mystery,
And serve for Chorus in this tragedy.

[i. ii]

Enter Spanish King, General, Castile, 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?
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 blest be heaven, and guider of the heavens,
From whose fair influence such justice flows.

Cast. O multum dilecte Deo, tibi militat aether,
Et conjuratae curvato poplite gentes

I. ii. 8. then 1615; then. 1592. 13. poplite] 1594; poplito 1592.

89. Depriv'd of life] a fairly common phrase; see, e.g., 1 Henry IV, iv. iii. 91 and Soliman and Perseda, 1. vi. 28.
90. mystery] events with a secret meaning. An unusual sense, repeated at III. xv. 29; it is more usual to use the word for the secret meaning than for the events or for the story, and so Kyd uses it at i. iv. 139 (cf. O.E.D., 7). There is possibly a suggestion here of the sense 'secret rites'—usually in a religious connexion. It is only a coincidence that each time Kyd uses the word, it is in the context of a stage presentation; the word mystery for the old biblical plays is much later.

I. ii. 1. camp] army; properly, army on a campaign (O.E.D., sb. 2). Doll Common uses this opening line to greet Face: Alchemist, iii. iii. 33.
12-14.] 'O man much loved of God, for you the heavens fight, and the conspiring peoples fall on bended knee; victory is the sister of just rights.' An address deriving from Claudian.
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
We may reward thy blissful chivalry.

Gen. Where Spain and Portingale 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,
'And heaven 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 to encounter us.
Meanwhile our ordnance play'd on either side,
And captains strove to have their valours tried.

38. ordnance] 1623; ordinance 1592.

20. wage] reward ('wages').
22ff.] Massinger caricatures this speech in The Picture (1629), II. i.
11ff.
27. colours of device] heraldic standards or banners.
32. battles] formations of soldiers, battalions.
33. shot] troops equipped with firearms (O.E.D., sb.¹, 21a).
34. push of pike] close in-fighting. The phrase is common; cf. Massinger,
Maid of Honour, i. i. 59: 'When, at push of pike, I am to enter / A breach . . .'
push has a special sense of the thrust of a weapon (O.E.D., sb.¹, 2).
Don Pedro, their chief horsemen’s colonel,  
Did with his cornet bravely make attempt  
To break the order of our battle ranks.

But Don Rogero, worthy man of war,  
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,

Their violent shot resembling th’ ocean’s rage,  
When, roaring loud and with a swelling tide,  
It beats upon the rampiers of huge rocks,  
And gapes to swallow neighbour-bounding lands.

Now while Bellona rageth here and there,  
Thick storms of bullets rain like winter’s hail,  
And shiver’d lances dark the troubled air.

_Pede pes et cuspide cuspis,_  
_Arma sonant armis, vir petiturque viro._

40. colonel] Colonell 1594; Corlonell 1592; Coronell 1602.  
53. rain] Collier; ran 1592; run conj. Manly.  
54. dark] darke 1592; darkt 1594.  

40. colonel] a trisyllable, as indicated by the spelling of 1592, Corlonell,  
which also shows the wavering of the word between ‘coroner’, from the  
French, and ‘colonel’, from the Italian. O.E.D. remarks that up to 1590  
‘coroner’ is far more frequent than ‘colonel’.

41. cornet] squad of cavalry (from the banner at their head).

47. handy] hand-to-hand.

50. rampiers] ramparts.

52. ] The first of several echoes of Garnier’s description of the battle of  
Thapsus in _Corne’lie_, Act V: ‘Bellonnc ardant de rage, au plus fort de la  
presse, / Couroit qui çà qui là.’ In Kyd’s later translation, ‘Bellona, fiered  
with a quenchles rage, / Runnes vp and downe ...’ (Cornelia, v. 183–4).

53. rain] Collier’s emendation brings out an appropriate image, to be  
compared (from afar) with Milton’s ‘sharp sleet of arrowic showers’ (Paradise  
Regained, iii, 324).

54. ] Cf. _Corne’lie_: ‘ Ils rompent pique et lance, et les esclats pointus /  
Bruyant siffiant par l’air, volent comme festus’, and Kyd’s rendering: ‘The  
shyuered Launces (ratling in the ayre) / Fly forth as thicke as moates about  
the Sunne’ (Cornelia, v. 170–1). See Appendix C.

dark] For 1594’s ‘improvement’, darkt, see Introduction, p. xli. If ran  
were retained in the preceding line, a case might be made for the preterite  
here.

55–6. ] ‘Foot against foot, lance against lance; arms clash on arms and
On every side drop captains to the ground,
And soldiers, some ill-maim'd, some slain outright:
Here falls a body scinder'd from his head,
There legs and arms lie bleeding on the grass,
Mingled with weapons and unbowell'd steeds,
That scattering 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 Portingales' young prince,
Brought rescue and encourag'd them to stay:
Here-hence the fight was eagerly renew'd,
And in that conflict was Andrea 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

59. scinder'd] scindred 1592; sundered 1602.

man is assailed by man.' Boas and Schick note analogies and possible sources in Statius, Virgil, and Curtius.
59–60.] Cf. Cornélie: 'Aux uns vous eussiez veu la teste my-partie ... Aux uns la cuisse estoit ou l'espaule abbattue.' Once more, the echo here influences Kyd's later version: 'Some should you see that had theyr heads halfe clouen ... Here lay an arme, and there a leg lay shiuer'd' (Cornelia, v. 255–8).
sinder'd] sundered; a rare form, probably from association/confusion with Lat. scindere = to cleave (O.E.D.).
61. unbowell'd] disembowelled. 'unboweld steeds' occurs in Heywood's Rape of Lucrece, l. 2876.
65. lanciers] lancers; this form is found into the 18th century.
70. Here-hence] as a result of this (O.E.D., 1). O.E.D. wrongly cites this passage under here-hence 2 = from this point forward, from henceforth.
73. insulting] exulting insolently.
76. Prick'd] spurred.
And forc'd to yield him prisoner to his foe:
When he was taken, all the rest they fled,
And our caribines pursued them to the death,
Till Phoebus waning 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.

Give 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,
The fury of your forces will be stay'd:
And to this peace their viceroy hath subscrib'd,

Give the KING a paper.

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

King. These words, these deeds, become thy person well.
But now Knight 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.  A tucket afar off.

1 King. Nor thou nor he shall die without reward:
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,

83. waning] 1603; wauesing 1592. 99. A tucket afar off.] 1592; following l. 100 in Dodsley. 101. the warning] Schick; this warning 1592. this trumpet] 1592; the trumpet 1615.

83. waning] 1592's waving is generally retained, but it is probably a misprint. O.E.D., wave, v., 5b, gives 'to decline' (of the sun) but cites only this passage, wrongly dated 1615. The line in Wily Beguiled (l. 252), 'When Phæbus waues vnto the westerne deepe', is obviously derived from the printed text of The Spanish Tragedy.

96. frolic] be gay. Hieronimo is not asked to skylark.
99. tucket] a flourish on a trumpet.
SC. II] THE SPANISH TRAGEDY

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.

*They enter and pass by.*

Was that the warlike prince of Portingale,
That by our nephew was in triumph led?
Gen. It was, my liege, the prince of Portingale.
King. But what was he that on the other side
Held him by th' arm as partner of the prize?
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 overcloying joys!

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

*Enter [the Army] again.*

Bring hither the young prince of Portingale,
The rest march on, but ere they be dismiss'd,
We will bestow on every soldier
Two ducats, and on every leader ten,

129–31. We ... soldiet / Two ... ten, / That ... them.] Manly; We ... ducats, / And ... know / Our ... them. 1592.

117–19.] an awkward construction, but not an anacoluthon. 'And though I never hoped but well of him, he never pleased (etc.).'
That they may know our largess welcomes them.

*Exeunt all [the Army] but BALTHAZAR,
LORENZO, HORATIO.*

Welcome Don Balthazar, welcome nephew,
And thou, Horatio, thou art welcome too:
Young prince, although thy father's hard misdeeds,
In keeping back the tribute that he owes,
Deserve but evil measure at our hands,
Yet shalt thou know that Spain is 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:
His men are slain, a weakening to his realm,
His colours seiz'd, a blot unto his name,
His son distress'd, a corrosive 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.

*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.

142. unto] 1592; upon Dodsley.

131. largess] liberality, bountifulness.
139. controll'd] held in check, hence, brought to an end, cancelled out.
143. corrosive] corrosive. For the literal use, see Nashe, II, 147: 'Surgions lay Corsiues to any wounde, to eate out the dead-flesh.' For the figurative use, as here, cf. Chettle's *Hoffman*, l. 279: 'My ages corsiue, and my blacke sinnes curse'.
Hor. But first I forc'd him lay his weapons down.

King. Let go his arm, upon our privilege.

Say worthy prince, to whether didst thou yield?

Bal. To him in courtesy, to this perforce:

He spake me fair, this other gave me strokes:
He promis'd life, this other threaten'd death:
He wan 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,
Not he that in a garment wore his skin:
So hares may pull dead lions by the beard.

159. upon our privilege] sc. of absolute authority.
160. whether] which of the two.
164. wan] an alternative form of 'won'.
167. And might seem partial] Hieronimo is of course referring to himself and not to the king.

172.] a proverbial saying (Tilley H165) bringing together two proverbs from Erasmus' *Adagia*, which ultimately derive from P. Syrus' *Sententiae* (cf. Leishman's *Three Parnassus Plays*, p. 205) and Martial's *Epigrams* (cf. Nashe, *Works*, iv, 164), concerning (a) hares triumphing over dead lions and (b) the bravado of anyone's pulling a dead lion's beard. The conflation is found in one of Alciat's emblems (Green, pp. 304ff.) which pictures the hares tugging at a dead lion's mane and contains in the verses the phrase *sic cassi luce leonis / Conuellunt barbam vel timidi lepores*. (Whitney took over Alciat's emblem in 1586 but he is not Kyd's source.) In *Strange Newes* (1592), Nashe quotes directly from Kyd, 'So Hares may pull dead Lions by the beards. Memorandum: I borrowed this sentence out of a Play' (*Works*, i, 271). The reference in ll. 170–1 is to the Fourth Fable of Avian (in Caxton) concerning the ass who sports himself in a lion's skin which he has found.

Lines 170–2 stand in perplexing relation to the lines in *King John* referring to Austria in *Cœur-de-Lion's* garment:

—You are the hare of whom the proverb goes,
Whose valour plucks dead lions by the beard:

O, well did he become that lion's robe
That did disrobe the lion of that robe!

—It lies as sightly on the back of him
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.
Horatio, thou didst 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,

180. weapon 1592; weapons 1615.

As great Alcides' shows upon an ass; (II. i. 137–8, 141–4)
The date of King John is uncertain and so is that of The Spanish Tragedy, so
that dependence of one upon the other must be decided on internal evidence.
Shakespeare is often given the precedence (see, e.g., Greg, Shakespeare's First Folio, pp. 254–5, following Dover Wilson), but the proverbial background proves it not necessary. The images are appropriate to the situation in Kyd's play, would arise quite naturally to a writer, and would be understood by the audience on their own merits and not by allusion. But if in ll. 170–1 there is an allusion beyond the Avian fable, it might possibly be, not to King John, but to The Troublesome Reign of King John; e.g. II. 131–2: 'Not you, Sir Doughty, with your lion's case.—Ah, joy betide his soul, to whom that spoil belong'd!' If that play is the source of King John, Shakespeare may, in working over the passage, have recollected the proverbial ornamentation which Kyd provides.

173.] Cf. Jew of Malta, i. 385, 'Content thee, Barabas, thou hast nought but right.' See note to III. xii. 71.
175. censure] judgement.

177. sit beside my right] forgo my right. An odd phrase; presumably Horatio thinks of placing himself outside the position his rights entitle him to. It is possible that the reading should be set beside (set aside; see O.E.D., s.v. beside, 4b).

187.] Horatio's inferior social position is emphasized in the play and contributes largely to Lorenzo's scorn and hatred towards him. Cf. II. iv. 60, III. x. 57.
SC. II] THE SPANISH TRAGEDY

And that just guerdon may befall desert,
To him we yield the armour of the prince.
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.

[I. iii]

Enter VICEROY, ALEXANDRO, VILLUPPO, Attendants.

Vice. Is our ambassador despatch’d for Spain?

Alex. Two days, my liege, are pass’d since his depart.

Vice. And tribute payment gone along with him?

Alex. Ay my good Lord.

Vice. 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,
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.

I. iii. 9. Falls to the ground.] 1623; following l. 11 in 1592.
I am I] 1592; I am 1633.

1. iii. 7.] Schick suggests an echo of Seneca, Phaedra, l. 607: Curae leves loguuntur, ingentes stupent. But the notion is very common; e.g., Ralegh, ‘To the Queen’: ‘Our Passions are most like to Floods and streams; / The shallow Murmure; but the Deep are Dumb.’ Cf. Tilley S664 and W130. 15-17.] ‘If one lies on the ground, one can fall no further; in me, Fortune has exhausted her power of hurting; there is nothing left that can harm me more.’ A typical pastiche: the sources were identified by W. P. Mustard, P.Q., v (1926), 85–6; the first line is a tag from Alanus de Insulis, Lib.
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:
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?
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,

29. is] Dodsley; not in 1592.

Parab., cap. 2, l. 19, the second from Seneca's Agamemnon, l. 698 (Fortuna vires ipsa consumpsit suas), the third line is presumably Kyd's own composition.

29. rolling stone] Fortune was commonly depicted standing on a sphere and so she appears in emblem-poetry (see Green, pp. 255, 261-3). Garnier's Cornélie has 'les piez . . . sur le haut d'une boule pliez', and in Kyd's translation the rolling stone turns up once more (l. 105). Pistol and Fluellen knew about the 'spherical stone, which rolls, and rolls, and rolls' (Henry V, III. vi. 37).

33. distain'd] sullied.
35, 36. treasure] trisyllabic in both places, 'treasu-er', although disyllabic elsewhere in the play.
My death were natural, but his was forc’d.  

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

Vice. Survives! ay, where?  

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

Vice! Then they have slain him for his father’s fault.  

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

Vice. They reck no laws that meditate revenge.  

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

Vice. No, if he liv’d the news would soon be here.  

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

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

Vill. My sovereign, pardon the author of ill news,  

And I’ll bewray the fortune of thy son.  

Vice. 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.  

Vill. Then hear that truth which these mine eyes have seen.  

When both the armies were in battle join’d,  

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:  

But had he liv’d, the day had sure been ours.  

Alex. O wicked forgery: O traitorous miscreant!  

Vice. Hold thou thy peace! But now Villuppo, say,  

Where then became the carcase of my son?  

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

54. bewray] reveal.  

55. guerdon] reward.  

72. forgery] malicious fabrication.
Vice. Ay, ay, my nightly dreams have told me this.
Thou false, unkind, unthankful, traitorous beast,
Wherein had Balthazar offended thee,
That thou shouldst thus betray him to our foes?
Was't Spanish gold that bleared so thine eyes
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,
Take the crown and put it on again.

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

Alex. Vouchsafe, dread sovereign, to hear me speak.
Vice. Away with him, his sight is second hell,
Keep him till we determine of his death.

[Exeunt Attendants with ALEXANDRO.]
If Balthazar be dead, he shall not live.
Villuppo, follow us for thy reward.

Vill. Thus have I with an envious forged tale
Deceiv'd the king, betray'd mine enemy,
And hope for guerdon of my villainy.

[Exeunt.]

[i. iv]

Enter HORATIO and BEL-IMPERIA.

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

83. diadem] Diadome 1592. 90.1. [Exeunt ... ]] no S.D. in 1592; They take him out. Manly.

82. Terceira's lord] Boas remarks that the title of Capitão Donatario of Terceira, or of any territory annexed to Portugal, would be inherited from the original exploiter of the colony, and would carry with it almost despotic sway.
93. envious] malicious.
And in his death hath buried my delights.

Hor. For love of him and service to yourself,
I nill refuse this heavy doleful charge,
Yet tears and sighs, I fear will hinder me.
When both our armies were enjoin'd in fight,
Your worthy chevalier amidst the thick'st,
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),
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?

Hor. No, that was it for which I chiefly strove,

11.] 'striving always to perform the finest deeds for his glorious cause (of honour in Bel-imperia's eyes)'.
20.] Cf. Aeneid, ii, 615-16 (Boas). But it was Juno who was 'girt with steel' (II, 613).
22. paunch'd] stabbed in the belly, disembowelled.
ding'd] knocked, struck. Cf. Studley's trans. of Seneca's Phaedra (Hippolytus), Act IV, 'And dingd against the rugged Rocks his head doth oft rebound.'
27. remorse] sorrow, pity. The phrase 'incens't with sole remorse' in a very similar context occurs in Watson's Melibæus; see Appendix D.
Nor stepp’d I back till I recover’d him:
I took him up and wound him in mine arms,
And welding 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 usurped right.
Yet this I did, and less I could not do,
I saw him honour’d with due funeral:
This scarf I pluck’d from off his liveless 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 Bel-imperia’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,
Be sure while Bel-imperia’s life endures,
She will be Don Horatio’s thankful friend.

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

Bel. Ay, go Horatio, leave me here alone,
For solitude best fits my cheerless mood:
Yet what avails to wail Andrea’s death,
From whence Horatio proves my second love?

35. welding] 1592; wielding Schick¹.
SC. IV]  THE SPANISH TRAGEDY 23

Had he not lov'd Andrea as he did, *
He could not sit in Bel-imperia's thoughts.
But how can love find harbour in my breast,
Till I revenge the death of my beloved?  65
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,
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.
Bal. No madam, but in pleasing servitude.
Bel. Your prison then belike is your conceit.
Bal. Ay, by conceit my freedom is enthrall'd.
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,

88. live] 1592; lives 1602.

82. conceit] fancy.
84. enlarge] set free.
85. to gage] as a pledge.
90. ambages] roundabout or indirect modes of speech. From 14th-century French, which took it from Latin, the word being the same in all
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.

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.

Hor. The king, my lords, is coming hither straight,
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.

*Enter the Banquet, Trumpets, the KING and AMBASSADOR.*

99. devise] devise 1592; deuisde 1599.

three languages. Chaucer was apparently the first to use it in English. Reed quotes Wily Beguiled, 'By Jesus, I cannot play the dissembler / And woe my loue with courting ambages' (M.S.R., ll. 948-9).

98. words of course] conventional or routine phrases.

99. but device] merely a device. The sense is not improved by reading devis'd with 1599 and Brooke, and the reading has no authority.

105. humorous] temperamental.

115.1.] Many editors begin a new scene here. But the stage is not cleared
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 Portugal 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.’

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

131. honour’d] honored 1592.

and continuity is stressed by the King’s first speech. Cf. the entry of the
King and State in Hamlet, v. ii.

the Banquet] not necessarily the sumptuous meal the word now implies;
it could be something quite unpretentious (by Elizabethan standards), a
conveniently portable meal for theatrical purposes, and the King apolo-
gizes for the fare at l. 176. Nevertheless this feast is obviously elaborate.
121.] Schick punctuates thus: ‘So am I!—slain by beauty’s tyranny.’
1592 has no internal punctuation.
125. grac’d] honoured. Kyd uses the word in several senses; see Index.
131.] an awkward line to scan and 1592 gives no help. See Textual
Apparatus.
137. grace] adorn, lend grace to (O.E.D., v., 4).
pompous] stately.
jest] entertainment (O.E.D., 8).
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 Portingale, and by success of war Enforc’d the king, then but a Saracen, 

To bear the yoke of the English monarchy.

King. My lord of Portingale, by this you see

137.1. with a Drum] 'It is more likely that . . . this indicates a character . . . than that the Marshal himself carries a drum' (MSR (1592), p. xxvii).  

Cf. Halberts, III. i. 30.1.

139. mystery] hidden meaning, allegorical significance. See note to I. i. 90.

140-57.] It is a problem to know where Kyd got his rosy account of English triumphs in the Iberian lands. (a) Englishmen certainly helped in the capture of Lisbon from the ‘Saracen’ in 1147 and Mayerne Turquet’s General History of Spain (published in France in 1586) mentions them; but ‘there is no reason to suppose that Robert of Gloucester was ever in Portugal’ (Boas). There is no hint in Holinshed or in chronicles like Grafton or Hardyng or Fabian to support Kyd. (b) Kyd is dealing with historical facts, but has got them upside down. In 1381–2 Edmund Langley was on the side of Portugal against Spain. Polydore Vergil deals fully with the campaign, but there is nothing to suggest the razing of Lisbon’s walls. Nor are the standard popular chronicles a possible source. (c) If Mariana’s History of Spain were not too late (Toledo, 1592), one might suggest that his account of the battle of Najara (1367) in which John of Gaunt took part might have been imperfectly remembered by Kyd. Whether it is Gaunt’s expedition to Spain of 1367 or, as Boas suggests, of 1386–7, I have found nothing in the full accounts of Holinshed, Froissart, or Polydore Vergil to warrant Kyd’s account. But Holinshed (referring to 1386) talks of disagreement among English writers about a battle in which the Duke of Castile was utterly defeated; it is most unlikely that Kyd was alone in his views on Spain’s history. Shakespeare may have been thinking of The Spanish Tragedy when he wrote of ‘great John of Gaunt, Which did subdue the greatest part of Spain’ (3 Henry VI, iii. iii. 81–2), but P. A. Daniel noted the projected play in Henslowe’s Diary, i, 135, The Conquest of Spayne by John a Gant, as evidence of a popular belief not based on the chronicles.
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 Edmund, Earl of Kent in Albion,
When English Richard wore the diadem.
He came likewise and razed Lisbon walls,
And took the King of Portingale in fight:
For which, and other suchlike service done,
He after was created Duke of York.

*King.* This is another special argument,
That Portingale may deign to bear our yoke
When it by little England hath been 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.
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 the king.

*Takes the cup of Horatio.*

My lord, I fear we sit but over-long,
Unless our dainties were more delicate:


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153.] Manly takes this line with the following and not with the preceding line.
174.1. of] from.
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.

[1. v]

*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.

Enter LORENZO and BALTHAZAR.

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

Bal. No, she is wilder, and more hard withal,
  Than beast, or bird, or tree, or stony wall.
But wherefore blot I Bel-imperia's name?
It is my fault, not she, that merits blame.

Act II

[II. i]

1. coy] unresponsive.
3–10.] from Watson's Hecatompithia (Stationers' Register, 1582), Sonnet XLVII: 'In time the Bull is brought to weare the yoake; / In time all haggred Haukes will stoope the Lures; / In time small wedge will cleave the sturdiest Oake; / In time the Marble weares with weakest shewres: / More fierce is my sweete loue, more hard withall, / Then Beast, or Birde, then Tree, or Stony wall.' Watson notes his debt to Serafino's 103rd Sonnet, but R. S. Forsythe (P.Q., v (1926), 78–84) notes analogues and sources nearer home in Gascoigne, etc.; the images were extremely popular.
4. stoop to lure] the technical phrase for hawks, while they are being trained, coming down to their food (haggard = untamed).
8. sufferance] patient endurance, long-suffering.
9–28.] Balthazar's speech was famous: Boas quotes N. Field's take-off: 'Yet might she love me for my dimpled chin. / Ay, but she sees your beard is very thin' (A Woman is a Weathercocke, 1609, i. ii. 345–6).
12.] 'It is my shortcomings that are to blame, not Bel-imperia’s nature.' Fault in a milder sense (O.E.D., sb., 3b) than at III. ii. III.
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.
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 these ecstasies,
And doubt not but we'll find some remedy:
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.
   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:
   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.
   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.

Lor. Then, Pedringano, this is my demand:
   Whom loves my sister Bel-imperia?
   For she reposeth all her trust in thee;

41. qui] Collier; que 1592. 48. punishment] 1592; banishment Dodsley.
53. living] 1592; liuings 1602.

37. for once] on this occasion (not implying a unique occasion).
41. Vien qui presto] Come here quickly (It.).
47. conveyance] clandestine or underhand service (O.E.D., 1rb).
58. If case] if it happens that (‘if case be that . . .’).
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,  
[Draw his sword.]  
And fear shall force what friendship cannot win.  
Thy death shall bury what thy life conceals,  
Thou diest for more esteeming her than me.  

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 Bel-imperia be in love—

Lor. What, villain, ifs and ands?  
[Offer to kill him.]

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

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.

67. [Draw his sword.] 1602; not in 1592.  
77. [Offer to kill him.] 1602;  
not in 1592.  
81. say] Dodsley; say, 1592.  
know’st thou] 1592; thou  
know’st Dodsley.

87. this cross] i.e., his sword-hilt.
Fed. What I have said is true, and shall for me
Be still conceal'd from Bel-imperia.
Besides, your honour's liberality
Deserves my duteous service, even till death.

Lor. Let this be all that thou shalt do for me:
'Be watchful when, and where, these lovers meet,
And give me notice in some secret sort,'
Fed. 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;
But gold doth more than either of them both.
How likes Prince Balthazar this stratagem?

Ball: Both well, and ill: it makes me glad and sad:
Glad, that I know the hinderer of my love,
Sad, that I fear she hates me whom I love.
Glad, that I know on whom to be 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:
First in his hand he brandished a sword,
And with that sword he fiercely waged war,
And in that war he gave me dangerous wounds,
And by those wounds he forced me to yield,

107. *tam armis quam ingenio*] as much by force as by guile. Cf. the common *tam Marti quam Mercurio*.

117. ] Cf. *Hero and Leander* (1593), 'But love resisted once, grows passionate' (11, 139); the sentence is frequently found in the figurative language of proverbs; cf. Tilley F265, S929.

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 Bel-imperia’s ears,
And through her ears dive down into her heart,
And in her heart set him where I should stand.
Thus hath he ta’en my body by his force,
And now by sleight would captivate my soul:
But in his fall I’ll tempt the destinies,
And either lose my life, or win my love.

_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._

[II. ii]

_Enter_ HORATIO _and_ BEL-IMPERIA._

_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 thoughts
(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 [above].
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,
And leaning on the shore, may sing with joy
That pleasure follows pain, and bliss annoy.  
Possession of thy love is th’ only port
Wherein my heart, with fears and hopes long 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.

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.

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?

author’s, the second being made currente calamo to clarify what is not
obvious from the previous direction, namely, from what part of the stage
Balthazar speaks. The putative action in (i) is cumbersome and unneces-
sary; with (i) and with (ii), one would expect Balthazar and Lorenzo above;
many editors emend the text so. One would expect the book-keeper to
amend the original direction if clarity for the stage was his intention. (The
question of whether there is any evidence for the book-keeper’s hand in
1592 is discussed in the Textual Introduction, pp. xxxi–xxxii.) In accept-
ing (iii) I make an emendation which would serve the author’s intention.

11.] Proverbial wisdom usually contradicts Bel-imperia, as perhaps we
are meant to recognize (cf. Tilley S908 and P408). Watson’s Teares of
Fancie (published posthumously in 1593) appears to give the phrase the lie
direct: ‘So haue I found and now too deerely trie, / That pleasure doubleth
paine and blisse annoy.’ Yet it was a ‘T.W.’ who may be Watson who
wrote, ‘Pleasure is the end of lingring smarts’ (Phoenix Nest, 1593, ed.
Rollins, p. 98).

23. fond] foolish or infatuated.
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.
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.)
Bal. Ambitious villain, how his boldness grows!
Bel. Then be thy father's pleasant bower 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:
Happily the gentle nightingale
Shall carol us asleep ere we be ware,
And singing with the prickle at her breast,
Tell our delight and mirthful dalliance.
Till then each hour will seem a year and more.
Hor. But honey sweet, and honourable love,
Return we now into your father's sight:

33. war] Dodsley; warring 1592.

33. war] 1592's warring jars both metrically and rhetorically; the com-
positor's eye may have caught the word from l. 38.
42. bower] See note on arbour, ii. iv. 53.
46. travellers] labourers ('travailers').
48. Happily] haply (which would be a preferable reading, were the line
not already short of a syllable).
50. prickle at her breast] i.e., to keep her sharp woes waking, as Shake-
speare and common legend have it.
Dangerous suspicion waits on our delight.

Lor. Ay, danger mix'd with jealious despite

Shall send thy soul into eternal night. (if it is love) Exeunt.

[II. iii]

Enter King of Spain, Portingale AMBASSADOR, DON CYPRIAN, &c.

King. Brother of Castile, to the prince's love

What says your daughter Bel-imperia?

Cast. 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. I

And were she froward, which she will not be,

Yet herein shall she follow my advice,

Which is to love him or forgo my love.

King. Then, Lord Ambassador of Portingale,

Advise thy king to make this marriage up,

For strengthening of our late-confirmed league:

I know no better means to make us friends.

Her dowry shall be large and liberal:

Besides that she is daughter and half-heir

Unto our brother here, Don Cyprian,

And shall enjoy the moiety of his land,

I'll grace her marriage with an uncle's gift,

And this it is: in case the match go forward,

The tribute which you pay shall be releas'd,


II. iii. 11. league:] league. 1602; league, 1592; league Collier.

56. jealous] a common enough form which saves the metre; Schick accepted Kittredge's suggestion, once he knew about it.

II. iii. 3. coy it] affect reserve.

as becomes her kind] as it is her natural disposition as a woman to do.

11.] The punctuation of 1592 leaves us free to take the line with either its predecessor or its successor; Collier took the latter conjunction: the former (following 1602) is preferred here. There is but slight alteration in sense.

16. moiety] half-share.
And if by Balthazar she have a son, 
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 aught beside?

King. Commend me to the king, and so farewell.
But where’s Prince Balthazar to take his leave?
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:\nIt 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. 40

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

49. thought] 1615; thoughts 1592.
Enter HORATIO, BEL-IMPERIA, 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 Bel-imperia, let us to the bower,
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,
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 heavens have shut up day to please us.
The stars, thou seest, hold back their twinkling shine,
And Luna hides herself to please us.

Bel. Thou hast prevail'd, I'll conquer my misdoubt,
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 sit'st within these leavy 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 Bel-imperia sits in sight.

II. iv. 7. controls] overmasters (i.e., the heart denies the inclinations of the soul).
Bel. No, Cupid counterfeits the nightingale, 
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.

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 mayst thou read that life in passion dies.

Hor. O stay awhile 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!

Enter LORENZO, BALTHAZAR, SERBERINE, PEDRINGANO, 
disguised.

Lor. My lord, away with her, take her aside.

35. wars] Dodsley; warre 1592. 44. withal] 1594; with [ ] 1592.
50. Who's there? Pedringano!] Schick; Whose there Pedringano? 1592;  

45.] a common image; cf. Virgil, Georgics, II, 221; see Green, pp. 307-9 and Tilley V61. But Horatio ingeniously twists the normal account for his own ends; the point is usually that the vine held up the elm in its embraces even after the elm was dead—an emblem of unswerving friendship. Only Horatio (so far as I know) suggests that the vine pulls the elm down. Ll. 44-5 are quoted (incorrectly) in 1 Return from Parnassus (ed. Leishman), II. 1002-3.

48.] Harbage considers the sensuality of this passage unusual for the pre-Shakespearian public theatre (Shakespeare and the Rival Traditions, pp. 201-2). For the double meaning in die, see Dryden's song, 'Whilst Alexis lay prest', in Marriage à la Mode, iv. iii.
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!

Bal.  But Balthazar loves Bel-imperia.

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

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

Lor.  Come stop her mouth, away with her.

Exeunt[, leaving Horatio's body].

[II. v]

Enter HIERONIMO in his shirt, &c.

Hier.  What outcries pluck me from my naked bed,

63.1. Exeunt[, leaving Horatio's body].] This ed.; Exeunt. 1592.

53.] There seems every reason for believing that the stage-property serving as the arbour (hitherto called bower in the text) was much like that illustrated in the famous woodcut on the t.p. of 1615, sc. a trellis-work arch, not wide, but quite deep, adorned with 'leaves' (?) (so that Isabella may call it a 'fatal pine' in iv. ii). There would be a bench for the lovers to sit on. Such a property would be an ideal hanging-machine; perhaps it served also for Pedringano's gallows. Probably the arbour stood at the back of the stage between the doors. Hosley (privately) compares the arbour in Looking Glass for London and England, a 'brave arbour' and, though small enough to rise from a trap, large enough 'for fair Remilia to despout her in'. It would be possible to argue that the arbour was only a conventional tree; Isabella's later actions would be more realistic; Hieronimo refers to a 'tree' on which his son was hanged at iv. iv. 111; the author of the 'Painter scene' clearly thought of a tree (see 4th Addition, II. 60ff.). A stage tree was used for hangings, cf. Massacre at Paris, ll. 496-7: 'Lets hang him heere vpon this tree ... They hang him.' Arch or tree, hangings were not a difficulty on the Elizabethan stage, to judge from their frequency.

II. v.] It is strictly incorrect to begin a new scene, since the stage is not clear, and many recent edd. continue the previous scene. But since it is only a corpse that occupies the stage, it has seemed better to follow the traditional division.

1. naked bed] a common phrase, not created by Kyd as an unwary reader of Boas' note might suppose; e.g., R. Edwardes in Paradise of Dainty
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 murderers gone,
And in my bower, to lay the guilt on me:
'This place was made for pleasure not for death!'  

He cuts him down.

Those garments that he wears I oft have seen—
Alas, it is Horatio my sweet son!
O no, but he that whilom was my son.
O was it thou that 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,
And left thy bloody corpse dishonour'd here,
For me amidst this dark and deathful shades
To drown thee with an ocean of my tears?

O heavens, why made you night to cover sin?
By day this deed of darkness had not been.
O earth, why didst thou not in time devour

-- this] 1592; these 1633.

Devices (1576): 'In going to my naked bed as one that would have slept'.
15. whilom] formerly, in the past.
17.] Cf. Shakespeare's 'If any spark of life be yet remaining', 3 Henry VI, v. vi. 66.
20.] For a parallel in Marlowe, see the end of Appendix C.
22. this] 1633's these is followed by most edd. (not Schick²) and may be
less awkward to modern ears, but this is a form of the plural found up to
1622 (apud O.E.D., s.v. these, Illustration of Forms, y). It is used again
before a double epithet at ill. ix. 4. Cf. Shakespeare, 'this two days', 'this
twenty years' (Schmidt, s.v. this). Even later examples may be found in
Massinger, Bondman, i. i. 21, 'this wars'; Picture, v. iii. 216, 'upon this
terms'.
The vild profaner of this sacred bower?
O poor Horatio, what hadst thou misdone,
To leese thy life ere life was new begun?
O wicked butcher, whatsoe’er thou wert,
How could thou strangle virtue and desert?
Ay me most wretched, that have lost my joy,
In leesing my Horatio, my sweet boy!

Enter ISABELLA.

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!
Hier. To know the author were some ease of grief,
For in revenge my heart would find relief.
Isab. Then is he gone? and is my son gone too?
Hier. Sweet lovely rose, ill-pluck’d before thy time,
Fair worthy son, not conquer’d but betray’d:
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.

31. could] 1592; could’st 1602. 48. stay’d] staide 1603; staine 1592.

29. leese] lose; not uncommon, but conquered by the modern form during the following century.
30. new begun] i.e., after the wars?
38. What world of grief—] not an exclamation, as previous edd. imply, but the start of a remark which is broken off as Isabella recognizes the body.
45. outrage] passionate behaviour.
46. Sweet lovely rose] So Hotspur refers to the dead Richard, 1 Henry IV, i. iii. 175. Cf. also Soliman and Perseda, v. iv. 81: ‘Faire springing Rose, ill pluckt before thy time’ (Sarrazin).
49. glasses of his sight] Boas compares Coriolanus, iii. ii. 117: ‘—and schoolboys’ tears take up / The glasses of my sight.’
Hier. Seest thou this handkercher besmear'd with blood?
It shall not from me till I take revenge:
'Seest thou those wounds that yet are bleeding fresh?
I'll not entomb them till I have reveng'd:
Then will I joy amidst my discontent,
Till then my sorrow never shall be spent.

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

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 cursed place.
I'll say his dirge, singing fits not this case.

O aliquis mihi quas pulchrum ver educat herbas
Hieronymo sets his breast unto his sword.

54. reveng'd] 1592; reuenge 1623. 67. ver] 1594; var 1592. educat] 1615; educet 1592.

51-2. Compare the use of the napkin dipped in Rutland's blood in 3 Henry VI, i. iv. 79-80 and 157-9. Since the incident is not in Shakespeare's source, he may have borrowed the idea from Kyd.

54. reveng'd] 1623's reading is preferred by Hazlitt and Schick. The only argument can be one of balancing l. 52, for this absolute or intransitive use of the verb is common.

57. murder cannot be hid] a well-worn axiom; for some 16th-century examples, see Tilley M1315.

58-9. proverbial; Tilley T324.

62. practice] contrivance, evil-scheming.

67-80. 'A pastiche, in Kyd's singular fashion, of tags from classical poetry, and lines of his own composition' (Boas). There are reminiscences of Lucretius, Virgil, and Ovid. The emendation herbarum for irraui (1. 73) is indefensible, except on the ground of sense and the source in Tibullus which was suggested by Traube (see Schick's note). 'Let someone mix for me herbs which the beautiful spring brings forth, and let a medicine be given for our pain: or let him offer juices, if there are any which will bring oblivion to our minds. I shall myself gather whatever herbs the sun brings forth, throughout the mighty world, into the fair realms of light. I shall myself drink whatever poison the sorceress contrives, whatever herbs, too, the
Misceat, et nostor detur medicina dolori;
Aut, si qui factunt animis oblivia, succos
Praebat; ipse metam magnum quacunque per orbem
Gramina Sol pulchas effert in luminis oras;
Ipse bibam quicquid meditatur saga veneni;
Quicquid et 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?
Emoriar tecum, sic, sic juvat ire sub umbras.
At tamen absistam propeato cedere letho,
Ne mortem vindicta tuam tum nulla sequatur.

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

71. effert in luminis oras] conj. Traube; effect in luminis oras 1592; eject lucis in oras Hawkins.
72. veneni] 1594; veneti 1592. 73. herbarum] Schick; irraui 1592; irarum Hawkins.
75. pectore] 1594; pectora 1592.

80. i. and bears the body away] perhaps and they bear? The action is not very clear, and the directions may indicate revision, second thoughts, or the book-keeper's hand. They take him up at 1. 64, but Hieronimo cannot be holding him while he sets his breast unto his sword (1. 67) or throws it [his sword?] from him. It is arguable (see Introduction, p. xxxii) that the text is a conflation of a literary version and an abridged version for the stage in which the dirge is omitted; if so, the first They take him up would be the sole direction before Exeunt. But in spite of clear inconsistency, the directions in the text may be found actable: Hieronimo and Isabella tend and half-raise the body, which Isabella supports while Hieronimo recites the dirge. Hieronimo then lifts the body and carries it offstage in his arms.
[II. vi]

**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 Bel-imperia,

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,

I'll show thee Balthazar in heavy case.

---

II. vi. 5. On 1599; Or 1592.

II. vi. 8.] a version of one of the commonest sayings, *Finis coronat opus.*

Cf. 'T.W.', 'The end of eu'ry worke doth crowne the same' (*Phoenix Nest*, ed. Rollins, p. 98).
Enter vicerey of Portingale, Nobles, villuppo.

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

1 nob. I had not thought that Alexandra’s heart
   Had been envenom’d with such extreme hate:
   But now I see that words have several works,


1-11.] an adaptation of Seneca’s Agamemnon, 57-73 (Boas).
4. heat] All edd. read hate with 1599, but the reading has no authority and there is not the slightest reason for suspecting that heat is wrong: the meaning of passion, anger, or fury is regular and common.
8. striveth] The inversion makes permissible what is for us a false concord; it is unlikely that we have here the rare plural in -th (cf. Franz, §156).
17. words have several works] i.e., words are not always related to deeds.
And there's no credit in the countenance.

Vill. No; for, my lord, had you beheld the train
That feigned love had colour'd in his looks,
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.

Vice. 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 condemned he may die.

Enter ALEXANDRO with a Nobleman and Halberts.

2 Nob. In such extremes will naught 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.

2 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.||

Vice. Why linger ye? Bring forth that daring fiend

And let him die for his accursed deed.

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

Vice. No more, I say! to the tortures! when! 
Bind him, and burn his body in those flames

They bind him to the stake.

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

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.

Vill. 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.

Vice. Ambassador, 
What news hath urg'd this sudden entrance?

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

58–61. Stay... while, / And... majesty, / Lay... Ambassador, / What... entrance?] Schick; Stay... Maiestie, / Lay... Villuppo. / Embassadour... entrance? 1592.

46. suggestion] false accusation (O.E.D., 3).
47. when!] a common exclamation denoting impatience; the successive editors of Dodsley (including Hazlitt) emended to to the tortures with him
53. meed] reward.
55. lake] infernal, of course.
Vice. What say'st thou? liveth Balthazar our son?

Amb. Your highness' son, Lord Balthazar, doth live;
   And, well entreated in the court of Spain, 65
   Humbly commends him to your majesty.
   These eyes beheld, and these my followers,
   With these, the letters of the king's commends,
   Are happy witnesses of his highness' health.
   Gives him letters.

The KING looks on the letters, and proceeds.

Vice. 'Thy son doth live, your tribute is receiv'd,
   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.

Vice. Accursed wretch, to intimate these ills
   Against the life and reputation
   Of noble Alexandro!—Come, my lord,
   Let him unbind thee that is bound to death,
   To make a quital for thy discontent. 75
   They unbind him.

Alex. Dread lord, in kindness you could do no less,
   Upon report of such a damned fact:

77. Come, my lord,] This ed.; come my Lord vnbinde him. 1592.

68. commends] greetings, compliments (O.E.D., sb., 3).
77.] See textual notes: the final unbind him of 1592 gives the line thirteen syllables; Le Gay Brereton (quoted by Schick*) thought unbind him to be the original S.D. Kittredge (quoted by Manly) thought my lord hypermetrical. It is far better that the King's gentler tone, with Come, my lord, should mark a turn from Villuppo to Alexandro than to accept with 1592 a continuation to the first, i.e., Come, my lord, unbind him!, with a very awkward transition to a new hearer in the next line. Either the compositor's eye has anticipated the direction two lines below or the author has failed to strike out a direction placed too early. It is possible the passage as a whole contains erasure and rewriting, for Alexandro's first remark after release is a reply to an apology which the King has not made.
79. quital] requital.
   They unbind him] a passive sense only: He is unbound, by Villuppo, as the King orders.
80. in kindness] naturally.
"But thus we see our innocence hath sav'd
The hopeless life" which thou, Villuppo, sought
By thy suggestions to have massacred.

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

Alex. Say, treacherous Villuppo, tell the king,
Or wherein hath Alexandro us'd thee ill?

Vill. 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.

Vice. 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 bitterest torments and extremes
That may be yet invented for thine end.

ALEXANDRO seems to entreat.

Entreat me not, go take the traitor hence.

Exit VILLUPPO[guarded].

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.
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 heavens! 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 unreenged pass,
How should we term your dealings to be just,
If you unjustly deal with those that in your justice trust?
The night, sad secretary to my moans,
With direful visions wake my vexed soul,
And with the wounds of my distressful son
Solicit me for notice of his death.
The ugly fiends do sally forth of hell,
And frame my steps to unfrequented paths,
And fear my heart with fierce inflamed thoughts.
The cloudy day my discontents records,
Early begins to register my dreams
And drive me forth to seek the murderer.

Eyes, life, world, heavens, hell, night, and day,

III. ii. 13. wake] 1592; wakes Dodsley. 15. Solicit] 1592; Solicits Dodsley.

III. ii. 1.] Rollins, in pointing out the similarity of this line to ‘T.W.’’s ‘Mine eies, now eies no more, but seas of teares’, notes many Italian and French versions of a figure which is commonplace; e.g., Petrarch, Rime, 161, ‘oi occhi miei, occhi non gia, ma fonti’, or De Baif, ‘O mes yeux, non plus yeux, mais de pleurs deux fontaines’ (Phoenix Nest, p. 201). Hieronimo’s speech became a kind of rallying-point for all who would pour scorn on the absurdities of the Kydean rhetoric; see, e.g., Everyman in his Humour, I. v. 57–8 and Introduction, pp. I and lxvii.

12. secretary to my moans] ‘the confidant to whom my moans are muttered’ (Boas). This phrase is cited in O.E.D., secretary, sb.1, 1b.

13. wake] plural for singular, probably by attraction to visions; cf. false concords in solicit (l. 15) and drive (l. 21).

See, search, shew, send, some man, some mean, that may—

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

A letter written to Hieronimo!

‘For want of ink, receive this bloody writ.

Me hath my hapless brother hid from thee:
Revenge thyself on Balthazar and him,
For these were they that murdered thy son.

Hieronimo, revenge Horatio’s death,
And better fare than Bel-imperia doth.’

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

Hieronimo beware, thou art betray’d,
And to entrap thy life this train is laid.
Advise thee therefore, be not credulous:
This is devised to endanger thee,

That thou by this Lorenzo shouldst accuse,
And he, for thy dishonour done, should draw
Thy life in question, and thy name in hate.

Dear was the life of my beloved son,
And of his death behoves me be reveng’d:

Then hazard not thine own, Hieronimo,
But live t’ effect thy resolution.
I therefore will by circumstances try

---

23. See... may] Manly; Sec... some man, / Some... may 1592. 26. For] 1602; Bel. For 1592. 29. murdered] murdred 1592. 32. What] 1602; Hiero What 1592.

25. Red ink] perhaps an author’s instruction; the phrase is otherwise inexplicable; see Introduction, p. xxxi.
34. malign] hate (O.E.D., v., 4).
38. train] snare, trap (O.E.D., sb.4, rb); cf. III. i. 19.
48. circumstances] ‘circumstantial evidence’. I believe Boas is wrong in glossing ‘roundabout, indirect methods’ and citing in support Merchant of Venice, 1. i. 154. O.E.D., 6, would confine this usage to speech, ‘beating about the bush’; Hieronimo is after further information, and we should
What I can gather to confirm this writ,
And, heark'ning near the Duke of Castile's house,
Close if I can with Bel-imperia,
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 lord.

Enter LORENZO.

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

Hier. My lord.

Ped. He asketh for my lady Bel-imperia.

Lor. What to do, Hieronimo? The duke my father hath
   Upon some disgrace awhile remov'd her hence,
   But if it be aught I may inform her of,
   Tell me, Hieronimo, and I'll let her know it.

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. [Second Addition; see p. 124]
   I humbly thank your lordship.

Lor. Why then, farewell.

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

Lor. Come hither Pedringano, seest thou this?

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

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


paraphrase: 'I will try to find out other facts which may give credence to this accusation.' by circumstances will be better understood if it is taken with confirm and not with try.
**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 flattering words may make him false.
I know his humour, and therewith repent
That e'er I us'd him in this enterprise.
But Pedringano, to prevent the worst,
And 'cause I know thee secret as my soul,
Here for thy further satisfaction take thou this, |

Gives him more gold.

And 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,
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?

---

83. **Saint Luigi's]** Manly, Schick; S. Liugis 1592.

74. **condition**] nature, disposition.
83. **Saint Luigi's Park**] If the emendation is correct, Kyd is incorrect, for Luigi is not a Spanish name.
88. **Let me alone**] 'trust me'.
93. **mount**] Lorenzo enjoys his own jokes; that the same terms can apply to promotion or to hanging has already inspired his wit; cf. II. iv. 61.
94. **Che le Ieron**] 'An unintelligible expression, possibly a corruption of the page's name' (Boas).
Go, sirrah, to Serberine,
And bid him forthwith meet the prince and me
At Saint Luigi’s Park, behind the house—
This evening, boy!

I go, my lord.

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

I fly, my lord.

Now to confirm the complot thou hast cast
Of all these practices, I’ll spread the watch,
Upon precise commandment from the king,
Strongly to guard the place where Pedringano
This night shall murder hapless Serberine.
Thus must we work that will avoid distrust,
Thus must we practise to prevent mishap,
And thus one ill another must expulse.
This sly enquiry of Hieronimo
For Bel-imperia breeds suspicion,
And this suspicion bodes a further ill.
As for myself, I know my secret fault,
And so do they, but I have dealt for them.
They that for coin their souls endangered,
To save my life, for coin shall venture theirs:
And better it’s that base companions die,
Than by their life to hazard our good haps.

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94-7. Go ... Serberine, / And ... me / At ... house— / This ... boy! ... ]
Boas; Goe ... forthwith, / Meet ... Parke, / Behinde ... boy. / 1592;
Go sirrah, / To ... meet / The Prince ... Park, / Behind ... boy....
Manly, Schick. 96. Luigi’s] Manly, Schick; Luigi 1592. 98. Lor.]
1602; not in 1592. 108-9. This ... Hieronimo / For ... suspicion,]
Hawkins; This ... suspition, 1592. 115. it’s] its 1592; tis 1599.
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.

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,
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
So near the duke his brother's house before.
2. Content yourself, stand close, there's somewhat in't.

III. iii. 1. Ped.] 1602; not in 1592.

III. iii. 4.] 'And I'll look after pointing the pistol.'
15. suspect] suspicion.
20. watch and ward] patrol, keep a guard. Originally part of the legal definition of the duties of a sentinel.
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,
   Or wherefore should he send for me so late?

Ped. For this, Serberine, and thou shalt ha't.
    So, there he lies, my promise is perform'd.

Shoots the dag.

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.

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!

1. 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.

43. Come,] 1602; Come 1592.

---

32. dag] 'a kind of heavy pistol or hand-gun' (O.E.D.).
37. I'll be his priest] i.e., smooth his passage to the next world, make an end of him. See Tilley P587 for other examples of the saying.
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 aught 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 confederates in our fault
    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, urged with the thought
    Of former evils, easily cannot err:
    I am persuaded, and dissuade me not,
    That all's revealed to Hieronimo.
    And therefore know that I have cast it thus—

[Enter Page.]

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

Page. My lord, Serberine is slain.
Bal. Who? Serberine, my man?
Page. Your highness' man, my lord.
Lor. Speak page, who murdered him?
Page. He that is apprehended for the fact.
Lor. Who?

III. iv. 5. unexpected 1599; in expected 1592; unexpected 1623. 18.1. [Enter Page.] 1615; not in 1592.

III. iv. 2. preventing] in the usual sense of anticipating, being beforehand, hence 'Fear of being too late to avert our mishaps'.
3. mistrust] 'suspect the existence of or anticipate the occurrence of [something evil]' (O.E.D., v., 3).
24. fact] crime, evil deed. Cf. mod. 'accessary before the fact'.
Page. Pedringano.

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

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 damned deed. Exit BALTHAZAR.

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,
    Must look like fowlers to their dearest friends.
    He runs to kill whom I have holf to catch,
    And no man knows it was my reaching fetch.
'*Tis hard to trust unto a multitude,
    Or anyone, in mine opinion,
    When men themselves their secrets will reveal.

Enter a Messenger with a letter.

Boy!

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.
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:
And though the marshal-sessions be today,
Bid him not doubt of his delivery.
Tell him his pardon is already sign'd,
And thereon bid him boldly be resolv'd:
For were he ready to be turned off
(As 'tis my will the uttermost be 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;
He shall not want while Don Lorenzo lives.

Away!

55-6. What ... here / To ... distress.] Manly; What ... vs? / He writes ... distres. 1592. 75-6. He ... lives. / Away!] Hazlitt; He ... away. 1592.

55. stand good lord] act the part of good lord, or patron; a stock phrase (O.E.D., s.v. stand, v., 15c).
62. closely] secretly.
64. secret] The scansion here, and at iii. x. 10, suggests that the word is trisyllabic.
69. turned off] hanged.
73. and if] if.
Page. I go my lord, I run.

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

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

Exit Page.

E quel che voglio io, nessun lo sa,
Intendo io: quel mi basterà.

Enter Boy with the box.

Page. My master hath forbidden me to look in this box, and by my troth 'tis likely if he had not warned me, I should not have had so much idle time: for we men's-kind in our 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 Pedrignano,

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III. v. 1. Page] not in 1592; Boy. 1615.

78. tickle] delicately balanced, ticklish.
79. ends] singular for plural in inversion; cf. III. i. 8.
81. see] I have a strong suspicion that 'fee' is a misprint for 'fee'; the remark would be more in character and more powerful. But one cannot tamper with a reading which makes good sense.
82. list not] have no wish to.
83. pretence] intention (O.E.D., 3).
87–8.] 'And what I want, no-one knows; I understand, and that's enough for me,'
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.

[III. 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.

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.

III. vi. 15. But . . . begin, 1602; But come, for that we came for, let's begin, 1592; But come, for that we came for: let's begin, 1615.

III. vi. o.1. Deputy] the official title of the assistant to the Knight Marshal.

13. regard] care for, show concern for.

16. For here] i.e., in his heart or his head, which he touches. Boas suggests he refers to the bloody kercher.
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,
    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.
    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 satisfied, 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 approved and confess’d,
    And by our law he is condemn’d to die.

Hangman. Come on sir, are you ready?

Ped. To do what, my fine officious knave?

Hangm. To go to this gear.

40.1. ^1 1592; Enter Hangman 1615.

[23. gear] affair, business; cf. following note.
[32. for this gear] for this behaviour, deed, or action. Cf. Nashe, ii, 181, ‘Ile hamper him like a iade as he is for this geare.’
[40.] It is unnecessary to provide an entry for the Hangman here since he is one of the officers who enter at the start of the scene.
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?

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:

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.

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?

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


44.] The compositor of 1592 has occasionally given Pedringano's and the Hangman's speeches the appearance of a kind of Whitmanesque verse by beginning a new sentence or main clause on a fresh line. But there is no doubt at all that they speak prose. Cf. note on 4th Addition, i. 107.

45. disfurnish me of my habit] alluding to the custom which grants the hangman his victim's clothes.

70. truss] close-fitting breeches or trousers; in the succeeding speech the hangman puns on another meaning of the word—to hang.
THE SPANISH TRAGEDY

[ACT III]

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

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

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

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.

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.

A fault so soul should scape unpunished.

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?

74-5. Faith . . . health.] Prose as Schick; Faith . . . greatly. / Me thinks . . .
health. 1592. 84. pray with me] 1592; pray for me 1602.

94.] presumably 'which prevent it (the soul) from attaining happiness'.
Since the construction is so clumsy it is impossible to know whether intercepts is a correct or incorrect singular, or a rare plural-form. Cf. III. xiv. 50.
SC. VI] THE SPANISH TRAGEDY

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

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

Dep. So, executioner; convey him hence,

But let his body be unburied.
Let not the earth be choked or infect
With that which heaven contemns and men neglect. Exeunt.

[III. vii]

Enter Hieronimo.

Hier. Where shall I run to breathe abroad my woes,
My woes, whose weight hath wearied the earth?
Or mine exclaims, 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 leaveless 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
With broken sighs and restless passions,
That winged mount, and, hovering in the air,
Beat at the windows of the brightest heavens,
Soliciting for justice and revenge:
But they are plac’d in those empyreal heights
Where, countermur’d with walls of diamond,

108. heaven] 1594; heauens 1592.

III. vii. 1. Hier.] 1603; not in 1592. 15. empyreal] Schick¹; imperiall 1592.

III. vii. 8.] a violent image, but Kyd liked the latter part well enough to re-use it in Cornelia, v. 420, ‘And dewe your selues with springtides of your teares’. The first part is transmuted in the same translation (i. 40) and again there is no parallel in Garnier: ‘with their blood made marsh the parched plaines’.

15. empyreal] 1592’s imperiall is only a spelling variant.

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—

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.

Hier. And yet, though somewhat nearer me concerns,
      I will, to ease the grief that I sustain,
      Take truce with sorrow while I read on this.
      ‘My lord, I writ 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.

And yet, though somewhat nearer me concerns,
      I will, to ease the grief that I sustain,
      Take truce with sorrow while I read on this.
      ‘My lord, I writ 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 as confederate with the prince and you,
      Won by rewards and hopeful promises,
      I holp to murder Don Horatio, too.’

Holp he to murder mine Horatio?

And actors in th’ accursed tragedy
      Wast thou, Lorenzo, Balthazar and thou,

28. lord-worship] L. worship 1592. 32. writ] Manly; write 1592. requir’d] 1592; require 1623. 37. as] This ed.; was 1592.

32. writ] Manly’s simple emendation, though it has not been popular, must be correct.
37. as confederate] To read as instead of was relieves us of having to choose between intolerable syntax and a sheer mis-statement. It is clear, from what we know and from what Hieronimo immediately says, that the last three lines of the letter go together; Pedringano was not a confederate of the prince in the murder of Serberine. But the last three lines cannot be read together as they stand in 1592.
SC. VII]  THE SPANISH TRAGEDY

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 venged or reveal'd?  
Now see I what I durst not then suspect,  
That Bel-imperia's letter was not feign'd,  
Nor feigned 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 heaven unpunish'd would not leave.  
O false Lorenzo, are these thy flattering looks?  
Is this the honour that thou didst my son?  
And Balthazar, bane to thy soul and me,  
Was this the ransom he reserv'd thee for?  
Woe to the cause of these constrained wars,  
Woe to thy baseness and captivity,  
Woe to thy birth, thy body and thy soul,  
Thy cursed father, and thy 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?  

54. accident; I] accident, I 1592; accident. I Manly; accident I Dodsley.

50-1. was not feign'd, Nor feigned she] 'He is relieved of two doubts, whether or not Bel-imperia really wrote the letter, and if so whether or not she was telling the truth' (McIlwraith).

53-6.] 'Now, from the two letters, I can piece together the whole occurrence. I could never satisfy myself before, though now it is brought right home to me, that these men committed the murder—which heaven was bound to bring to light and punish.' Edd. have made nonsense of an admittedly difficult passage by ignoring 1592's stop after accident; Manly preserves it.

65. bann'd] cursed.
I will go plain me to my lord the king,  70
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.

[III. 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.  5

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,
Bought you a whistle and a whipstalk too,
To be revenged on their villainies?

Maid. Madam, these humours do torment my soul.

Isab. My soul? poor soul, thou talks of things

[III. viii] Act iv Hawkins.  2–3. And ... head? [ Ah, ... heart:] Manly;  10
And ... hart: 1592. 14. talks] 1592; talk'st 1623.

69. plain me] complain (O.E.D., v., 4a).

III. viii.] Hawkins and others begin here a new Act. Although Biesterfeldt (p. 85) has argued that there is a break in the action at this point, we have no authority for making the change, or for postulating the loss of one of the scenes between Andrea and Revenge which conclude the Acts, as MSR (1602), p. xxii, and Oliphant suggest (Shakespeare and his Fellow-Dramatists, 1929). Act III is extremely long, but Schick noted that the 'Senecan' Thebais and Octavia had been divided into four acts, and there is some information about four-act Latin Renaissance plays in L. Bradner, Studies in the Renaissance, iv (1957), 35ff.

5. recure] restore to health.
8. outrage] Cf. ii. v. 45.
11. whipstalk] whipstock (dialectal form).
Thou know'st not what—my soul hath silver wings,
That mounts me up unto the highest heavens,
To heaven, ay, there sits my Horatio,
Back'd with a troop of fiery cherubins,
Dancing about his newly-healed wounds,
Singing sweet hymns and chanting heavenly notes,
Rare harmony to greet his innocence,
That died, 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 murdered my son? Exeunt.

[III. ix]

BEL-IMPERIA at a window.

Bel. What means this outrage that is off'er'd me?
Why am I thus sequester'd from the court?
No notice? Shall I not know the cause
Of this my secret and suspicious ills?
Accursed brother, unkind murderer, Why bends thou thus thy mind to martyr me?
Hieronymo, why writ I of thy wrongs,
Or why art thou so slack in thy revenge?
Andrea, O Andrea, that thou sawest

16. mounts] 1592; mount Dodsley.

III. ix. 4. this] 1592; these 1633. 6. bends] 1592; bend'st 1623.
Me for thy friend Horatio handled thus,
And him for me thus causeless murdered.
Well, force perforce, I must constrain myself
To patience, and apply me to the time,
Till heaven, as I have hop’d, shall set me free.

Enter CHRISTOPHIL.

Chris. Come, Madam Bel-imperia, this may not be. Exeunt. 15

[III. x]

Enter LORENZO, BALTHAZAR, and the Page.

Lor. Boy, talk no further, thus far things go well.
Thou art assur’d that thou sawest 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,
Which as a nine-days’ wonder being o’er-blown,
My gentle sister will I now enlarge.
Bal. And time, Lorenzo, for my lord the duke,
You heard, enquired for her yester-night.
Lor. Why, and, my lord, I hope you heard me say
Sufficient reason why she kept away:

III. x. 2. assur’d] 1592; assured Schick1. sawest] 1592; saw’st Schick1.

13. apply me to the time] conform to the times, submit to things as they are. The phrase ‘obey the time’, with the same sense, is frequently found.
14.1. Enter CHRISTOPHIL] presumably ‘above’, appearing at Bel-imperia’s side. It is unusual to have action on the ‘upper-stage’ alone, but it would be rather absurd for Christophil to enter below and retire after saying his one line; the line is clearly to accompany a leading-off.

III. x. 10. secret] Cf. III. iv. 64.
SC. X] THE SPANISH TRAGEDY

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

Enter BEL-IMPERIA.

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,  
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, Bel-imperia,  
For I have done you no disparagement,  
Unless, by more discretion than deserv'd,  
\ I sought to save your honour and mine own.\

24-5. But... No, / Thou... enemy;] Manly; But... comes. / Now Sister. / Sister... enemy. 1592. 24. Now] Lor. Now 1592.

19.] 'Smooth over all suspicions and above all back me up in what I say'.  
Salve suggests a healing ointment. Soothe, see O.E.D., 3.

20. stand on terms] insist on conditions, make difficulties.

21.] 'Lorenzo's jaunty and laconic allusion to Horatio's murder and Bel-imperia's secret detention is highly characteristic' (Boas).

36-8.] 'If I have humiliated you, it was only in the course of my attempt (which showed more consideration than you deserved) to save your honour and my own.' For unless = unless it were that, cf. i. iv. 176.

Disparagement] a lowering of dignity, humiliation (O.E.D., disparage, 2).
Bel. Mine honour! why Lorenzo, wherein is't
That I neglect my reputation so,
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 determined.

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

Bal. Have patience, Bel-imperia; 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,
And unexpected in an arbour there
Found Bel-imperia 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,
Lest that his highness should have found you there.

Bel. Even so, my lord? And you are witness
That this is true which he entreateth of?
You, gentle brother, forged this for my sake,
And you, my lord, were made his instrument:

44-5.] 'Concerning certain matters about possessions which the viceroy had given up'. Lorenzo would make the King come to discuss law with Hieronimo; estate may therefore be taken as the antecedent of that, explaining the singular was. For determine, see O.E.D., i, 'to conclude, terminate', and determination, i b, 'the cessation of an estate or interest of any kind', quoting an act of Henry VII, 'After the determynacions of the states ... by deth ... or any other wise'.

57. meanly accompanied] Horatio's social inferiority again.

59. forth] out of.

64.] The uncontracted forged is kept, although the line is thus given a hypermetrical syllable, because Bel-imperia's sardonic tone demands that the final stress fall on my, not sake.
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.

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 Aetna for Andrea's loss.

Bel. Hath not my father then enquir'd for me?
Lor. Sister, he hath, and thus excus'd I thee.

But Bel-imperia, see the gentle prince,
Look on thy love, behold young Balthazar,
Whose passions by thy presence are increas'd,
And in whose melancholy thou mayst 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,

75. for] 1592; and MSR (1592).

70.] See III. iv. 31; cf. Cornelia, III. iii. 128: 'His wrath against you 'twill exasperate,' and Edward II, I. 478, 'But that will more exasperate his wrath.' The phrase is also found in the old King Lear.

72. give his fury place] Though the meaning is not obscure, this is an unusual figurative use of give place, and there is no parallel in O.E.D. (cf. place, sb. 23).

75. for] M.S.R.'s and appears to be an error.

89-90.] He means that her hairs are the bonds which have made him a prisoner (twines = cords or threads, surpris'd = captured). The source of the couplet is Sonnet x of Du Bellay's L'Olive: 'Ces cheveux d'or sont les liens, Madame, / Dont fut premier ma liberté surprise.' Daniel, in translating the same sonnet (Delia, xiv), uses almost the same words as Kyd in the second line: 'Those amber locks, are those same nets my deere, / Where-
Wherewith my liberty thou hast surpris'd:
Of that thine ivory front, my sorrow's map,
Wherein I see no haven to rest my hope.

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

**Bal.** 'Tis I that love.

**Bel.** Whom?

**Bal.** Bel-imperia.

**Bel.** But I that fear.

**Bal.** Whom?

**Bel.** Bel-imperia.

**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.

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

\[Et tremulo metui pavidum junxere timorem,\]
\[Et vanum stolidae proditionis opus.\]

Exit.

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

**Bal.** Led by the loadstar of her heavenly looks,

101. doth fear] *doth feare* 1592. 102. *Et* [Hawkins; *Est* 1592. 103. *Et*] 1592; *Est* *Manly, Schick.*

with my libertie thou didst surprize.' This was published in 1591, but it is unlikely that Kyd borrowed from Daniel, since his *twines* is much nearer to *liens* than Daniel's *nets*. Why Kyd inserted Ariadne is a puzzle; Ariadne used a thread to guide Theseus through the Labyrinth, but she did not tie him up with it. Possibly Kyd confused Ariadne with Arachne the weaver who turned into a spider, and who therefore has more to do with enmeshing people; compare Shakespeare's uncertainty over 'Ariachne' in *Troilus and Cressida*, v. ii. 152.

91. *front* forehead.

102-3.] 'Another piece of classical patchwork, of which the meaning is obscure' (Boas). 'They joined dismayed dread to quaking fear, a futile deed of sottish betrayal.'
SC. X] THE SPANISH TRAGEDY

Wends poor oppressed Balthazar,
As o'er the mountains walks the wanderer,
Incertain to effect his pilgrimage.  

Exeunt.

[III. xi]

Enter two Portingales, and Hieronimo meets them.

1. By your leave, sir.

Hier. Good leave have you, nay, I pray you go,  [Third Addition; see p. 125]
For I'll leave you, if you can leave me, so.

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. Oh, 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.

Hier. He goeth in at one door and comes out at another.

Oh, forbear,

For other talk for us far fitter were.
But if you be importunate to know
The way to him, and where to find him out,
Then list to me, and I'll resolve your doubt.

There is a path upon your left-hand side,
That leadeth from a guilty conscience
Unto a forest of distrust and fear,

A darksome place and dangerous to pass:

There shall you meet with melancholy thoughts,

III. xi. 3. me, so] Schick²; me so 1592. 8-9. . Oh, forbear, / For . . were.] Hazlitt; Oh forbeare . . were. 1592.

109. Incertain to effect] doubtful that he will achieve.

III. xi. 4. next] nearest.
13.] Cf. 1. i. 63: the left-hand path led to the deepest hell. The resemblance noted by Sarrazin between the passage which follows and Spenser's Cave of Despair (F.Q., 1, ix, 33 and 34) is, as Boas says, probably only accidental.
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 hugy dale of lasting night,
That, kindled with the world's iniquities,
Doth cast up filthy and detested fumes—
Not far from thence, where murderers have built
A habitation for their cursed souls,
There, in a brazen cauldron 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.
Ha, ha, ha!

Hieronimo. Ha, ha, ha! Why, ha, ha, ha! Farewell, good, ha, ha, ha!
Exit.

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

[III. xii]

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

Hieronimo. Now sir, perhaps I come and see the king,

18. uphold] 1592; behold 1618. 22. kindled] 1594; kind'ed [broken 1 ?] 1592. 30–1. Hier. . . . good, ha, ha, ha!] Boas; one line 1592. 34.
[Exeunt.]] 1602; not in 1592.

III. xii. 0.1.] Cf. Looking Glass for London and England, 'Enter the Usurer, with a halter in one hand, a dagger in the other.' Boas remarks, 'Hieronimo appears with the stock "properties" of a would-be suicide', and compares Spenser, F.Q., i, ix, 29 and Skelton's Magnyfycence, ll. 2312ff.

1–5.] Hieronimo has acuteness enough to expect obstacles, though he does not seem to confine the enmity to Lorenzo and Balthazar.

1–24.] Hieronimo's speech begins in quatrains and continues in a loose rhyme-scheme to the end.
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 firebrand,
That leads unto the lake where hell doth stand.
Away, Hieronimo, to him be gone:
He'll do thee justice for Horatio's death.
Turn down this path, thou shalt be with him straight,
Or this, and then thou need'st not take thy breath:
This way, or that way? Soft and fair, not so:
For if I hang or kill myself, let's know
Who will revenge Horatio's murder then?
No, no! fie, no! pardon me, I'll none of that:

He flings away the dagger and halter.

This way I'll take, and this way comes the king,

He takes them up again.

And here I'll have a fling at him, that's flat:
And, Balthazar, I'll be with thee to bring,
And thee, Lorenzo! Here's the king, nay, stay,

---

3. seld] seldom.
4. toys] The word usually denotes the frivolous and petty; here, perhaps, vain triflings, nonsense, or possibly idle minds.
6. trudge] make off, get moving (O.E.D., v.1, 1c); cf. Comedy of Errors, iii. ii. 158: ' 'Tis time, I think, to trudge, pack and be gone.' That the word does not imply slowness is seen from Alphonsus of Aragon, Act II, 'I saw you trudging in such posting haste.'
14-15. this path ... Or this] Hieronimo brandishes the poniard and then the rope; the same indecision is in Skelton's Magnyfycence (see note to o.1); Massinger echoes this passage in Believe as You List, ll. 1959-64.
17-18.] the same ideas as in the Latin dirge, ii. v. 78-80 (Schick).
22. I'll be with thee to bring] a common enough phrase, capable of various meanings, some bawdy. Here, 'I'll get the upper hand of you' or 'I'll be even with you' or any phrase which will convey forcible retaliation and conquest. Schmidt (s.v. bring) has a useful note; see also Deighton's note to Troilus and Cressida, i. ii. 304 (Arden ed.) for parallels.
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! seest thou not the king is busy?

Hier. Oh, is he so?

King. Who is he that interrupts our business?

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

Amb. Renowned king, he hath receiv'd and read

Thy kingly proffers, and thy promis'd league,
And, as a man extremely overjoy'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 Bel-imperia, thy beloved niece,
The news are more delightful to his soul,
Than myrrh or incense to the offended heavens,

In person therefore will he come himself,
To see the marriage rites solemnized,
And, in the presence of the court of Spain,
To knit a sure, inexplicable band
Of kingly love, and everlasting league,

Betwixt the crowns of Spain and Portingale.

46. inexplicable] 1594; inexecrable 1592; inextricable Hawkins.

24. there goes the hare away] Tilley H157. A saying with several uses, often (as here) with reference to losing something one has tried to achieve or hold. Not, I think, as Boas: 'Here the matter ends' or as Schick: 'There is the game I want to hunt.' Hieronimo is afraid of losing the King.

31. go by, go by] literally, go aside; 'be careful, don't run your head into trouble.' 'Go by, Jeronimo' became a stock Elizabethan phrase. See Boas' note for references to this passage in Shakespeare, Dekker, Middleton, Fletcher, etc.

46. inexplicable] that cannot be untied, indissoluble. See Textual Introduction, pp. xli-xlii, for the textual problems involved in this reading.
There will he give his crown to Balthazar,
And make a queen of Bel-imperia.

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

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.
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,

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:

74-5. Stand . . . me! / I'll . . . poniard,] Schick; Stand . . . poniard, 1592.

61-2.] The King's ignorance is extraordinary. See Introduction, p. lviii.
71.] Boas compares Jew of Malta (?1590), l. 147, 'Ripping the bowels of the earth for them [precious stones]'. The parallel is striking but I do not think the evidence suggests that Marlowe 'probably imitated Kyd'. Marlowe's sequence of ideas is more poetically appropriate and suggests that he was the originator of the phrase. But since it could be argued that the crudity in Kyd is appropriate to Hieronimo, the question of precedence must remain open.
For I'll go marshal up the fiends in hell,
To be avenged on you all for this.

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

Hier. Nay, soft and fair: you shall not need to strive,
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:
'Tis the love that fathers bear their sons:
But gentle brother, go give to him this gold,
The prince's ransom: let him have his due,
For what he hath Horatio shall not want:
Haply Hieronimo hath need thereof.

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

King. We shall increase his melancholy so.
'Tis best that we see further in it first:
Till when, ourself will not exempt the place.

79-80. What... outrage? Will... fury?] Hawkins; What... fury? 1592.
82. Needs] 1592; For needs Schick. the] 1592; all the Hazlitt. 101.
not exempt] This ed.; exempt 1592; execute conj. Collier; hold exempt
Hazlitt; exempt him Boas.

79. outrage] extravagant outburst.
82. ] Tilley D278.
83. happ'd Hieronimo] happened to Hieronimo. See O.E.D., hap, v.1, 1b
for this use of indirect object.
84. demean him] conduct himself, behave.
101.] It is very hard to make any sense out of 1592 ('ourself will exempt
the place'), and the line is a syllable short. In trying to produce the correct
reformation, we must be led by the sense of the passage, which is that the
King is anxious not to make a change in the Marshalship until he has made
further enquiries, for fear of upsetting Hieronimo. hold exempt (keep
And brother, now bring in the ambassador,
That he may be a witness of the match
'Twixt Balthazar and Bel-imperia,
And that we may prefix a certain time,
Wherein the marriage shall be 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.  

[Fourth Addition; see p. 127]

[III. xiii]

Enter HIERONIMO with a book in his hand.

Hier. Vindicta mihi!

Ay, heaven 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.

\[ Per scelus semper tutum est sceleribus iter. \]

III. xiii. 1. Hier.] not in 1592.

vacant) and exempt him (excuse him) are therefore dubious alternatives, apart from the strain on the word exempt, because they imply some kind of suspension of the Knight Marshal. Collier's execute is an inspired emendation, and gives some justification to the emphatic ourself, but it still implies suspension, and it is scarcely credible that the King would so demean himself. In suggesting that a not has fallen out before exempt, we are still left with an intransigent exempt. O.E.D., 3 gives 'to debar, exclude from the enjoyment or participation in something'; an elliptical construction must be supposed here, 'I will not debar him from the position'.

III. xiii. 1. Vindicta mihi!] The book in Hieronimo's hand is obviously a Seneca, from the excerpts read later in the speech, but Boas is surely wrong in suggesting that here Hieronimo is reading from Octavia, Et hoc sat est ? . . . haec vindicta debetur mihi ? ('And is this enough? . . . Is this the vengeance due to me?'). This sense would be fitting for Hieronimo's mood at this point, but the succeeding words make it obvious that Schick and Bowers are right (cf. M.L.N., liii (1938), 590) in saying that Hieronimo quotes first the biblical 'Vengeance is mine, I will repay, saith the Lord.'

6.] Cf. Seneca, Agamemnon, I. 115: per scelera semper sceleribus tutum est iter ('The safe way for crime is always through crime').
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
To quiet life, his life shall easily end.
*Fata si miserōs iuvant, habēs salutem;*
*Fata si vitam negant, habēs sepulchrum.*
If destiny thy miseries do ease,
Then hast thou health, and happy shalt thou be:
If destiny deny thee life, Hieronimo,
Yet shalt thou be assured of a tomb:
If neither, yet let this thy comfort be,
*Heaven covereth him that hath no burial.*
And to conclude, I will revenge his death!
But how? not as the vulgar wits of men,
With open, but inevitable ills,
As by a secret, yet a certain mean,
Which under kindship will be cloaked best.
Wise men will take their opportunity,
Closely and safely fitting things to time:
But in extremes advantage hath no time,
*And therefore all times fit not for revenge.*
Thus therefore will I rest me in unrest,
Dissembling quiet in unquietness,

12–13.] From Seneca's *Troades*, II. 510–12; Hieronimo interprets in the succeeding lines.
19.] 'This is Lucan's *Caelo tegitur qui non habet urnam* (Pharsalia, vii, 818)' (Schick).
22.] 'The sense is not satisfactory. We should expect a contrast between the open and therefore by no means 'inevitable ills' employed by vulgar wits, and the secret yet certain method which Hieronimo contemplates' (Boas). Would it strain the construction too much to take *inevitable* as in fact a contrast to *open*? Cf. Bowers, pp. 78–9, for a discussion of the passage.
23. *mean* measure, course of action.
24. *kindship* kindness.
27–8.] Hieronimo appears to argue that it is only in desperate situations (extremes) that one does not wait for a favourable opportunity (advantage); revenge is a serious and deliberate retaliation and can only be exacted at the right moment.
Not seeming that I know their villainies,
That my simplicity may make them think
That ignorantly I will let all slip:
For ignorance, I wot, and well they know,
Remedium malorum iners est.
Nor aught avails it me to menace them,
Who, as a wintry storm upon a plain,
Will bear me down with their nobility.
No, no, Hieronimo, thou must enjoin
Thine eyes to observation, and thy tongue
To milder speeches than thy spirit affords,
Thy heart to patience, and thy hands to rest,
Thy cap to courtesy, and thy knee to bow,
Till to revenge thou know, when, where, and how.

A noise within.

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

Enter a Servant.

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

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?

Sir, an action.

Hier. Of battery?

| No sir, mine is an action of the case. |
| Mine an ejectione firmae by a lease. |

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

| Ay sir, and here's my declaration. |
| And here is my band. |

And here is my lease.

They give him papers.

Hier. But wherefore stands yon silly man so mute, With mournful eyes and hands to heaven uprear'd?

Come hither father, let me know thy cause.

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

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

---

58. corregidor] properly, the chief magistrate of a Spanish town, but the title was used with some latitude by Elizabethan writers and here obviously means 'advocate'. Cf. Webster, Devil's Law Case, II. 1. 13.

61. action of the case] An action not within the limited jurisdiction of the Common Pleas needed a special writ to cover it. These special writs were known as 'actions of trespass on the case' or 'actions on the case'. See Shakespeare's England, i, 390–1, but the best account is in Jacob's Law Dict. Cf. Webster, Cure for a Cuckold, IV. 1. 62–70.

62. firmae] Fleischer; firma 1592. here is my band] 1592; here's ~ Hazlitt. papers: 1592 [broken s].


67. silly] poor, to be pitied.


72. Corsic rocks] rocks of Corsica. Seneca's Corsici rupes; Octavia, 382 (Schick).
SC. XIII] THE SPANISH TRAGEDY

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!
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 revenged I should be.
But here, take this, and this—what, my purse?—
Ay this and that, and all of them are thine,
For all as one are our extremities.

1. 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 delivereth for his son’s decease!
If love’s effects so strives in lesser things,
If love enforce such moods in meaner wits,
If love express such power in poor estates:
Hieronimo, whenas a raging sea,

80-1. my murder’d son, / O my son . . . Horatio!] Manly; . . . my
murdered sonne, oh my sonne. / My sonne . . . Horatio. 1592.
90. what, my purse?] Dodsley; what my purse? 1592; Senex. What, thy purse?
Hazlitt. 102. whenas] conj. Boas; when as 1592; as when conj. Kittredge.

102-7.] A very clumsy passage, however reformed; Hawkins’ reading
(o’erturneth) gives the best sense. whenas = when. I suppose we are to
Toss'd with the wind and tide, o'erturneth 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,
A troop of Furies and tormenting hags
To torture Don Lorenzo and the rest.
Yet lest the triple-headed porter should
Deny my passage to the slimy strand,
The Thracian poet thou shalt counterfeit:
Come on, old father, be my Orpheus,
And if thou canst no notes upon the harp,
Then sound the burden of thy sore heart's grief,
Till we do gain that Proserpine may grant
Revenge on them that murdered my son:
Then will I rent and tear them thus and thus,
Shivering their limbs in pieces with my teeth.

_Tear the papers._

1. O sir, my declaration! _Exit Hieronimo and they after._
2. Save my bond!

_Enter Hieronimo._

Save my bond!

103. o'erturneth then] Hawkins; ore turnest then 1592; ore-turned then 1618; o'erturneth thee conj. Gollancz. 121. murdered] murdered 1592.

understand that in a storm it is the surface waters which are under real stress and which keep the necessary course of waves, and that Hieronimo considers himself like the labouring lesser waters compared with the much-moved Bazulto. Since the old man is a meaner wit, Hieronimo is ashamed of his lethargy. In spite of the tortuousness of the language, there is a strong resemblance to Hamlet's feelings of guilt after the First Player's exhibition of grief.

111. _Alcides_] Hercules: the reference is to the last of the Labours.
118. _canst_] knowest.
122. _rend_] rend.
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,
   Shew me one drop of blood fall from the same:
   How is it possible I should slay it then?
   Tush, no; run after, catch me if you can.

   Exeunt all but the Old Man.

BAZULTO remains till HIERONIMO enters again,
   who, staring him in the face, speaks.

Hier. And art thou come, Horatio, from the depth,
   To ask for justice in this upper earth?
   To tell thy father thou art unreaveng'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
   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!

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

Hier. What, not my son? thou, then, a fury art,
   Sent from the empty kingdom of black night
   To summon me to make appearance

151. [favour] countenance, looks. 1592's Father, which Dodsley emended to fate, is an obvious piece of dittography; Manly and Schick retain father, but Schick's explanation of that favour thus transforms! as an absolute construction is far-fetched.
Before grim Minos and just Rhadamanth,
To plague Hieronimo that is remiss
And seeks not vengeance for Horatio's death.

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

Hier. Ay, now I know thee, now thou nam'st thy son,
Thou art the lively image of my grief:
Thy eyes are gumm'd with tears, thy cheeks are wan,
Thy forehead troubled, and thy muttering lips
Murmur sad words abruptly broken off,
By force of windy sighs thy spirit breathes,
And all this sorrow riseth for thy son:
And selfsame sorrow feel I for my son.

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

Exeunt.

[III. xiv]

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

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

Cast. I go.

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

161. thy] 1623; my 1592. 166. off.] 1592; off Manly.

III. xiv. 1–2. Go . . . cause, / Salute . . . I go.] 1610; as prose in 1592. 1. it is] 1592; tis 1610.

166–7.] Most edd. follow Boas and Manly in carrying the sense on through the two lines, thy spirit breathes becoming a relative clause. But the original punctuation, followed here, gives as good sense.
PedrQ. 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,
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 married.
To this intent we entertain thyself,
Thy followers, their pleasure and our peace:
Speak, men of Portingale, shall it be so?
If ay, say so: if not, say flatly no.

Vice. Renowned king, I come not as thou think'st,
With doubtful followers, unresolved men,
But such as have upon thine articles
Confirm'd thy motion and contented me.
Know sovereign, I come to solemnize me.
The marriage of thy beloved niece,
Fair Bel-imperia, with my Balthazar—
With thee, my son, whom sith I live to see,
Here take my crown, I give it her and thee,
And let me live a solitary life,
In ceaseless prayers,

II. seas] 1592; raging seas Hazlitt.

6–7.] Kyd is far from accurate; Portuguese imperialism had been directed towards India, Africa, and the East. Either Kyd was thinking of colonies in Brazil, or he simply confused the East and West Indies.


17. condescent] assent.
To think how strangely heaven 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.

Vice. Or here or where your highness thinks it good.

Exeunt all but CASTILE and LORENZO.

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

Seest thou this entertainment of these kings?

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

Cast. And knowest 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, Bel-imperia?

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

Should intercept her in her happiness.

Lor. Heavens 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 seeks 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

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?

37. with thine] 1592; to strive with thine Manly. 46-8. She ... Bel-imperia? / Ay ... day / That ... see.] She ... Sister? / Who ... Lord, / And ... see. 1592.

37. extremities] intense emotions (O.E.D., 4).

50. intercept] interrupt, break in upon.
Or seest thou not the king my brother's care
In his behalf, and to procure his health?
Lorenzo, shouldst thou thwart his passions,
And he exclaim against thee to the king,
What honour were't in this assembly,
Or what a scandal were't among the kings
To hear Hieronimo exclaim on thee?
Tell me, and look thou tell me truly too,
Whence grows the ground of this report in court?

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, hast seen his passions,
'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!

74. vulgar, liberal] Dodsley; vulgar liberall 1592. 79. hath] 1592; have 1602.

74. liberal] licentious.
75. advantage] There is no exact parallel in O.E.D., but cf. advantage, 4, 'a favourable occasion, an opportunity'. The image of waters flooding through a small break is not uncommon; cf. Ralegh, Ocean To Cynthia, ll. 221ff., and Spenser, F.Q., vi, i, 21.
81. And for] Most modern edd. follow Boas in putting a comma between and and for, making a parenthesis of for I pitied him in his distress, and losing the force of the (now obsolete) meaning of for = 'because'; cf. Tempest, I. ii. 272: 'and for thou wast a spirit too delicate, . . . she did confine thee'; see Schmidt, s.v. for, conj., 2.
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 BEL-IMPERIA.

Bal. Come Bel-imperia, 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.

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 will go salute him.

Cast. Welcome Balthazar,
Welcome brave prince, the pledge of Castile's peace:
And welcome Bel-imperia. How now, girl?
Why com'st thou sadly to salute us thus?
Content thyself, for I am satisfied,
It is not now as when Andrea liv'd,
We have forgotten and forgiven that,
And thou art graced with a happier love.
But Balthazar, here comes Hieronimo,
I'll have a word with him.

Enter HIERONIMO and a Servant.

102. no brighter] 1594; brighter 1592. 105-7. I see ... my love, / I will ...
Balthazar, / Welcome ... peace:] Manly, Schick; I see ... Father. /
Truce ... him. / Welcome ... Prince, / The ... peace: 1592.

92. misconster] interpret wrongly, misconstrue.
100. lies] singular verb after double subject, as frequently in Elizabethan English.
Hier. And where's the duke?
Ser. Yonder.
Hier. Even so:
What new device have they devised, trow?
Pocas palabras, mild as the lamb,
Is't I will be reveng'd? no, I am not the man.

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.
Lor. [aside.] No, would he had.

Cast. Hieronimo, I hear
You find yourself aggrieved at my son
Because you have not access unto the king,
And say 'tis he that intercepts your suits.
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,
Considering how I think of you myself.
Hier. Your son Lorenzo? whom, my noble lord?
The hope of Spain, mine honourable friend?
Grant me the combat of them, if they dare.

Draws out his sword.


118. Pocas palabras] 'few words' (Spanish). Another phrase which became part of the furniture of Elizabethan drama. 133. intercepts] stands in the way of.
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,
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:
Specially with you, my lovely lord;
For divers causes it is fit for us
That we be friends, the world is suspicious,
And men may think what we imagine not.

Bal. Why, this is friendly done, Hieronimo.
Lor. And thus, 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;

144. love] 1610; loues 1592. 149-50. . . . There then pause, / And . . . world,] Hawkins; There then pause . . . world, 1592. 158. Specially] 1592; Especially Dodsley. 163. And thus, I hope,] Dodsley; And that I hope 1592.

144. love] There is a case for retaining 1592's loves in spite of the inconsistency with hate, on the ground that Hieronimo's speech is no longer always logical; Manly, Boas, Schick preserve the original, but I feel it more likely that there has been a compositor's slip.

145. prevent] forestall.

145. homely] hospitable, 'home-like' (O.E.D., 3); the more usual meaning is 'plain', 'simple', even 'crude'.

163. And thus] See Textual Notes; recent edd. have not made good sense by returning to the original and punctuating And that I hope: old grudges are forgot?
Let us entreat your company today.  

Exeunt [all but HIERONIMO].

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

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

Exit.

[III. xv]

Ghost [of ANDREA] and REVENGE.

Andrea. Awake, Erichtho! Cerberus, awake!  
Solicit Pluto, gentle Proserpine,
To combat, Acheron and Erebus!  
For ne'er by Styx and Phlegethon in hell


III. xv. 0.1.] Enter is omitted since Andrea and Revenge are clearly on stage the whole time. Concerning the extent of the corruption in the scene which follows, see Introduction, pp. xxxiii–xxxiv.

1. Erichtho] '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 (cp. especially Marston's Sophonisba)' (Schick).

4–7.] Although this passage is extremely corrupt, something faintly
Nor ferried Charon to the fiery lakes
Such fearful sights as poor Andrea sees!
Revenge, awake!
Revenge. Awake? for why?
Andrea. 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.
Andrea. 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.
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

approaching meaning can be perceived, and emendations are saved, if we suppose that a line to balance l. 7 has dropped out after l. 4, something of the order of Was I distress’d with outrage sore as this.

11. awake! Manly, Boas, and Brooke retain away but repunctuate ‘To sleep away what thou art warn’d to watch.’ Hawkins’ emendation preserves the principle of 1592’s punctuation and no-one can cavil at an extra awake! in this scene.

Cf. O.E.D., ground, v., 4b, intransitive for reflexive.

20. mood] The meaning ‘mind’ or ‘thought’ which suggests itself was obsolescent or obsolete in Kyd’s day (O.E.D., sb.1, 1); it is just possible that the meaning ‘anger’ would fit this context (O.E.D., sb.1, 2b).

24.] If the text of this scene represents a ‘reported’ version, this line could be explained as an inapposite recollection of Hieronimo’s dissembling quiet in unquietness (iii. xiii. 30).
Revenge hath slept, and then imagine thou
What 'tis to be subject to destiny.

Enter a Dumb Show.

Andrea. Awake, Revenge, reveal this mystery.

Revenge. The two first, the nuptial torches bore,
As brightly burning as the mid-day's sun:
But after them doth Hymen hie as fast,
Clothed in sable, and a saffron robe,
And blows them out and quencheth them with blood,
As discontent that things continue so.

Andrea. 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.
Enter BEL-IMPERIA and HIERONIMO.

Bel. Is this the love thou bear'st Horatio?
Is this the kindness that thou counterfeits?
Are these the fruits of thine incessant tears?
Hieronimo, are these thy passions,
Thy protestations and thy deep laments,
That thou wert wont to weary men withal?
O unkind father, O deceitful world!
With what excuses canst thou show thyself,
With what
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 slaughtered.
Hieronimo, for shame, Hieronimo,
Be not a history to after-times
Of such ingratitude unto thy son.
Unhappy mothers of such children then,

9.] The line in 1592 contains the first two words of the preceding line and then the last six words of the succeeding line. The best explanation is that the line ran, perhaps as Boas suggests, *With what devices seek thyself to save*, or something of that order. It may be the compositor, after *With what*, almost went on with the line above, which begins in the same way; made too violent a correction and jumped to the line below, and never saw what he had done.


17–20.] anacoluthon.
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.
Myself, a stranger in respect of thee,
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 heaven 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 Bel-imperia
Vows such revenge as she hath deign'd to say?
Why then, I see that heaven applies our drift,
And all the saints do sit soliciting
For vengeance on those cursed murderers.
Madam, 'tis true, and now I find it so,
I found a letter, written in your name,
And in that letter, how Horatio died.

32. applies] 1592; applauds conj. Collier.

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20. tender'd] cherished, looked after.
21. stranger . . . thee] a stranger to him compared with you, his father.
24. bear it out for fashion's sake] make a pretence of accepting the situation for the sake of appearances. Bear it out is a difficult phrase, and parallels to suit this context are hard to come by, in O.E.D. or elsewhere, though the phrase occurs frequently.

32. applies our drift] either supports what we are working towards or directs our course. A most difficult phrase, though Collier's emendation is a last resort. drift = 'that at which one drives' as used in modern English with reference to an argument, etc., hence 'direction', 'intention', or, possibly, 'plan', 'scheme', as frequently in Shakespeare. applies may be as III. ix. 13 = 'assent', 'conform', or, by association, 'comply'; but, if so, the construction needs a preposition (cf. O.E.D., 19). Or it may be (O.E.D., 22) echoing applicare navem = guide, direct. Schick supported the latter sense, but his paraphrase as a whole is wrong, viz.: 'Heaven furthers our drifting plans, brings them to a definite goal'; Hieronimo is conscious of receiving, not direction, but encouragement from above, and the paraphrase should be, 'Heaven is assisting us towards our goal'.
Pardon, O pardon, Bel-imperia,
My fear and care in not believing it,
Nor think I thoughtless think upon a mean
To let his death be unreveng'd at full,
And here I vow (so you but give consent,
And will conceal my resolution)
I will ere long determine of their deaths,
That causeless thus have murdered my son.

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

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

Enter BALTHAZAR and LORENZÒ.

_Bal._ How now, Hieronimo?

_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 given me cause,
Ay, by my faith have you.

45. murdered] 1602; murderd 1592. 52–61.] Lineation as Schick; 1592 reads: Heere they are. / How now . . . Bel-imperia. / I my lord . . . promise you / She hath . . . hers. / But now . . . your helpe. / My help . . . of me. / For you . . . haue you. / It pleasde . . . Embassadour.

39. _care_ caution.
47. _avail_ assistance (O.E.D., sb., 2) rather than profit (O.E.D., 1).
50. _grace_ give favour to, support, 'be gracious to' (O.E.D., v., 2).
52.] The metre of the remainder of this scene is frequently defective: see Textual Introduction, p. xxxiv. Attempts to supply its deficiencies are only made if there seems some possibility of restoring the original rhythms.
It pleas'd you
At the entertainment of the ambassador
To grace the king so much as with a show:
Now were your study so well furnished,
As for the passing of the first night's sport
To entertain my father with the like,
Or any such-like pleasing motion,
Assure yourself it would content them well.

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:
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 studied,
It was my chance to write a tragedy,
See here my lords, He shows them a book.
Which long forgot, I found this other day.
Now would your lordships favour me so much
As but to grace me with your acting it—
I mean each one of you to play a part—
Assure you it will prove most passing strange
And wondrous plausible to that assembly.

62. grace] honour. Balthazar shows a typical obsequiousness in talking of an official's being pleased to grace the King.

66. motion] entertainment, 'show'. The word is first recorded in the sense of a puppet-show in 1589 (O.E.D., sb., 13a); the more general sense here is possibly unique, but the only possible alternative sense—idea, or suggestion—seems most unlikely.

70. I'll fit you] The phrase has a double sense: (a) 'I'll provide what you need' (O.E.D., fit, v.1, 11), and (b) 'I'll pay you out' or 'I'll punish you as you deserve'. Usage (b) was well-established before 1625, the date of O.E.D.'s first quotation (s.v. fit, v.1, 12). Cf. Massinger and Field, The Fatal Dowry (?1619; before 1620), iii. i. 253.

85. plausible] acceptable, agreeable (O.E.D., 2).
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 asked a question.

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

Lor. And I another.

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

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

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

Bal. And now 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

105. speak,] speak: 1592.
To one Perseda, an Italian dame,
Whose beauty ravish'd all that her beheld,
Especially the soul of Soliman,
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,
As cause of this slew Soliman,
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, moved with remorse of his misdeeds,

Ran to a mountain top and hung himself.

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

Hier. Oh, that will I, my lords, make no doubt of it:

I'll play the murderer, I warrant you,

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,

127–8. O excellent...Hieronimo, / What...bashaw?] Boas; O excellent. / But say...him / That...Bashaw? 1592.

134. conceited] formed a conception of; Hieronimo says that the idea of playing a murderer has been in his mind some time.
For each of you to note your parts,
And act it as occasion's offer'd you.
You must provide a Turkish cap,
A black mustachio and a fauchion;

Gives a paper to Balthazar.

You with a cross like to a knight of Rhodes;

Gives another to Lorenzo.

And madam, you must attire yourself

He giveth Bel-imperia another.

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

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,

Tragedia cothurnata, fitting kings,

Containing matter, and not common things.

My lords, all this must be performed
As fitting for the first night's revelling.
The Italian tragedians were so sharp of wit,
That in one hour's meditation
They would perform anything in action.

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145. fauchion] falchion, a broad curved sword; the spelling is a variant which shows the proper pronunciation.
154. gracing] See i. iv. 137.
160. Tragedia cothurnata] buskin'd tragedy, i.e., the most serious and stately.
164-6.] a reference to the improvisations of the commedia dell'arte.
Lor. And well it may, for I have seen the like
In Paris, 'mongst the French tragedians.
Hier. In Paris? mass, and well remembered!
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.
As you, my lord, in Latin, I in Greek,
You in Italian, and for because I know
That Bel-imperia 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,
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. [aside to Lorenzo.] 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?

169. remembered] remembred 1592. 185-6. As 1602; lines transposed in 1592. 192. We must resolve] ends l. 191 in 1592. 194. gear?] geere. 1592.

173. In unknown languages] For the problems raised by this unfulfilled promise, see Introduction, pp. xxxiv–xxxvii.
181. hardly] with difficulty.
192. soothe . . . up] indulge him in his whims, humour him (O.E.D., soothe, 4b). Cf. Alphonsus of Aragon, Act IV: 'Are they wax'd so frolic now of late / As that they think that mighty Amurack / Dares do no other than to soothe them up?'
Lor. I warrant you.

Hier. Why, so:
Now shall I see the fall of Babylon,
Wrought by the heavens in this confusion.
And if the world like not this tragedy,
Hard is the hap of old Hieronimo.

Exeunt all but HIERONIMO.

Hier. 

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 beloved 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,
A bough, a branch, a blossom, nor a leaf,
No, not an herb within this garden plot—
Accursed complot of my misery.
Fruitless for ever may this garden be,
Barren the earth, and blissless whosoever


iv. ii. 1. Isab.] not in 1592.

195. the fall of Babylon] See Revelation, chap. 18. But in view of the plan for a confusion of tongues it may be that the tower of Babylon, i.e., Babel, is in Hieronimo’s mind. (I owe this suggestion to Mrs E. E. Duncan-Jones.)

iv. ii. 5.1.] Presumably Isabella goes through the motions or strips the arbour of its leaves. See note to ii. iv. 53.

8. rent] See III. xiii. 122.
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 pestered,
And passengers, for fear to be infect,
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,
Whose hateful wrath bereav’d him of his breath.
Ah nay, thou dost delay their deaths,
Forgives the murderers of thy noble son,
And none but I bestir me—to no end.
And as I curse this tree from further fruit,
So shall my womb be cursed for his sake,
And with this weapon will I wound the breast,

"She stabs herself."

The hapless breast, that gave Horatio suck." [Exit.]
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
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.

herself, wounded, off-stage, she has one line to speak as she does so. Hosley notes (privately) that in Davenant’s The Just Italian (1629) the wounded Altamont leaves the stage, alone, with the direction, ‘Reeles off, Exit.’ (H1v).

[iv. iii. 0.1. knocks up the curtain] It is difficult to judge what precisely Hieronimo does. (i) What is involved in ‘knocking up’ a curtain? Probably a hasty hanging of a curtain in a prepared place, but O.E.D. gives only late examples (s.v. knock, v., 14c (knock together), and 16d (knock up), referring to hasty constructions for a temporary purpose). (ii) Where was the curtain? The best suggestion is that it hung over one of the doors, so that Horatio’s body could conveniently be brought behind it.

12-13.] The gallery is not a balcony but the hall; it is clear from the action later, and (as Hosley points out) from Balthazar’s bringing on a chair for the King (l. 16), that the audience of the play-within-the-play is on the main stage with the actors. throw me down the key must therefore mean ‘throw the key down [on the floor] for me’.
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,
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.*

_[iv. 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.

_Vice._ Who, Bel-imperia?

_King._ Ay, and Hieronimo our marshal,
At whose request they deign to do't themselves:
These be our pastimes in the court of Spain.
Here brother, you shall be the book-keeper:
This is the argument of that they show. *He giveth him a book.*

22. *recompt* 1592; recount 1602.


19. Marston, in *Antonio's Revenge* (1599), attempts some sophisticated humour by making Balurdo enter 'with a beard half-off, half on', saying 'the tyring man hath not glewd on my beard halfe fast enough. Gods bores, it wil not stick to fal off.'
Gentlemen, this play of Hieronimo in sundry languages, was thought good to be set down in English more largely, for the easier understanding to every public reader.

Enter Balthazar, Bel-imperia, and Hieronimo.

Bal. Bashaw, that Rhodes is ours, yield heavens the honour,
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 sovr
That represents the emperor Soliman:
How well he acts his amorous passion.

Vice. Ay, Bel-imperia hath taught him that.

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

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,
That he may see Perseda, my beloved.

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.

10.i.] For the problem posed by this note, see Introduction, pp. xxxiv, xxxvi–xxxix.

35.] The use of the third person and frequent vocatives indicates the
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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,
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,
Which is, thou shouldst be thus employ'd.

Bel. Ay me,
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 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,
Which seiz'd on my Erasto, harmless knight.
Yet by thy power thou thinkest to command,
And to thy power Perseda doth obey:

52. Ay me,) begins l. 53 in 1592.  58. Perseda] Manly; Persedaes 1592; Perseda his Schick.

parts the actors are assuming (cf. Bradbrook, *Themes and Conventions*, p. 102 n.).

48. so love commandeth me] if it be so that . . . But the verb should be in the subjunctive, so perhaps the meaning 'thus love commands me' is preferable.
But were she able, thus she would revenge
Thy treacheries on thee, ignoble prince:
And on herself she would be thus reveng'd.

Stab him.
Stab herself.

King. Well said, old Marshal, this was bravely done!
Hier. But Bel-imperia plays Perseda well.
Vice. Were this in earnest, Bel-imperia,
You would be better to my son than so.

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 today, for fashioning our scene,
The death of Ajax, or some Roman peer,
And in a minute starting up again,
Revive to please tomorrow's audience.
No, princes, know I am Hieronimo,
The hopeless father of a hapless son,
Whose tongue is 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.

68. Well said, old] Well said olde 1592; Well said!—old Schick.
79. for fashioning our scene,) for (fashioning our scene) 1592.

68. Well said] well done; cf. Titus Andronicus, iv. iii. 63. Some cdd. take
the phrase in its modern sense, and punctuate the line to make it refer to
Bel-imperia's speech; it is obviously part of the King's congratulations to
Hieronimo.
77. fabulously] fictitiously.
84.] Cf. Jew of Malta, l. 557, 'the hopelesse daughter of a haplesse Iew'
(Boas).
87. instance] evidence, a concrete example.
88.] With this revelation, compare Chettle's Hoffman (1602 ?), in the
first lines of which the revenger 'strikes ope a curtaine where appeares a
body', and Marston's Antonio's Revenge (1599 ?), l. 360, 'The Curtain's
drawne, and the bodie of Feliche, stabd thick with wounds, appeares hung
vp.'
See here my show, look on this spectacle:
Here lay my hope, and here my hope hath end:
Here lay my heart, and here my heart was slain:
Here lay my treasure, here my treasure lost:
Here lay my bliss, and here my bliss bereft:
But hope, heart, treasure, joy and bliss,
All fled, 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 Bel-imperia.
But night, the coverer of accursed crimes,
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,
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 reconciled 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?
And here behold this bloody handkercher,
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 accursed 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,
Who therefore was appointed to the part
And was to represent the knight of Rhodes,
That I might kill him more conveniently.
So, Viceroy, was this Balthazar, thy son,
That Soliman which Bel-imperia
In person of Perseda murdered:
Solely appointed to that tragic part,
That she might slay him that offended her.
Poor Bel-imperia miss'd her part in this,
For though the story saith she should have died,
Yet I of kindness, and of care to her,
Did otherwise determine of her end:
But love of him whom they did hate too much
Did urge her resolution to be such.
And princes, now behold Hieronimo,
Author and actor in this tragedy,
Bearing his latest fortune in his fist:
And will as resolute conclude his part
As any of the actors gone before.
And gentles, thus I end my play:
Urge no more words, I have no more to say.

He runs to hang himself.

120. With . . . Hieronimo!] With God amend that mad Hieronimo 1592; Which God amend that made Hieronimo 1594.
King. O hearken, Viceroy! Hold, Hieronimo!  
Brother, my nephew and thy son are slain!

Vice. 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:  
Accursed wretch,  
Why stayest thou him that was resolv'd to die?

King. Speak, traitor: damned, bloody murderer, speak!  
For now I have thee I will make thee speak:  
Why hast thou done this undeserving deed?

Vice. Why hast thou murdered my Balthazar?

Cast. Why hast thou butcher'd both my children thus?

Hier. O good words!  
[Fourth Addition; see p. 133]  
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 revenged thoroughly,  
Upon whose souls may heavens be yet aveng'd

153. Hold, Hieronimo!] holde Hieronimo, 1592.  
156.1. [They . . . HIERONIMO.]] 1602; not in 1592.  
161. Accursed wretch,] begins l. 162 in 1592.  
168. O good words!] begins l. 169 in 1592.

153. Hold, Hieronimo!] It is a question whether the King tells his train to hold Hieronimo, or tells Hieronimo to 'hold', i.e., stop. I prefer the latter explanation.

156.1.] Castile has obeyed Hieronimo (see iv. iii. 12-13) and they are locked in. The revenger locks his victims in, in Chapman's Revenge of Bussy D'Ambois.

156.1.] I insert 1602's direction, though at the risk of confusing the original staging with that of a decade or more later. I take it that attendants or guards 'break in' from off-stage and run to hold Hieronimo, who is certainly guarded while the King addresses him.

165-7, 182.] Hieronimo has told everything, yet the King, etc. are apparently still in ignorance and to their questions Hieronimo returns nothing but an inexplicable refusal to speak. This extraordinary inconsistency is discussed in the Introduction, pp. xxxiv-xxxvi.
With greater far than these afflictions.

Cast. But who were thy confederates in this?

Vice. That was thy daughter Bel-imperia,

For by her hand my Balthazar was slain:

I saw her stab him.

King. Why speak'st thou not?

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.

Hier. Indeed,

Thou may'st torment me, as his wretched son

Hath done in murdering my Horatio,

But never shalt thou force me to reveal

The thing which I have 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,

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. Oh, he would have a knife to mend his pen.

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

King. Look to my brother! save Hieronimo.

He with a knife stabs the Duke and himself.

What age hath ever heard such monstrous deeds?

My brother, and the whole succeeding hope

That Spain expected after my decease!
Go bear his body hence, that we may mourn
The loss of our beloved brother’s death,
That he may be entomb’d whate’er befall:
I am the next, the nearest, last of all.

Vice. 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 mainmast of a ship unmann’d,
And let the wind and tide haul me along
To Scylla’s barking and untamed gulf,
Or to the loathsome pool of Acheron.
To weep my want for my sweet Balthazar:
Spain hath no refuge for a Portingale.

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

Ghost [of Andrea] and revenge.

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 misdone,
Prince Balthazar by Bel-imperia stabb’d,

The Duke of Castile and his wicked son
Both done to death by old Hieronimo,
My Bel-imperia fall’n as Dido fell,
And good Hieronimo slain by himself:
Ay, these were spectacles to please my soul.
Now will I beg at lovely Proserpine,
That by the virtue of her princely doom
I may consort my friends in pleasing sort,
And on my foes work just and sharp revenge.
I’ll lead my friend Horatio through those fields
Where never-dying wars are still inur’d:
I’ll lead fair Isabella to that train
Where pity weeps but never feeleth pain:
I’ll lead my Bel-imperia to those joys
That vestal virgins and fair queens possess:
I’ll lead Hieronimo where Orpheus plays,
Adding sweet pleasure to eternal days.
But say, Revenge, for thou must help or none,
Against the rest how shall my hate be shown?

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

Andrea. Then, sweet Revenge, do this at my request,
Let me be judge, and doom them to unrest.
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):
Hang Balthazar about Chimaera’s neck,
And let him there bewail his bloody love,

18. inur’d] practised, carried on (O.E.D., 3).
32.] Andrea, we recall, had reason to dislike Castile and wish him ill, as Hieronimo had not.
34. the lover] Ixion had tried to seduce Juno.
surcease] cease.
Repining at our joys that are above:
Let Serberine go roll the fatal stone,
And take from Sisyphus his endless moan:
False Pedringano, for his treachery,
Let him be dragg'd through boiling Acheron,
And there live, dying still in endless flames,
Blaspheming gods and all their holy names.

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

Exeunt.
Additional passages from the edition of 1602

FIRST ADDITION
(Between ii. v. 45 and 46. See p. 43)

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

Hier. He supp'd with us tonight, 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,
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 belov'd,
His Majesty the other day did grace him
With waiting on his cup: these be favours
Which do assure he cannot be short-liv'd.

Isab. Sweet Hieronimo!
Hier. I wonder how this fellow got his clothes:
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.

7. Roderigo, ho!] ends l. 6 in 1602. 13. he] This ed.; me 1602; me he 1603; me that he 1618.

13. assure] make certain, guarantee, ensure; cf. O E.D., 5; Schmidt, 2. 1603's emendation is generally accepted, but the line is made much stronger if we assume that me was a careless mistake for he.
I and his mother have had strange dreams tonight.
Do ye hear me, sir?

Jaques. Ay, sir.

Hier. Well sir, begone. 20

Pedro, come hither: knowest thou who this is?
Ped. Too well, sir.
Hier. Too well, who? who is it? Peace, Isabella:
Nay, blush not, man.

Ped. It is my lord Horatio.
Hier. Ha, ha! Saint James, but this doth make me laugh,
That there are more deluded than myself.

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!
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?
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,
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,*

SECOND ADDITION
(Replacing Hieronimo's speech, III. ii. 65–6. See p. 54)

Lor. *Why so, Hieronimo? use me.*
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.

Lor. *Why then, farewell.*

51. survive] Dodsley; suruiue, 1602.

SECOND ADDITION
5. it is] Schick; tis 1602.  5–7. I' faith ... thing, / I must ... tardy, / Too ... Hieronimo?] Manly; as prose 1602.
ADDITIONAL PASSAGES

THIRD ADDITION

(Between III. xi. 1 and 2. See p. 77)

1.  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 moneths' end, creeps forth to light.
What is there yet in a son
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,
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,

13. speak. Ay, or yet?] Manly; speake I, or yet. 1602; speak. Ay or yet Schick.

13. Ay, or yet?] The phrase is so obviously a shortened repetition of the question 'What is there yet in a son?', that it is hard to understand why some edd. have followed Schick in taking it as the beginning of the succeeding sentence.
THE SPANISH TRAGEDY

Makes them look old before they meet with age:
This is a son:
And what a loss were this, consider'd truly?
Oh, but my Horatio
Grew out of reach of these insatiate humours:
He lov'd his loving parents,
He was my comfort, and his mother's joy,
The very arm that did hold up our house:
Our hopes were stored up in him,
None but a damned murderer could hate him.
He had not seen the back of nineteen year,
When his strong arm unhors'd the proud Prince Balthazar,
And his great mind, too full of honour,
Took him unto mercy,
That valiant but ignoble Portingale.

[ Well, heaven is heaven still,
And there is Nemesis and Furies,
And things call'd whips, ]
And they sometimes do meet with murderers:
They do not always scape, that's some comfort.
Ay, ay, ay, and then time steals on:
And steals, and steals, till violence leaps forth
Like thunder wrapp'd in a ball of fire,
And so doth bring confusion to them all.

Good leave have you, nay, I pray you go,

26–30. This . . . son: / And . . . truly? / Oh, . . . Horatio / Grew . . . humours: / He . . . parents,] Boas; This . . . truly. / O . . . of these / Insatiate . . . parents, 1602. 38. unto] Manly; vs to 1602. 38–9. ] one line 1602.
45–7. Ay . . . on: / And . . . forth / Like . . . fire,] Schick; I, . . . steales, and steales / Till . . . thunder / Wrapt . . . fire, 1602.

42. things call'd whips] The phrase was probably taken from 2 Henry VI, ii. i. 137: 'Have you not beadles in your town, and things called whips?' Armin, Nest of Ninnies, 1608, p. 55, has, 'Ther are, as Hamlet saies, things cald whips in store.' It is easier to believe that Armin meant Hieronimo than that the phrase came from the old Hamlet; see Duthie, 'Bad' Quarto of Hamlet, p. 77. There is a parallel in Marston; see Appendix E.
FOURTH ADDITION

(Between III. xii and III. xiii, with final stage-direction replacing III. xiii. o.i. See p. 83)

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 desperate 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.

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? Sprites? sprites?


18. brake] thicket.
22. Sprites?] As 1602’s sprits is only a spelling variant of the monosyllabic ‘spirits’, it matters little whether we read spirits or sprites. But the latter perhaps better indicates to us the meaning of ghost or demon.
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,
Whenas 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 murderous slut
That would not have her reasons 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 heavens are gracious, and your miseries
And sorrow makes you speak you know not what.
Hier. Villain, thou liest, and thou doest naught
But tell me I am mad: thou liest, I am not mad.
I know thee to be Pedro, and he Jaques.
I'll prove it to thee, and were I mad, how could I?
Where was she that same night when my Horatio


30. burn daylight] The phrase was commonly used to mean wasting time; Tilley D123.
33. Hecate] two syllables. There is, unfortunately, no chance that 1602's Hee-cat is the correct reading: the personal pronouns in ll. 35–6 are feminine.
36. aglets] spangles or metallic ornaments; properly, the ornamental tags of laces. The form agglot is noted in O.E.D.
45. prove it] i.e., that the moon and the stars connived at the murder of 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 murderer seen him,
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?
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
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.
THE SPANISH TRAGEDY

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 naught,
     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?
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.
Hier. How, was thy son murdered?
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,
85
80

75. in.] Manly; in, 1602.  76. God's will that] Gods will, that 1602. But even so] begins l. 77 in 1602.  88. I tell thee.] begins l. 89 in 1602. 91. O then I see] begins l. 92 in 1602.

76-7.] It is not easy to perceive from the punctuation of 1602 what the meaning is. It is possible that God's will is an imprecation and that But even so is self-contained; we should then paraphrase: 'God, that I should set this tree!—but let things be as they are.' The alternative reading, preferred here, leaves much to be understood, i.e., 'One knows not what may chance: it must have been God's will that I should set this tree, [can what has now happened be God's will also?] And with But even so he attempts to console himself with an analogy between the tree and ungrateful servants.
Whose least unvalued 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,
And this good fellow here and I
Will range this hideous orchard up and down,
Like to two lions reaved of their young.

Go in a-doors, I say. Exeunt [ISABELLA, PEDRO, JAQUES].

The Painter and he sits down.

Come, let's talk wisely now. Was thy son murdered?

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?

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 in my gallery, in your oil colours matted, and draw me five years younger than I am—do you see, sir, let five years go, let them go like the marshal of Spain—my wife Isabella standing by me, with a speaking look to my son Horatio, which should

118. me in my] Lamb; me my 1602; me for my Schick.

105. reaved] forcibly deprived, robbed (O.E.D., v., 3). The alternative past form 'reft' would be more familiar.

107.] 1602 continues to print as verse up to the end of the scene, although in Hieronimo's speeches (ll. 139–55) the 'lines' can be whole sentences in length. Lineation is not recorded in the textual notes.

119. matted] made dull or matt. O.E.D., s.v. mat, v., cites this passage as the earliest use of the word by 125 years, and 'matt' itself is very rare, even in the 17th century. Is it possible that Boas was right in preferring 'set in a mat or mount'?
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?

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, paint me a youth, run through and through with villains' swords, hanging upon this tree. Canst thou draw a murderer?

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:

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 owl 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 weave 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.

_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.

_He beats the Painter in, then comes out again with a book in his hand._

_FIFTH ADDITION_

(Replacing iv. iv. 168–90, but incorporating lines 176–9 and 168–75. See p. 117)

_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?

_Vice._ 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,

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

155. show] Dodsley; not in 1602.
Vice. O damned 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
   That ever sat under the crown of Spain:
   Had I as many lives as there be stars,
   As many heavens to go to as those lives,
   I'd give them all, ay, and my soul to boot,
   But I would see thee ride in this red pool.
Cast. Speak, who were thy confederates in this?
Vice. That was thy daughter Bel-Imperia,
   For by her hand my Balthazar was slain:
   I saw her stab him.
Hier. 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 revenged thoroughly,
   Upon whose souls may heavens be yet reveng'd
   With greater far than these afflictions.
   Methinks since I grew inward with revenge,
   I cannot look with scorn enough on death.
King. What, dost thou mock us, slave? Bring 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 't not so?
   You had a son too, he was my liege's nephew;
   He was proud and politic, had he liv'd,
   He might ha' come to wear the crown of Spain:
   I think 'twas so: 'twas I that killed him,
Look you, this same hand, ’twas it that stabb’d
His heart—do you 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.

_Vice._ Be deaf my senses, I can hear no more.
_King._ Fall heaven, 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,
First take my tongue, and afterward my heart.

_He bites out his tongue._

47. _iners cadat_] Schick; _mers cadæ_ 1602.

47.] ‘Now let my hand fall idle!’
APPENDIX A

The Problem of Henslowe's Entries
(See p. xxi)

The relevant titles given by Henslowe in his records of performances at the Rose in the spring and early summer of 1592 are as follows (in chronological order of appearance and with the number of times each title is found):

- spanes comodye donne oracoe
- the comodey of doneoracio
- Jeronymo [various spellings]
- doneoracio
- the comodey of Jeronymo
- The comodey Jeronymo

After this first season, only 'Jeronimo' is found.

The variety of titles is no evidence that two plays existed: all the forms may be variants for the one play. Henslowe was interested in his receipts and not in whether a play was a tragedy or a comedy; if he could call Titus Andronicus 'Titus and ondronicus', he could certainly call 'doneoracio' the hero of The Spanish Tragedy (and it is significant that the entry in the Stationers' Register reads 'The Spanish Tragedy of Don Horatio and Bel-imperia'—see p. xxviii). It is not good argument to say that 'Jeronimo' is The Spanish Tragedy and that all other titles refer to some lost fore-piece or first part. One could just as well say that there were three plays, The Comedy of Don Horatio, The Comedy of Jeronimo, and Jeronimo or The Spanish Tragedy. But it is not nomenclature alone that has led to the belief that two plays are involved. There is also the strange fact that on three separate occasions, a performance of 'Jeronimo' was preceded by a performance on the day before of the play with one of the alternative titles.¹

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¹ The General Editor has called my attention to a performance of Jeronimo on Monday, April 24, which was preceded by 'the comodey Jeronymo' on the Saturday before.
Greg points out (Henslowe’s *Diary*, 11, 154) that there is ‘hardly any instance of a play being repeated twice running’ in Henslowe’s records, but that there are examples of the first and second parts of two-part plays being performed on successive days. Discussion of the problem was confused in the past by the identification of Henslowe’s comedy with *The First Part of Jeronimo*, published in 1605. But this play is clearly written after *The Spanish Tragedy* and based on it, and almost certainly intended as a burlesque. The problem as it now stands is, Which is more likely, that *The Spanish Tragedy* is a sequel to a now-lost play, or that the players broke their usual custom and occasionally played *The Spanish Tragedy* twice on consecutive days? I cannot find in *The Spanish Tragedy* anything to prove that it is a sequel; the many mentions of past events no more indicate a first part than similar mentions in *Cymbeline* or *Hamlet* indicate that those plays are the second halves of two-part wholes. The three occasions of performances on successive days are very strange, and one cannot dismiss the theory of a lost first part as untenable; yet it is possible to be sceptical and to demand more evidence than Henslowe provides. (It could, of course, be argued that the ‘forepiece’ was written after *The Spanish Tragedy*, because of the play’s success, and that by 1592 it was occasionally played as a ‘first part’.) But the problem of Henslowe’s entries does not affect the inference that *The Spanish Tragedy* was being played at the Rose in early 1592.
It is now accepted that Nashe was thinking of the fable of the Kid in Spenser's Shepheardes Calender (the May eclogue, ll. 274–7) and not Aesop. McKerrow believes that Nashe is simply bringing in the Kid as a beast-fable analogy without the further purpose of referring to Thomas Kyd; though it is true that Kyd 'intermeddled with Italian translations' in translating Tasso's Padre di Famiglia in 1588, he was hardly the only translator from Italian. But Duthie is impressed by Oesterberg's view (see R.E.S., xviii (1942), 389–91) that Nashe has clumsily twisted Spenser's fable in order to bring in an allusion to Kyd. Nashe says that his dramatists have exhausted their source, Seneca, 'which makes his famished followers to imitate the Kid in Æsop, who, enamoured with the Foxes newfangles, forsooke all hopes of life to leape into a newe occupation; and these men, renouncing all possibilities of credite or estimation, to intermeddle with Italian Translations'. Now Spenser's Kid was lost by his naivety, in being attracted by the glass which the disguised Fox showed him, and by his curiosity in reaching into the Fox's basket to take up a bell: the Fox swept him into his basket, and farewell Kid. Oesterberg says that there is no real parallel between Spenser's fable and the fate of the dramatists: Spenser's Kid does not 'forsake all hopes of life to leap into a new occupation'; in order to show that Thomas Kyd was one of the dramatists who gave up a barren profession and hopefully but fatally resorted to another, Nashe made use of an inappropriate fable to bring in the name 'Kid'.

I confess I find the argument most unconvincing. That Nashe is writing rapidly and carelessly is clear from his mistaken attribution of the fable to Aesop. He wanted a derogatory image for those who are attracted by some new gewgaw which proves fatal: the dramatists were attracted by Italian translations, the Kid by the glass and bell. That is the essential parallelism; the fact that the dramatists consciously change their lives and that the Kid does not seems to me to be of no significance. In any case, in E. K.'s gloss on Spenser's fable, the Kid resembles those who are attracted by 'the reliques and ragges
of popish superstition', and are therefore damned for their weak-minded deviation; the Kid may well be said (allegorically speaking) to leap into a new occupation. It seems impossible to prove an allusion to Kyd from the weakness of the analogy between the Kid and the dramatists. Nashe may have had Kyd in mind as one of his dramatists, but the reference to the 'Kid in Aesop' does not prove it.
APPENDIX C
Kyd and Tamburlaine, Part 2

There is an interesting ‘image-growth’ in Kyd which suggests the possibility that when writing The Spanish Tragedy he had in mind Tamburlaine, Part 2 (1588; published 1590). The Spanish Tragedy, I. ii. 52–61, gives a lurid description of a battlefield:

Now while Bellona rageth here and there,
Thick storms of bullets rain like winter’s hail,
And shiver’d lances dark the troubled air.

On every side drop captains to the ground,
And soldiers, some ill-maim’d, some slain outright:
Here falls a body scinder’d from his head,
There legs and arms lie bleeding on the grass,
Mingled with weapons and unbowell’d steeds.

Kyd took most of his suggestions from Garnier’s Cornélie, and the third line is a conflation of two images in Garnier, one concerning splintered lances flying in the air like straw, and the other concerning the air being darkened and the sun paled by the dust of the battle (v. 136–40, 149–50). When Kyd later translated the whole of Cornélie, he recalled his previous image and, ignoring Garnier’s straw, again suggested the impeded light:

The shyuered Launces (ratling in the ayre)
Fly forth as thicke as moates about the Sunne.
(Cornélia, v. 170–1)

But in this transformed image of motes about the sun, Kyd has also been directly aided by a recollection of a passage in 2 Tamburlaine, which also speaks in lurid terms of dismembered corpses on a battle-field:

Hast thou beheld a peale of ordinance strike
A ring of pikes, mingled with shot and horse,
Whose shattered lims, being tost as high as heavens,
Hang in the aire as thick as sunny motes...?   (III. ii)

The question is, did Kyd know this passage when (with the help of Garnier) he was describing the battle in The Spanish Tragedy? It is
certainly possible, for it looks as though the phrase in the second line of the Marlowe extract, 'mingled with shot and horse', has become (with the metonymy metabolized) Kyd's 'mingled with weapons and unbowell'd steeds' (last line of the Kyd extract). In using Garnier twice, in The Spanish Tragedy and in Cornelia, it is possible that on each occasion Kyd recalled a different part of a passage with the same theme from 2 Tamburlaine. There are few other parallels with the play, but Kyd may be echoing one of Marlowe's uses of his favourite word 'glut' in 'Hath here been glutted with thy harmless blood' (II. v. 20), to be compared with 'We all are glutted with the Christian's blood' (2 Tamburlaine, 1. i).
APPENDIX D

Watson’s Elegy on Walsingham

There are some verbal resemblances between *The Spanish Tragedy* and an elegy on Walsingham which Thomas Watson published in 1590, an English rendering of his own Latin elegy *Melibœus*, published in the same year. Walsingham died on 6 April 1590. The resemblances are as follows (quotations from Arber’s reprint, modernized):

(a) *Watson:*

Stout Astrophel, *incens’d with sole remorse,*
Resolv’d to die, or see the slaughter ceas’d.

*Kyd* (i. iv. 27–8):
Then, though too late, *incens’d with just remorse,*
I with my band set forth against the prince.

(b) *Watson:*

*Help to lament* great Melibœus’ death:
*Let clouds of tears with sighs be turn’d to rain.*

*Kyd* (ii. v. 36 and 43–4):
Here Isabella, *help me to lament*

O gush out, tears, fountains and *floods of tears,*
*Blow, sighs, and raise an everlasting storm.*

(c) *Watson:*

His faith hath fram’d *his spirit holy wings*
To *soar with Astrophel above the sun,*
And there he joy’s...

[5 lines]

Our Melibœus lives where Seraphins
Do praise the highest in their glorious *flames,*
Where flows the knowledge of wise *Cherubins...*

[33 lines]

*Singing sweet hymns* for him whose soul is blest.

[21 lines]

Diana, wondrous *mirror of our days...*
Kyd (III. viii. 15–22):

*My soul* hath *silver wings*
*That mounts* me up unto the highest heavens,
To heaven, ay, there sits my Horatio,
Back’d with a troop of *fiery cherubins,*
Dancing about his newly-healed wounds,
*Singing sweet hymns* and chanting heavenly notes,
Rare harmony to greet his innocence,
That died, ay, died, a *mirror in our days.*

Except for (a), the ideas and phrases shared by the two writers are not in the least uncommon, but the similarity seems more than accidental. If there is a dependence, it seems to be of Kyd on Watson, because (i) Watson is translating (though not word for word) from his own Latin, (ii) it is more likely in (c) that a borrower should compress an extended fancy, and bring in adjacent phrases, than that he should dilate, and (iii) the mythology of Isabella’s speech in (c) is somewhat out of keeping with the Virgilian mythology of the rest of the play (though it is not unique, see p. lix).
APPENDIX E

Marston’s Parodies of the ‘Painter Scene’
(See p. lxv)

There are three parallels, the chief one being in Act V, Scene i of *Antonio and Mellida*. Balurdo talks with a Painter and the conversation includes such remarks as: ‘I wold haue you paint mee, for my deuice, a good fat legge of ewe mutton, swimming in stewde broth of plummes . . . and the word shall be; *Holde my dishe, whilst I spill my pottage.*’ ‘Can you paint me a drieuling reeling song, & let the word be, Vh . . . . . . . It can not be done sir, but by a seeming kinde of drunkennesse.’ In the previous scene, Levin points out (see p. lxii), Antonio’s attempt to make his page express his grief by singing is like Hieronimo’s attempt to make Bazardo express his grief by painting; for example:

    speake, groning like a bell,
    That towles departing soules.
    Breath me a point that may inforne me weepe,
    To wring my hands, to breake my cursed weepe,
    Raue, and exclaine, lie groueling on the earth,
    Straight start vp frantick . . .
    . . . . . . . . . . . . . .
    For looke thee boy, my grieue that hath no end . . .

Finally, in *Antonio’s Revenge*, iv. i, there is a parallel with the lines in the Third Addition which run

    And there is Nemesis and Furies
    And things call’d whips. (ll. 41–2)

Alberto is speaking:

    I, I am gone; but marke, *Piero*, this.
    There is a thing cald scourging *Nemesis*. 
APPENDIX F

The King’s Men and The Spanish Tragedy

There are some perplexing references to The Spanish Tragedy which raise the question whether the Admiral’s Men maintained what would appear to be their original right in the play. First, there are two references to Richard Burbage, pillar of the Chamberlain’s-King’s Men, playing Hieronimo. One of these may perhaps be discounted: it is in the second Return from Parnassus and Burbage is instructing the young Studioso in acting (Three Parnassus Plays, ed. Leishman, p. 341):

I thinke your voice would serue for Hieronimo, obserue how I act it and then imitate mee:

Who calls Ieronimo from his naked bedd?

Considering the authors’ scorn for the public theatre and its ways (see Leishman, pp. 59–60), it is hardly likely that they would care whether Hieronimo was really one of Burbage’s parts or not. The second reference is in one of the elegies on Burbage’s death.¹

No more young Hamlett, ould Heironymoe
Kind Leer, the Greued Moore, and more beside,
That liued in him; have now for ever dy’d.

These lines are not found in one of the manuscript versions of the elegy; another, longer, version is recognized as spurious. Burbage could hardly have acted the plum part of Hieronimo when, as a youth, he was associated with the Strange’s-Admiral’s company (Nungezer, p. 68); the other plays mentioned, it is worth noticing, are all post-1600. It is a problem to think that Burbage had a name for acting the chief part in a play which did not belong to his company. But what significance is to be attached to Webster’s Induction (1604) to Marston’s Malcontent, which implies that Jeronimo was a King’s Men’s play that had been filched from the company by the Children of the Queen’s Revels? Cundale is explaining how the King’s Men come to be acting a play belonging to the children:

¹ Shakespeare Allusion Book, i, 272–3; Nungezer, Dictionary of Actors, p. 74; Fliz. Stage, ii, 309.
Sly. I wonder you would play it, another company having interest in it?

Cundale. Why not Malevole in folio with us, as Jeronimo in Decimo sexto with them? They taught us a name for our play, we call it One for another.

The reference to 'folio' and 'decimo sexto' is of course to the size of the actors. F. L. Lucas's gloss (Webster, *Works*, III, 307) runs, 'Why should not our men's company retaliate, by acting *The Malcontent*, for the pirating by the Children's company at Blackfriars of our *Jeronimo*?'

The usual explanation is that the *Jeronimo* play is *The First Part of Jeronimo* (see Appendix A). But that play seems to be a children's play to begin with, and we can hardly imagine Burbage winning fame from acting the little Hieronimo—'As short my body, short shall be my stay' (i. iii. 103). On the other hand, there could not possibly be any righteous indignation among the King's Men at the theft from them of *The Spanish Tragedy*, since it did not belong to them in the first place. The only solution seems to be that the play mentioned by Webster is the *First Part*, that it was adapted by the Children, when they 'borrowed' it, into the form which we know, and that the references to Burbage as acting the *great* Hieronimo are mistakes.
This index lists words, phrases, names, tags, and selected proverbs which have required elucidation in the Commentary. It is neither a concordance nor a complete list of annotations. Words are normally cited in simple form (i.e., nouns in the singular, verbs in the infinitive), whatever the form in the text. When more than one line-reference is given, the word has been used in more than one sense. An asterisk before a word or a reference indicates that the meaning is not covered, or is only partly covered, by O.E.D., or that a date given by O.E.D. is corrected.

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York, Edmund Langley, Duke of,
I. iv. 140–7
DRAMATIS PERSONAE

Ghost of ANDREA.
REVENGE.

KING of Spain ('Spanish King').
CYPRIAN, Duke of Castile ('Castile', 'Duke'), his brother.
LORENZO, the Duke's son.
BEL-IMPERIA, Lorenzo's sister.
GENERAL of the Spanish Army.

VICEROY of Portugal ('King').
PEDRO, his brother.
BALTHAZAR ('Prince'), his son.
ALEXANDRO, VILLUPPO, noblemen at the Portuguese court.
AMBASSADOR of Portugal to the Spanish court.

HIERONIMO, Knight Marshal of Spain.
ISABELLA, his wife.
HORATIO, his son.

PEDRINGANO, servant to Bel-imperia.
SERBERINE, servant to Balthazar.
CHRISTOPHIL, servant to Lorenzo.
Page ('Boy') to Lorenzo.
Three Watchmen.
Messenger.
Deputy.
Hangman.
Maid to Isabella.
Two Portuguese.
Servant.
Three Citizens.
An Old Man, BAZULTO ('Senex').

DRAMATIS PERSONAE] First given by Dodsley (1744) and expanded by Schick, Boas, and M.S.R. Alternative names are given in parentheses.
Portuguese Nobles, Soldiers, Officers, Attendants, Halberdiers.

Three Knights, Three Kings, a Drummer in the first Dumb-show. Hymen, Two Torch-bearers in the second Dumb-show.

In Hieronimo’s play:

Soliman, Sultan of Turkey (Balthazar).
Erasto (‘Erastus’), Knight of Rhodes (Lorenzo).
Bashaw (Hieronimo).
Persea (Bel-imperia).

In the Additions:

Pedro servants to Hieronimo.
Jaques A Painter, Bazardo.]
The Spanish Tragedy
CONTAINING THE LAMENTABLE END OF DON
HORATIO AND BEL-IMPERIA: WITH THE
PITIFUL DEATH OF OLD HIERONIMO.

Act I

[I. i]

Enter the Ghost of ANDREA, and with him revenge.

Andrea. 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 Bel-imperia by name.

"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.


\[\text{iff.}\] Of the many parodies of the opening of the play, the best-known is in The Knight of the Burning Pestle, v. i: 'When I was mortal, this my costive corpse / Did lap up figs and raisins in the Strand.'

8. \textit{prime} The line is cited in \textit{O.E.D.} (s.v. \textit{prime}, sb.\textsuperscript{1}, 8) to illustrate the meaning 'the spring-time of human life, the time of early manhood . . . from about 21–28 years of age'.

10. \textit{In secret} For further details about this clandestine relation and its consequences, see ii. i. 45–8, iii. x. 54–5, iii. xiv. i i i–12.
For in the late conflict with Portingale
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,
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,
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,

---

Portingale] Portugal; a quite usual form during the 16th and preceding centuries.

18ff.] The description of the underworld is based upon the Aeneid, Bk vi. See note to l. 73.

25. Knight Marshal] or Marshal of the King's House. A law officer whose authority was exercised in the English royal household, in hearing and determining all pleas of the crown, and suits between those of the king's house and others within the verge (sc. within a radius of twelve miles), and in punishing transgressions committed within his area. (See Jacob's Law Dict., s.v. Marshal.) The office was abolished in 1846.


33. Minos, Aeacus, and Rhadamanth] appointed judges in the underworld because of the justice and integrity of their lives. Minos had the casting vote, as in ll. 50–3.

36. graven leaves of lottery] Virgil says that the dead are assigned to their dwellings 'not without lot, or judgement; Minos, who presides, shakes the urn ...' (Aen., vi, 431–2). But here Minos is consulting the graven leaves
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.'

'Why then,' said Aeacus, 'convey him hence,
To walk with lovers in our fields of love,
And spend the course of everlasting time
Under green myrtle trees and cypress shades.'

'No, no,' said Rhadamanth, 'it were not well
With loving souls to place a martialist,
He died in war, and must to martial fields,
Where wounded Hector lives in lasting pain,
And Achilles' Myrmidons do scour the plain.'

Then Minos, mildest censor of the three,
Made this device to end the difference.
'Send him,' quoth he, 'to our infernal king,
To doom him as best seems his majesty.'

To this effect my passport straight was drawn.
In keeping on my way to Pluto's court,
Through dreadful shades of ever-glooming night,
I saw more sights than thousand tongues can tell,
Or pens can write, or mortal hearts can think.

Three ways there were: that on the right-hand side
Where lovers live, and bloody martialists;
But either sort contain'd within his bounds.

The left-hand path, declining fearfully,

for an account of Andrea's past; there might, therefore, be some support for Brooke's gloss, 'book of fate'; lottery would presumably mean 'what is allotted to one', i.e., destiny (cf. Merchant of Venice, II. i. 15; Antony & Cleopatra, II. ii. 248). But drew forth (I. 37) is best interpreted literally and we must suppose that Minos draws from his urn the lottery slip on which was engraved the manner of life which Andrea has by now fulfilled, i.e., what has been his lot.

38-40.] The figure of repetition in these lines (anadiplosis) is a favourite with Kyd; cf. I. iii. 33ff.; II. i. 119ff.

46. martialist] used by Kyd again in Cornelia, IV. ii. 46.

53. doom] give judgement on.
THE SPANISH TRAGEDY

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 murderers groan with never-killing wounds,
And perjur'd wights scalded in boiling lead,
And all foul sins with torments overwhelm'd.
'Twixt these two ways, I trod the middle path,
Which brought me to the fair Elysian green,
In midst whereof there stands a stately tower,
The walls of brass, the gates of adamant.
Here finding Pluto with his Proserpine,
I shew'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.
Forthwith, Revenge, she rounded thee in thy ear,
And bade thee lead me through the gates of horn,
Where dreams have passage in the silent night.
No sooner had she spoke but we were here,

69. groan] grone 1592; greeue 1594. 82. horn] Hawkins; Hor: 1592; Horror 1599.

64. downfall] a sudden descent.
65. shakes] For this form of the plural, see Franz, §155.
73. Elysian green] See Introduction, p. xxiii, for the relation between Kyd’s description and Nashe’s sneer, ‘What can be hoped of those that thrust Elysium into hell?’ Virgil’s Elysium is in the netherworld, and Kyd does not confuse the ‘fair green’ of the blessed with the ‘deepest hell’ of the damned. But he does take some liberties with Virgil’s picture: the adamant gates and the tower of Pluto’s court (ll. 74–5) belong to the abode of the damned in Virgil (Aen., vi, 552–4); there are not ‘three ways’ in Virgil (l. 59) but two, the fields of lovers and martialists having been already passed by Aeneas. Did Kyd anticipate Dryden’s error in supposing that corripiunt spatium medium (Aen., vi, 634) meant trod the middle path (l. 72)?
79. doom] sentence.
81. rounded] whispered.
82. gates of horn] Cf. Aeneid, vi, 893–6; there are twin gates of sleep: from those of horn true visions emerge, from those of ivory, false visions.
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 Portingale,
Depriv'd of life by Bel-imperia:
Here sit we down to see the mystery,
And serve for Chorus in this tragedy.

[i. ii]

Enter Spanish KING, GENERAL, CASTILE, 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?
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 blest be heaven, and guider of the heavens,
From whose fair influence such justice flows.
Cast. O multum dilecte Deo, tibi militat aether,
Et conjuratae curvato poplite gentes

89. Depriv'd of life] a fairly common phrase; see, e.g., 1 Henry IV, iv. iii. 91 and Soliman and Perseda, i. vi. 28.
90. mystery] events with a secret meaning. An unusual sense, repeated at iii. xv. 29; it is more usual to use the word for the secret meaning than for the events or for the story, and so Kyd uses it at i. iv. 139 (cf. O.E.D., 7). There is possibly a suggestion here of the sense 'secret rites'—usually in a religious connexion. It is only a coincidence that each time Kyd uses the word, it is in the context of a stage presentation; the word mystery for the old biblical plays is much later.

1. ii. 1. camp] army; properly, army on a campaign (O.E.D., sb.3, 2). Doll Common uses this opening line to greet Face: Alchemist, iii. iii. 33.
12-14. 'O man much loved of God, for you the heavens fight, and the conspiring peoples fall on bended knee; victory is the sister of just rights.' An address deriving from Claudian.
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
We may reward thy blissful chivalry.

Gen. Where Spain and Portingale 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,
'And heaven 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 to encounter us.
Meanwhile our ordnance play'd on either side,
And captains strove to have their valours tried.

38. ordinance] 1623; ordinance 1592.
Don Pedro, their chief horsemen's colonel, 
Did with his cornet bravely make attempt 
To break the order of our battle ranks.

But 'Don Rogero,' worthy man of war, 
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,

'Their violent shot resembling th' ocean's rage, 
When, roaring loud and with a swelling tide, 
It beats upon the rampiers of huge rocks, 
And gapes to swallow neighbour-bounding lands.

Now while Bellona rageth here and there, 
Thick storms of bullets rain like winter's hail, 
And shiver'd lances dark the troubled air.

Arma sonant armis, vir petiturque viro.

40. colonel] Colonell 1594; Corlonell 1592; Coronell 1602. 
53. rain] Collier; ran 1592; run conj. Manly. 
54. dark] darke 1592; darkt 1594. 

40. colonel] a trisyllable, as indicated by the spelling of 1592, Corlonell, 
which also shows the wavering of the word between 'coroner,' from the French, 
and 'colonel,' from the Italian. O.E.D. remarks that up to 1590 'coroner' is far more frequent than 'colonel'.

41. cornet] squad of cavalry (from the banner at their head).
47. handy] hand-to-hand.
50. rampiers] ramparts.
52.] The first of several echoes of Garnier's description of the battle of Thapsus in Cornélie, Act V: 'Bellonne ardant de rage, au plus fort de la presse, / Couroit qui ça qui là.' In Kyd's later translation, 'Bellona, fiered with a quenchles rage, / Runnes vp and downe ...?' (Cornelia, v. 183-4).

53. rain] Collier's emendation brings out an appropriate image, to be compared (from afar) with Milton's 'sharp sleet of arrowic showers' (Paradise Regained, III, 324).

54.] Cf. Cornélie: 'Ils rompent pique et lance, et les esclats pointus / Bruyant sifflant par l'air, volent comme festus', and Kyd's rendering: 'The shyuered Launces (ratling in the ayre) / Fly forth as thicke as moates about the Sunne' (Cornelia, v. 170-1). See Appendix C.

dark] For 1594's 'improvement', darkt, see Introduction, p. xli. If ran were retained in the preceding line, a case might be made for the preterite here.

55-6.] 'Foot against foot, lance against lance; arms clash on arms and
On every side drop captains to the ground,
And soldiers, some ill-maim'd, some slain outright:
'Here falls a body scinder'd from his head,
There legs and arms lie bleeding on the grass,
Mingled with weapons and unbowell'd steeds, \That scattering 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 Portingales' young prince,
Brought rescue and encourag'd them to stay:
Here-hence the fight was eagerly renew'd,
And in that conflict was Andrea 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:

When he was taken, all the rest they fled,

And our carbines pursued them to the death,

Till Phoebus waning 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.

Give 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,

The fury of your forces will be stay’d:

And to this peace their viceroy hath subscrib’d,

Give the KING a paper.

And made a solemn vow that during life

His tribute shall be truly paid to Spain.

King. These words, these deeds, become thy person well.

But now Knight 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. A tucket afar off.

King. Nor thou nor he shall die without reward:

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,

83. waning] 1603; wauing 1592. 99. A tucket afar off.] 1592; following l. 100 in Dodsley. 101. the warning] Schick; this warning 1592. this trumpet] 1592; the trumpet 1615.

83. waning] 1592’s waving is generally retained, but it is probably a misprint. O.E.D., wave, v., 5b, gives ‘to decline’ (of the sun) but cites only this passage, wrongly dated 1615. The line in Wily Beguiled (l. 252), ‘When Phebus waues vnto the westerne deepe’, is obviously derived from the printed text of The Spanish Tragedy.

96. frolic] be gay. Hieronimo is not asked to skylark.

99. tucket] a flourish on a trumpet.
SC. II]

THE SPANISH TRAGEDY

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.

They enter and pass by.

Was that the warlike prince of Portingale,
That by our nephew was in triumph led?
Gen. It was, my liege, the prince of Portingale.
King. But what was he that on the other side
Held him by th' arm as partner of the prize?
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 overcloying joys.

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

Enter [the Army] again.

Bring hither the young prince of Portingale,
The rest march on, but ere they be dismiss'd,
We will bestow on every soldier
Two ducats, and on every leader ten,

129-31. We ... soldiery Two ... ten, That ... them.] Manly; We ... ducats, And ... know Our ... them. 1592.

117-19.] an awkward construction, but not an anacoluthon. 'And though I never hoped but well of him, he never pleased (etc.).'
That they may know our largess welcomes them.

Exeunt all [the Army] but BALTHAZAR, LORENZO, HORATIO.

Welcome Don Balthazar, welcome nephew, And thou, Horatio, thou art welcome too:

' Young prince, although thy father's hard misdeeds, In keeping back the tribute that he owes, 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:

' His men are slain, a weakening to his realm, His colours seiz'd, a blot unto his name, His son distress'd, a corrosive 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.'

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.

142. unto] 1592; upon Dodsley.

131. largess] liberality, bountifulness.

139. controll'd] held in check, hence, brought to an end, cancelled out.

143. corrosive] corrosive. For the literal use, see Nashe, II, 147: 'Surgions lay Corsiues to any wounde, to eate out the dead-flesh.' For the figurative use, as here, cf. Chettle's Hoffman, l. 279: 'My ages corsiue, and my blacke sinnes curse.'
Hor. But first I forc’d him lay his weapons down.

King. Let go his arm, upon our privilege. Say worthy prince, to whether didst thou yield?

Bal. To him in courtesy, to this perforce:

He spake me fair, this other gave me strokes:
He promis’d life, this other threaten’d death:
He wan 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,
Not he that in a garment wore his skin:
So hares may pull dead lions by the beard.

159. upon our privilege] sc. of absolute authority.
160. whether] which of the two.
164. wan] an alternative form of ‘won’.
167. And might seem partial] Hieronimo is of course referring to himself and not to the king.

172.] a proverbial saying (Tilley H165) bringing together two proverbs from Erasmus’ Adagia, which ultimately derive from P. Syrus’ Sententiae (cf. Leishman’s Three Parnassus Plays, p. 205) and Martial’s Epigrams (cf. Nashe, Works, iv, 164), concerning (a) hares triumphing over dead lions and (b) the bravado of anyone’s pulling a dead lion’s beard. The conflation is found in one of Alciat’s emblems (Green, pp. 304ff.) which pictures the hares tugging at a dead lion’s mane and contains in the verses the phrase sic cassi luce leonis / Conuellunt barbam vel timidi lepores. (Whitney took over Alciat’s emblem in 1586 but he is not Kyd’s source.) In Strange Newes (1592), Nashe quotes directly from Kyd, ‘So Hares may pull dead Lions by the beards. Memorandum: I borrowed this sentence out of a Play’ (Works, 1, 271). The reference in ll. 170–1 is to the Fourth Fable of Avian (in Caxton) concerning the ass who sports himself in a lion’s skin which he has found.

Lines 170–2 stand in perplexing relation to the lines in King John referring to Austria in Cœur-de-Lion’s garment:

—You are the hare of whom the proverb goes,
Whose valour plucks dead lions by the beard:

—O, well did he become that lion’s robe
That did disrobe the lion of that robe!
—It lies as sightly on the back of him
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.
Horatio, thou didst 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.

180. weapon 1592; weapons 1615.

As great Alcides' shows upon an ass; (II. i. 137–8, 141–4)
The date of King John is uncertain and so is that of The Spanish Tragedy, so
that dependence of one upon the other must be decided on internal evidence. Shakespeare is often given the precedence (see, e.g., Greg, Shakespeare's First Folio, pp. 254–5, following Dover Wilson), but the proverbial background proves it not necessary. The images are appropriate to the situation in Kyd's play, would arise quite naturally to a writer, and would be understood by the audience on their own merits and not by allusion. But if in ll. 170–1 there is an allusion beyond the Avian fable, it might possibly be, not to King John, but to The Troublesome Reign of King John; e.g. II. 131–2: 'Not you, Sir Doughty, with your lion's case.—Ah, joy betide his soul, to whom that spoil belong'd!' If that play is the source of King John, Shakespeare may, in working over the passage, have recollected the proverbial ornamentation which Kyd provides.

173.] Cf. Jew of Malta, I. 385, 'Content thee, Barabas, thou hast nought but right.' See note to III. xii. 71.

175. censure] judgement.

177. sit beside my right] forgo my right. An odd phrase; presumably Horatio thinks of placing himself outside the position his rights entitle him to. It is possible that the reading should be set beside (set aside; see O.E.D., s.v. beside, 4b).

187.] Horatio's inferior social position is emphasized in the play and contributes largely to Lorenzo's scorn and hatred towards him. Cf. II. iv. 60, III. x. 57.
And that just guerdon may befall desert,
To him we yield the armour of the prince.

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.

[I. iii]

Enter VICEROY, ALEXANDRO, VILLUPPO[], Attendants.

Vice. Is our ambassador despatch'd for Spain?

Alex. Two days, my liege, are pass'd since his depart.

Vice. And tribute payment gone along with him?

Alex. Ay my good Lord.

Vice. 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.

Yet this is higher than my fortunes reach,
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.

I. iii. 9. Falls to the ground.] 1623; following l. 11 in 1592. 14. am I] 1592; I am 1633.

1. iii. 7.] Schick suggests an echo of Seneca, Phaedra, l. 607: Curae leves loguuntur, ingentes stupeunt. But the notion is very common; e.g., Ralegh, 'To the Queen': 'Our Passions are most like to Floods and streams; / The shallow Murmure; but the Deep are Dumb.' Cf. Tilley S664 and W130.

15–17.] 'If one lies on the ground, one can fall no further; in me, Fortune has exhausted her power of hurting; there is nothing left that can harm me more.' A typical pastiche: the sources were identified by W. P. Mustard, P.Q., v (1926), 85–6; the first line is a tag from Alanus de Insulis, Lib.
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:
O no, she envies none but pleasant things:
Such is the folly of spiteful 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?
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,

29. is] Dodsley; not in 1592.

Parab., cap. 2, l. 19, the second from Seneca’s Agamemnon, l. 698 (Fortuna vires ipsa consumpsit suas), the third line is presumably Kyd’s own composition.

29. rolling stone] Fortune was commonly depicted standing on a sphere and so she appears in emblem-poetry (see Green, pp. 255, 261–3). Garnier’s Cornélie has ‘les piez . . . sur le haut d’une boule piez’, and in Kyd’s translation the rolling stone turns up once more (l. 105). Pistol and Fluellen knew about the ‘spherical stone, which rolls, and rolls, and rolls’ (Henry V, III. vi. 37).

33. distain’d] sullied.
My death were natural, but his was forc'd.

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

Vice. Survives! ay, where?

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

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

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

Vice. They reck no laws that meditate revenge.

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

Vice. No, if he liv'd the news would soon be here.

Alex. Nay, 'e'vil news fly faster still than good.

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

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

Vice. 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.

Vill. Then hear that truth which these mine eyes have seen.

When both the armies were in battle join'd,
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, 't
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:
But had he liv'd, the day had sure been ours.

Alex. O wicked forgery: O traitorous miscreant!

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

Vill. I saw them drag it to the Spanish tents.
Vice. Ay, ay, my nightly dreams have told me this.
Thou false, unkind, unthankful, traitorous beast,
Wherein had Balthazar offended thee,
That thou shouldst thus betray him to our foes?
Was't Spanish gold that bleared so thine eyes
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,

\underline{Take the crown and put it on again.}\n
But I'll now wear it till thy blood be spilt.

Alex. Vouchsafe, dread sovereign, to hear me speak.
Vice.] Away with him, his sight is second hell,
Keep him till we determine of his death.

[Exeunt Attendants with ALEXANDRO.]

If Balthazar be dead, he shall not live.
Villuppo, follow us for thy reward.

Vill. Thus have I with an envious forged tale
\{Deceiv'd the king, betray'd mine enemy,
\And hope for guerdon of my villainy.

Exit.

[i. iv]

Enter HORATIO and BEL-IMPERIA.

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

83. diadem] Diadome 1592. 90.1. [Exeunt ... ] no S.D. in 1592; They take him out. Manly.

82. Terceira's lord] Boas remarks that the title of Capitão Donatario of Terceira, or of any territory annexed to Portugal, would be inherited from the original exploiter of the colony, and would carry with it almost despotic sway.
93. envious] malicious.
And in his death hath buried my delights.

Hor. For love of him and service to yourself,
I nill refuse this heavy doleful charge,
Yet tears and sighs, I fear will hinder me.
When both our armies were enjoin'd in fight,
Your worthy chevalier amidst the thick'st,
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,
Envy'd 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),
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?

Hor. No, that was it for which I chiefly strove,

11.] 'striving always to perform the finest deeds for his glorious cause (of honour in Bel-imperia's eyes)'.
20.] Cf. Aeneid, ii, 615-16 (Boas). But it was Juno who was 'girt with steel' (ii, 613).
22. paunch'd] stabbed in the belly, disembowelled.
ding'd] knocked, struck. Cf. Studley's trans. of Seneca's Phaedra (Hippolytus), Act IV, 'And ding'd against the rugged Rocks his head doth oft rebound.'
27. remorse] sorrow, pity. The phrase 'incens'd with sole remorse' in a very similar context occurs in Watson's Melibæus; see Appendix D.
Nor stepp'd I back till I recover'd him:
I took him up and wound him in mine arms,
And welding 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 usurped right.
Yet this I did, and less I could not do,
I saw him honour'd with due funeral:
This scarf I pluck'd from off his liveless 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 Bel-imperia'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,
Be sure while Bel-imperia's life endures,
She will be Don Horatio's thankful friend.

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

**Bel.** Ay, go Horatio, leave me here alone,
For solitude best fits my cheerless mood.
Yet what avails to wail Andrea's death?
From whence Horatio proves my second love?

35. welding] 1592; wielding Schick\(^1\).
Had he not lov'd Andrea as he did,
He could not sit in Bel-imperia's thoughts.
But how can love find harbour in my breast
Till I revenge the death of my beloved?

Yes, second love shall further my revenge.
I'll love Horatio, my Andrea's friend,
The more to spite the prince that wrought his end.
And where Don Balthazar, that slew my love,
Himself now pleads for favour at my hands,
He shall in rigour of my just 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.
Bal. No madam, but in pleasing servitude.
Bel. Your prison then belike is your conceit.
Bal. Ay, by conceit my freedom is enthral'd.
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,

88. live[ 1592; lives 1602.

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82. conceit] fancy.
84. enlarge] set free.
85. to gage] as a pledge.
90. ambages] roundabout or indirect modes of speech. From 14th-century French, which took it from Latin, the word being the same in all
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.

_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.

_Hor._ The king, my lords, is coming hither straight,
   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.

_Present 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 Portingale 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.'

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?

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

and continuity is stressed by the King’s first speech. Cf. the entry of the
King and State in Hamlet, v. ii.

the Banquet] not necessarily the sumptuous meal the word now implies;
it could be something quite unpretentious (by Elizabethan standards), a
conveniently portable meal for theatrical purposes, and the King apolo-
gizes for the fare at l. 176. Nevertheless this feast is obviously elaborate.

entreats] treats.

Schick punctuates thus: ‘So am I!—slain by beauty’s tyranny.’

has no internal punctuation.

125. grac’d] honoured. Kyd uses the word in several senses; see Index.

131.] an awkward line to scan and 1592 gives no help. See Textual
Apparatus.

137. grace] adorn, lend grace to (O.E.D., v., 4).
pompous] stately.
jest] entertainment (O.E.D., 8).
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, 140

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 Portingale, and by success of war Enforc’d the king, then but a Saracen, 145

To bear the yoke of the English monarchy.

King. My lord of Portingale, by this you see

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137.1. with a Drum] ‘It is more likely that . . . this ‘indicates a character . . . than that the Marshal himself carries a drum’ (MSR (1592), p. xxvii). Cf. Halberts, iii. i. 30.1.

139. mystery] hidden meaning, allegorical significance. See note to 1. i. 90. 140-57.] It is a problem to know where Kyd got his rosy account of English triumphs in the Iberian lands. (a) Englishmen certainly helped in the capture of Lisbon from the ‘Saracen’ in 1147 and Mayerne Turquet’s General History of Spain (published in France in 1586) mentions them; but there is no reason to suppose that Robert of Gloucester was ever in Portugal’ (Boas). There is no hint in Holinshed or in chronicles like Grafton or Hardyng or Fabian to support Kyd. (b) Kyd is dealing with historical facts, but has got them upside down. In 1381–2 Edmund Langley was on the side of Portugal against Spain. Polydore Vergil deals fully with the campaign, but there is nothing to suggest the razing of Lisbon’s walls. Nor are the standard popular chronicles a possible source. (c) If Mariana’s History of Spain were not too late (Toledo, 1592), one might suggest that his account of the battle of Najara (1367) in which John of Gaunt took part might have been imperfectly remembered by Kyd. Whether it is Gaunt’s expedition to Spain of 1367 or, as Boas suggests, of 1386–7, I have found nothing in the full accounts of Holinshed, Froissart, or Polydore Vergil to warrant Kyd’s account. But Holinshed (referring to 1386) talks of disagreement among English writers about a battle in which the Duke of Castile was utterly defeated; it is most unlikely that Kyd was alone in his views on Spain’s history. Shakespeare may have been thinking of The Spanish Tragedy when he wrote of ‘great John of Gaunt, Which did subdue the greatest part of Spain’ (3 Henry VI, iii. iii. 81–2), but P. A. Daniel noted the projected play in Henslowe’s Diary, i, 135, The Conquest of Spayne by John a Gant, as evidence of a popular belief not based on the chronicles.
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 Edmund, Earl of Kent in Albion,
When English Richard wore the diadem.
He came likewise and razed Lisbon walls,
And took the King of Portingale in fight:
For which, and other suchlike service done,
He after was created Duke of York.

_King._ This is another special argument,
That Portingale may deign to bear our yoke
When it by little England hath been 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.
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 the king.  

*Takes the cup of Horatio.*

My lord, I fear we sit but over-long,

Unless our dainties were more delicate:

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152. Albion,] 1592; Albion. Manly. 153. diadem.] 1592; diadem, Manly. 174. the] 1592; thy Schick.

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153.] Manly takes this line with the following and not with the preceding line.
174. of] from.
176. Unless] See note at III. x. 36-8.
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.

[I. v]

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.

I. v. 4. banqueting!] banqueting? 1592.
Act II

[II. i]

*Enter Lorenzo and Balthazar.*

Lor. My lord, though Bel-imperia seem thus coy,

Let reason hold you in your wonted joy:
In time the savage bull sustains the yoke,
In time all haggard hawks will stoop to lure,
In time small wedges cleave the hardest oak,
In time the flint is pierc'd with softest shower,

And she in time will fall from her disdain,
And rue the sufferance of your friendly pain.

Bal. No, she is wilder, and more hard withal,
Than beast, or bird, or tree, or stony wall.
But wherefore blot I Bel-imperia's name?
It is my fault, not she, that merits blame.


1. *coy* unresponsive.

3-10.] from Watson's *Hecatompastia* (Stationers' Register, 1582), Sonnet XLVII: 'In time the Bull is brought to weare the yoake; / In time all haggred Haukes will stoope the Lures; / In time small wedge will cleave the sturdiest Oake; / In time the Marble weares with weakest shewres: / More fierce is my sweete loue, more hard withall, / Then Beast, or Birde, then Tree, or Stony wall.' Watson notes his debt to Serafino's 103rd Sonnet, but R. S. Forsythe (*P. Q.*, v (1926), 78-84) notes analogues and sources nearer home in Gascoigne, etc.; the images were extremely popular.

4. *stoop to lure* the technical phrase for hawks, while they are being trained, coming down to their food (*haggard* = untamed).


9-28.] Balthazar's speech was famous: Boas quotes N. Field's take-off: 'Yet might she love me for my dimpled chin. / Ay, but she sees your beard is very thin' (*A Woman is a Weathercocke*, 1609, I. ii. 345-6).

12.] 'It is my shortcomings that are to blame, not Bel-imperia's nature.' *Fault* in a milder sense (*O. E. D.*, sb., 3b) than at III. ii. 111.
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.
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 these ecstasies,
And doubt not but we'll find some remedy:
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.

27. beauty's 1615; beauteous 1592; duteous conj. MSR (1592). 29. these ecstasies 1592; this ecstasy Schick.

13. feature] form, shape (O.E.D., sb., 1), not the face in particular.
16. Pan and Marsyas] gods who had foolishly challenged Apollo to contests in flute-playing.
quill is a reed and not a pen.
20. slander'd] brought into disrepute (O.E.D., v., 2).
21-2.] Cf. the stychomyth in Garnier's Bradamante, II. i. 'Elle doit approuver ce qui plaist à son pere. / —L'amour ne se gouverne à l'appétit d'autrui.'
27. beauty's thrall] The emendation accepted here is found first in Jonson's quotation—rather free quotation—of the lines, in Poetaster (1601), III. iv. 221, fourteen years before it appeared in any edition of The Spanish Tragedy. The phrase is found in Soliman and Perseda, iv. iii. 6.
29. ecstasies] unreasoning passions (lit. 'state of being outside oneself'). Schick and Boas read this ecstasy for the sake of the rhyme, but that is to improve, not to emend.
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.
   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:
   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.
   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.

Lor. Then, Pedringano, this is my demand:
   Whom loves my sister Bel-imperia?
   For she reposeth all her trust in thee:

41. qui] Collier; que 1592. 48. punishment] 1592; banishment Dodsley.
53. living] 1592; liuings 1602.

37. for once] on this occasion (not implying a unique occasion).
41. Vien qui presto] Come here quickly (It).
47. conveyance] clandestine or underhand service (O.E.D., i rb).
58. If case] if it happens that (‘if case be that . . .’).
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,  
[Draw his sword.]  
And fear shall force what friendship cannot win.
Thy death shall bury what thy life conceals,  
Thou diest for more esteeming her than me.  

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 Bel-imperia be in love—

Lor. What, villain, ifs and ands?  
[Offer to kill him.]

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

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.

67. [Draw his sword.] 1602; not in 1592.  
77. [Offer to kill him.] 1602; not in 1592.  
81. say] Dodsley; say, 1592.  
87. this cross] i.e., his sword-hilt.
Ped. What I have said is true, and shall for me
Be still conceal'd from Bel-imperia. 95
Besides, your honour's liberality
Deserves my duteous service, even till death.'
Lor. Let this be all that thou shalt do for me:
'Be watchful when, and where, these lovers meet,
And give me notice in some secret sort.'
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:
But gold doth more than either of them both.
How likes Prince Balthazar this stratagem?

Balf. Both well, and ill: it makes me glad and sad:
Glad, that I know the hinderer of my love,
Sad, that I fear she hates me whom I love.
Glad, that I know on whom to be revenge'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:
First in his hand he brandished a sword,
And with that sword he fiercely waged war,
And in those wounds he forced me to yield,

107. tam armis quam ingenio] as much by force as by guile. Cf. the common tam Marti quam Mercurio.
117.] Cf. Hero and Leander (1593), 'But love resisted once, grows passionate' (11, 139); the sentence is frequently found in the figurative language of proverbs; cf. Tilley F265, S929.
119–29.] F. G. Hubbard may well be right in suggesting that these lines echo Watson's Hecatompithia, xli (P.M.L.A., xx (1905), 366–7).
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 Bel-imperia's ears,
And through her ears dive down into her heart,
And in her heart set him where I should stand.
Thus hath he ta'en my body by his force,
And now by sleight would captivate my soul:
But in his fall I'll tempt the destinies,
And either lose my life, or win my love.

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.

[II. ii]

Enter Horatio and Bel-imperia.

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 thoughts
(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 [above].

II. ii. 3. thoughts] 1594; though [ ] 1592. 6.2. [above]] This ed.; not in 1592.

126. lim'd] i.e., made into snares.

II. ii. 6.1-2.] 1592 has two directions concerning the eavesdropping: the second, after l. 17, 'Balthazar above.', is omitted here, and above transferred to the end of the first direction. The double direction in 1592 may be explained in three ways: (i) the conspirators enter at l. 6 'and proceed unseen by the lovers to the gallery, where at l. 17 they remain "above" watching' (McIlwraith); (ii) the earlier direction is the author's and the later an addition by the book-keeper for stage-purposes; (iii) both directions are the
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,
   And leaning on the shore, may sing with joy
   That pleasure follows pain, and bliss annoy.
Possession of thy love is th' only port
   Wherein my heart, with fears and hopes long 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.

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.

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?

author's, the second being made *currente calamo* to clarify what is not obvious from the previous direction, namely, from what part of the stage Balthazar speaks. The putative action in (i) is cumbersome and unnecessary; with (i) and with (ii), one would expect *Balthazar and Lorenzo above*; many editors emend the text so. One would expect the book-keeper to amend the original direction if clarity for the stage was his intention. (The question of whether there is any evidence for the book-keeper's hand in 1592 is discussed in the Textual Introduction, pp. xxxi-xxxii.) In accepting (iii) I make an emendation which would serve the author's intention.

11. Proverbial wisdom usually contradicts Bel-imperia, as perhaps we are meant to recognize (cf. Tilley S908 and P408). Watson's *Teares of Fancie* (published posthumously in 1593) appears to give the phrase the lie direct: 'So haue I found and now too deerely trie, / That pleasure douleth paine and blisse annooy.' Yet it was a 'T.W.' who may be Watson who wrote, 'Pleasure is the end of lingring smarts' (*Phoenix Nest, 1593*, ed. Rollins, p. 98).

23. *fond* foolish or infatuated.
Hor. On dangers past, and pleasures to ensue.
Bed. 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.
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.)
Bal. Ambitious villain, how his boldness grows!
Bel. Then be thy father's pleasant bower 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:
Happily the gentle nightingale
Shall carol us asleep ere we be ware,
And singing with the prickle at her breast,
Tell our delight and mirthful dalliance.
Till then each hour will seem a year and more.
Hor. But honey sweet, and honourable love,
Return we now into your father's sight:

33. war] Dodsley; warring 1592.

33. war] 1592's warring jars both metrically and rhetorically; the com-
positor's eye may have caught the word from l. 38.
42. bower] See note on arbour, ii. iv. 53.
46. travellers] labourers ("travailers").
48. Happily] haply (which would be a preferable reading, were the line
not already short of a syllable).
50. prickle at her breast] i.e., to keep her sharp woes waking, as Shake-
spere and common legend have it.
Dangerous suspicion waits on our delight.

Lor. Ay, danger mix'd with jealous despite,
Shall send thy soul into eternal night. [it is love] Exeunt.

[II. iii]

Enter King of Spain, Portingale Ambassador,
Don Cyprian, &c.

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

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

King. Then, Lord Ambassador of Portingale,
Advise thy king to make this marriage up,
For strengthening of our late-confirmed league:
I know no better means to make us friends.
Her dowry shall be large and liberal:
Besides that she is daughter and half-heir
Unto our brother here, Don Cyprian,
And shall enjoy the moiety of his land,
I'll grace her marriage with an uncle's gift,
And this it is: in case the match go forward,
The tribute which you pay shall be releas'd.


II. iii. 11. league:) league. 1602; league, 1592; league Collier.

56. jealous] a common enough form which saves the metre; Schick accepted Kittredge's suggestion, once he knew about it.

II. iii. 3. coy it] affect reserve.
as becomes her kind] as it is her natural disposition as a woman to do.

11.] The punctuation of 1592 leaves us free to take the line with either its predecessor or its successor; Collier took the latter conjunction: the former (following 1602) is preferred here. There is but slight alteration in sense.

16. moiety] half-share.
And if by Balthazar she have a son, 
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 aught beside?

_King._ Commend me to the king, and so farewell.

_But where's Prince Balthazar to take his leave?

_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. 

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

49. thought] 1615; thoughts 1592.
Enter HORATIO, BEL-IMPERIA, 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 Bel-imperia, let us to the bower,
    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,
    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 heavens have shut up day to pleasure us.
    The stars, thou seest, hold back their twinkling shine,
    And Luna hides herself to please us.
Bel. Thou hast prevail'd, I'll conquer my misdoubt,
    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 sit'st within these leavy 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 Bel-imperia sits in sight.
Bel. No, Cupid counterfeits the nightingale,
    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.
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.
Hor. O stay awhile 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!

Enter LORENZO, BALTHAZAR, SERBERINE, PEDRINGANO, disguised.

Lor. My lord, away with her, take her aside.

40 THE SPANISH TRAGEDY [ACT II

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. 35
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.
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.
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    Now may’st thou read that life in passion dies.
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    So shalt thou yield and yet have conquer’d me.
Bel Who’s there? Pedringano! We are betray’d!

Enter LORENZO, BALTHAZAR, SERBERINE, PEDRINGANO, disguised.

Lor. My lord, away with her, take her aside.

35. wars] Dodsley; warre 1592. 44. withal] 1594; with [ ] 1592.

45.] a common image; cf. Virgil, Georgics, II, 221; see Green, pp. 307–9 and Tilley V61. But Horatio ingeniously twists the normal account for his own ends; the point is usually that the vine held up the elm in its embraces even after the elm was dead—an emblem of unswerving friendship. Only Horatio (so far as I know) suggests that the vine pulls the elm down. Ll. 44–5 are quoted (incorrectly) in 1 Return from Parnassus (ed. Leishman), ll. 1002–3.
48.] Harbage considers the sensuality of this passage unusual for the pre-Shakespearian public theatre (Shakespeare and the Rival Traditions, pp. 201–2). For the double meaning in die, see Dryden’s song, ‘Whilst Alexis lay prest’, in Marriage à la Mode, iv. iii.
O sir, forbear, your valour is already tried.

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!

Bal. But Balthazar loves Bel-imperia.

Lor. Although his life were still ambitious proud,

Yet is he at the highest now he is dead.

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

Lor. Come stop her mouth, away with her.

Exeunt, leaving Horatio's body.

II. v

Enter Hieronimo in his shirt, &c.

Hier. What outcries pluck me from my naked bed,

63.1. Exeunt, leaving Horatio's body]. This ed.; Exeunt. 1592.

53.] There seems every reason for believing that the stage-property serving as the arbour (hitherto called bower in the text) was much like that illustrated in the famous woodcut on the t.p. of 1615, sc. a trellis-work arch, not wide, but quite deep, adorned with 'leaves' (?) (so that Isabella may call it a 'fatal pine' in iv. ii). There would be a bench for the lovers to sit on. Such a property would be an ideal hanging-machine; perhaps it served also for Pedrignano's gallows. Probably the arbour stood at the back of the stage between the doors. Hosley (privately) compares the arbour in Looking Glass for London and England, a 'brave arbour' and, though small enough to rise from a trap, large enough 'for fair Remilia to desport her in'. It would be possible to argue that the arbour was only a conventional tree; Isabella's later actions would be more realistic; Hieronimo refers to 'a tree' on which his son was hanged at iv. iv. 111; the author of the 'Painter scene' clearly thought of a tree (see 4th Addition, II. 60ff.). A stage tree was used for hangings, cf. Massacre at Paris, ll. 496-7: 'Let's hang him heere vpon this tree ... They hang him.' Arch or tree, hangings were not a difficulty on the Elizabethan stage, to judge from their frequency.

II. v.] It is strictly incorrect to begin a new scene, since the stage is not clear, and many recent edd. continue the previous scene. But since it is only a corpse that occupies the stage, it has seemed better to follow the traditional division.

1. naked bed] a common phrase, not created by Kyd as an unwary reader of Boas' note might suppose; e.g., R. Edwardes in Paradise of Dainty
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,
'And here within this garden did she cry,'—
But stay, what murd'rous spectacle is this?
A man hang'd up and all the murderers gone,
And in my bower, to lay the guilt on me:
'This place was made for pleasure not for death!

_He cuts him down._

Those garments that he 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,
And left thy bloody corpse dishonour'd here,
For me amidst this dark and deathful shades
To drown thee with an ocean of my tears?

"O heavens, why made you night to cover sin?
By day this deed of darkness had not been.
O earth, why didst thou not in time devour

22. this] 1592; these 1633.

_Devices_ (1576): 'In going to my naked bed as one that would have slept'.
15. _whilom_ formerly, in the past.
17.] Cf. Shakespeare's 'If any spark of life be yet remaining', _3 Henry VI_, v. vi. 66.

20.] For a parallel in Marlowe, see the end of Appendix C.
22. this] 1633's _these_ is followed by most edd. (not Schick) and may be less awkward to modern ears, but _this_ is a form of the plural found up to 1622 (apud _O.E.D._, s.v. _these_, Illustration of Forms, y). It is used again before a double epithet at _III_. ix. 4. Cf. Shakespeare, 'this two days', 'this twenty years' (Schmidt, s.v. _this_). Even later examples may be found in Massinger, _Bondman_, i. i. 21, 'this wars'; _Picture_, v. iii. 216, 'upon this terms'.
The vild profaner of this sacred bower?
O poor Horatio, what hadst thou misdone,
To leese thy life ere life was new begun?
O wicked butcher, whatsoe’er thou wert,
How could thou strangle virtue and desert?
Ay me most wretched, that have lost my joy,
In leesing my Horatio, my sweet boy!

Enter ISABELLA.

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!

Hier. To know the author were some ease of grief,
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 cursed wretchedness.

Hier. Sweet lovely rose, ill-pluck’d before thy time,
‘Fair worthy son, not conquer’d but betray’d: 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. Seest thou this handkercher besmear'd with blood?
It shall not from me till I take revenge:
'Seest thou those wounds that yet are bleeding fresh?
I'll not entomb them till I have reveng'd:
Then will I joy amidst my discontent,
Till then my sorrow never shall be spent.

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

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 cursed place.
I'll say his dirge, singing fits not this case.

O aliquis mihi quas pulchrum ver educat herbas
HIERONIMO sets his breast unto his sword.

54. reveng'd] 1592; reveng' 1623. 67. ver] 1594; var 1592. educat]
1615; educet 1592.

51-2.] Compare the use of the napkin dipped in Rutland's blood in
3 Henry VI, i. iv. 79-80 and 157-9. Since the incident is not in Shake-
speare's source, he may have borrowed the idea from Kyd.
54. reveng'd] 1623's reading is preferred by Hazlitt and Schick. The only
argument can be one of balancing l. 52, for this absolute or intransitive use
of the verb is common.
57. murder cannot be hid] a well-worn axiom; for some 16th-century
examples, see Tilley M1315.
58-9.] proverbial; Tilley T324.
62. practice] contrivance, evil-scheming.
67-80.] 'A pastiche, in Kyd's singular fashion, of tags from classical
poetry, and lines of his own composition' (Boas). There are reminiscences
of Lucretius, Virgil, and Ovid. The emendation herbarum for irraui (l. 73) is
indefensible, except on the ground of sense and the source in Tibullus which
was suggested by Traube (see Schick's note). 'Let someone mix for me
herbs which the beautiful spring brings forth, and let a medicine be given
for our pain: or let him offer juices, if there are any which will bring oblivion
to our minds. I shall myself gather whatever herbs the sun brings forth,
throughout the mighty world, into the fair realms of light. I shall myself
drink whatever poison the sorceress contrives, whatever herbs, too, the
Here he throws it from him and bears the body away.


goddess of spells weaves together by her secret power. All things I shall essay, death even, until all feeling dies at once in my dead heart. Shall I never again, my life, see your face, and has eternal sleep buried your light? I shall die with you—so, so would I rejoice to go to the shades below. But none the less, I shall keep myself from a hasty death, in case then no revenge should follow your death.'

80.1. and bears the body away] perhaps and they bear? The action is not very clear, and the directions may indicate revision, second thoughts, or the book-keeper's hand. They take him up at l. 64, but Hieronimo cannot be holding him while he sets his breast unto his sword (l. 67) or throws it [his sword?] from him. It is arguable (see Introduction, p. xxxii) that the text is a conflation of a literary version and an abridged version for the stage in which the dirge is omitted; if so, the first They take him up would be the sole direction before Exeunt. But in spite of clear inconsistency, the directions in the text may be found actable: Hieronimo and Isabella tend and half-raise the body, which Isabella supports while Hieronimo recites the dirge. Hieronimo then lifts the body and carries it offstage in his arms.
[II. vi]

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 Bel-imperia,
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,
I'll show thee Balthazar in heavy case.

II. vi. 5. On] 1599; Or 1592.

II. vi. 8.] a version of one of the commonest sayings, *Finis coronat opus.*
Cf. 'T.W.', 'The end of eu'ry worke doth crowne the same' (*Phoenix Nest*, ed. Rollins, p. 98).
[III. i]

Enter VICEROY of Portingale, Nobles, VILLUPPO.

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

1 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,


1-11.] an adaptation of Seneca’s Agamemnon, 57-73 (Boas).
4. heat] All edd. read hate with 1599, but the reading has no authority and there is not the slightest reason for suspecting that heat is wrong: the meaning of passion, anger, or fury is regular and common.
8. striveth] The inversion makes permissible what is for us a false concord; it is unlikely that we have here the rare plural in -th (cf. Franz, §156).
17. words have several works] i.e., words are not always related to deeds.
And there's no credit in the countenance.

_Vill._ No; for, my lord, had you beheld the train
That feigned love had colour'd in his looks,
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.

_Vice._ 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 condemned he may die.

_Enter ALEXANDRO with a Nobleman and Halberts._

_2 Nob._ In such extremes will naught 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.

_2 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.

_Vice._ Why linger ye? Bring forth that daring fiend


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18.] Cf. _Duchess of Malfi_, I. i. 250; _Macbeth_, I. iv. 11-12.
19-20.] Villuppo is a little confused: what he says is: 'had you beheld the treachery [train] which feigned love had disguised [colour'd] in his looks...'
But the point is that the treachery could not be seen. He means, 'Had you beheld the feigned love in his looks, disguising the treachery of his heart...'

22-3.] from Garnier's _Cornélie_, Act II, but whereas Garnier uses the perpetual movement of the heavens and the seasons as an image of mutability, Kyd stresses the constancy of the regular cycles of the sun. Once again Kyd recalled the lines here when making his translation of _Cornélie._

23. _the centre of the earth_] 'this centre of the universe, the earth'.

26. slay'st] Boas' _staiest_ appears to derive from a misreading of the ligature fl.

30.1. Halberts] i.e., Halberdiers.
And let him die for his accursed deed.

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

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

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.

Vill. 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.

Vice. Ambassador,  
What news hath urg’d this sudden entrance?

Amb. Know, sovereign lord, that Balthazar doth live.
Vice. What say' st thou? liveth Balthazar our son?—
Amb. Your highness' son, Lord Balthazar, doth live;
And, well entreated in the court of Spain, 65
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 KIN G looks on the letters, and proceeds.

Vice. 'Thy son doth live, your tribute is receiv'd,
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.

Vice. Accursed wretch, to intimate these ills
Against the life and reputation
Of noble Alexandro!—Come, my lord,
Let him unbind thee that is bound to death,
To make a quital for thy discontent. 70

They unbind him.

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

Upon report of such a damned fact:

77. Come, my lord,] This ed.; come my Lord vnbinde him. 1592.

68. commends] greetings, compliments (O.E.D., sb., 3).
77.] See textual notes: the final unbind him of 1592 gives the line thirteen syllables; Le Gay Brereton (quoted by Schick*) thought unbind him to be the original S.D. Kittredge (quoted by Manly) thought my lord hypermetrical. It is far better that the King's gentler tone, with Come, my lord, should mark a turn from Villuppo to Alexandro than to accept with 1592 a continuation to the first, i.e., Come, my lord, unbind him!, with a very awkward transition to a new hearer in the next line. Either the compositor's eye has anticipated the direction two lines below or the author has failed to strike out a direction placed too early. It is possible the passage as a whole contains erasure and rewriting, for Alexandro's first remark after release is a reply to an apology which the King has not made.
79. quital] requital.
They unbind him] a passive sense only: He is unbound, by Villuppo, as the King orders.
80. in kindness] naturally.
"But thus we see our innocence hath sav'd
The hopeless life which thou, Villuppo, sought
By thy suggestions to have massacred.

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

Alex. Say, treacherous Villuppo, tell the king,
Or wherein hath Alexandro us'd thee ill?

Vill. 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.

Vice. 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 bitterest torments and extremes
That may be yet invented for thine end.

ALEXANDRO seems to entreat.

Entreat me not, go take the traitor hence.

Exit VILLUPPO[guarded].

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.

91. Or] 1592; not in Hazlitt.

98. mean] temperate, moderate.
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 heavens! 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 unrevenge'd pass,
How should we term your dealings to be just,
If you unjustly deal with those that in your justice trust?
The night, sad secretary to my moans,
With direful visions wake my vexed soul,
And with the wounds of my distressful son
Solicit me for notice of his death.
The ugly fiends do sally forth of hell,
And frame my steps to unfrequented paths,
And fear my heart with fierce inflamed thoughts.
The cloudy day my discontents records,
Early begins to register my dreams
And drive me forth to seek the murderer.

Eyes, life, world, heavens, hell, night, and day,

III. ii. 13. wake] 1592; wakes Dodsley. 15. Solicit] 1592; Solicits Dodsley.

III. ii. 1.] Rollins, in pointing out the similarity of this line to 'T.W.' s 'Mine eies, now eies no more, but seas of teares', notes many Italian and French versions of a figure which is commonplace; e.g., Petrarch, Rime, 161, 'oi occhi miei, occhi non già, ma fonti', or De Baif, 'O mes yeux, non plus yeux, mais de pleurs deux fontaines' (Phoenix Nest, p. 201). Hieronimo's speech became a kind of rallying-point for all who would pour scorn on the absurdities of the Kydean rhetoric; see, e.g., Everyman in his Humour, i. v. 57-8 and Introduction, pp. i and lxvii.
12. secretary to my moans] 'the confidant to whom my moans are uttered' (Boas). This phrase is cited in O.E.D., secretary, sb. 1., i.b.
13. wake] plural for singular, probably by attraction to visions; cf. false concords in solicit (l. 15) and drive (l. 21).
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!

For want of ink, receive this bloody writ.

Me hath my hapless brother hid from thee:

Revenge thyself on Balthazar and him,

For these were they that murdered thy son.

Hieronimo, revenge Horatio's death,

And better fare than Bel-imperia doth.'

What means this unexpected miracle?

My son slain by Lorenzo and the prince!

What cause had they Horatio to malign?

Or what might move thee, Bel-imperia,

To accuse thy brother, had he been the mean?

Hieronimo beware, thou art betray'd,

And to entrap thy life this train is laid.

Advise thee therefore, be not credulous:

This is devised to endanger thee,

That thou by this Lorenzo shouldst accuse,

And he, for thy dishonour done, should draw

Thy life in question, and thy name in hate.

Dear was the life of my beloved son,

And of his death behoves me be reveng'd:

Then hazard not thine own, Hieronimo,

But live t' effect thy resolution.

I therefore will by circumstances try

23. See... may] Manly; Sec... some man, / Some... may 1592. 26. For] 1602; Bel. For 1592. 29. murdered] murdred 1592. 32. What] 1602; Hiero What 1592.

25. Red ink] perhaps an author's instruction; the phrase is otherwise inexplicable; see Introduction, p. xxxi.

34. malign] hate (O.E.D., v., 4).

38. train] snare, trap (O.E.D., s.v. 4); cf. III. i. 19.

48. circumstances] 'circumstantial evidence'. I believe Boas is wrong in glossing 'roundabout, indirect methods' and citing in support Merchant of Venice, i. i. 154. O.E.D., 6, would confine this usage to speech, 'beating about the bush'; Hieronimo is after further information, and we should
What I can gather to confirm this writ,
And, heark'ning near the Duke of Castile's house,
Close if I can with Bel-imperia,
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 lord.

Enter LORENZO.

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

Hier. My lord.

Ped. He asketh for my lady Bel-imperia.

Lor. What to do, Hieronimo? The duke my father hath
Upon some disgrace awhile remov'd her hence,
But if it be aught I may inform her of,
Tell me, Hieronimo, and I'll let her know it.

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. [Second Addition; see p. 124]
I humbly thank your lordship.

Lor. Why then, farewell. 66

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

Lor. Come hither Pedringano, seest thou this?

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

Lor. This is that damned villain Serberine,
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 flattering words may make him false.
I know his humour, and therewith repent
That e'er I us'd him in this enterprise.
But Pedringano, to prevent the worst,
And 'cause I know thee secret as my soul,
Here for thy further satisfaction take thou this,
Gives him more gold.

And 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,
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?

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83. Saint Luigi's] Manly, Schick; S. Liugis 1592.

74. condition] nature, disposition.
83. Saint Luigi's Park] If the emendation is correct, Kyd is incorrect, for Luigi is not a Spanish name.
88. Let me alone] 'trust me'.
93. mount] Lorenzo enjoys his own jokes; that the same terms can apply to promotion or to hanging has already inspired his wit; cf. II. iv. 61.
94. Che le Ieron] 'An unintelligible expression, possibly a corruption of the page's name' (Boas).
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
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 Bel-imperia breeds suspicion,
And this suspicion bodes a further ill.
As for myself, I know my secret fault, ¶
And so do they, but I have dealt for them.
They that for coin their souls endangered,
To save my life, for coin shall venture theirs:
And better it’s that base companions die,
Than by their life to hazard our good haps.

94-7. Go... Serberine, / And... me / At... house— / This... boy!... ]
Boas; Goe... forthwith, / Meet... Parke, / Behinde... boy. / 1592;
Go sirrah, / To... meet / The Prince... Park, / Behind... boy....
Manly, Schick. 96. Luigi’s] Manly, Schick; Luigis 1592. 98. Lor.]
1602; not in 1592. 108-9. This... Hieronimo / For... suspicion,]
Hawkins; This... suspicion, 1592. 111. it’s] its 1592; tis 1599.

100. complot] plot.

107.] The saying is frequently found in one form or another. Tilley (D174) quotes Taverner’s translation of Erasmus, ‘One disceyt dryueth out an other.’

111. fault] misdeed, offence (O.E.D., 5a). For secret fault, see Psalm 19: 12 (Coverdale).

115. companions] fellows (used contemptuously).
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.

[III. 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,
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
So near the duke his brother's house before.
2. Content yourself, stand close, there's somewhat in't.

III. iii. 1. Ped.] 1602; not in 1592.

III. iii. 4. 'And I'll look after pointing the pistol.'
15. suspect] suspicion.
20. watch and ward] patrol, keep a guard. Originally part of the legal definition of the duties of a sentinel.
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, Or wherefore should he send for me so late?  

Ped. For this, Serberine, and thou shalt ha't. So, there he lies, my promise is perform'd.  

Shoots the dag.  

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,  

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.  

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!  

1. 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.

43. Come,] 1602; Come 1592.

32. dag] 'a kind of heavy pistol or hand-gun' (O.E.D.).  
37. I'll be his priest] i.e., smooth his passage to the next world, make an end of him. See Tilley P587 for other examples of the saying.  
SC. IV]   THE SPANISH TRAGEDY

[III. 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 aught 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 confederates in our fault
    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, urged with the thought
    Of former evils, easily cannot err:
    I am persuaded, and dissuade me not,
    That all's revealed to Hieronimo.
    And therefore know that I have cast it thus—

[Enter Page.]

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

Page. My lord, Serberine is slain.

Bal. Who? Serberine, my man?

Page. Your highness' man, my lord.

Lor. Speak page, who murdered him?

Page. He that is apprehended for the fact.

Lor. Who?

III. iv. 5. unexpected] 1599; in expected 1592; unexpected 1623. 18.1.
[Enter Page.]] 1615; not in 1592.

III. iv. 2. preventing] in the usual sense of anticipating, being beforehand, hence 'Fear of being too late to avert our mishaps'.

3. mistrust] 'suspect the existence of or anticipate the occurrence of [something evil]' (O.E.D., v., 3).

24. fact] crime, evil deed. Cf. mod. 'accessary before the fact'.
Page. Pedringano.

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

Injurious villain, murderer 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.

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

Or else his highness hardly shall deny.

Meanwhile, I'll haste the marshal-sessions:

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

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,

Must look like fowlers to their dearest friends.

He runs to kill whom I have holf to catch,

And no man knows it was my reaching fetch.

'Tis hard to trust unto a multitude,

Or anyone, in mine opinion,

When men themselves their secrets will reveal.

Enter a Messenger with a letter.

Boy!

Page. My lord.

Lor. What's he?
SC. IV]  THE SPANISH TRAGEDY  61

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.
Lor.  What would he with us? He writes us here 55
  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.  60
'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:
And though the marshal-sessions be today,
Bid him not doubt of his delivery.
Tell him his pardon is already sign'd,
And thereon bid him boldly be resolv'd:
For were he ready to be turned off
(As 'tis my will the uttermost be 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;
He shall not want while Don Lorenzo lives.  75
Away!

55-6. What . . . here / To . . . distress.] Manly; What . . . vs? / He writes . . . distres. 1592.  75-6. He . . . lives. / Away!] Hazlitt; He . . . away. 1592.

56. *stand good lord*] act the part of good lord, or patron; a stock phrase (O.E.D., s.v. *stand*, v., 15c).
62. closely] secretly.
64. secret] The scansion here, and at iii. x. 10, suggests that the word is trisyllabic.
69. turned off] hanged.
73. and if] if.
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
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.

[III. v]

Enter Boy with the box.

Page. My master hath forbidden me to look in this box, and by my troth 'tis likely if he had not warned me, I should not have had so much idle time: for we men's-kind in our minority are like women in their uncertainty: that they are most forbidden, they will soonest attempt so I now.

By my bare honestly, 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 Pedrignano,

81. see] 1592; fee conj. Edwards.  87-8. E quel . . . basterà.] Hawkins, Schick; Et quel que voglio li nessun le sa, / Intendo io quel mi bassara. 1592.

III. v. 1. Page] not in 1592; Boy. 1615.

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78. tickle] delicately balanced, ticklish.
79. ends] singular for plural in inversion; cf. III. i. 8.
81. see] I have a strong suspicion that 'fee' is a misprint for 'fee'; the remark would be more in character and more powerful. But one cannot tamper with a reading which makes good sense.
82. list not] have no wish to.
83. pretence] intention (O.E.D., 3).
87-8.] 'And what I want, no-one knows; I understand, and that's enough for me,'
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.

[III. 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.

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.

III. vi. 15. But ... begin,] 1602; But come, for that we came for lets begin,
1592; But come, for that we came for: let's begin, 1615.

III. vi. 0.1. Deputy] the official title of the assistant to the Knight Marshal.
13. regard] care for, show concern for.
16. For here] i.e., in his heart or his head, which he touches. Boas suggests he refers to the bloody kercher.
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,
    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.
    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 satisfied, 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 approved and confess’d,
    And by our law he is condemn’d to die.

Hangman. Come on sir, are you ready?

Ped. To do what, my fine officious knave?

Hangm. To go to this gear.

---

23. *gear* affair, business; cf. following note.
32. *for this gear* for this behaviour, deed, or action. Cf. Nashe, ii, 181, ‘Ile hamper him like a iade as he is for this geare.’
39. *approved* proved.
40. It is unnecessary to provide an entry for the Hangman here since he is one of the officers who enter at the start of the scene.
Fed. 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?

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.

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?

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

44–8. O sir ... that's flat.] Prose as Schick; O sir ... habit. / So I ... rope. / But Hangman ... flat. 1592. 55–6. Ay truly ... away.] Schick; I truely ... ready. / I pray ... away. 1592.

44.] The compositor of 1592 has occasionally given Pedringano's and the Hangman's speeches the appearance of a kind of Whitmanesque verse by beginning a new sentence or main clause on a fresh line. But there is no doubt at all that they speak prose. Cf. note on 4th Addition, l. 107.

45. disfurnish me of my habit] alluding to the custom which grants the hangman his victim's clothes.

70. truss] close-fitting breeches or trousers; in the succeeding speech the hangman puns on another meaning of the word—to hang.
Hangm. Ay, and many a fair year after, to truss up many an honester man than either thou or he.

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

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

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.

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.

A fault so foul should escape unpunished.

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?

74-5. Faith ... health.] Prose as Schick; Faith ... greatly. / Me thinks ... health. 1592. 84. pray with me] 1592; pray for me 1602.

94.] presumably 'which prevent it (the soul) from attaining happiness'. Since the construction is so clumsy it is impossible to know whether intercepts is a correct or incorrect singular, or a rare plural-form. Cf. III. xiv. 50.
Ped. Why, rascal, by my pardon from the king.
Hangm. Stand you on that? then you shall off with this.
Dep. So, executioner; convey him hence,
But let his body be unburied.
Let not the earth be choked or infect
With that which heaven contemns and men neglect. Exeunt.

[III. vii]

Enter HIERONIMO.

Hier. Where shall I run to breathe abroad my woes,
My woes, whose weight hath wearied the earth?
Or mine exclaims, that have surcharg'd the air
With ceaseless plaints for my deceased son?
The blast'ring winds, conspiring with my words,
At my lament have mov'd the leaveless 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
With broken sighs and restless passions,
That winged mount, and, hovering in the air,
Beat at the windows of the brightest heavens,
Soliciting for justice and revenge:
But they are plac'd in those empyreal heights
Where, countermur'd with walls of diamond,

108. heaven] 1594; heauens 1592.
III. vii. 1. Hier.] 1603; not in 1592. 15. empyreal] Schick; imperiall 1592.

III. vii. 8.] a violent image, but Kyd liked the latter part well enough to re-use it in Cornelia, v. 420, "And dewe your selues with springtides of your teares". The first part is transmuted in the same translation (l. 40) and again there is no parallel in Garnier: "with their blood made marsh the parched plaines".

15. empyreal] 1592's imperiall is only a spelling variant.
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—
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,
   Take truce with sorrow while I read on this.
   'My lord, I writ 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 as confederate with the prince and you,
   Won by rewards and hopeful promises,
   I holp to murder Don Horatio, too.'
   Holp he to murder mine Horatio?
   And actors in th' accursed tragedy
   Wast thou, Lorenzo, Balthazar and thou,

requir'd] 1592; require 1623. 37. as] This ed.; was 1592.

32. writ] Manly's simple emendation, though it has not been popular,
must be correct.
37. as confederate] To read as instead of was relieves us of having to
choose between intolerable syntax and a sheer mis-statement. It is clear,
from what we know and from what Hieronimo immediately says, that the
last three lines of the letter go together; Pedringano was not a confederate
of the prince in the murder of Serberine. But the last three lines cannot be
read together as they stand in 1592.
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 venged or reveal'd?
Now see I what I durst not then suspect,
That Bel-imperia's letter was not feign'd,
Nor feigned 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 heaven unpunish'd would not leave.
O false Lorenzo, are these thy flattering looks?
Is this the honour that thou didst my son?
And Balthazar, bane to thy soul and me,
Was this the ransom he reserv'd thee for?
Woe to the cause of these constrained wars,
Woe to thy baseness and captivity,
Woe to thy birth, thy body and thy soul,
Thy cursed father, and thy 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?

50-1. was not feign'd, Nor feigned she] 'He is relieved of two doubts, whether or not Bel-imperia really wrote the letter, and if so whether or not she was telling the truth' (McIlwraith).

53-6.] 'Now, from the two letters, I can piece together the whole occurrence. I could never satisfy myself before, though now it is brought right home to me, that these men committed the murder—which heaven was bound to bring to light and punish.' Edd. have made nonsense of an admittedly difficult passage by ignoring 1592's stop after accident; Manly preserves it.

65. bann'd] cursed.
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.

[III. 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. 5
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,
Bought you a whistle and a whipstalk too,
To be revenged on their villainies?
Maid. Madam, these humours do torment my soul.
Isab. My soul? poor soul, thou talks of things

[III. viii] Act iv Hawkins. 2–3. And ... head? / Ah, ... heart:] Manly;
And ... hart: 1592. 14. talks] 1592; talk’st 1623.

69. plain me] complain (O.E.D., v., 4a).

III. viii.] Hawkins and others begin here a new Act. Although Biesterfeldt
(p. 85) has argued that there is a break in the action at this point, we have no
authority for making the change, or for postulating the loss of one of the
scenes between Andrea and Revenge which conclude the Acts, as MSR
(1602), p. xxii, and Oliphant suggest (Shakespeare and his Fellow-Drama-
tists, 1929). Act III is extremely long, but Schick noted that the ‘Senecan’
Thebais and Octavia had been divided into four acts, and there is some in-
formation about four-act Latin Renaissance plays in L. Bradner, Studies in
the Renaissance, IV (1957), 35ff.
5. recure] restore to health.
8. outrage] Cf. ii. v. 45.
11. whipstalk] whipstock (dialectal form).
Thou know'st not what—my soul hath silver wings,
That mounts me up unto the highest heavens,
To heaven, ay, there sits my Horatio,
Back'd with a troop of fiery cherubins,
Dancing about his newly-healed wounds,
Singing sweet hymns and chanting heavenly notes,
Rare harmony to greet his innocence.
That died, 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 murdered my son? Exeunt.

[III. ix]

BEL-IMPERIA 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 this my secret and suspicious ills?
Accursed brother, unkind murderer, Why bends 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 sawest

16. mounts] 1592; mount Dodsley.

III. ix. 4. this] 1592; these 1633. 6. bends] 1592; bend'st 1623.

15-22.] There seems to be a connexion between these lines and T. Watson's elegy on Walsingham, Melibæus (1590), written in Latin with an English translation. See Appendix D.
16. mounts] either a plural in -s, or a confusion, as to the subject, between soul and wings. Cf. intercepts at III. vi. 94.
21. greet] acclaim, honour, salute (not welcome). An unusual usage. O.E.D., v.1, 3d, 'to honour with a gift', has no example after 1362, but cf. O.E.D., 3e, the Spenserian 'to offer congratulations'.
22. mirror] paragon, model of excellence (O.E.D., sb., 5b).

III. ix. 2. sequester'd] kept apart in seclusion.
3. notice] information.
6. bends] applies, directs.
Me for thy friend Horatio handled thus, 10
And him for me thus causeless murdered.
Well, force perforce, I must constrain myself
To patience, and apply me to the time,
Till heaven, as I have hop’d, shall set me free.

Enter CHRISTOPHIL.

Chris. Come, Madam Bel-imperia, this may not be. Exeunt. 15

[III. x]

Enter LORENZO, BALTHAZAR, and the Page.

Lor. Boy, talk no further, thus far things go well.
Thou art assur’d that thou sawest 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,
Which as a nine-days’ wonder being o’er-blown,
My gentle sister will I now enlarge.

Bal. And time, Lorenzo, for my lord the duke,
You heard, enquired for her yester-night.
Lor. Why, and, my lord, I hope you heard me say
Sufficient reason why she kept away:

III. x. 2. assur’d] 1592; assured Schick\(^1\).  
III. x. 10. secret] Cf. III. iv. 64.

\(^{1}\) apply me to the time[conform to the times, submit to things as they are. The phrase ‘obey the time’, with the same sense, is frequently found. 

14.1. Enter CHRISTOPHIL] presumably ‘above’, appearing at Bel-imperia’s side. It is unusual to have action on the ‘upper-stage’ alone, but it would be rather absurd for Christophil to enter below and retire after saying his one line; the line is clearly to accompany a leading-off.
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,
As for her sweetheart, and concealment so,
Jest with her gently: under feigned jest
Are things conceal'd that else would breed unrest.
But here she comes.

Enter BEL-IMPERIA.

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,
And clap me up where none might come at me,
Nor I at any to reveal my wrongs.
What maddening fury did possess thy wits?
Or wherein is't that I offended thee?

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

24–5. But... No, / Thou... enemy;] Manly; But... comes. / Now Sister. / Sister... enemy. 1592. 24. Now] Lor. Now 1592.

19.] 'Smooth over all suspicions and above all back me up in what I say'.

20. stand on terms] insist on conditions, make difficulties.

21.] 'Lorenzo's jaunty and laconic allusion to Horatio's murder and Bel-imperia's secret detention is highly characteristic' (Boas).

36–8.] 'If I have humiliated you, it was only in the course of my attempt (which showed more consideration than you deserved) to save your honour and my own.' For unless = unless it were that, cf. i. iv. 176.

disparagement] a lowering of dignity, humiliation (O.E.D., disparage, 2).
Bel. Mine honour! why Lorenzo, wherein is't
That I neglect my reputation so,
As you, or any, need to rescue it?

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

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

Bal. Have patience, Bel-imperia; 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,
And unexpected in an arbour there
Found Bel-imperia 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,
Lest that his highness should have found you there.

Bel. Even so, my lord? And you are witness
That this is true which he entreateth of?
You, gentle brother, forged this for my sake,
And you, my lord, were made his instrument:

44-5.] 'Concerning certain matters about possessions which the viceroy had given up'. Lorenzo would make the King come to discuss law with Hieronimo; estate may therefore be taken as the antecedent of that, explaining the singular was. For determine, see O.E.D., i, 'to conclude, terminate', and determination, i b, 'the cessation of an estate or interest of any kind', quoting an act of Henry VII, 'After the determynacions of the states ... by deth ... or any other wise'.

57. meanly accompanied] Horatio's social inferiority again.

59. forth] out of.

64.] The uncontracted forged is kept, although the line is thus given a hypermetrical syllable, because Bel-imperia's sardonic tone demands that the final stress fall on my, not sake.
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.

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 Aetna for Andrea's loss.

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

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

But Bel-imperia, see the gentle prince,
Look on thy love, behold young Balthazar,
Whose passions by thy presence are increas'd,
And in whose melancholy thou mayst 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,

75. for] 1592; and MSR (1592).
Wherewith my liberty thou hast surpris'd:
Of that thine ivory front, my sorrow's map,
Wherein I see no haven to rest my hope.

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

Bal. 'Tis I that love.
Bel. Whom?
Bal. Bel-imperia.
Bel. But I that fear.
Bal. Whom?
Bel. Bel-imperia.
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.

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

Et tremulo metui pavidum junxere timorem,
Et vanum stolidae proditionis opus.

Exit.

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

Bal. Led by the loadstar of her heavenly looks,

98-9. . . As those / That . . . lose.] Manly; As those, . . . loose. 1592.
101. doth fear] doth feare 1592. 102. Ei] Hawkins; Est 1592. 103. Ei]
1592; Est Manly, Schick.

with my libertie thou didst surprize.' This was published in 1591, but it is unlikely that Kyd borrowed from Daniel, since his twines is much nearer to liens than Daniel's nets. Why Kyd inserted Ariadne is a puzzle; Ariadne used a thread to guide Theseus through the Labyrinth, but she did not tie him up with it. Possibly Kyd confused Ariadne with Arachne the weaver who turned into a spider, and who therefore has more to do with enmeshing people; compare Shakespeare's uncertainty over 'Ariachne' in Troilus and Cressida, v. ii. 152.

91. front] forehead.
102-3.] 'Another piece of classical patchwork, of which the meaning is obscure' (Boas). 'They joined dismayed dread to quaking fear, a futile deed of sottish betrayal.'
Wends poor oppressed Balthazar,
As o'er the mountains walks the wanderer,
Incertain to effect his pilgrimage.  

Exeunt.

[iii. xi]

Enter two Portingales, and Hieronimo meets them.

1. By your leave, sir.
Hier. Good leave have you, nay, I pray you go, [Third Addition; see p. 125]
    For I'll leave you, if you can leave me, so.
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. 5
Hier. Oh, 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. Oh, forbear,
For other talk for us far fitter were.
But if you be importunate to know
The way to him, and where to find him out,
Then list to me, and I'll resolve your doubt.
There is a path upon your left-hand side,
That leadeth from a guilty conscience
Unto a forest of distrust and fear,
A darksome place and dangerous to pass:
There shall you meet with melancholy thoughts,

III. xi. 3. me, so] Schick 3; me so 1592. 8-9. . . Oh, forbear, / For . . . were.] Hazlitt; Oh forbeare . . . were. 1592.

109. Incertain to effect] doubtful that he will achieve.

III. xi. 4. next] nearest.

13.] Cf. I. i. 63: the left-hand path led to the deepest hell. The resemblance noted by Sarrazin between the passage which follows and Spenser's Cave of Despair (F. Q., i, ix, 33 and 34) is, as Boas says, probably only accidental.
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 hugy dale of lasting night,
That, kindled with the world's iniquities,
Doth cast up filthy and detested fumes—
Not far from thence, where murderers have built
A habitation for their cursed souls,
There, in a brazen cauldron 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.

Ha, ha, ha!

Hier. Ha, ha, ha!

Why, ha, ha, ha! Farewell, good, ha, ha, ha!

Exit.

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

[Exeunt.]

[III. 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,

18. uphold] 1592; behold 1618. 22. kindled] 1594; kind'ed [broken 1 ?] 1592. 30-1. Hier. . . . good, ha, ha, ha!] Boas; one line 1592. 34. [Exeunt.] 1602; not in 1592.

18. uphold] sustain, continue in. This sense (O.E.D., 2) is more likely than anything connected with O.E.D., 3c, to nourish.

III. xii. o.1.] Cf. Looking Glass for London and England, 'Enter the Usurer, with a halter in one hand, a dagger in the other.' Boas remarks, 'Hieronimo appears with the stock "properties" of a would-be suicide', and compares Spenser, F. Q., 1, ix, 29 and Skelton's Magnyfycence, ll. 2312ff.

poniard] dagger.
1-5.] Hieronimo has acuteness enough to expect obstacles, though he does not seem to confine the enmity to Lorenzo and Balthazar.
1-24.] Hieronimo's speech begins in quatrains and continues in a loose rhyme-scheme to the end.
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 firebrand,
That leads unto the lake where hell doth stand.
Away, Hieronimo, to him be gone:
He'll do thee justice for Horatio's death.
Turn down this path, thou shalt be with him straight,
Or this, and then thou need'st not take thy breath:
This way, or that way? Soft and fair, not so:
For if I hang or kill myself, let's know
Who will revenge Horatio's murder then?
No, no! fie, no! pardon me, I'll none of that:

*He flings away the dagger and halter.*

This way I'll take, and this way comes the king,

*He takes them up again.*

And here I'll have a fling at him, that's flat:
And, Balthazar, I'll be with thee to bring,
And thee, Lorenzo! Here's the king, nay, stay,

---

3. *seld*] seldom.
4. *toys*] The word usually denotes the frivolous and petty; here, perhaps, vain triflings, nonsense, or possibly idle minds.
6. *trudge*] make off, get moving (*O.E.D.*, v.1, 1c); cf. *Comedy of Errors*, III. ii. 158: ' 'Tis time, I think, to trudge, pack and be gone.' That the word does not imply slowness is seen from *Alphonsus of Aragon*, Act II, 'I saw you trudging in such posting haste.'
14-15. *this path . . . Or this*] Hieronimo brandishes the poniard and then the rope; the same indecision is in Skelton's *Magnyfycence* (see note to o.1); Massinger echoes this passage in *Believe as You List*, II. 1959-64.
17-18.] the same ideas as in the Latin dirge, II. v. 78-80 (Schick).
22. *I'll be with thee to bring*] a common enough phrase, capable of various meanings, some bawdy. Here, 'I'll get the upper hand of you' or 'I'll be even with you' or any phrase which will convey forcible retaliation and conquest. Schmidt (*s.v. bring*) has a useful note; see also Deighton's note to *Troilus and Cressida*, I. ii. 304 (Arden ed.) for parallels.
And here, ay here, there goes the hare away.

Enter KING, AMBASSADOR, CASTILE and LORENZO.

King. Now show, Ambassador, what our viceroy saith: 25
Hath he receiv'd the articles we sent?
Hier. Justice, O justice to Hieronimo!
Lor. Back! seest thou not the king is busy?
Hier. Oh, is he so?
King. Who is he that interrupts our business?
Hier. Not I. Hieronimo, beware: go by, go by.
Amb. Renowned king, he hath receiv'd and read
Thy kingly proffers, and thy promis'd league,
And, as a man extremely overjoy'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 Bel-imperia, thy beloved niece,
The news are more delightful to his soul,
Than myrrh or incense to the offended heavens.
In person therefore will he come himself,
To see the marriage rites solemnized,
And, in the presence of the court of Spain,
To knit a sure, inexplicable band
Of kingly love, and everlasting league,
Betwixt the crowns of Spain and Portingale.

46. inexplicable 1594; inexecrable 1592; inextricable Hawkins.
SC. XII] THE SPANISH TRAGEDY

There will he give his crown to Balthazar,
And make a queen of Bel-imperia.

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

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.
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,

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:

74-5. Stand ... me! / I'll ... poniard,] Schick; Stand ... poniard, 1592.

61-2.] The King's ignorance is extraordinary. See Introduction, p. lviii.
71.] Boas compares Jew of Malta (?1590), l. 147, 'Ripping the bowels of the earth for them [precious stones]'. The parallel is striking but I do not think the evidence suggests that Marlowe 'probably imitated Kyd'. Marlowe's sequence of ideas is more poetically appropriate and suggests that he was the originator of the phrase. But since it could be argued that the crudity in Kyd is appropriate to Hieronimo, the question of precedence must remain open.
For I'll go marshal up the fiends in hell,
To be avenged on you all for this.

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

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

Exit.

King. What accident hath happ'd Hieronimo?

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:"
    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 given to one of more discretion.

King. We shall increase his melancholy so.
    'Tis best that we see further in it first:
    Till when, ourself will not exempt the place.


79. outrage] extravagant outburst.
82.] Tilley D278.
83. happ'd Hieronimo] happened to Hieronimo. See O.E.D., hap, v.1, 1b for this use of indirect object.
84. demean him] conduct himself, behave.
101.] It is very hard to make any sense out of 1592 ('ourself will exempt the place'), and the line is a syllable short. In trying to produce the correct reformation, we must be led by the sense of the passage, which is that the King is anxious not to make a change in the Marshalship until he has made further enquiries, for fear of upsetting Hieronimo.
And brother, now bring in the ambassador,
That he may be a witness of the match
'Twixt Balthazar and Bel-imperia,
And that we may prefix a certain time,
Wherein the marriage shall be 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.

III. xiii]

Enter HIERONIMO with a book in his hand.

Hier. Vindicta mihi!

Ay, heaven 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.

III. xiii. 1. Hier.] not in 1592.

vacant) and exempt him (excuse him) are therefore dubious alternatives, apart from the strain on the word exempt, because they imply some kind of suspension of the Knight Marshal. Collier's execute is an inspired emendation, and gives some justification to the emphatic ourself, but it still implies suspension, and it is scarcely credible that the King would so demean himself. In suggesting that a not has fallen out before exempt, we are still left with an intransigent exempt. O.E.D., 3 gives 'to debar, exclude from the enjoyment or participation in something'; an elliptical construction must be supposed here, 'I will not debar him from the position'.

III. xiii. 1. Vindicta mihi!] The book in Hieronimo's hand is obviously a Seneca, from the excerpts read later in the speech, but Boas is surely wrong in suggesting that here Hieronimo is reading from Octavia, Et hoc sat est? . . . haec vindicta debetur mihi? ('And is this enough? . . . Is this the vengeance due to me?'). This sense would be fitting for Hieronimo's mood at this point, but the succeeding words make it obvious that Schick and Bowers are right (cf. M.L.N., liii (1938), 590) in saying that Hieronimo quotes first the biblical 'Vengeance is mine, I will repay, saith the Lord.'

6. Cf. Seneca, Agamemnon, l. 115: per scelera semper sceleribus tutum est iter ('The safe way for crime is always through crime').
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
To quiet life, his life shall easily end.

Fata si miseris 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 assured of a tomb:
If neither, yet let this thy comfort be,
Heaven covereth him that hath no burial.

And to conclude, I will revenge his death!
But how? not as the vulgar wits of men,
With open, but inevitable ills,
As by a secret, yet a certain mean,
Which under kindship will be cloaked best.

Wise men will take their opportunity,
Closely and safely fitting things to time:
But in extremes advantage hath no time,
And therefore all times fit not for revenge.

Thus therefore will I rest me in unrest,
Dissembling quiet in unquietness,

12-13.] From Seneca's Troades, ii. 510-12; Hieronimo interprets in the succeeding lines.
19.] 'This is Lucan's Caelo tegitur qui non habet urnam (Pharsalia, vii, 818)' (Schick).
22.] 'The sense is not satisfactory. We should expect a contrast between the open and therefore by no means "inevitable ills" employed by vulgar wits, and the secret yet certain method which Hieronimo contemplates' (Boas). Would it strain the construction too much to take inevitable as in fact a contrast to open? Cf. Bowers, pp. 78-9, for a discussion of the passage.
23. mean] measure, course of action.
24. kindship] kindness.

27-8.] Hieronimo appears to argue that it is only in desperate situations (extremes) that one does not wait for a favourable opportunity (advantage); revenge is a serious and deliberate retaliation and can only be exacted at the right moment.
Not seeming that I know their villainies,
That my simplicity may make them think
That ignorantly I will let all slip:
For ignorance, I wot, and well they know,
Remedium malorum iners est.
Nor aught avails it me to menace them,
Who, as a wintry storm upon a plain,
Will bear me down with their nobility.
No, no, Hieronimo, thou must enjoin
Thine eyes to observation, and thy tongue
To milder speeches than thy spirit affords,
Thy heart to patience, and thy hands to rest,
Thy cap to courtesy, and thy knee to bow,
Till to revenge thou know, when, where, and how.

_A noise within._

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

*Enter a Servant.*

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

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

[Aside.] Now must I bear a face of gravity,

---

44.1. _A noise within_ 1602; follows l. 45 in 1592. 52. There's] Theres 1592; There is Hawkins.

35.] 'Is an idle remedy for ills'; from Seneca, _Oedipus_, l. 515: _Iners malorum remedium ignorantia est_ (Sarrazin, _Anglia_, xiii, 127).

45. what . . . keep] 'what is all this fuss about?'

46. sort] group, gathering.
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.

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

3. Mine an ejectione firmae by a lease.

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

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

2. And here is my band.

3. And here is my lease.

They give him papers.

Hier. But wherefore stands yon silly man so mute,
With mournful eyes and hands to heaven uprear'd?
Come hither father, let me know thy cause.

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

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

62. firmae] Fleischer; firma 1592. 66. here is my band] 1592; here's ~ Hazlitt. 66.1. papers.] 1594; papers: 1592 [broken s].

58. corregidor] properly, the chief magistrate of a Spanish town, but the title was used with some latitude by Elizabethan writers and here obviously means 'advocate'. Cf. Webster, Devil's Law Case, II. i. 13.

61. action of the case] An action not within the limited jurisdiction of the Common Pleas needed a special writ to cover it. These special writs were known as 'actions of trespass on the case' or 'actions on the case'. See Shakespeare's England, I, 390–1, but the best account is in Jacob's Law Diet. Cf. Webster, Cure for a Cuckold, IV. i. 62–70.

62. ejectione firmae] a writ to eject a tenant from his holding before the expiration of his lease; see Jacob's Law Diet. The phrase was common enough to be used figuratively and facetiously by Nashe (III, 156).


67. silly] poor, to be pitied.


72. Corsic rocks] rocks of Corsica. Seneca's Corsici rupes; Octavia, 382 (Schick).
SC. XIII] THE SPANISH TRAGEDY

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 Bazuto 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!
But mine, or thine, Bazuto, be content.
Hier. Take my handkercher and wipe thine eyes,
While 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 revenged I should be.
But here, take this, and this—what, my purse?—
Ay this and that, and all of them are thine,
For all as one are our extremities.

1. 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 delivereth for his son's decease!
If love's effects so strives in lesser things,
If love enforce such moods in meaner wits,
If love express such power in poor estates:
Hieronimo, whenas a raging sea,

80-1. . . my murder'd son, / O my son . . . Horatio! [Manly; . . . my murdered sonne, oh my sonne. / My sonne . . . Horatio. 1592.]
90. what, my purse?] [Dodsley; what my purse? 1592; Senex. What, thy purse? Hazlitt.]
100. Whenas] conj. Boas; when as 1592; as when conj. Kittredge.

102-7.] A very clumsy passage, however reformed; Hawkins' reading (o'erturneth) gives the best sense. whenas = when. I suppose we are to
Toss'd with the wind and tide, o'erturneth then
The upper billows, course of waves to keep,
Whilst lesser waters labour in the deep: 

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

Tear the papers.

1. O sir, my declaration!  Exit HIERONIMO and they after.
2. Save my bond!

Save my bond!

103. o'erturneth then] Hawkins; ore turnest then 1592; ore-turned then 1618; o'erturneth thee conj. Gollancz.  121. murdered] murdered 1592.

understand that in a storm it is the surface waters which are under real stress and which keep the necessary course of waves, and that Hieronimo considers himself like the labouring lesser waters compared with the much-moved Bazulto. Since the old man is a meaner wit, Hicronimo is ashamed of his lethargy. In spite of the tortuosity of the language, there is a strong resemblance to Hamlet's feelings of guilt after the First Player's exhibition of grief.

111. Alcides] Hercules: the reference is to the last of the Labours.
118. canst] knowest.
122. rent] rend.
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,
Shew me one drop of blood fall from the same:
How is it possible I should slay it then?
Tush, no; run after, catch me if you can.

Exeunt all but the Old Man.

BAZULTO remains till HIERONIMO enters again,
who, staring him in the face, speaks.

Hier. And art thou come, Horatio, from the depth,
To ask for justice in this upper earth?
To tell thy father thou art unreaveng'd,
To wring more tears from Isabella's eyes,
Whose lights are dimm'd with over-long laments?
Go back my son, complain to Acacus,
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
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!

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

Hier. What, not my son? thou, then, a fury art,
Sent from the empty kingdom of black night
To summon me to make appearance

151. favour] countenance, looks. 1592’s Father, which Dodsley emended to fate, is an obvious piece of dittography; Manly and Schick retain father, but Schick’s explanation of that favour thus transforms! as an absolute construction is far-fetched.
Before grim Minos and just Rhadamanth,
To plague Hieronimo that is remiss
And seeks not vengeance for Horatio's death.

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

Hier. Ay, now I know thee, now thou nam'st thy son,
Thou art the lively image of my grief:
Thy eyes are gumm'd with tears, thy cheeks are wan,
Thy forehead troubled, and thy muttering lips
Murmur sad words abruptly broken off,
By force of windy sighs thy spirit breathes,
And all this sorrow riseth for thy son:
And selfsame sorrow feel I for my son.
Come in old man, thou shalt to Isabel,
Lean on my arm: I thee, thou me shalt stay,
And thou, and I, and she, will sing a song,
Three parts in one, but all of discords fram'd—
'Talk not of cords, but let us now be gone,
For with a cord Horatio was slain.

Exeunt.

[III. xiv]

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

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

Cast. I go.

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

161. thy] 1623; my 1592. 166. off,] 1592; off Manly.

III. xiv. 1–2. Go . . . cause, / Salute . . . I go.] 1610; as prose 1592. 1. it
is] 1592; tis 1610.

166–7.] Most edd. follow Boas and Manly in carrying the sense on
through the two lines, thy spirit breathes becoming a relative clause. But the
original punctuation, followed here, gives as good sense.
SC. XIV] THE SPANISH TRAGEDY

PedrQ. 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,
   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 married.
   To this intent we entertain thyself,
   Thy followers, their pleasure and our peace:
   Speak, men of Portingale, shall it be so?
   If ay, say so: if not, say flatly no.

Vice. Renowned king, I come not as thou think'st,
   With doubtful followers, unresolved 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 beloved niece,
   Fair Bel-imperia, with my Balthazar—
   With thee, my son, whom sith I live to see,
   Here take my crown, I give it her and thee,
   And let me live a solitary life,
   In ceaseless prayers,

ii. seas] 1592; raging seas Hazlitt.

6–7.] Kyd is far from accurate; Portuguese imperialism had been
directed towards India, Africa, and the East. Either Kyd was thinking of
colonies in Brazil, or he simply confused the East and West Indies.
11. ] an amusing howler in the light of the General’s better knowledge at
I. ii. 22–3.
17. condescent] assent.
To think how strangely heaven 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.

_{Vice.} Or here or where your highness thinks it good.

_Exeunt all but Castile and Lorenzo._

_Cast. _Nay stay, Lorenzo, let me talk with you.

Seest thou this entertainment of these kings?

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

_Cast._ And knowest 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, Bel-imperia?

_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

Should intercept her in her happiness,

_Lor._ Heavens 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 seeks 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

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?


37. extremities] intense emotions (O.E.D., 4).

50. intercept] interrupt, break in upon.
Or seest thou not the king my brother's care
In his behalf, and to procure his health?
Lorenzo, shouldst thou thwart his passions,
And he exclaim against thee to the king,
What honour were't in this assembly,
Or what a scandal were't among the kings
To hear Hieronimo exclaim on thee?
Tell me, and look thou tell me truly too,
Whence grows the ground of this report in court?

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,
'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!

74. vulgar, liberal] Dodsley; vulgar liberall 1592. 79. hath] 1592; have 1602.

74. liberal] licentious.
75. advantage] There is no exact parallel in O.E.D., but cf. advantage, 4, 'a favourable occasion, an opportunity'. The image of waters flooding through a small break is not uncommon; cf. Ralegh, Ocean To Cynthia, ll. 221ff., and Spenser, F.Q., vi, i, 21.
81. And for] Most modern edd. follow Boas in putting a comma between and and for, making a parenthesis of for I pitied him in his distress, and losing the force of the (now obsolete) meaning of for = 'because'; cf. Tempest, i. ii. 272: 'and for thou wast a spirit too delicate, . . . she did confine thee'; see Schmidt, s.v. for, conj., 2.
But for his satisfaction and the world's,
'Twere good, my lord, that Hieronimo and I
Were reconcil'd, if he misconstern me.

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

Enter BALTHAZAR and BEL-IMPERIA.

Bal. Come Bel-imperia, 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.

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 will go salute him.

Cast. Welcome Balthazar,
Welcome brave prince, the pledge of Castile's peace:
And welcome Bel-imperia. How now, girl?
Why com'st thou sadly to salute us thus?
Content thyself, for I am satisfied,
It is not now as when Andrea liv'd,
We have forgotten and forgiven that,
And thou art graced with a happier love.
But Balthazar, here comes Hieronimo,
I'll have a word with him.

Enter HIERONIMO and a Servant.


92. misconstern] interpret wrongly, misconstrue.
100. lies] singular verb after double subject, as frequently in Elizabethan English.
Hier. And where's the duke?
Ser. Yonder.
Hier. Even so:
What new device have they devised, trow?
Pocas palabras, mild as the lamb,
Is't I will be reveng'd? no, I am not the man.

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.
Lor. [aside.] No, would he had.

Cast. Hieronimo, I hear
You find yourself aggrieved at my son
Because you have not access unto the king,
And say 'tis he that intercepts your suits.

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,
Considering how I think of you myself.

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

Draws out his sword.


118. Pocas palabras] 'few words' (Spanish). Another phrase which became part of the furniture of Elizabethan drama.
133. intercepts] stands in the way of.
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,
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:
Specially with you, my lovely lord;
For divers causes it is fit for us

_That we be friends, the world is suspicious._

And men may think what we imagine not.

_Bal._ Why, this is friendly done, Hieronimo.

_Lor._ And thus, 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;

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144. love] 1610; loves 1592. 149-50. ... There then pause, [ And ... world,] Hawkins; There then pause ... world, 1592. 158. Specially] 1592; Especially Dodsley. 163. And thus, I hope,] Dodsley; And that I hope 1592.

144. love] There is a case for retaining 1592's loves in spite of the inconsistency with hate, on the ground that Hieronimo's speech is no longer always logical; Manly, Boas, Schick preserve the original, but I feel it more likely that there has been a compositor's slip.

145. prevent] forestall.

151. homely] hospitable, 'home-like' (O.E.D., 3); the more usual meaning is 'plain', 'simple', even 'crude'.

163. And thus] See Textual Notes; recent edd. have not made good sense by returning to the original and punctuating And that I hope: old grudges are forgot?
Let us entreat your company today.

Exeunt [all but HIERONIMO].

Hier. Your lordship’s to command.—Pha! keep your way.

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

Exit.

[III. xv]

Ghost [of ANDREA] and REVENGE.

Andrea. Awake, Erichtho! Cerberus, awake!
Solicit Pluto, gentle Proserpine,
To combat, Acheron and Erebus!
For ne’er by Styx and Phlegethon in hell


167. Phal] It seems unnecessary to modernize the exclamation with Schick. O.E.D. has examples of Phah and Pho as exclamations of disgust in 1592 and 1601.

168–9.] ‘He who shows unaccustomed fondness for me has betrayed me or wants to betray me.’ Keller (Archiv, ciii, 387) points out that a slightly different form of this proverb is to be found in Sandford’s Garden of Pleasure (1573), a translation of Guicciardini’s Proverbs of Piovano, and in Florio’s First Fruits (1578), f. 26r. J. C. Maxwell (P.Q., xxx (1951), 86) would omit mi before vuole on the grounds of scansion and greater fidelity to 1592.

III. xv. 0.1.] Enter is omitted since Andrea and Revenge are clearly on stage the whole time. Concerning the extent of the corruption in the scene which follows, see Introduction, pp. xxxiii–xxxiv.

1. Erichtho] ‘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 (cp. especially Marston’s Sophonisba)” (Schick).

4–7.] Although this passage is extremely corrupt, something faintly
Nor ferried Charon to the fiery lakes
Such fearful sights as poor Andrea sees!
Revenge, awake!

Revenge. Awake? for why?

Andrea. 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.

Andrea. 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.
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

approaching meaning can be perceived, and emendations are saved, if we suppose that a line to balance l. 7 has dropped out after l. 4, something of the order of Was I distress’d with outrage sore as this.

11. awake] Manly, Boas, and Brooke retain away but repunctuate ‘To sleep away what thou art warn’d to watch.’ Hawkins’ emendation preserves the principle of 1592’s punctuation and no-one can cavil at an extra awake in this scene.

14. prevalence] 1592’s spelling indicates the meaning (O.E.D., i).

18. ground . . . upon] found their beliefs on what is a mere dream or fancy. Cf. O.E.D., ground, v., 4b, intransitive for reflexive.

20. mood] The meaning ‘mind’ or ‘thought’ which suggests itself was obsolescent or obsolete in Kyd’s day (O.E.D., sb.1, 1); it is just possible that the meaning ‘anger’ would fit this context (O.E.D., sb.1, 2b).

24.] If the text of this scene represents a ‘reported’ version, this line could be explained as an inapposite recollection of Hieronimo’s dissembling quiet in unquietness (iii. xiii. 30).
Revenge hath slept, and then imagine thou
What 'tis to be subject to destiny.

*Enter a Dumb Show.*

**Andrea.** Awake, Revenge, reveal this mystery.

**Revenge.** The two first, the nuptial torches bore,
As brightly burning as the mid-day's sun:
But after them doth Hymen hie as fast,
Clothed in sable, and a saffron robe,
And blows them out and quencheth them with blood,
As discontent that things continue so.

**Andrea.** 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.
Enter BEL-IMPERIA and HIERONIMO.

Bel. Is this the love thou bear'st Horatio?
Is this the kindness that thou counterfeits?
Are these the fruits of thine incessant tears?
Hieronimo, are these thy passions,
Thy protestations and thy deep laments,
That thou wert wont to weary men withal?
O unkind father, O deceitful world!
With what excuses canst thou show thyself,
With what
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 slaughtered.
Hieronimo, for shame, Hieronimo,
Be not a history to after-times
Of such ingratitude unto thy son.

Unhappy mothers of such children then,


9.] The line in 1592 contains the first two words of the preceding line and then the last six words of the succeeding line. The best explanation is that the line ran, perhaps as Boas suggests, *With what devices seek thyself to save,* or something of that order. It may be the compositor, after *With what,* almost went on with the line above, which begins in the same way; made too violent a correction and jumped to the line below, and never saw what he had done.


17–20.] anacoluthon.
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.
Myself, a stranger in respect of thee,
So lov'd his life, as still I wish their deaths,
Nor shall his death be unreng'd by me,
Although I bear it out for fashion's sake:
For here I swear in sight of heaven and earth,
Shouldst thou neglect the love thou shouldst retain
And give it over and devise no more,
Myself should send their hateful souls to hell,
That wrought his downfall with extremest death.

Hier. But may it be that Bel-imperia
Vows such revenge as she hath deign'd to say?
Why then, I see that heaven applies our drift,
And all the saints do sit soliciting
For vengeance on those cursed murderers.
Madam, 'tis true, and now I find it so,
I found a letter, written in your name,
And in that letter, how Horatio died.

32. applies] 1592; applauds conj. Collier.

20. tender'd] cherished, looked after.
21. stranger . . . thee] a stranger to him compared with you, his father.
24. bear it out for fashion's sake] make a pretence of accepting the situation for the sake of appearances. Bear it out is a difficult phrase, and parallels to suit this context are hard to come by, in O.E.D. or elsewhere, though the phrase occurs frequently.
32. applies our drift] either supports what we are working towards or directs our course. A most difficult phrase, though Collier's emendation is a last resort. drift = 'that at which one drives' as used in modern English with reference to an argument, etc., hence 'direction', 'intention', or, possibly, 'plan', 'scheme', as frequently in Shakespeare. applies may be as III. ix. 13 = 'assent', 'conform', or, by association, 'comply'; but, if so, the construction needs a preposition (cf. O.E.D., 19). Or it may be (O.E.D., 22) echoing applicare navem = guide, direct. Schick supported the latter sense, but his paraphrase as a whole is wrong, viz.: 'Heaven furthers our drifting plans, brings them to a definite goal'; Hieronimo is conscious of receiving, not direction, but encouragement from above, and the paraphrase should be, 'Heaven is assisting us towards our goal'.

25. careless] look}
Pardon, O pardon, Bel-imperia,
My fear and care in not believing it,
Nor think I thoughtless think upon a mean
To let his death be unreveng'd at full,
And here I vow (so you but give consent,
And will conceal my resolution)
I will ere long determine of their deaths,
That causeless thus have murdered my son.

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

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

Enter BALTHAZAR and LORENZO.

Bal. How now, Hieronimo?

What, courting Bel-imperia?

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 given me cause,
Ay, by my faith have you.

45. murdered] 1602; murdered 1592. 52-61.] Lineation as Schick; 1592 reads: Heere they are. / How now . . . Bel-imperia. / I my lord . . . promise you / She hath . . . hers. / But now . . . your helpe. / My help . . . of me. / For you . . . haue you. / It pleasde . . . Embassadour.

47. avail] assistance (O.E.D., sb., 2) rather than profit (O.E.D., 1).
50. grace] give favour to, support, 'be gracious to' (O.E.D., v., 2).
52.] The metre of the remainder of this scene is frequently defective: see Textual Introduction, p. xxxiv. Attempts to supply its deficiencies are only made if there seems some possibility of restoring the original rhythms.
SC. I] THE SPANISH TRAGEDY

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

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:
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 studied,
It was my chance to write a tragedy,
See here my lords, He shows them a book.
Which long forgot, I found this other day.
Now would your lordships favour me so much
As but to grace me with your acting it—
I mean each one of you to play a part—
Assure you it will prove most passing strange
And wondrous plausible to that assembly.

62. grace] honour. Balthazar shows a typical obsequiousness in talking of
an official's being pleased to grace the King.

66. motion] entertainment, 'show'. The word is first recorded in the sense
of a puppet-show in 1589 (O.E.D., sb., 13a); the more general sense here is
possibly unique, but the only possible alternative sense—idea, or suggestion—seems most unlikely.

70. I'll fit you] The phrase has a double sense: (a) 'I'll provide what you
need' (O.E.D., fit, v.1, 11), and (b) 'I'll pay you out' or 'I'll punish you as
you deserve'. Usage (b) was well-established before 1625, the date of
O.E.D.'s first quotation (s.v. fit, v.1, 12). Cf. Massinger and Field, The
Fatal Dowry (?1619; before 1620), iii. i. 253.

85. plausible] acceptable, agreeable (O.E.D., 2).
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 asked a question.

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

Lor. And I another.

Hier. Now my good lord, could you entreat Your sister Bel-imperia to make one— For what’s a play without a woman in it?

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

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

Bal. And now 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

105. speak,] speak: 1592.

89. experience] trial.
105.] Although these unmetrical exchanges may be corrupt, some edd. do not help the sense by preserving 1592’s colon after speak. I see no value in the opposition of what to speak (l. 103) and how to speak, and doubt that the variation is authoritative. Balthazar says (a little disdainfully) that princes and courtiers can tell what to speak as well as gentlemen and scholars—if only Hieronimo will be good enough to explain the plot to them.

108. roundly] directly, without ado. The story of Soliman and Perseda is found in J. Yver’s Printemps d'Iver (1572) translated by H. Wotton in 1578 as Courtlie Controversie of Cupids Cautels. The relevant parts of the latter are reprinted in Sarrazin, pp. 12–39.
To one Perseda, an Italian dame,
Whose beauty ravish'd all that her beheld,
Especially the soul of Soliman,
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,
As cause of this slew Soliman,
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, moved with remorse of his misdeeds,
Ran to a mountain top and hung himself.
Bal. But which of us is to perform that part?
Hier. Oh, that will I, my lords, make no doubt of it:
I'll play the murderer, I warrant you,
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,

134. conceited] formed a conception of; Hieronimo says that the idea of playing a murderer has been in his mind some time.
For each of you to note your parts,
And act it as occasion's offer'd you.
You must provide a Turkish cap,
A black mustachio and a fauchion;

Gives a paper to BALTHAZAR.

You with a cross like to a knight of Rhodes;

Gives another to LORENZO.

And madam, you must attire yourself

*He giveth* BEL-IMPERIA another.

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

*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,

*Tragedia cothurnata*, fitting kings,

*Containing* matter, and not common things.

My lords, all this must be performed
As fitting for the first night's revelling.
The Italian tragedians were so sharp of wit,
That in one hour's meditation
They would perform anything in action.

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145. *fauchion* falchion, a broad curved sword; the spelling is a variant which shows the proper pronunciation.

154. *gracing* See 1. iv. 137.

160. *Tragedia cothurnata* buskin'd tragedy, i.e., the most serious and stately.

164-6.] a reference to the improvisations of the *commedia dell' arte.*
Lor. And well it may, for I have seen the like
   In Paris, 'mongst the French tragedians.
Hier. In Paris? mass, and well remembered!
   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.
As you, my lord, in Latin, I in Greek,
You in Italian, and for because I know
That Bel-imperia 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,
   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. [aside to Lorenzo.] 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?

169. remembered] remembred 1592. 185–6. As 1602; lines transposed in 1592. 192. We must resolve] ends l. 191 in 1592. 194. gear?] geere. 1592.

173. In unknown languages] For the problems raised by this unfulfilled promise, see Introduction, pp. xxxiv–xxxvii.
181. hardly] with difficulty.
192. soothe … up] indulge him in his whims, humour him (O.E.D., soothe, 4b). Cf. Alphonsus of Aragon, Act IV: ‘Are they wax’d so frolic now of late / As that they think that mighty Amurack / Dares do no other than to soothe them up?’
Lor. I warrant you.

Exeunt all but HIERONIMO.

Hier. Why, so:
Now shall I see the fall of Babylon,
Wrought by the heavens in this confusion.
And if the world like not this tragedy,
Hard is the hap of old Hieronimo.
Exit.

[iv. 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 beloved 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,
A bough, a branch, a blossom, nor a leaf,
No, not an herb within this garden plot—
Accursed complot of my misery.
Fruitless for ever may this garden be,
Barren the earth, and blissless whosoever


iv. ii. 1. Isab.] not in 1592.

195. the fall of Babylon] See Revelation, chap. 18. But in view of the plan for a confusion of tongues it may be that the tower of Babylon, i.e., Babel, is in Hieronimo’s mind. (I owe this suggestion to Mrs E. E. Duncan-Jones.)

iv. ii. 5.1.] Presumably Isabella goes through the motions or strips the arbour of its leaves. See note to ii. iv. 53.
8. rent] See III. xiii. 122.
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 pestered,
And passengers, for fear to be infect,
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,
Whose hateful wrath bereav’d him of his breath.
Ah nay, thou dost delay their deaths,
Forgives the murderers of thy noble son,
And none but I bestir me—to no end.
And as I curse this tree from further fruit,
So shall my womb be cursed for his sake,
And with this weapon will I wound the breast,

 Sly stabs herself.

'The hapless breast, that gave Horatio suck.'  
[Exit.]
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

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.

herself, wounded, off-stage, she has one line to speak as she does so. Hosley notes (privately) that in Davenant’s The Just Italian (1629) the wounded Altamont leaves the stage, alone, with the direction, ‘Reeles off, Exit.’ (H1v).

[iv. iii. 0.1. knocks up the curtain] It is difficult to judge what precisely Hieronimo does. (i) What is involved in ‘knocking up’ a curtain? Probably a hasty hanging of a curtain in a prepared place, but O.E.D. gives only late examples (s.v. knock, v., 14c (knock together), and 16d (knock up), referring to hasty constructions for a temporary purpose). (ii) Where was the curtain? The best suggestion is that it hung over one of the doors, so that Horatio’s body could conveniently be brought behind it.

12-13.] The gallery is not a balcony but the hall; it is clear from the action later, and (as Hosley points out) from Balthazar’s bringing on a chair for the King (l. 16), that the audience of the play-within-the-play is on the main stage with the actors. throw me down the key must therefore mean ‘throw the key down [on the floor] for me’.
SC. III] THE SPANISH TRAGEDY

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. 20
Bethink thyself, Hieronimo,
Recall thy wits, recompt thy former wrongs
Thou hast receiv’d by murder of thy son,
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.

[iv. 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.

Vice. Who, Bel-imperia?

King. Ay, and Hieronimo our marshal,
At whose request they deign to do’t themselves:
These be our pastimes in the court of Spain.
Here brother, you shall be the book-keeper:
This is the argument of that they show. He giveth him a book.

22. recompt] 1592; recount 1602.

19.] Marston, in Antonio’s Revenge (1599), attempts some sophisticated humour by making Balurdo enter ‘with a beard half-off, half on’, saying ‘the tyring man hath not glewd on my beard halfe fast enough. Gods bores, it wil not stick to fal off.’
Gentlemen, this play of Hieronimo in sundry languages, was thought good to be set down in English more largely, for the easier understanding to every public reader.

Enter Balthazar, Bel-imperia, and Hieronimo.

Bal. Bashaw, that Rhodes is ours, yield heavens the honour, 
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 sorr 
That represents the emperor Soliman: 
How well he acts his amorous passion.

Vice. Ay, Bel-imperia hath taught him that.

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

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, 
That he may see Perseda, my beloved.

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,
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,
Which is, thou shouldst be thus employ'd.

Stab him.

Bel. Ay me, 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 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,
Which seiz'd on my Erasto, harmless knight.
Yet by thy power thou thinkest to command,
And to thy power Perseda doth obey:

52. Ay me,] begins l. 53 in 1592. 58. Perseda] Manly; Persedaes 1592; Perseda his Schick.

parts the actors are assuming (cf. Bradbrook, Themes and Conventions, p. 102 n.).
48. so love commandeth me] if it be so that . . . But the verb should be in the subjunctive, so perhaps the meaning 'thus love commands me' is preferable.
But were she able, thus she would revenge
Thy treacheries on thee, ignoble prince:
And on herself she would be thus reveng'd.

Stab him.
Stab herself.

King. Well said, old Marshal, this was bravely done!

Hier. But Bel-imperia plays Perseda well.

Vice. Were this in earnest, Bel-imperia,
You would be better to my son than so.

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 today, for fashioning our scene,
The death of Ajax, or some Roman peer,
And in a minute starting up again,
Revive to please tomorrow's audience.
No, princes, know I am Hieronimo,
The hopeless father of a hapless son,
Whose tongue is 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.

68. Well said, old] Well said olde 1592; Well said!—old Schick. 79. for fashioning our scene,] for (fashioning our scene) 1592.

68. Well said] well done; cf. Titus Andronicus, iv. iii. 63. Some cdd. take the phrase in its modern sense, and punctuate the line to make it refer to Bel-imperia's speech; it is obviously part of the King's congratulations to Hieronimo.
77. fabulously] fictitiously.
84.] Cf. Jew of Malta, l. 557, 'the hopelesse daughter of a haplesse Iew' (Boas).
87. instance] evidence, a concrete example.
88.] With this revelation, compare Chettle's Hoffman (1602 ?), in the first lines of which the revenger 'strikes ope a curtain where appeares a body', and Marston's Antonio's Revenge (1599?), l. 360, 'The Curtain's drawne, and the bodie of Feliche, stabd thick with wounds, appeares hung vp.'
See here my show, look on this spectacle:
Here lay my hope, and here my hope hath end:
Here lay my heart, and here my heart was slain:
Here lay my treasure, here my treasure lost:
Here lay my bliss, and here my bliss bereft:
But hope, heart, treasure, joy and bliss,
All fled, 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 Bel-imperia.
But night, the coverer of accursed crimes,
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,
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 reconciled 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?
And here behold this bloody handkercher,
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 accursed 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,
Who therefore was appointed to the part
And was to represent the knight of Rhodes,
That I might kill him more conveniently.
So, Viceroy, was this Balthazar, thy son,
That Soliman which Bel-imperia
In person of Perseda murdered:
So...
King. O hearken, Viceroy! Hold, Hieronimo!
   Brother, my nephew and thy son are slain!

Vice. 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:
       Accursed wretch,
       Why stayest thou him that was resolv'd to die?

King. Speak, traitor: damned, bloody murderer, speak!
       For now I have thee I will make thee speak:
       Why hast thou done this undeserving deed?

Vice. Why hast thou murdered my Balthazar?

Cast. Why hast thou butcher'd both my children thus?

Hier. O good words!
       [Fifth Addition; see p. 133]
       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 reveng'd thoroughly,
       Upon whose souls may heavens be yet aveng'd

153. Hold, Hieronimo!] holde Hieronimo, 1592. 156.1. [They . . .
156. HIERONIMO.]] 1602; not in 1592. 161. Accursed wretch,] begins l. 162 in
1592. 165. O good words!] begins l. 169 in 1592.

153. Hold, Hieronimo!] It is a question whether the King tells his train to
   hold Hieronimo, or tells Hieronimo to 'hold', i.e., stop. I prefer the latter
   explanation.

156.] Castile has obeyed Hieronimo (see iv. iii. 12–13) and they are
   locked in. The revenger locks his victims in, in Chapman's Revenge of
   Bussy D'Ambois.

156.1.] I insert 1602's direction, though at the risk of confusing the
   original staging with that of a decade or more later. I take it that attendants
   or guards 'break in' from off-stage and run to hold Hieronimo, who is
certainly guarded while the King addresses him.

165–7, 182.] Hieronimo has told everything, yet the King, etc. are
   apparently still in ignorance and to their questions Hieronimo returns
   nothing but an inexplicable refusal to speak. This extraordinary inconsis-
tency is discussed in the Introduction, pp. xxxiv–xxxvi.
With greater far than these afflictions. 175
Cast. But who were thy confederates in this?
Vice. That was thy daughter Bel-imperia,
For by her hand my Balthazar was slain:
I saw her stab him.
King. Why speak’st thou not?
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.
Hier. Indeed, Thou may’st torment me, as his wretched son
Hath done in murdering my Horatio,
But never shalt thou force me to reveal
The thing which I have 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,
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. Oh, he would have a knife to mend his pen.
Vice. Here, and advise thee that thou write the troth.
King. Look to my brother! save Hieronimo.

He with a knife stabs the Duke and himself.

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

Vice. 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 mainmast of a ship unmann'd,
And let the wind and tide haul me along
To Scylla's barking and untamed gulf,
Or to the loathsome pool of Acheron.
To weep my want for my sweet Balthazar:
Spain hath no refuge for a Portingale.

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

[IV. v]

Ghost [of Andrea] and Revenge.

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 misdone,
Prince Balthazar by Bel-imperia stabb'd,


Andrea.] Ghost. 1592 (and throughout).

213. haul] Normal spelling in the 16th century was hall as in 1592; the word is a variant form of hale, and 1594's emendation may be intended only as a regularizing of the spelling; but 1592 apparently makes a distinction between hall and hale (IV. v. 27) and it should be preserved; it is quite possible that haul was a nautical form for Kyd.

217.2-3. bearing the body of his son] The direction is inconsistent with the Viceroy's instruction to Don Pedro in ll. 209-10,
The Duke of Castile and his wicked son
Both done to death by old Hieronimo,
My Bel-imperia fall’n as Dido fell,
And good Hieronimo slain by himself:
Ay, these were spectacles to please my soul.
Now will I beg at lovely Proserpine,
That by the virtue of her princely doom
I may consort my friends in pleasing sort,
And on my foes work just and sharp revenge.
I’ll lead my friend Horatio through those fields
Where never-dying wars are still inur’d:
I’ll lead fair Isabella to that train
Where pity weeps but never feeleth pain:
I’ll lead my Bel-imperia to those joys
That vestal virgins and fair queens possess:
I’ll lead Hieronimo where Orpheus plays,
Adding sweet pleasure to eternal days.
But say, Revenge, for thou must help or none,
Against the rest how shall my hate be shown?

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

Andrea. Then, sweet Revenge, do this at my request,
Let me be judge, and doom them to unrest.
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):
Hang Balthazar about Chimaera’s neck,
And let him there bewail his bloody love,

18. inur’d] practised, carried on (O.E.D., 3).
32.] Andrea, we recall, had reason to dislike Castile and wish him ill, as Hieronimo had not.
34. the lover] Ixion had tried to seduce Juno.
surcease] cease.
Repining at our joys that are above:
Let Serberine go roll the fatal stone,
And take from Sisyphus his endless moan:
False Pedringano, for his treachery,
Let him be dragg’d through boiling Acheron,
And there live, dying still in endless flames,
Blaspheming gods and all their holy names.

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

Exeunt.
Additional passages from the edition of 1602

FIRST ADDITION

(Between 11. v. 45 and 46. See p. 43)

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

Hier. He supp'd with us tonight, 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,
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 belov'd,
   His Majesty the other day did grace him
   With waiting on his cup: these be favours
   Which do assure he cannot be short-liv'd.

Isab. Sweet Hieronimo!

Hier. I wonder how this fellow got his clothes:
   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.

7. Roderigo, ho!] ends l. 6 in 1602. 13. he] This ed.; me 1602; me he 1603; me that he 1618.

13. assure] make certain, guarantee, ensure; cf. O E.D., 5; Schmidt, 2. 1603's emendation is generally accepted, but the line is made much stronger if we assume that me was a careless mistake for he.
I and his mother have had strange dreams tonight.
Do ye hear me, sir?

*Jaques.* Ay, sir.

*Hier.* Well sir, begone.

Pedro, come hither: knowest thou who this is?

*Ped.* Too well, sir.

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

*Ped.* It is my lord Horatio.

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

*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!

*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?
   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,
   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,

SECOND ADDITION

(Replacing Hieronimo’s speech, III. ii. 65–6. See p. 54)

Lor.   Why so, Hieronimo? use me.
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.
Lor.   Why then, farewell.

51. survive] Dodsley; suruiue, 1602.
SECOND ADDITION

5. it is] Schick; tis 1602. 5–7. I’ faith . . . thing, / I must . . . tardy, / Too . . . Hieronimo?] Manly; as prose 1602.
ADDITIONAL PASSAGES

THIRD ADDITION
(Between III. xi. 1 and 2. See p. 77)

1. 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 moneths' end, creeps forth to light.
What is there yet in a son
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,
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,

4. A thing begot] begins l. 5 in 1602. 7. ballace] 1602; ballance 1618.
13. speak. Ay, or yet?] Manly; speake I, or yet. 1602; speak. Ay or yet Schick.

13. Ay, or yet?] The phrase is so obviously a shortened repetition of the question 'What is there yet in a son?', that it is hard to understand why some edd. have followed Schick in taking it as the beginning of the succeeding sentence.
Makes them look old before they meet with age:
This is a son:
And what a loss were this, consider'd truly?
Oh, but my Horatio
Grew out of reach of these insatiate humours:
He lov'd his loving parents,
He was my comfort, and his mother's joy,
The very arm that did hold up our house:
Our hopes were stored up in him,
None but a damned murderer could hate him.
He had not seen the back of nineteen year,
When his strong arm unhors'd the proud Prince Balthazar,
And his great mind, too full of honour,
Took him unto mercy,
That valiant but ignoble Portingale.

Well, heaven is heaven still,
And there is Nemesis and Furies,
And things call'd whips,
And they sometimes do meet with murderers:
They do not always scape, that's some comfort.
Ay, ay, ay, and then time steals on:
And steals, and steals, till violence leaps forth
Like thunder wrapp'd in a ball of fire,
And so doth bring confusion to them all.

Good leave have you, nay, I pray you go,

26–30. This . . . son: / And . . . truly? / Oh, . . . Horatio / Grew . . . humours: / He . . . parents,] Boas; This . . . truly. / O . . . of these / Insatiate . . . parents, 1602. 38. unto] Manly; vs to 1602. 38–9.] one line 1602. 45–7. Ay . . . on: / And . . . forth / Like . . . fire,] Schick; I . . . steales, and steales / Till . . . thunder / Wrapt . . . fire, 1602.

42. things call'd whips] The phrase was probably taken from 2 Henry VI, II. i. 137: 'Have you not beadles in your town, and things called whips?' Armin, Nest of Ninnies, 1608, p. 55, has, 'Ther are, as Hamlet saies, things cald whips in store.' It is easier to believe that Armin meant Hieronimo than that the phrase came from the old Hamlet; see Duthie, 'Bad' Quarto of Hamlet, p. 77. There is a parallel in Marston; see Appendix E.
FOURTH ADDITION

(Between III. xii and III. xiii, with final stage-direction replacing III. xiii. o.1. See p. 83)

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 desperate 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.

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? Sprites? sprites?

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18. brake] thicket.
22. Sprites?] As 1602's sprits is only a spelling variant of the mono-
syllabic 'spirits', it matters little whether we read spirits or sprites. But the
latter perhaps better indicates to us the meaning of ghost or demon.
**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,
   Whenas 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 murderous slut
   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 heavens are gracious, and your miseries
   And sorrow makes you speak you know not what.

**Hier.** Villain, thou liest, and thou doest naught
   But tell me I am mad: thou liest, I am not mad.
   I know thee to be Pedro, and he Jaques.
   I'll prove it to thee, and were I mad, how could I?
   Where was she that same night when my Horatio

---

**33. Hecate**] *Heccat* 1623; *Hec-cat* 1602.  
**36. aglets**] agglots 1610; aggots 1602.  
**41. And sorrow**] ends l. 40 in 1602.  
**44. Jaques.**] *Iaques*, 1602.

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**30. burn daylight**] The phrase was commonly used to mean wasting time; Tilley D123.

**33. Hecate**] two syllables. There is, unfortunately, no chance that 1602's *Hee-cat* is the correct reading: the personal pronouns in ll. 35–6 are feminine.

**36. aglets**] spangles or metallic ornaments; properly, the ornamental tags of laces. The form *agglot* is noted in *O.E.D.*

**45. prove it**] i.e., that the moon and the stars connived at the murder of 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 murderer seen him,
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?
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
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 naught,
    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?
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.
Hier. How, was thy son murdered?
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,

75. in.] Manly; in, 1602.  76. God's will that] Gods will, that 1602. But even so] begins l. 77 in 1602. 88. I tell thee,] begins l. 89 in 1602. 91. O then I see] begins l. 92 in 1602.

76-7.] It is not easy to perceive from the punctuation of 1602 what the meaning is. It is possible that God's will is an imprecation and that But even so is self-contained; we should then paraphrase: 'God, that I should set this tree!—but let things be as they are.' The alternative reading, preferred here, leaves much to be understood, i.e., 'One knows not what may chance: it must have been God's will that I should set this tree, [can what has now happened be God's will also?]' And with But even so he attempts to console himself with an analogy between the tree and ungrateful servants.
Whose least unvalued 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,
And this good fellow here and I
Will range this hideous orchard up and down,
Like to two lions reaved of their young.
Go in a-doors, I say.   Exeunt [ISABELLA, PEDRO, JAQUES].

The Painter and he sits down.

Come, let's talk wisely now. Was thy son murdered?

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?
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 in my gallery, in your oil colours matted, and draw me five years younger than I am—do you see, sir, let five years go, let them go like the marshal of Spain—my wife Isabella standing by me, with a speaking look to my son Horatio, which should

118. me in my] Lamb; me my 1602; me for my Schick.

105. reaved] forcibly deprived, robbed (O.E.D., v.1, 3). The alternative past form 'reft' would be more familiar.
107. ] 1602 continues to print as verse up to the end of the scene, although in Hieronimo's speeches (ll. 139-55) the 'lines' can be whole sentences in length. Lineation is not recorded in the textual notes.
119. matted] made dull or matt. O.E.D., s.v. mat, v.4, cites this passage as the earliest use of the word by 125 years, and 'matt' itself is very rare, even in the 17th century. Is it possible that Boas was right in preferring 'set in a mat or mount'?
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?

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, paint me a youth, run through and through with villains' swords, hanging upon this tree. Canst thou draw a murderer?

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:

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 owl 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 weave 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.

_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.

_He beats the Painter in, then comes out again with a book in his hand._

**FIFTH ADDITION**

(Replacing iv. iv. 168–90, but incorporating lines 176–9 and 168–75. See p. 117)

_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?

_Vice._ 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,

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

155. show] Dodsley; not in 1602.

not give this type of transitive use. Edd. have preferred 1603's wave, with a trice] instantly; the same as 'in a trice'.
Vice. O damned 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
That ever sat under the crown of Spain:
Had I as many lives as there be stars,
As many heavens to go to as those lives,
I’d give them all, ay, and my soul to boot,
But I would see thee ride in this red pool.
Cast. Speak, who were thy confederates in this?
Vice. That was thy daughter Bel-Imperia,
For by her hand my Balthazar was slain:
I saw her stab him.
Hier. 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 revenged thoroughly,
Upon whose souls may heavens be yet reveng’d
With greater far than these afflictions.
Methinks since I grew inward with revenge,
I cannot look with scorn enough on death.
King. What, dost thou mock us, slave? Bring 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 ’t not so?
You had a son too, he was my liege’s nephew;
He was proud and politic, had he liv’d,
He might ha’ come to wear the crown of Spain:
I think ’twas so: ’twas I that killed him,
Look you, this same hand, 'twas it that stabb'd
His heart—do you 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.

Vice. Be deaf my senses, I can hear no more.
King. Fall heaven, 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,
First take my tongue, and afterward my heart.

_He bites out his tongue._

47. _iners cadat_] Schick; _mers cadæ 1602._

47.] 'Now let my hand fall idle!'