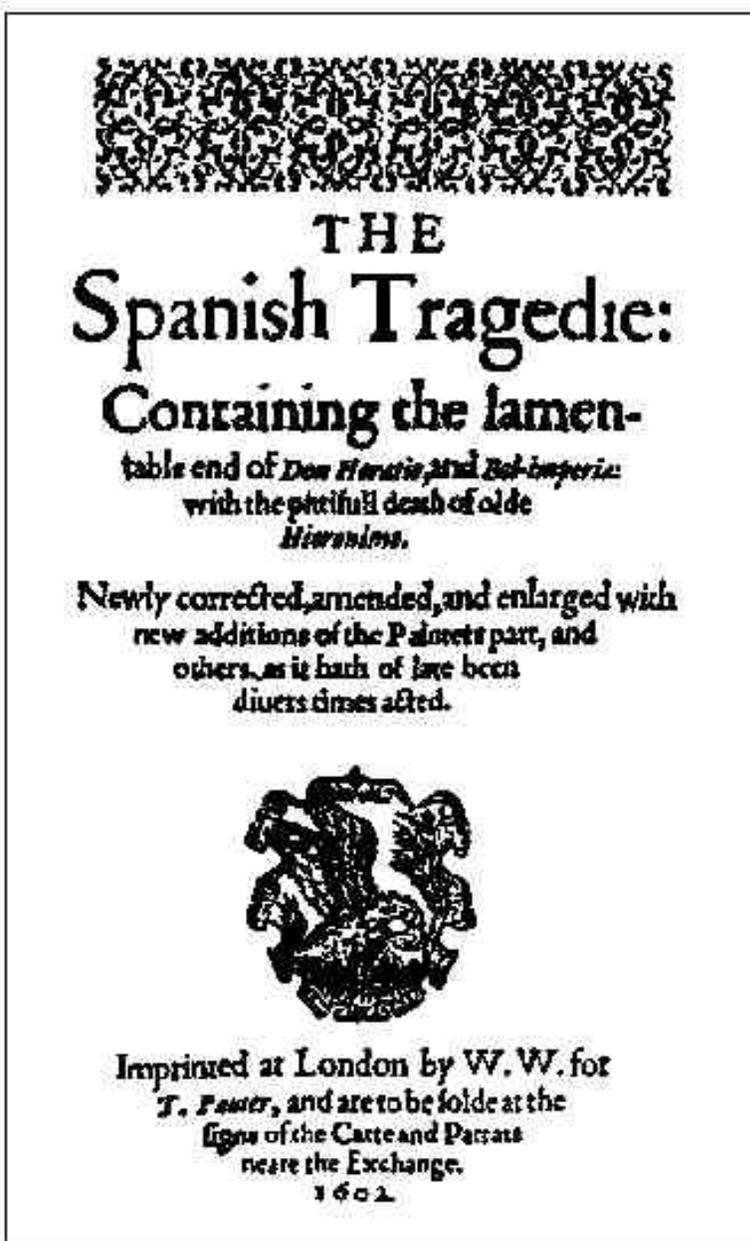


The Spanish Tragedy

Attributed to Thomas Kyd

Modern spelling. Transcribed by B.F.,
Run on lines (closing open endings) are indicated by ~~~.
Items discussed in the glossary are underlined.



The 1602 Quarto

Note on the date of the play: A reference to *The Spanish Tragedy* in Jonson's *Bartholomew Fair* suggests that *The Spanish Tragedy* was produced between 1584-1589. The absence of any allusion to the Armada suggests a date earlier than 1588. See Appendix IV.

DRAMATIS PERSONAE

Ghost of Andrea
Revenge
King of Spain
Don Cyprian, *Duke of Castile, his brother*
Lorenzo, *the Duke's son*
Bel-imperia, *Lorenzo's sister*
Pedringano, *Bel-imperia's servant*
Lorenzo's Page
Viceroy of Portugal
Don Pedro, *his brother*
Balthazar, *the Viceroy's son*
Serberine, *Balthazar's servant*
Hieronimo, *Marshal of Spain*
Isabella, *his wife*
Horatio, *their son*
Isabella's maid
Spanish General
Deputy
Portuguese Ambassador
Portuguese Noblemen
Alexandro
Viluppo
Bazulto, *an old man*
Christophil, *Bel-imperia's Janitor*
Hangman
Messenger
Three Watchmen
Two Portuguese
In Hieronimo's Play:
Soliman, Sultan of Turkey (*by Balthazar*)
Erastus, Knight of Rhodes (*by Lorenzo*)
The Bashaw (*by Hieronimo*)
Perseda (*by Bel-imperia*)
In First Dumb Show:
Three Kings
Three Knights
In Second Dumb Show
Hymen

Two Torch Bearers
In the Additions to the Play:
Bazardo, *a painter*
Hieronimo's servants: Pedro, Jacques
Army, Royal Suites, Nobles, Officers,
Halberdiers, Servants &c.

Scene: Spain and Portugal

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ACTUS PRIMUS

Scene I.1: Induction

[Enter the Ghost of Andrea, and with him Revenge.]

GHOST: When this eternal substance of my soul
Did live imprisoned in my wanton flesh,
Each in their function serving other's need,
I was a Courtier in the Spanish Court.
My name was Don Andrea; my descent,
Though not ignoble, yet inferior far
To gracious fortunes of my tender youth:
For there in prime and pride of all my years,
By duteous service and deserving love,
In secret I possessed a worthy dame, ... [I.1.10]
Which hight sweet Bel-imperia by name.
But in the harvest of my summer' joys,
Death's winter nipped the blossoms of my bliss,
Forcing divorce betwixt my love and me.

For in the late conflict with Portingale
My valor drew me into danger's mouth,
Til 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, ... [I.1.20]
Said that, my rites of burial not performed,
I might not sit amongst his passengers.
Ere Sol had slept three nights in Thetis' lap,
And slaked his smoking chariot in her flood,
By Don Horatio, our Knight-Marshal's son,
My funerals and obsequies were done.
Then was the ferry-man of Hell content
To pass me over to the slimy strond
That leads to fell Avernus' ugly waves.
There, pleasing Cerberus with honeyed speech, ... [I.1.30]
I passed the perils of the foremost porch.
Not far from hence, amidst ten thousand souls,
Sat Minos, Aeacus, and Rhadamanth,
To whom no sooner 'gan I make approach,
To crave a passport for my wandering ghost,
But Minos, in graven leaves of Lottery,
Drew forth the manner of my life and death.
'This knight,' quoth he, 'both lived and died in love,
And for his love tried fortune of the wars,
And by war's fortune lost both love and life.' ... [I.1.40]
'Why then,' said Aecus, '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, ... [I.1.50]
Made this device to end the difference:
'Send him,' quoth he, 'to our infernal King,
To doom him as best seems his Majesty.'
To this effect my passport straight was drawn.
In keeping on my way to Pluto's Court,
Through dreadful shades of ever-glooming night,
I saw more sights than thousand tongues can tell,
Or pens can write, or mortal hearts can think.
Three ways there were: that on the right-hand side
Was ready way unto the 'foresaid fields, ... [I.1.60]

Where lovers live and bloody Martialists;
But either sort contained within his bounds.
The left-hand path, declining fearfully,
Was ready downfall to the deepest hell,
Where bloody furies shakes their whips of steel,
And poor Ixion turns an endless wheel;
Where usurers are choked with melting gold
And wantons are embraced with ugly Snakes,
And murderers groan with never-killing wounds,
And perjured wights scalded in boiling lead, ... [I.1.70]
And all foul sins with torments overwhelmed.
'Twi'x these two ways I trod the middle path,
Which brought me to the fair Elysian green,
In midst whereof there stands a stately tower,
The walls of brass, the gates of adamant.
Here finding Pluto with his Proserpine,
I showed my passport humbled on my knee;
Whereat fair Proserpine began to smile,
And begged that only she might give my doom.
Pluto was pleased, and sealed it with a kiss. ... [I.1.80]
Forthwith, Revenge, she rounded thee in th' ear,
And bade thee lead me through the gates of Horn,
Where dreams have passage in the silent night.
No sooner had she spoke but we were here,
(I wot not how) in twinkling of an eye.

REVENGE: Then know, Andrea, that thou art arrived
Where thou shalt see the author of thy death,
Don Balthazar, the Prince of Portingale,
Deprived of life by Bel-imperia.
Here sit we down to see the mystery, ... [I.1.90]
And serve for Chorus in this Tragedy.

Scene I.2: The Court of Spain

[Enter Spanish King, General, Castile, Hieronimo.]

KING: Now say, L[ord] General, how fares our camp?

GENERAL: All well, my Sovereign Liege, except some few
That are deceased by fortune of the war.

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

GENERAL: Victory, my Liege, and that with little loss.

KING: Our Portingales will pay us tribute then?

GENERAL: Tribute and wonted homage therewithal.

KING: Then blessed be heaven and guider of the heavens. ... [I.2.10]
From whose fair influence such justice flows.

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

KING: Thanks to my loving brother of Castile.
But, General, unfold in brief discourse
Your form of battle, and your war's success,
That, adding all the pleasure of thy news
Unto the height of former happiness,
With deeper wage and greater dignity, ... [I.2.20]
We may reward thy blissful chivalry.

GENERAL: Where Spain and Portingale do jointly knit
Their frontiers, leaning on each other's bound,
There met our armies in their proud array:
Both furnished well, both full of hope and fear,
Both menacing alike with daring shows,
Both vaunting sundry colors of device,
Both cheerly sounding trumpets, drums, and fifes,
Both raising dreadful clamors to the sky,
That valleys, hills and rivers made rebound, ... [I.2.30]
And heaven itself was frightened with the sound.
Our battles both were pitched in squadron form,
Each corner strongly fenced with wings of shot;
But ere we joined and came to push of Pike,
I brought a squadron of our readiest shot
From out our rear-ward, to begin the fight:
They brought another wing to encounter us.
Meanwhile, our Ordinance played on either side,
And captains strove to have their valors tried.
Don Pedro, their chief Horsemen's Colonel, ... [I.2.40]
Did with his Cornet bravely make attempt
To break the order of our battle-ranks;
But Don Rogero, worthy man of war,
Marched forth against him with our Musketiers
And stopped the malice of his fell approach.
While they maintain hot skirmish to and fro,
Both battles join and fall to handy-blows,
Their violent shot resembling th' ocean's rage

When, roaring loud and with a swelling tide,
It beats upon the rampiers of huge rocks ... [I.2.50]
And gapes to swallow neighbor-bounding lands.
Now while Bellona rageth here and there,
Thick storms of bullets ran like winter's hail,
And shivered Lances dark the troubled air.
Pede pes et cuspidē cuspis,
Arma sonant armis, vir petiturque viro.
On every side drop Captains to the ground,
And soldiers, some ill-maimed, some slain outright.
Here falls a body sundered from his head,
There legs and arms lie bleeding on the grass, ... [I.2.60]
Mingled with weapons and unbowelled steeds,
That scattering overspread the purple plain.
In all this turmoil, three long hours and more,
The victory to neither part inclined
Til Don Andrea, with his brave Lanciers,
In their main battle made so great a breach
That, half-dismayed, the multitude retired;
But Balthazar, the Portingale's young Prince,
Brought rescue and encouraged them to stay.
Here hence the fight was eagerly renewed, ... [I.2.70]
And in that conflict was Andrea slain,
Brave man-at-arms, but weak to Balthazar.
Yet while the Prince, insulting over him,
Breathed out proud vaunts, sounding to our reproach,
Friendship and hardy valor, joined in one,
Pricked forth Horatio, our Knight-Marshall's son,
To challenge forth that Prince in single fight:
Not long between these twain the fight endured,
But straight the Prince was beaten from his horse
And forced to yield him prisoner to his foe. ... [I.2.80]
When he was taken, all the rest they fled,
And our Carbines pursued them to the death
Til Phoebus, waving to the western deep,
Our Trumpeters were charged to sound retreat.

KING: Thanks, good Lord General, for these good news,
And for some argument of more to come;
Take this and wear it for thy Sovereign's sake.
[Gives him his chain.]
But tell me now: hast thou confirmed a peace?

GENERAL: No peace, my Liege, but peace conditional,
That if with homage tribute be well paid, ... [I.2.90]
The fury of your forces will be stayed;

And to this peace their Viceroy hath subscribed,
[*Gives the King a paper.*]
And made a solemn vow that, during life,
His tribute shall be truly paid to Spain.

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

HIERONIMO: Long may he live to serve my Sovereign Liege,
And soon decay, unless he serve my Liege.

KING: Nor thou nor he shall die without reward: ... [I.2.100]
[*A tucket afar off.*]
What means the warning of this trumpet's sound?

GENERAL: This tells me that your grace's men-of-war
Such as war's fortune hath reserved from death,
Come marching on towards your royal seat,
To show themselves before your Majesty;
For so I gave in charge at my depart.
Whereby by demonstration shall appear,
That all, except three hundred or few more,
Are safe returned, and by their foes enriched.
[*The Army enters, Balthazar between Lorenzo and Horatio, captive.*]

KING: A gladsome sight! I long to see them here. ... [I.2.110]
[*They enter and pass by.*]
Was that the war-like Prince of Portingale,
That by our nephew was in triumph led?

GENERAL: It was, my Liege, the Prince of Portingale.

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

HIERONIMO: That was my son, my gracious sovereign,
Of whom, though from his tender infancy
My loving thoughts did never hope but well,
He never pleased his father's eyes til now,
Nor filled my heart with over-cloying joys. ... [I.2.120]

KING: Go, let them march once more about these walls,
That, staying them, we may confer and talk
With our brave prisoner and his double guard.
Hieronimo, it greatly pleaseth us

That in our victory thou have a share,
By virtue of your worthy son's exploit. [*Enter again.*]
Bring hither the young Prince of Portingale:
The rest march on, but ere they be dismissed,
We will bestow on every soldier
Two ducats and on every leader ten, ... [I.2.130]
That they may know our largess welcomes them.
[*Exeunt all but Balthazar, Lorenzo and Horatio.*]
Welcome, Don Balthazar; welcome, Nephew;
And thou, Horatio, thou art welcome too.
Young prince, although thy father's hard misdeeds,
In keeping back the tribute that he owes,
Deserve but evil measure at our hands,
Yet shalt thou know that Spain is honorable.

BALTHAZAR: The trespass that my father made in peace
Is now controlled by fortune of the wars;
And cards once dealt, it boots not ask, why so? ... [I.2.140]
His men are slain, a weakening to his Realm;
His colors seized, a blot unto his name;
His Son distressed, a corsive to his heart:
These punishments may clear his late offense.

KING: Aye, 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. ... [I.2.150]

BALTHAZAR: And I shall study to deserve this grace.

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

LORENZO: To me, my Liege.

HORATIO: ~~~ To me, my Sovereign.

LORENZO: This hand first took his courser by the reins.

HORATIO: But first my lance did put him from his horse.

LORENZO: I seized his weapon and enjoyed it first.

HORATIO: But first I forced him lay his weapons down.

KING: Let go his arm, upon our privilege. [Let him go.]
Say, worthy Prince, to whether didst thou yield? ... [I.2.160]

BALTHAZAR: To him in courtesy, to this perforce:
He spake me fair, this other gave me strokes;
He promised life, this other threatened death;
He won my love, this other conquered me:
And truth to say, I yield myself to both.

HIERONIMO: But that I know your Grace for just and wise,
And might seem partial in this difference,
Enforced by nature and by law of arms
My tongue should plead for young Horatio's right.
He hunted well that was a lion's death, ... [I.2.170]
Not he that in a garment wore his skin;
So Hares may pull dead lions by the beard.

KING: Content thee, Marshal, thou shalt have no wrong;
And for thy sake, thy Son shall want no right.
Will both abide the censure of my doom?

LORENZO: I crave no better than your grace awards.

HORATIO: Nor I, although I sit beside my right.

KING: Then by my judgment, thus your strife shall end:
You both deserve, and both shall have reward.
Nephew, thou tookst his weapon and his horse: ... [I.2.180]
His weapons and his horse are thy reward.
Horatio, thou didst force him first to yield;
His ransom therefore is thy valor's fee;
Appoint the sum, as you shall both agree.
But nephew, thou shalt have the Prince in guard,
For thine estate best fitteth such a guest.
Horatio's house were small for all his train;
Yet, in regard thy substance passeth his,
And that just guerdon may befall desert,
To him we yield the armor of the Prince. ... [I.2.190]
How likes Don Balthazar of this device?

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

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

Scene I.3: The Court of Portugal

[*Enter Viceroy, Alexandro, Viluppo.*]

VICEROY: Is our ambassador dispatched for Spain?

ALEXANDRO: Two days, my Liege, are past since his depart.

VICEROY: And tribute-payment gone along with him?

ALEXANDRO: Aye, my good Lord.

VICEROY: 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, ... [I.3.10]
And therefore better than my state deserves.
Aye, aye, this earth, Image of melancholy,
Seeks him whom fates adjudge to misery.
Here let me lie: now am I at the lowest.
Qui jacet in terra, non habet unde cadat.
In me consumpsit vires fortuna nocendo:
Nil superest ut iam possit obesse magis.
Yes, Fortune may bereave me of my crown:
Here, take it now ; let Fortune do her worst.
She will not rob me of this sable weed; ... [I.3.20]
Oh 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 willful-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? ... [I.3.30]
Why wail I then, where's hope of no redress?
Oh yes, complaining makes my grief seem less.
My late ambition hath distained my faith;
My breach of faith occasioned bloody wars;
These bloody wars have spent my treasure,

And with my treasure my people's blood;
And with their blood, my joy and best-beloved,
My best-beloved, my sweet and only Son.
Oh wherefore went I not to war myself?
The cause was mine: I might have died for both: ... [I.3.40]
My years were mellow, his but young and green;
My death were natural, but his was forced.

ALEXANDRO: No doubt, my Liege, but still the prince survives.

VICEROY: Survives! Aye, where?

ALEXANDRO: In Spain, a prisoner by mischance of war.

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

ALEXANDRO: That were a breach to common law of arms.

VICEROY: They reck no laws that meditate revenge.

ALEXANDRO: His ransom's worth will stay from foul revenge.

VICEROY: No; if he lived, the news would soon be here. ... [I.3.50]

ALEXANDRO: Nay, evil news fly faster still than good.

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

VILUPPO: My Sovereign, pardon the author of ill news,
And I'll bewray the fortune of thy Son.

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

VILUPPO: Then hear that truth which these mine eyes have seen:
When both the armies were in battle joined, ... [I.3.60]
Don Balthazar, amidst the thickest troops,
To win renown did wondrous feats of arms:
Amongst the rest I saw him, hand-to-hand,
In single fight with their Lord-General;
Til Alexandro, that here counterfeits
Under the color of a duteous friend,
Discharged his Pistol at the Prince's back,
As though he would have slain their General;

And therewithal Don Balthazar fell down;
And when he fell, then we began to fly: ... [I.3.70]
But, had he lived, the day had sure been ours.

ALEXANDRO: Oh wicked forgery: Oh traiterous miscreant.

VICEROY: Hold thy peace! But now, Viluppo, say:
Where then became the carcass of my Son?

VILUPPO: I saw them drag it to the Spanish tents.

VICEROY: Aye, aye, my nightly dreams have told me this.
Thou false, unkind, unthankful, trait'rous beast,
Wherein had Balthazar offended thee,
That thou shouldst thus betray him to our foes?
Was't Spanish gold that bleared so thine eyes, ... [I.3.80]
That thou couldst see no part of our deserts?
Perchance, because thou art Terceira's Lord,
Thou hadst some hope to wear this diadem,
If first my son and then myself were slain;
But thy ambitious thought shall break thy neck.
Aye, this was it that made thee spill his blood,
[*Takes the crown and puts it on again.*]
But I'll now wear it til thy blood be spilt.

ALEXANDRO: Vouchsafe, dread Sovereign, to hear me speak.

VICEROY: Away with him; his sight is second hell.
Keep him til we determine of his death: ... [I.3.90]
If Balthazar be dead, he shall not live.
Viluppo, follow us for thy reward. [*Exit Viceroy.*]

VILUPPO: Thus have I with an envious, forged tale
Deceived the King, betrayed mine enemy,
And hope for guerdon of my villainy. [*Exit.*]

Scene I.4: A banqueting hall at the Court of Spain
[*Enter Horatio and Bel-imperia.*]

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

HORATIO: For love of him and service to yourself,
I will refuse this heavy doleful charge;
Yet tears and sighs, I fear, will hinder me.
When both our Armies were enjoined in fight,
Your worthy chevalier amidst the thickest, ... [I.4.10]
For glorious cause still aiming at the fairest,
Was at the last by young Don Balthazar
Encountered hand-to-hand: their fight was long,
Their hearts were great, their clamors menacing,
Their strength alike, their strokes both dangerous.
But wrathful Nemesis, that wicked power,
Envyng at Andrea's praise and worth,
Cut short his life, to end his praise and worth.
She, she herself, disguised in armor's mask,
(As Pallas was before proud Pergamus) ... [I.4.20]
Brought in a fresh supply of Halberdiers,
Which punched his horse and dinged him to the ground.
Then young Don Balthazar with ruthless rage,
Taking advantage of his foe's distress,
Did finish what his Halberdiers begun,
And left not til Andrea's life was done.
Then, though too late, incensed with just remorse,
I with my band set forth against the Prince,
And brought him prisoner from his Halberdiers.

BEL-IMPERIA: Would thou hadst slain him that so slew my love. ... [I.4.30]
But then was Don Andrea's carcass lost?

HORATIO: No, that was it for which I chiefly strove,
Nor stepped I back til I recovered him:
I took him up and wound him in mine arms;
And wielding him unto my private tent,
There laid him down, and dewed him with my tears,
And sighed and sorrowed as became a friend.
But neither friendly sorrow, sighs, nor tears
Could win pale Death from his usurped right.
Yet this I did, and less I could not do; ... [I.4.40]
I saw him honored with due funeral.
This scarf I plucked from off his lifeless arm,
And wear it in remembrance of my friend.

BEL-IMPERIA: I know the scarf: would he had kept it still;
For had he lived, he would have kept it still,
And worn it for his Bel-imperia's sake,
For 'twas my favor at his last depart.
But now wear thou it both for him and me,

For after him thou hast deserved it best.
But for thy kindness in his life and death, ... [I.4.50]
Be sure, while Bel-imperia's life endures,
She will be Don Horatio's thankful friend.

HORATIO: And [Madam] Don Horatio will not slack
Humbly to serve fair Bel-imperia.
But now, if your good liking stand thereto,
I'll crave your pardon to go seek the Prince,
For so the Duke, your father, gave me charge.

BEL-IMPERIA: Aye, go Horatio, leave me here alone,
For solitude best fits my cheerless mood. [*Exit.*]
Yet what avails to wail Andrea's death, ... [I.4.60]
From whence Horatio proves my second love?
Had he not loved Andrea as he did,
He could not sit in Bel-imperia's thoughts.
But how can love find harbor in my breast,
Til I revenge the death of my beloved?
Yes, second love shall further my revenge:
I'll love Horatio, my Andrea's friend,
The more to spite the Prince that wrought his end.
And where Don Balthazar, that slew my love,
Himself now pleads for favor at my hands, ... [I.4.70]
He shall, in rigor of my just disdain,
Reap long repentance for his murderous deed:
For what was't else but murd'rous cowardice,
So many to oppress one valiant knight,
Without respect of honor in the fight?
And here he comes that murdered my delight.
[*Enter Lorenzo and Balthazar.*]

LORENZO: Sister, what means this melancholy walk?

BEL-IMPERIA: That for a while I wish no company.

LORENZO: But here the Prince is come to visit you.

BEL-IMPERIA: That argues that he lives in liberty. ... [I.4.80]

BALTHAZAR: No, Madam, but in pleasing servitude.

BEL-IMPERIA: Your prison then, belike, is your conceit.

BALTHAZAR: Aye, by conceit my freedom is enthralled.

BEL-IMPERIA: Then with conceit enlarge yourself again.

BALTHAZAR: What, if conceit have laid my heart to gage?

BEL-IMPERIA: Pay that you borrowed and recover it.

BALTHAZAR: I die, if it return from whence it lies.

BEL-IMPERIA: A heartless man and live? A miracle.

BALTHAZAR: Aye, Lady, love can work such miracles.

LORENZO: Tush, tush, my Lord, let go these ambages ... [I.4.90]
And in plain terms acquaint her with your love.

BEL-IMPERIA: What boots complaint, when there's no remedy?

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

BEL-IMPERIA: Alas, my Lord, these are but words of course,
And but device to drive me from this place.
[She in going in, lets fall her glove which Horatio coming out takes up.]

HORATIO: Madam, your Glove. ... [I.4.100]

BEL-IMPERIA: Thanks, good Horatio; take it for thy pains.

BALTHAZAR: Signior Horatio stooped in happy time.

HORATIO: I reaped more grace than I deserved or hoped.

LORENZO: My Lord, be not dismayed for what is 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 reveling.

HORATIO: The King, my Lords, is coming hither straight ... [I.4.110]
To feast the Portingale Ambassador;
Things were in readiness before I came.

BALTHAZAR: Then here it fits us to attend the King,
To welcome hither our Ambassador,
And learn my Father and my Country's health.
[Enter the banquet, Trumpets, the King, and Ambassador.]

KING: See, Lord Ambassador, how Spain intreats
Their prisoner Balthazar, thy Viceroy's son:
We pleasure more in kindness than in wars.

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

BALTHAZAR: But so am I slain, by beauty's tyranny.
You see, my Lord, how Balthazar is slain:
I frolic with the Duke of Castile's son,
Wrapped every hour in pleasures of the Court
And graced with favors of his Majesty. ... [I.5.10]

KING: Put off your greetings til 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 honored.
Now, Lordings, fall to; Spain is Portugal
And Portingale is Spain; we both are friends;
Tribute is paid, and we enjoy our right.
But where is old Hieronimo, our Marshal? ... [I.5.20]
He promised us, in honor of our guest,
To grace our banquet with some pompous jest.
*[Enter Hieronimo with a Drum, three Knights, each his Scutcheon;
then he fetches three Kings; they take their Crowns and them captive.]*
Hieronimo, this masque contents mine eye,
Although I sound not well the mystery.

HIERONIMO: The first armed knight, that hung his Scutcheon up,
[He takes the Scutcheon, and gives it to the King.]
Was English Robert, Earl of Gloucester,
Who, when King Stephen bore sway in Albion,
Arrived with five and twenty thousand men
In Portingale, and by success of war
Enforced the King, then but a Saracen, ... [I.5.30]
To bear the yoke of the English monarchy.

KING: My Lord of Portingale, by this you see
That which may comfort both your King and you,

And make your late discomfort seem the less.
But say, Hieronimo, what was the next?

HIERONIMO: The second knight that hung his Scutcheon up,
[*He doth as he did before.*]
Was 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; ... [I.5.40]
For which and other such-like service done,
He after was created Duke of York.

KING: This is another special argument,
That Portugal may deign to bear our yoke
When it by little England hath been yoked.
But now, Hieronimo, what were the last?

HIERONIMO: The third and last, not least in our account
[*Doing as before.*]
Was, as the rest, a valiant Englishman,
Brave John of Gaunt, the Duke of Lancaster,
As by his Scutcheon plainly may appear. ... [I.5.50]
He with a puissant army came to Spain,
And took our King of Castile prisoner.

AMBASSADOR: This is an argument for our Viceroy
That Spain may not insult for her success,
Since English warriors likewise conquered Spain,
And made them bow their knees to Albion.

KING: Hieronimo, I drink to thee for this device,
Which hath pleased both the Ambassador and me:
Pledge me, Hieronimo, if thou love thy King.
Takes the cup of Horatio.
My Lord, I fear we sit but over-long. ... [I.5.60]
Unless our dainties were more delicate:
But welcome are you to the best we have.
Now let us in, that you may be dispatched:
I think our council is already set.
[*Exeunt omnes.*]

Scene I.6

[*Ghost of Andrea, Revenge.*]

ANDREA: Come we for this from depth of underground,
To see him feast that gave me my death's wound?

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

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

ACT II

Scene II.1: A room in the palace of Don Cyprian

[Enter Lorenzo and Balthazar.]

LORENZO: My Lord, though Bel-imperia seem thus coy,
Let reason hold you in your wonted joy;
In time the savage Bull sustains the yoke,
In time all haggard Hawks will stoop to lure,
In time small wedges cleave the hardest Oak,
In time the Flint is pierced with softest shower;
And she in time will fall from her disdain,
And rue the sufferance of your friendly pain.

BALTHAZAR: No, she is wilder and more hard withal,
Than beast, or bird, or tree, or stony wall. ... [II.1.10]
But wherefore blot I Bel-imperia's name?
It is my fault, not she that merits blame.
My feature is not to content her sight,
My words are rude and work her no delight.
The lines I send her are but harsh and ill,
Such as do drop from Pan and Marsyas' quill.
My presents are not of sufficient cost,
And being worthless, all my labor's lost.
Yet might she love me for my valiancy:
Aye, but that's slandered by captivity. ... [II.1.20]
Yet might she love me to content her sire:
Aye, but her reason masters his desire.
Yet might she love me as her brother's friend:
Aye, but her hopes aim at some other end.
Yet might she love me to up-rear her state:
Aye, but perhaps she hopes some nobler mate.
Yet might she love me as her beauty's thrall:
Aye, but I fear she cannot love at all.

LORENZO: My Lord, for my sake leave this ecstasy,
And doubt not but we'll find some remedy. ... [II.1.30]
Some cause there is that lets you not be loved:
First that must needs be known, and then removed.
What, if my Sister love some other Knight?

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

LORENZO: I have already found a stratagem
To sound the bottom of this doubtful theme.
My Lord, for once you shall be ruled by me;
Hinder me not whatere you hear or see.
By force, or fair means will I cast about,
To find the truth of all this question out. ... [II.1.40]
Ho, Pedringano.

PEDRINGANO: [*Offstage.*] ~~~ Signior.

LORENZO: ~~~~~ *Vien qui presto.* [*Enter Pedringano.*]

PEDRINGANO: Hath your Lordship any service to command me?

LORENZO: Aye, Pedringano, service of import:
And not to spend the time in trifling words,
Thus stands the case: It is not long, thou knowest,
Since I did shield thee from my father's wrath
For thy conveyance in Andrea's love,
For which thou wert adjudged to punishment:
I stood betwixt thee and thy punishment;
And since, thou knowest how I have favored thee. ... [II.1.50]
Now to these favors will I add reward,
Not with fair words but store of golden coin,
And lands and living joined with dignities,
If thou but satisfy my just demand:
Tell truth, and have me for thy lasting friend.

PEDRINGANO: Whatere it be your Lordship shall demand,
My bounden duty bids me tell the truth,
If case it lie in me to tell the truth.

LORENZO: Then, Pedringano, this is my demand,
Whom loves my sister Bel-imperia? ... [II.1.60]
For she reposes all her trust in thee.
Speak, man, and gain both friendship and reward:
I mean, whom loves she in Andrea's place?

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

LORENZO: Nay, if thou dally, then I am thy foe, [*Draws his sword.*]
And fear shall force what friendship cannot win:
Thy death shall bury what thy life conceals;
Thou diest for more esteeming her than me. ... [II.1.70]

PEDRINGANO: Oh stay, my Lord.

LORENZO: Yet speak the truth, and I will guerdon thee,
And shield thee from whatever can ensue,
And will conceal whatere proceeds from thee;
But if thou dally once again, thou diest.

PEDRINGANO: If Madam Bel-imperia be in love --

LORENZO: What, villain! Ifs and ands? [*Offer to kill him.*]

PEDRINGANO: Oh stay, my Lord, she loves Horatio.
[*Balthazar starts back.*]

LORENZO: What, Don Horatio, our Knight-Marshal's son?

PEDRINGANO: Even him, my Lord. ... [II.1.80]

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

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

LORENZO: Swear on this cross that what thou sayst is true,
And that thou wilt conceal what thou hast told.

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

LORENZO: In hope thine oath is true, here's thy reward; ... [II.1.90]
But if I prove thee perjured and unjust,
This very sword whereon thou took'st thine oath,
Shall be the worker of thy tragedy.

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

LORENZO: Let this be all that thou shalt do for me:
Be watchful when and where these lovers meet,
And give me notice in some secret sort. ... [II.1.100]

PEDRINGANO: I will, my Lord.

LORENZO: Then shalt thou find that I am liberal:
Thou knowest that I can more advance thy state
Than she; be therefore wise, and fail me not.
Go and attend her, as thy custom is,
Lest absence make her think thou dost amiss. [*Exit Pedringano.*]
Why so: *Tam armis quam ingenio*:
Where words prevail not, violence prevails;
But gold doth more than either of them both.
How likes Prince Balthazar this stratagem? ... [II.1.110]

BALTHAZAR: Both well and ill: it makes me glad and sad:
Glad, that I know the hinderer of my love;
Sad, that I fear she hates me whom I love;
Glad, that I know on whom to be revenged;
Sad, that she'll fly me, if I take revenge.
Yet must I take revenge, or die myself,
For love resisted grows impatient.
I think Horatio be my destined plague:
First, in his hand he brandished a sword,
And with that sword he fiercely waged war, ... [II.1.120]
And in that war he gave me dangerous wounds,
And by those wounds he forced me to yield,
And by my yielding I became his slave:
Now, in his mouth he carries pleasing words,
Which pleasing words do harbor sweet conceits,
Which sweet conceits are limed 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, ... [II.1.130]
And now by sleight would captivate my soul:
But in his fall I'll tempt the destinies,
And either lose my life, or win my love.

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

Scene II.2: Another room in the palace of Don Cyprian
[*Enter Horatio and Bel-imperia.*]

HORATIO: Now, Madam, since by favor of your love
Our hidden smoke is turned to open flame
And that with looks and words we feed our 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.]

BEL-IMPERIA: 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 ... [II.2.10]
That pleasure follows pain, and bliss annoy.
Possession of thy love is th' only port
Wherein my heart, with fears and hopes long tossed,
Each hour doth wish and long to make resort,
There to repair the joys that it hath lost,
And sitting safe, to sing in Cupid's Choir
That sweetest bliss is crown of love's desire.
[*Balthazar and Lorenzo above.*]

BALTHAZAR: Oh sleep, mine eyes, see not my love profaned;
Be deaf, my ears, hear not my discontent;
Die, heart: another joys what thou deservest. ... [II.2.20]

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

BEL-IMPERIA: Why stands Horatio speechless all this while?

HORATIO: The less I speak, the more I meditate.

BEL-IMPERIA: But whereon dost thou chiefly meditate?

HORATIO: On dangers past, and pleasures to ensue.

BALTHAZAR: On pleasures past, and dangers to ensue.

BEL-IMPERIA: What dangers, and what pleasures dost thou mean?

HORATIO: Dangers of war, and pleasures of our love. ... [II.2.30]

LORENZO: Dangers of death, but pleasures none at all.

BEL-IMPERIA: Let dangers go; thy war shall be with me;
But such a war, as breaks no bond of peace.
Speak thou fair words, I'll cross them with fair words;
Send thou sweet looks, I'll meet them with sweet looks;
Write loving lines, I'll answer loving lines;
Give me a kiss, I'll countercheck thy kiss:
Be this our warring peace, or peaceful war.

HORATIO: But, gracious Madam, then appoint the field,
Where trial of this war shall first be made. ... [II.2.40]

BALTHAZAR: Ambitious villain, how his boldness grows.

BEL-IMPERIA: Then be thy father's pleasant bower the field
Where first we vowed a mutual amity;
The Court were dangerous, that place is safe.
Our hour shall be when Vesper 'gins to rise,
That summons home distressful travelers.
There none shall hear us but the harmless birds;
Happily the gentle Nightingale
Shall carol us asleep, ere we be ware,
And singing with the prickle at her breast, ... [II.2.50]
Tell our delight and mirthful dalliance:
Til then each hour will seem a year and more.

HORATIO: But, honey sweet and honorable love,
Return we now into your father's sight:
Dangerous suspicion waits on our delight.

LORENZO: Aye, danger mixed with jealous despite
Shall send thy soul into eternal night. [*Exeunt.*]

Scene II.3: A room in the royal palace

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

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

CYPRIAN: Although she coy it, as becomes her kind,
And yet dissemble that she loves the Prince,

I doubt not, I, but she will stoop in time.
And were she froward, which she will not be,
Yet herein shall she follow my advice,
Which is to love him or forgo my love.

KING: Then, Lord Ambassador of Portingale,
Advise thy King to make this marriage up, ... [II.3.10]
For strengthening of our late-confirmed league;
I know no better means to make us friends.
Her dowry shall be large and liberal:
Besides that she is daughter and half-heir
Unto our brother here, Don Cyprian,
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 march go forward,
The tribute which you pay shall be released,
And if by Balthazar she have a Son, ... [II.3.20]
He shall enjoy the kingdom after us.

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

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

AMBASSADOR: Will't please your Grace command me ought beside?

KING: Commend me to the king, and so farewell.
But where's Prince Balthazar to take his leave? ... [II.3.30]

AMBASSADOR: That is performed already, my good Lord.

KING: Amongst the rest of what you have in charge,
The Prince's ransom must not be forgot:
That's none of mine, but his that took him prisoner,
And well his forwardness deserves reward.
It was Horatio, our Knight-Marshal's Son.

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

KING: Then once again farewell, my Lord.

AMBASSADOR: Farewell, my Lord of Castile, and the rest. [*Exit.*] ...

KING: Now, brother, you must take some little pains ... [II.3.40]
To win fair Bel-imperia from her will:
Young virgins must be ruled by their friends.
The Prince is amiable and loves her well;
If she neglect him and forgo his love,
She both will wrong her own estate and ours.
Therefore, whiles I do entertain the Prince
With greatest pleasure that our Court affords,
Endeavor you to win your daughter's thought:
If she give back, all this will come to naught. [*Exeunt.*] ... [II.3.50]

Scene II.4: Hieronimo's garden

[*Enter Horatio, Bel-imperia, and Pedringano.*]

HORATIO: Now that the night begins with sable wings
To over-cloud the brightness of the Sun,
And that in darkness pleasures may be done,
Come, Bel-imperia, let us to the bower
And there in safety pass a pleasant hour.

BEL-IMPERIA: I follow thee, my love, and will not back,
Although my fainting heart controls my soul.

HORATIO: Why, make you doubt of Pedringano's faith?

BEL-IMPERIA: No, he is as trusty as my second self.
Go, Pedringano, watch without the gate, ... [II.4.10]
And let us know if any make approach.

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

HORATIO: What means my love?

BEL-IMPERIA: ~~~ I know not what myself,
And yet my heart foretells me some mischance.

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

BEL-IMPERIA: Thou hast prevailed; I'll conquer my misdoubt, ... [II.4.20]
And in thy love and counsel drown my fear:
I fear no more; love now is all my thoughts.
Why sit we not? for pleasure asketh ease.

HORATIO: The more thou sit'st within these leafy bowers,
The more will Flora deck it with her flowers.

BEL-IMPERIA: Aye, but if Flora spy Horatio here,
Her jealous eye will think I sit too near.

HORATIO: Hark, Madam, how the birds record by night,
For joy that Bel-imperia sits in sight.

BEL-IMPERIA: No, Cupid counterfeits the Nightingale ... [II.4.30]
To frame sweet music to Horatio's tale.

HORATIO: If Cupid sing, then Venus is not far;
Aye, thou art Venus, or some fairer star.

BEL-IMPERIA: If I be Venus, thou must needs be Mars;
And where Mars reigneth, there must needs be wars.

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

BEL-IMPERIA: Set forth thy foot to try the push of mine.

HORATIO: But first my looks shall combat against thine.

BEL-IMPERIA: Then ward thyself; I dart this kiss at thee. ... [II.4.40]

HORATIO: Thus I retort the dart thou threwest at me.

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

HORATIO: Nay then, my arms are large and strong withal;
Thus elms by vines are compassed til they fall.

BEL-IMPERIA: Oh let me go; for in my troubled eyes
Now may'st thou read that life in passion dies.

HORATIO: Oh stay a while, and I will die with thee;
So shalt thou yield, and yet have conquered me.

BEL-IMPERIA: Who's there? Pedringano? We are betrayed. ... [II.4.50]
[*Enter Lorenzo, Balthazar, Serberine, Pedringano disguised.*]

LORENZO: My Lord away with her, take her aside.
Oh sir, forbear: your valor is already tried.
Quickly dispatch, my masters. [*They hang him in the Arbor.*]

HORATIO: ~~~ What, will you murder me?

LORENZO: Aye, thus, and thus: these are the fruits of love.
[*They stab him.*]

BEL-IMPERIA: Oh save his live, and let me die for him.
Oh save him, brother; save him, Balthazar:
I loved Horatio, but he loved not me.

BALTHAZAR: But Balthazar loves Bel-imperia.

LORENZO: Although his life were still ambitious-proud, ... [II.4.60]
Yet is he at the highest now he is dead.

BEL-IMPERIA: Murder, murder: help, Hieronimo, help,

LORENZO: Come, stop her mouth; away with her. [*Exeunt.*]

Scene II.5

[*Enter Hieronimo in his shirt, &c.*]

HIERONIMO: What outcries pluck me from my naked bed
And chill my throbbing heart with trembling fear,
Which never danger yet could daunt before?
Who calls Hieronimo? speak, here I am,
I did not slumber; therefore twas no dream.
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 hanged up and all the murderers gone: ... [II.5.10]
And in my bower, to lay the guilt on me.
This place was made for pleasure, not for death. [*He cuts him down.*]
Those garments that he wears I oft have seen:
Alas, it is Horatio, my sweet son.
Oh no, but he that whilom was my son.
Oh, was it thou that call'dst me from my bed?
Oh 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, ... [II.5.20]
And left thy bloody corpse dishonored here,

For me, amidst these dark and deathful shades,
To drown thee with an ocean of my tears?
Oh heavens, why made you night to cover sin?
By day this deed of darkness had not been.
Oh earth, why didst thou not in time devour
The vild profaner of this sacred bower?
Oh poor Horatio, what hadst thou misdome
To leese thy life, ere life was new begun?
Oh wicked butcher, whatsoe'er thou wert, ... [II.5.30]
How could thou strangle virtue and desert?
Aye me most wretched, that have lost my joy
In leesing my Horatio, my sweet boy! [Enter Isabella.]

ISABELLA: My husband's absence makes my heart to throb. --
Hieronimo.

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

ISABELLA: What world of grief: my son Horatio!
Oh, where's the author of this endless woe?

HIERONIMO: To know the author were some ease of grief, ... [II.5.40]
For in revenge my heart would find relief.

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

[1st Passage of Additions from the Quarto of 1602]

Aye me, Hieronimo, sweet husband, speak.

HIERONIMO: He supped with us tonight, frollic 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.]

ISABELLA: Aye me, he raves! Sweet Hieronimo.

HIERONIMO: True, all Spain takes note of it. ... [II.5.10A]
Besides he is so generally beloved;
His Majesty the other day did grace him
With waiting on his cup: these be favors,
Which do assure me he cannot be short-lived.

ISABELLA: Sweet Hieronimo.

HIERONIMO: 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.
I and his mother have had strange dreams tonight.
Do you hear me, sir?

JAQUES: ~~~ Aye, sir.

HIERONIMO: ~~~~~ Well, sir, be gone. ... [II.5.20A]
Pedro, come hither; knowest thou who this is?

PEDRO: Too well, sir.

HIERONIMO: ~~~ Too well, who? who is it? Peace, Isabella:
Nay, blush not, man.

PEDRO: ~~~ It is my Lord Horatio.

HIERONIMO: Ha, ha, St. James, but this doth make me laugh,
That there are more deluded than myself.

PEDRO: Deluded?

HIERONIMO: ~~~ Aye:
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? ... [II.5.30A]

ISABELLA: Oh, would to God it were not so.

HIERONIMO: Were not, Isabella? dost thou dream it is?
Can thy soft bosom entertain a thought,
That such a black deed of mischief should be done
On one so pure and spotless as our son?
Away, I am ashamed.

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

HIERONIMO: It was a man, sure, that was hanged up here:
A youth, as I remember: I cut him down. ... [II.5.40A]
If it should prove my son now after all.
Say you? say you? Light, lend me a Taper;
Let me look again. Oh 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 ... [II.5.50A]
May put me in the mind I had a son.

ISABELLA: Oh sweet Horatio, O my dearest son.

HIERONIMO: How strangely had I lost my way to grief.

[End of additions.]

Sweet, lovely rose, ill-plucked before thy time, ... [II.5.46]
Fair, worthy son, not conquered but betrayed,
I'll kiss thee now, for words with tears are stayed.

ISABELLA: And I'll close up the glasses of his sight,
For once these eyes were only my delight. ... [II.5.50]

HIERONIMO: See'st thou this handkercher besmeared with blood?
It shall not from me, til I take revenge.
See'st thou those wounds that yet are bleeding fresh?
I'll not entomb them, til I have revenged.
Then will I joy amidst my discontent;
Til then my sorrow never shall be spent.

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

HIERONIMO: Meanwhile, good Isabella, cease thy plaints, ... [II.5.60]
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.*]
Misceat, & nostro detur medicina dolori;
Aut si qui faciunt annorum oblivia, succos
Prebeat; ipse metam magnum quaecunque per orbem ... [II.5.70]
Gramina Sol pulchras effert in luminis oras;
Ipse bibam quicquid meditatur saga veneni,
Quicquid & herbarum vi caeca nenia nectit:
Omnia perpetiar, lethum quoque, dum semel omnis
Noster in extincto moriatur pectore sensus.
Ergo tuos oculos nunquam (mea vita) videbo,
Et tua perpetuus sepelivit lumina somnus?
Emoriar tecum: sic, sic juvat ire sub umbras.
At tamen absistam properato cedere letho,
Ne mortem vindicta tuam tam nulla sequatur. ... [II.5.80]
[*Here he throws [the sword] from him and bears the body away.*]

Scene II.6

[*Ghost of Andrea, Revenge.*]

ANDREA: Broughtst thou me hither to increase my pain?
I looked that Balthazar should have been slain:
But tis my friend Horatio that is slain,
And they abuse fair Bel-imperia,
On whom I doted more than all the world,
Because she loved me more than all the world.

REVENGE: Thou talkst of harvest, when the corn is green:
The end is crown of every work well done;
The Sickle comes not til the corn be ripe.
Be still, and ere I lead thee from this place; ... [II.6.10]
I'll show thee Balthazar in heavy case.

ACT III

Scene III.1: The Portuguese Court. A place of execution

[*Enter Viceroy of Portingale, Nobles, Alexandro, Viluppo.*]

VICEROY: Infortunate condition of Kings,
Seated amidst so many helpless doubts.
First we are placed upon extremest height,

And oft supplanted with exceeding hate;
But ever subject to the wheel of chance;
And at our highest never joy we so,
As we both doubt and dread our overthrow.
So striveth not the waves with sundry winds,
As Fortune toileth in the affairs of Kings
That would be feared, yet fear to be beloved, ... [III.1.10]
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.

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

VILUPPO: No, for my Lord, had you beheld the train
That feigned love had colored in his looks, ... [III.1.20]
When he in Camp consorted Balthazar,
Far more inconstant had you thought the Sun,
That hourly coasts the center of the earth,
Than Alexandro's purpose to the Prince.

VICEROY: No more, Viluppo, thou hast said enough,
And with thy words thou stayest our wounded thoughts;
Nor shall I longer dally with the world,
Procrastinating Alexandro's death:
Go, some of you, and fetch the traitor forth, [*Exit Nobleman.*]
That, as he is condemned, he may die. ... [III.1.30]
[*Enter Alexandro with a Nobleman and Halberds.*]

NOBLE: In such extremes will nought but patience serve.

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

NOBLE: Yet hope the best.

ALEXANDRO: ~~~ Tis heaven is my hope:
As for the earth, it is too much infect
To yield me hope of any of her mold.

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

ALEXANDRO: Not that I fear the extremity of death ... [III.1.40]
(For Nobles cannot stoop to servile fear)
Do I (Oh King) thus discontented live.
But this, Oh this, torments my laboring soul,
That thus I die suspected of a sin,
Whereof, as heavens have known my secret thoughts,
So am I free from this suggestion.

VICEROY: No more, I say: to the tortures, when!
Bind him and burn his body in those flames,
[*They bind him to the stake.*]
That shall prefigure those unquenched fires
Of Phlegethon, prepared for his soul. ... [III.1.50]

ALEXANDRO: My guiltless death will be avenged on thee,
On thee, Viluppo, that hath maliced thus,
Or for thy meed hast falsely me accused.

VILUPPO: 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.*]

AMBASSADOR: Stay, hold a while,
And here, with pardon of his Majesty,
Lay hands upon Viluppo.

VICEROY: ~~~ Ambassador, ... [III.1.60]
What news hath urged this sudden entrance?

AMBASSADOR: Know, Sovereign Lord, that Balthazar doth live.

VICEROY: What sayst thou? liveth Balthazar our son?

AMBASSADOR: Your highness' son, Lord Balthazar, doth live;
And, well entreated in the Court of Spain,
Humbly commends him to your Majesty.
These eyes beheld, and these my followers;
With these, the letters of the King's commends [*Gives him Letters.*]
Are happy witnesses of his highness' health.
[The King looks on the letters, and proceeds.]

VICEROY: Thy son doth live, your tribute is received; ... [III.1.70]
Thy peace is made, and we are satisfied.
The rest resolve upon as things proposed
For both our honors and thy benefit.

AMBASSADOR: These are his highness' farther articles.
[*He gives him more Letters.*]

VICEROY: Accursed wretch, to intimate these ills
Against the life and reputation
Of noble Alexandro. Come, my Lord, unbind him:
Let him unbind thee, that is bound to death,
To make a quittal for thy discontent. [*They unbind him.*]

ALEXANDRO: Dread Lord, in kindness you could do no less, ... [III.1.80]
Upon report of such a damned fact:
But thus we see our innocence hath saved
The hopeless life which thou, Viluppo, sought
By thy suggestions to have massacred.

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

ALEXANDRO: Say, treacherous Viluppo, tell the King: ... [III.1.90]
Wherein hath Alexandro used thee ill?

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

VICEROY: Which, villain, shall be ransomed with thy death,
And not so mean a torment as we here
Devised for him, who thou saidst, slew our son,
But with the bitterest torments and extremes ... [III.1.100]
That may be yet invented for thine end. [*Alexandro seems to entreat.*]
Entreat me not; go, take the traitor hence. [*Exit Viluppo.*]
And, Alexandro, let us honor thee
With public notice of thy loyalty.
To end these things articulated here
By our great Lord, the mighty King of Spain,
We with our council will deliberate.
Come, Alexandro, keep us company. [*Exeunt.*]

Scene III.2: Spain. Before the palace of Don Cyprian
[*Enter Hieronimo.*]

HIERONIMO: Oh eyes, no eyes, but fountains fraught with tears;
Oh life, no life, but lively form of death;
Oh world, no world, but mass of public wrongs,
Confused and filled with murder and misdeeds.
Oh sacred heavens, if this unhallowed deed,
If this inhuman and barbarous attempt,
If this incomparable murder thus
Of mine, but now no more my son,
Shall unrevealed and unrevenged pass,
How should we term your dealings to be just, ... [III.2.10]
If you unjustly deal with those, that in your justice trust?
The night, sad secretary to my moans,
With direful visions wakes my vexed soul,
And with the wounds of my distressful son
Solicits me for notice of his death.
The ugly fiends do sally forth of hell,
And frame my steps to unfrequented paths,
And fear my heart with fierce inflamed thoughts.
The cloudy day my discontents records,
Early begins to register my dreams, ... [III.2.20]
And drive me forth to seek the murderer.
Eyes, life, world, heavens, hell, night and day,
See, search, show, send some man, some mean, that may --
[*A Letter falleth.*]
What's here? a letter? tush, it is not so:
A letter written to Hieronimo. [*Red ink.*]
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, ... [III.2.30]
And better fare than Bel-imperia doth.
What means this unexpected miracle?
My son slain by Lorenzo and the Prince.
What cause had they Horatio to malign?
Or what might move thee, Bel-imperia,
To accuse thy brother, had he been the mean?
Hieronimo, beware, thou art betrayed,
And to entrap thy life, this train is laid.
Advise thee therefore, be not credulous:
This is devised to endanger thee, ... [III.2.40]
That thou by this Lorenzo shouldst accuse;
And he, for thy dishonor done, should draw
Thy life in question and thy name in hate.
Dear was the life of my beloved son,
And of his death behoves me be revenged:

Then hazard not thine own, Hieronimo,
But live t'effect thy resolution.
I therefore will by circumstances try,
What I can gather, to confirm this writ;
And hearkening near the Duke of Castile's house, ... [III.2.50]
Close, if I can, with Bel-imperia,
To listen more but nothing to bewray. [*Enter Pedringano.*]
Now, Pedringano.

PEDRINGANO: ~~~ Now, Hieronimo.

HIERONIMO: Where's thy Lady?

PEDRINGANO: ~~~ I know not; here's my Lord. [*Enter Lorenzo.*]

LORENZO: How now, who's this? Hieronimo?

HIERONIMO: ~~~ My Lord --

PEDRINGANO: He asketh for my Lady Bel-imperia.

LORENZO: What to do, Hieronimo? The Duke, my father, hath
Upon some disgrace awhile removed her hence;
But if it be aught I may inform her of,
Tell me, Hieronimo, and I'll let her know it. ... [III.2.60]

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

LORENZO: Why so, Hieronimo, use me.

HIERONIMO: Oh no, my Lord; I dare not; it must not be:
I humbly thank your Lordship.

*[2d Passage of Additions from the quarto of 1602,
replacing lines 65 and 1st part of 66.]*

HIERONIMO: Who? you, my Lord?
I reserve your favor for a greater honor;
This is a very toy, my Lord, a toy.

LORENZO: All's one, Hieronimo, acquaint me with it.

HIERONIMO: Y' faith, my Lord, tis an idle thing I must confess,
I ha' been too slack, too tardy, too remiss unto your honor.

LORENZO: How now, Hieronimo?

HIERONIMO: In troth, my Lord, it is a thing of nothing:
The murder of a Son, or so --
A thing of nothing, my Lord.

[*End of additions.*]

LORENZO: ~~~ Why then farewell. ... [III.2.66]

HIERONIMO: My grief no heart, my thoughts no tongue can tell. [*Exit.*]

LORENZO: Come hither, Pedringano, see'st thou this?

PEDRINGANO: My Lord, I see it and suspect it too.

LORENZO: This is that damned villain Serberine, ... [III.2.70]
That hath, I fear, revealed Horatio's death.

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

LORENZO: Admit he have not, his condition's such,
As fear or flattering words may make him false.
I know his humor, and therewith repent
That ere I used him in this enterprise.
But, Pedringano, to prevent the worst,
And 'cause I know thee secret as my soul,
Here, for thy further satisfaction, take thou this. ... [III.2.80]
[*Gives him more gold.*]
And hearken to me, thus it is devised:
This night thou must, and, prithe, so resolve,
Meet Serberine at Saint Luigi's Park --
Thou knowest tis here hard by behind the house --
There take thy stand, and see thou strike him sure;
For die he must, if we do mean to live.

PEDRINGANO: But how shall Serberine be there, my Lord?

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

PEDRINGANO: It shall be done, my Lord, it shall be done; ... [III.2.90]
And I'll go arm myself to meet him there.

LORENZO: When things shall alter, as I hope they will,
Then shalt thou mount for this; thou knowest my mind.
[*Exit Pedringano.*]
Che le Ieron! [*Enter Page.*]

PAGE: ~~~ My Lord.

LORENZO: ~~~~~ Go, sirrah,
To Serberine, and bid him forthwith meet
The Prince and me at Saint Luigi's Park,
Behind the house; this evening, boy.

PAGE: ~~~ I go, my Lord.

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

PAGE: ~~~ I fly, my Lord. [*Exit.*]

LORENZO: Now to confirm the complot thou hast cast ... [III.2.100]
Of all these practices, I'll spread the Watch,
Upon precise commandment from the King,
Strongly to guard the place where Pedringano
This night shall murder hapless Serberine.
Thus must we work that will avoid distrust;
Thus must we practice to prevent mishap,
And thus one ill another must expulse.
This sly enquiry of Hieronimo
For Bel-imperia breeds suspicion,
And this suspicion bodes a further ill. ... [III.2.110]
As for myself, I know my secret fault,
And so do they; but I have dealt for them.
They that for coin their souls endangered,
To save my life, for coin shall venture theirs:
And better it's that base companions die,
Than by their life to hazard our good haps.
Nor shall they live, for me to fear their faith:
I'll trust myself, myself shall be my friend;
For die they shall, slaves are ordained to no other end. [*Exit.*]

Scene III.3: Saint Luigi's Park
[*Enter Pedringano, with a Pistol.*]

PEDRINGANO: Now, Pedringano, bid thy pistol hold;
And hold on, Fortune, once more favor 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 proposed;
It is no dream that I adventure for,
But Pedringano is possessed thereof.
And he that would not strain his conscience
For him that thus his liberal purse hath stretched,
Unworthy such a favor, may he fail, ... [III.3.10]
And wishing, want, when such as I prevail.
As for the fear of apprehension,
I know, if need should be, my noble Lord
Will stand between me and ensuing harms:
Besides, this place is free from all suspect.
Here therefore will I stay, and take my stand. [*Enter the Watch.*]

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

2 WATCH: Tis by commandment in the King's own name.

3 WATCH: But we were never wont to watch and ward ... [III.3.20]
So near the Duke his brother's house before.

2 WATCH: Content yourself, stand close, there's somewhat in't.
[*Enter Serberine.*]

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

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

SERBERINE: I wonder that his Lordship stays so long, ... [III.3.30]
Or wherefore should he send for me so late?

PEDRINGANO: For this, Serberine!, and thou shalt ha't.
[*Shoots the dag.*]
So, there he lies; my promise is performed.
[*The Watch.*]

1 WATCH: Hark, Gentleman, this is a Pistol shot.

2 WATCH: And here's one slain; stay the murderer.

PEDRINGANO: Now by the sorrows of the soul in hell,
[*He strives with the watch.*]
Who lays hand on me, I'll be his Priest.

3 WATCH: Sirrah, confess, and therein play the Priest,
Why hast thou thus unkindly killed the man?

PEDRINGANO: Why? Because he walked abroad so late. ... [III.3.40]

3 WATCH: Come, sir, you had been better kept your bed,
Than have committed this misdeed so late.

2 WATCH: Come, to the Marshal's with the murderer.

1 WATCH: On to Hieronimo's: help me here
To bring the murdered body with us too.

PEDRINGANO: Hieronimo? carry me before whom you will:
Whate'er he be, I'll answer him and you;
And do your worst, for I defy you all. [*Exeunt.*]

Scene III.4: A room in the palace of Don Cyprian.
[*Enter Lorenzo and Balthazar.*]

BALTHAZAR: How now, my Lord, what makes you rise so soon?

LORENZO: Fear of preventing our mishaps too late.

BALTHAZAR: What mischief is it that we not mistrust?

LORENZO: Our greatest ills we least mistrust, my Lord,
And unexpected harms do hurt us most.

BALTHAZAR: Why, tell me, Don Lorenzo, tell me, man,
If ought concerns our honor and your own?

LORENZO: Nor you, nor me, my Lord, but both in one:
For I suspect, and the presumption's great,
That by those base confederates in our fault, ... [III.4.10]
Touching the death of Don Horatio,
We are betrayed to old Hieronimo.

BALTHAZAR: Betrayed, Lorenzo? tush, it cannot be.

LORENZO: A guilty conscience, urged with the thought
Of former evils, easily cannot err:
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.

BALTHAZAR: ~~~ Who? Serberine, my man? ... [III.4.20]

PAGE: Your Highness' man, my Lord.

LORENZO: ~~~ Speak, Page, who murdered him?

PAGE: He that is apprehended for the fact.

LORENZO: Who?

PAGE: ~~~ Pedringano.

BALTHAZAR: Is Serberine slain, that loved his Lord so well?
Injurious villain, murderer of his friend.

LORENZO: Hath Pedringano murdered Serberine?
My Lord, let me entreat you to take the pains
To exasperate and hasten his revenge ... [III.4.30]
With your complaints unto my Lord the King.
This their dissension breeds a greater doubt.

BALTHAZAR: Assure thee, Don Lorenzo, he shall die,
Or else his Highness hardly shall deny.
Meanwhile I'll haste the Marshal Sessions:
For die he shall for this his damned deed. [*Exit Balthazar.*]

LORENZO: Why so, this fits our former policy,
And thus experience bids the wise to deal.
I lay the plot: he prosecutes the point;
I set the trap: he breaks the worthless twigs, ... [III.4.40]
And sees not that wherewith the bird was limed.
Thus hopeful men, that mean to hold their own,
Must look like fowlers to their dearest friends.
He runs to kill whom I have help to catch,
And no man knows it was my reaching fatch.
Tis hard to trust unto a multitude,
Or anyone, in mine opinion,

When men themselves their secrets will reveal.

[*Enter Messenger with a letter.*]

~~~ Boy --

PAGE: ~~~ My Lord?

LORENZO: What's he?

MESSENGER: ~~~ I have a letter to your Lordship.

LORENZO: From whence?

MESSENGER: ~~~ From Pedringano that's imprisoned. ... [III.4.50]

LORENZO: So he is in prison then?

MESSENGER: ~~~ Aye, my good Lord.

LORENZO: What would he with us? He writes us here,  
'To stand good Lord and help him in distress.'

Tell him, I have his letters, know his mind;

And what we may, let him assure him of.

Fellow, 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 knowest the prison, closely give it him,

And be advised that none be there about: ... [III.4.60]

Bid him be merry still, but secret;

And though the Marshal Sessions be today,

Bid him not doubt of his delivery.

Tell him his pardon is already signed,

And thereon bid him boldly be resolved:

For, were he ready to be turned off --

As tis my will the uttermost be tried --

Thou with his pardon shalt attend him still.

Show him this box, tell him his pardon's in't;

But open't not, and if thou lovest thy life; ... [III.4.70]

But let him wisely keep his hopes unknown:

He shall not want while Don Lorenzo lives:

Away!

PAGE: ~~~ I go, my Lord, I run.

LORENZO: But, Sirrah, see that this be cleanly done. [*Exit Page.*]

Now stands our fortune on a tickle-point,

And now or never ends Lorenzo's doubts.

One only thing is uneffected yet,  
And that's to see the Executioner,  
But to what end? I list not trust the Air  
With utterance of our pretense therein, ... [III.4.80]  
For fear the privy whisp'ring of the wind  
Convey our words amongst unfriendly ears,  
That lie too open to advantages.  
*Et quel che voglio io, nessun lo sa;*  
*Intendo io: quel mi bastera. [Exit.]*

**Scene III.5: [Presumably a street]**

*[Enter Boy with the Box.]*

BOY: My master hath forbidden me to look in this box; and, by my troth, tis likely, if he had not warned me, I should not have had so much idle time: for we men's-kind, in our minority, are like women in their uncertainty: that they are most forbidden, they will soonest attempt: so I now. -- By my bare honesty, here's nothing but the bare empty box: were it not sin against secrecy, I would say it were a piece of gentleman-like knavery. I must go to Pedringano, and tell him his pardon is in this box; nay, I would have sworn it, had I not seen the contrary. I cannot choose but smile to think ... [III.5.10] how the villain will flout the gallows, scorn the audience, and descant on the hangman; and all presuming of his pardon from hence. Will't not be an odd jest for me to stand and grace every jest he makes, pointing my finger at this box, as who would say, 'Mock on, here's thy warrant.' Is't not a scurvy jest that a man should jest himself to death? Alas, poor Pedringano, I am in a sort sorry for thee; but if I should be hanged with thee, I cannot weep. *[Exit.]*

**Scene III.6: A palace of justice, with a gallows**

*[Enter Hieronimo and the Deputy.]*

HIERONIMO: Thus must we toil in other men's extremes,  
That know not how to remedy our own;  
And do them justice, when unjustly we,  
For all our wrongs, can compass no redress.  
But shall I never live to see the day,  
That I may come (by justice of the heavens)  
To know the cause that may my cares allay?  
This toils my body, this consumeth age,  
That only I to all men just must be,  
And neither gods nor men be just to me. ... [III.6.10]

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

HIERONIMO: So is't my duty to regard his death,  
Who, when he lived, deserved my dearest blood.  
But come for that we came for: let's begin;  
For here lies that which bids me to be gone.  
[Enter Officers, Boy and Pedringano, with a letter in his hand, bound.]

DEPUTY: Bring forth the prisoner, for the Court is set.

PEDRINGANO: Gramercy, boy, but it was time to come;  
For I had written to my Lord anew  
A nearer matter that concerneth him, ... [III.6.20]  
For fear his Lordship had forgotten me,  
But sith he hath remembered me so well,  
Come, come, come on, when shall we to this gear?

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

PEDRINGANO: This is short work: well, to your marshalship  
First I confess, nor fear I death therefore,  
I am the man, 'twas I slew Serberine. ... [III.6.30]  
But, sir, then you think this shall be the place  
Where we shall satisfy you for this gear?

DEPUTY: Aye, Pedringano.

PEDRINGANO: ~~~ Now I think not so.

HIERONIMO: Peace, impudent, for thou shalt find it so;  
For blood with blood shall, while I sit as judge,  
Be satisfied, and the law discharged.  
And though myself cannot receive the like,  
Yet will I see that others have their right.  
Dispatch: the fault's approved and confessed,  
And by our law he is condemned to die. ... [III.6.40]

HANGMAN: Come on, sir; are you ready?

PEDRINGANO: To do what, my fine, officious knave?

HANGMAN: To go to this gear.

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

HANGMAN: Come, sir.

PEDRINGANO: So, then, I must up? ... [III.6.50]

HANGMAN: No remedy.

PEDRINGANO: Yes, but there shall be for my coming-down.

HANGMAN: Indeed, here's a remedy for that.

PEDRINGANO: How? Be turned off?

HANGMAN: Aye, truly; come are you ready? I pray, sir, dispatch; the day goes away.

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

HANGMAN: Faith, you have reason; for I am like to break your young neck. ... [III.6.60]

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

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

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

HANGMAN: What, he that points to it with his finger?

PEDRINGANO: Aye, that companion.

HANGMAN: I know him not; but what of him?

PEDRINGANO: Dost thou think to live til his old doublet will make thee a new truss? ... [III.6.70]

HANGMAN: Aye, and many a fair year after, to truss up many an honest man than either thou or he.

PEDRINGANO: What hath he in his box, as thou thinkest?

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

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

HANGMAN: Well, thou art even the merriest piece of man's flesh that e'er groaned at my office door. ... [III.6.80]

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

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

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

HANGMAN: Aye, marry, sir, this is a good motion: my masters, you see here's a good fellow.

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

HIERONIMO: I have not seen a wretch so impudent.  
Oh monstrous times, where murder's set so light, ... [III.6.90]  
And where the soul, that should be shrined in heaven,  
Solely delights in interdicted things,  
Still wand'ring in the thorny passages,  
That intercepts itself of happiness.  
Murder, oh bloody monster! God forbid  
A fault so foul should 'scape unpunished.  
Dispatch, and see this execution done.  
This makes me to remember thee, my son. [*Exit Hieronimo.*]

PEDRINGANO: Nay, soft, no haste.

DEPUTY: Why, wherefore stay you? Have you hope of life? ... [III.6.100]

PEDRINGANO: Why, aye.

HANGMAN: ~~~ As how?

PEDRINGANO: Why, rascal, by my pardon from the King.

HANGMAN: Stand you on that? Then you shall off with this.  
[*He turns him off.*]

DEPUTY: 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.*]

**Scene III.7: [Presumably a room in Hieronimo's house]**  
[*Enter Hieronimo.*]

HIERONIMO: Where shall I run to breathe abroad my woes,  
My woes, whose weight hath wearied the earth?  
Or mine exclams, that have surcharged the air  
With ceaseless plaints for my deceased son?  
The blust'ring winds, conspiring with my words,  
At my lament have moved the leafless trees,  
Disrobed the meadows of their flowered green,  
Made mountains marsh with spring-tides of my tears  
And broken through the brazen gates of hell.  
Yet still tormented is my tortured soul ... [III.7.10]  
With broken sighs and restless passions  
That winged mount; and, hovering in the air,  
Beat at the windows of the brightest heavens,  
Soliciting for justice and revenge:  
But they are placed in those imperial heights,  
Where, countermured with walls of diamond,  
I find the place impregnable; and they  
Resist my woes and give my words no way.  
[*Enter Hangman with a letter.*]

HANGMAN: Oh Lord, sir! God bless you, sir! The man, sir,  
Petersgade, sir, he that was so full of merry conceits -- ... [III.7.20]

HIERONIMO: Well, what of him?

HANGMAN: Oh Lord, sir, he went the wrong way; the fellow had  
a fair commission to the contrary. Sir, here is his passport; I  
pray you, sir, we have done him wrong.

HIERONIMO: I warrant thee, give it me.

HANGMAN: You will stand between the gallows and me?

HIERONIMO: Aye, aye.

HANGMAN; I thank your Lord worship. [*Exit Hangman.*]

HIERONIMO: And yet, though somewhat nearer me concerns,  
I will, to ease the grief that I sustain, ... [III.7.30]

Take truce with sorrow while I read on this.

'My Lord, I write as mine extremes required,

That you would labor my delivery;

If you neglect, my life is desperate,

And in my death I shall reveal the troth.

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

And was confederate with the Prince and you;

Won by rewards and hopeful promises,

I help to murder Don Horatio too.'

Help he to murder mine Horatio? ... [III.7.40]

And actors in th' accursed Tragedy

Wast thou, Lorenzo, Balthazar and thou,

Of whom my son, my son deserved so well?

What have I heard, what have mine eyes beheld?

Oh sacred heavens, may it come to pass

That such a monstrous and detested deed,

So closely smothered, and so long concealed,

Shall thus by this be venged or revealed?

Now see I what I durst not then suspect,

That Bel-imperia's Letter was not feigned. ... [III.7.50]

Nor feigned she, though falsely they have wronged

Both her, myself, Horatio, and themselves.

Now may I make compare 'twixt hers and this,

Of every accident I ne'er could find

Til now, and now I feelingly perceive

They did what heaven unpunished would not leave.

Oh false Lorenzo: are these thy flattering looks?

Is this the honor that thou didst my son?

And Balthazar, bane to my soul and me:

Was this the ransom he reserved thee for? ... [III.7.60]

Woe to the cause of these constrained wars;

Woe to thy baseness and captivity;

Woe to thy birth, thy body, and thy soul,

Thy cursed father, and thy conquered self;

And banned with bitter execrations be

The day and place where he did pity thee.

But wherefore waste I mine unfruitful words,

When naught but blood will satisfy my woes?

I will go plain me to my Lord the King,

And cry aloud for justice through the Court, ... [III.7.70]

Wearing the flints with these my withered feet;

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

**Scene III.8: [Presumably the same]**

[*Enter Isabella and her Maid.*]

ISABELLA: So that you say, this herb will purge the eye,  
And this the head?

Ah, but none of them will purge the heart.  
No, there's no medicine left for my disease,  
Nor any physic to recure the dead. [*She runs lunatic.*]  
Horatio, oh where's Horatio?

MAID: Good Madam, affright not thus yourself  
With outrage for your son Horatio;  
He sleeps in quiet in Elysian fields.

ISABELLA: Why, did I not give you gowns and goodly things, ... [III.8.10]  
Bought you a whistle and a whip-stalk too,  
To be revenged on their villainies?

MAID: Madam, these humors do torment my soul.

ISABELLA: My soul -- poor soul, thou talks of things  
Thou knowest not what -- my soul hath silver wings  
That mounts me up unto the highest heavens;  
To heaven: aye, there sits my Horatio,  
Backed with a troop of fiery Cherubins  
Dancing about his newly-healed wounds,  
Singing sweet hymns and chanting heavenly notes: ... [III.8.20]  
Rare harmony to greet his innocence,  
That died, aye 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.*]

**Scene III.9**

[*Bel-imperia at a window.*]

BEL-IMPERIA: What means this outrage that is offered me?  
Why am I thus sequestered from the Court?  
No notice: -- shall I not know the cause  
Of these 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, Oh Andrea, that thou sawest  
Me for thy friend Horatio handled thus, ... [III.9.10]  
And him for me thus causeless murdered.  
Well, force perforce, I must constrain myself  
To patience, and apply me to the time  
Til heaven, as I have hoped, shall set me free. [*Enter Christophil.*]

CHRISTOPHIL: Come, Madam Bel-Imperia, this may not be. [*Exeunt.*]

**Scene III.10: Perhaps a room in the palace of Don Cyprian**

[*Enter Lorenzo, Balthazar, and the Page.*]

LORENZO: Boy, talk no further; thus far things go well.  
Thou art assured that thou sawest him dead?

PAGE: Or else, my Lord, I live not.

LORENZO: ~~~ That's enough.  
As for his resolution in his end,  
Leave that to him with whom he sojourns now.  
Here, take my ring and give it Christophil,  
And bid him let my Sister be enlarged,  
And bring her hither straight. [*Exit Page.*]  
This that I did was for a policy,  
To smooth and keep the murder secret, ... [III.10.10]  
Which, as a nine-days' wonder, being o'er-blown,  
My gentle sister will I now enlarge.

BALTHAZAR: And time, Lorenzo; for my Lord the Duke,  
You heard, inquired for her yester-night.

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

BALTHAZAR: ~~~ Aye.

LORENZO: Then in your love, beware; deal cunningly;  
Salve all suspicions, only soothe me up;  
And if she hap to stand on terms with us, ... [III.10.20]  
As for her sweetheart and concealment so,  
Jest with her gently; under feigned jest  
Are things concealed that else would breed unrest. --  
But here she comes. [*Enter Bel-imperia.*]  
~~~ Now, sister --

BEL-IMPERIA: ~~~~~ Sister? No;
Thou art no brother, but an enemy;
Else wouldst thou not have used thy sister so:
First to affright me with thy weapons drawn
And with extremes abuse my company;
And then to hurry me, like whirlwind's rage,
Amidst a crew of thy confederates, ... [III.10.30]
And clap me up where none might come at me,
Nor I at any, to reveal my wrongs.
What madding fury did possess thy wits?
Or wherein is't that I offended thee?

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

BEL-IMPERIA: Mine honor? Why, Lorenzo, wherein is't
That I neglect my reputation so, ... [III.10.40]
As you, or any, need to rescue it?

LORENZO: His Highness and my father were resolved
To come confer with old Hieronimo,
Concerning certain matters of estate,
That by the Viceroy was determined.

BEL-IMPERIA: And wherein was mine honor touched in that?

BALTHAZAR: Have patience, Bel-imperia: hear the rest.

LORENZO: Me, next in sight, as messenger they sent,
To give him notice that they were so nigh;
Now when I come, consorted with the Prince, ... [III.10.50]
And unexpected, in an arbor there,
Found Bel-imperia with Horatio --

BEL-IMPERIA: How then?

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

BALTHAZAR: And carry you obscurely somewhere else, ... [III.10.60]
Lest that his Highness should have found you there.

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

LORENZO: Your melancholy, sister, since the news
Of your first favorite Don Andrea's death,
My father's old wrath hath exasperate. ... [III.10.70]

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

BEL-IMPERIA: But why had I no notice of his ire?

LORENZO: That were to add more fuel to your fire,
Who burnt like Aetna for Andrea's loss.

BEL-IMPERIA: Hath not my father then inquired for me?

LORENZO: Sister, he hath, and thus excused I thee.
[He whispereth in her ear.]
But, Bel-imperia, see the gentle Prince;
Look on thy love, behold young Balthazar,
Whose passions by thy presence are increased; ... [III.10.80]
And in whose melancholy thou mayest see
Thy hate, his love; thy flight, his following thee.

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

BALTHAZAR: Tis of thy beauty then that conquers kings;
Of those thy tresses, Ariadne's twines,
Wherewith my liberty thou hast surprised; ... [III.10.90]
Of that thine ivory front, my sorrow's map,
Wherein I see no haven to rest my hope.

BEL-IMPERIA: To love and fear, and both at once, my Lord,
In my conceit, are things of more import
Than women's wits are to be busied with.

BALTHAZAR: Tis I that love.

BEL-IMPERIA: ~~~ Whom?

BALTHAZAR: ~~~~~ Bel-imperia.

BEL-IMPERIA: But I that fear.

BALTHAZAR: ~~~ Whom?

BEL-IMPERIA: ~~~~~ Bel-imperia.

LORENZO: Fear yourself?

BEL-IMPERIA: ~~~ Aye, brother.

LORENZO: ~~~~~How?

BEL-IMPERIA: ~~~~~As those
That, what they love, are loath and fear to lose.

BALTHAZAR: Then, fair, let Balthazar your keeper be. ... [III.10.100]

BEL-IMPERIA: No, Balthazar doth fear as well as we:
Et tremulo metui pavidum junxere timorem --
Et vanum stolidae prodicionis opus.

LORENZO: Nay, and you argue things so cunningly,
We'll go continue this discourse at Court.

BALTHAZAR: Led by the lodestar of her heavenly looks,
Wends poor, oppressed Balthazar,
As o'er the mountains walks the wanderer,
Uncertain to effect his pilgrimage. [*Exeunt.*]

Scene III.11: A street near Don Cyprian's palace.
[*Enter two Portugales, and Hieronimo meets them.*]

1 PORTINGAL: By your leave, sir.

[3d Passage of Additions from quarto of 1602.]

HIERONIMO: Tis neither as you think, nor as you think,
Nor as you think; you're wide all:
These slippers are not mine, they were my son Horatio's.
My son -- and what's a son? A thing begot
Within a pair of minutes, thereabout:
A lump bred up in darkness, and doth serve
To ballace these light creatures we call women;
And at nine months' end, creeps forth to light.
What is there yet in a son,
To make a father dote, rave, or run mad? ... [III.11.10A]
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. Aye, 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, ... [III.11.20A]
The more he grows in stature and in years,
The more unsquared, unbeveled, he appears,
Reckons his parents among the rank of fools,
Strikes care upon their heads with his mad riots,
Makes them look old before they meet with age.
This is a son --
And what a loss were this, considered truly? --
Oh, but my Horatio
Grew out of reach of these insatiate humors:
He loved his loving parents; ... [III.11.30A]
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 unhorsed the proud Prince Balthazar,
And his great mind, too full of Honor,
Took him unto mercy:
That valiant, but ignoble Portingale.
Well, heaven is heaven still. ... [III.11.40A]
And there is Nemesis, and Furies,
And things called whips,
And they sometimes do meet with murderers:
They do not always 'scape, that is some comfort,

Aye, aye, aye; and then time steals on,
And steals, and steals,
Til violence leaps forth like thunder
Wrapped in a ball of fire,
And so doth bring confusion to them all.

[*End of additions.*]

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

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

HIERONIMO: The next way from me.

1 PORTINGAL: ~~~ To his house, we mean.

HIERONIMO: Oh, hard by: tis yon house that you see.

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

HIERONIMO: Who, my Lord Lorenzo?

1 PORTINGAL: ~~~ Aye, sir.

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

HIERONIMO: ~~~~~ Oh, forbear,
For other talk for us far fitter were.
But if you be importunate to know ... [III.11.10]
The way to him and where to find him out,
Then list to me, and I'll resolve your doubt.
There is a path upon your left-hand side
That leadeth from a guilty conscience
Unto a forest of distrust and fear,
A darksome place, and dangerous to pass:
There shall you meet with melancholy thoughts,
Whose baleful humors if you but uphold,
It will conduct you to despair and death:
Whose rocky cliffs when you have once beheld, ... [III.11.20]
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, fixed by Jove,
In his fell wrath, upon a sulfur flame,
Yourselves shall find Lorenzo bathing him
In boiling lead and blood of innocents.

1 PORTINGAL: Ha, ha, ha.

HIERONIMO: ~~~ Ha, ha, ha! ... [III.11.30]
Why, ha, ha, ha! Farewell, good ha, ha, ha. [*Exit.*]

2 PORTINGAL: 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.*]

Scene III.12: [Presumably a hall in the royal palace]

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

HIERONIMO: Now, sir, perhaps I come and see the King;
The King sees me, and fain would hear my suit;
Why, is not this a strange and seld-seen thing,
That standers-by with toys should strike me mute?
Go to, I see their shifts and say no more.
Hieronimo, tis time for thee to trudge:
Down by the dale that flows with purple gore,
Standeth a fiery Tower; there sits a judge
Upon a seat of steel and molten brass,
And 'twixt his teeth he holds a fire-brand ... [III.12.10]
That leads unto the lake where hell doth stand.
Away, Hieronimo! To him be gone:
He'll do thee justice for Horatio's death.
Turn down this path: thou shalt be with him straight;
Or this, and then thou needst 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, ... [III.12.20]
[*He takes them up again.*]
And here I'll have a fling at him, that's flat.
And Balthazar, I'll be with thee to bring,
And thee, Lorenzo. Here's the King -- nay, stay,
And here, aye here -- there goes the hare away.
[*Enter King, Ambassador, Castile. and Lorenzo.*]

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

HIERONIMO: Justice, oh, justice to Hieronimo.

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

HIERONIMO: Oh, is he so?

KING: Who is he that interrupts our business? ... [III.12.30]

HIERONIMO: Not I. Hieronimo beware; goe by, goe by.

AMBASSADOR: Renowned King, he hath received and read
Thy kingly proffers, and thy promised league;
And as a man extremely overjoyed
To hear his son so princely entertained,
Whose death he had so solemnly bewailed,
This for thy further satisfaction
And kingly love, he kindly lets thee know;
First, for the marriage of his princely son
With Bel-imperia, thy beloved niece, ... [III.12.40]
The news are more delightful to his soul
Than myrrh or incense to the offended heavens.
In person, therefore, will he come himself,
To see the marriage rites solemnized,
And in the presence of the Court of Spain,
To knit a sure inextricable band
Of kingly love and everlasting league
Betwixt the Crowns of Spain and Portingale.
There will he give his crown to Balthazar
And make a Queen of Bel-imperia. ... [III.12.50]

KING: Brother, how like you this our Viceroy's love?

CASTILE: No doubt, my Lord, it is an argument
Of honorable care to keep his friend,
And wondrous zeal to Balthazar his son;
Nor am I least indebted to his Grace
That bends his liking to my daughter thus.

AMBASSADOR: Now last (dread Lord) here hath his Highness sent,
(Although he send not that his son return)
His ransom due to Don Horatio.

HIERONIMO: Horatio, who calls Horatio? ... [III.12.60]

KING: And well remembered: thank his Majesty.
Here, see it given to Horatio.

HIERONIMO: Justice, Oh, justice, justice, gentle King.

KING: Who is that? Hieronimo?

HIERONIMO: Justice! Oh justice: Oh my son, my son,
My son, whom naught can ransom or redeem.

LORENZO: Hieronimo, you are not well-advised.

HIERONIMO: Away, Lorenzo, hinder me no more.
For thou hast made me bankrupt of my bliss.
Give me my son; you shall not ransom him. ... [III.12.70]
Away, I'll rip the bowels of the earth, [*He diggeth with his dagger.*]
And ferry over to th' Elysian plains,
And bring my son to show his deadly wounds.
Stand from about me;
I'll make a pickaxe of my poniard,
And here surrender up my marshalship;
For I'll go marshal up the fiends in hell,
To be avenged on you all for this.

KING: What means this outrage?
Will none of you restrain his fury? ... [III.12.80]

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

KING: What accident hath hapt Hieronimo?
I have not seen him to demean him so.

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

KING: Believe me, Nephew, we are sorry for't: ... [III.12.90]
This is the love that Fathers bear their sons.
But, gentle brother, go give to him this gold,
The Prince's ransom; let him have his due.
For what he hath, Horatio shall not want;
Happily Hieronimo hath need thereof.

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

KING: We shall increase his melancholy so.
Tis best that we see further in it first: ... [III.12.100]
Til when ourself will exempt [him] the place.
And, Brother, now bring in the Ambassador,
That he may be a witness of the match
'Twixt Balthazar and Bel-imperia,
And that we may prefix a certain time
Wherein the marriage shall be solemnized,
That we may have thy Lord, the Viceroy, here.

AMBASSADOR: Therein your Highness highly shall content
His Majesty, that longs to hear from hence.

KING: On, then, and hear you, Lord Ambassador [*Exeunt.*]

[*4th Passage of Additions, from the Bodleian Quarto of 1602.*]

Scene 12A: Hieronimo's garden

[*Enter Jaques and Pedro.*]

JAQUES: 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.

PEDRO: Oh 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, ... [III.12.10A]
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.*]

HIERONIMO: 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: ... [III.12.20A]
Yet cannot I behold my son Horatio. --
How now, who's there? Spirits, spirits?

PEDRO: We are your servants that attend you, sir.

HIERONIMO: What make you with your torches in the dark?

PEDRO; You bid us light them, and attend you here.

HIERONIMO: No, no, you are deceived -- not I -- you are deceived.
Was I so mad to bid you light your torches now?
Light me your torches at the mid of noon,
Whenas the sun-god rides in all his glory:
Light me your torches then.

PEDRO: ~~~ Then we burn daylight. ... [III.12.30A]

HIERONIMO: Let it be burnt; night is a murderous slut
That would not have her treasons to be seen;
And yonder pale-faced Hecate there, the Moon,
Doth give consent to that is done in darkness;
And all those Stars that gaze upon her face
Are aeglets on her sleeve, pins on her train;
And those that should be powerful and divine
Do sleep in darkness, when they most should shine.

PEDRO: Provoke them not, fair sir, with tempting words:
The heavens are gracious, and your miseries ... [III.12.40A]
And sorrow makes you speak, you know not what.

HIERONIMO: Villain, thou liest, and thou dost nought
But tell me I am mad: Thou liest, I am not mad!
I know thee to be Pedro, and he Jaques.
I'll prove it to thee; and were I mad, how could I?
Where was she that same night when my Horatio
Was murdered? 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, ... [III.12.50A]
Had he been framed of naught but blood and death.
Alack, when mischief doth it knows not what,
What shall we say to mischief? [*Enter Isabella.*]

ISABELLA: Dear Hieronimo, come in a-doors;
Oh, seek not means so to increase thy sorrow.

HIERONIMO: Indeed, Isabella, we do nothing here;
I do not cry: ask Pedro, and ask Jaques;
Not I, indeed; we are very merry, very merry.
ISABELLA: How? Be merry here, be merry here?
Is not this the place, and this the very tree, ... [III.12.60A]
Where my Horatio died, where he was murdered?

HIERONIMO: Was -- do not say what: let her weep it out.
This was the tree; I set it of a kernel:
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,
Til at length
It grew a gallows, and did bear our sonne, ... [III.12.70A]
It bore thy fruit and mine: oh wicked, wicked plant.
[*One knocks within at the door.*]
See who knocks there.

PEDRO: ~~~ It is a painter, sir.

HIERONIMO: 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:
Gods will that I should set this tree -- but even so
Masters' ungrateful servants rear from nought,
And then they hate them that did bring them up. [*Enter the Painter.*]

PAINTER: God bless you, sir.

HIERONIMO: ~~~ Wherefore, why, thou scornful villain?
How, where, or by what means should I be blest? ... [III.12.80A]

ISABELLA: What wouldst thou have, good fellow?

PAINTER: ~~~ Justice, Madame.

HIERONIMO: Oh 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 engrossed all justice in his hands,
And there is none but what comes from him.

PAINTER: ~~~ Oh, then I see
That God must right me for my murdered son.

HIERONIMO: How, was thy son murdered?

PAINTER: Aye, sir; no man did hold a son so dear. ... [III.12.90A]

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

PAINTER: Alas, sir, I had no more but he.

HIERONIMO: 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, ... [III.12.100A]
Like to two Lions reaved of their young.
Go in a-doors, I say. [Exeunt. The painter and he sits down.]
Come, let's talk wisely now. Was thy son murdered?

PAINTER: Aye, sir.

HIERONIMO: ~~~~~ So was mine.
How dost take it? Art thou not sometimes mad?
Is there no tricks that comes before thine eyes?

PAINTER: Oh Lord, yes, Sir.

HIERONIMO: Art a Painter? canst paint me a tear, or a wound,
a groan or a sigh? Canst paint me such a tree as this?

PAINTER: Sir, I am sure you have heard of my painting: ... [III.12.110A]
my name's Bazardo.

HIERONIMO: *Bazardo*, afore-god, an excellent fellow. Look you,
sir, do you see, I'd have you paint me [for] my Gallery, in your oil
colors matted, and draw me five years younger than I am --
do ye see, sir, let five years go, let them go like the Marshal of
Spain -- my wife Isabella standing by me, with a speaking look to
my son Horatio, which should intend to this or some such-like
purpose: 'God bless thee, my sweet son,' and my hand leaning
upon his head, thus, sir. Do you see? may it be done?

PAINTER: Very well, sir. ... [III.12.120A]

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

PAINTER: Seemingly, sir.

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

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

HIERONIMO: Oh, let them be worse, worse: stretch thine Art, and let their beards be of Judas his own color; and let ... [III.112.130A] their eyebrows jutting over: in any case observe that. Then, sir, after some violent noise, bring me forth in my shirt, and my gown under mine arm, with my torch in my hand and my sword reared up thus: and with these words: 'What noise is this? Who calls Hieronimo?'
~~~ May it be done?

PAINTER: Yea, sir.

HIERONIMO: Well, sir; then bring me forth, bring me through alley and alley, still with a distracted countenance going 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 ... [III.12.140A] jarring, and the clock striking twelve. And then at last, sir, starting, behold a man hanging, and tottering, and tottering, as you know the wind will wave a man, and I with a trice to cut him down. And looking upon him by the advantage of my torch, find it to be my son Horatio. There you may [show] a passion, there you may show a passion. Draw me like old Priam of Troy, crying: 'the house is a-fire, the house is a-fire, as the torch over my head!' Make me curse, make me rave, make me cry, make me mad, make me well again, make me curse hell, invoke heaven, and in the end leave me in a trance -- and so forth.

PAINTER: And is this the end? ... [III.12.151A]

HIERONIMO: Oh 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 drown.  
[*He beats the painter in, then comes out again with a Book in his hand.*]

[*End of additions*]

**Scene III.13: Same**

[*Enter Hieronimo, with a book in his hand.*]

HIERONIMO: *Vindicta mihi!*  
Aye, heaven will be revenged of every ill;  
Nor will they suffer murder unrepaid.  
Then stay, Hieronimo, attend their will:  
For mortal men may not appoint their time.  
*Per scelus semper tutum est sceleribus iter.*  
Strike, and strike home, where wrong is offered thee;  
For evils unto ills conductors be,  
And death's the worst of resolution.  
For he that thinks with patience to contend ... [III.13.10]  
To quiet life, his life shall easily end. --  
*Fata si miseros juvant, habes salutem;*  
*Fata si vitam negant, habes sepulchrum:*  
If destiny thy miseries do ease,  
Then hast thou health, and happy shalt thou be:  
If destiny deny thee life, Hieronimo,  
Yet shalt thou be 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, ... [III.13.20]  
But how? not as the vulgar wits of men,  
With open, but inevitable ills,  
As by a secret, yet a certain mean,  
Which under kind-ship 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, ... [III.13.30]  
Not seeming that I know their villainies,  
That my simplicity may make them think  
That ignorantly I will let all slip:  
For ignorance, I wot, and well they know,

*Remedium malorum iners est.*

Nor ought avails it me to menace them  
Who, as a wintry storm upon a plain,  
Will bear me down with their nobility.  
No, no, Hieronimo, thou must enjoin  
Thine eyes to observation, and thy tongue ... [III.13.40]  
To milder speeches than thy spirit affords;  
Thy heart to patience and thy hands to rest,  
Thy Cap to courtesy, and thy knee to bow,  
Til to revenge thou know when, where, and how. [*A noise within.*]  
How now, what noise? What coil is that you keep? [*Enter a Servant.*]

SERVANT: Here are a sort of poor Petitioners,  
That are importunate, and it shall please you, sir,  
That you should plead their cases to the King.

HIERONIMO: That I should plead their several actions?  
Why, let them enter, and let me see them. ... [III.13.50]  
[*Enter three Citizens, and an old Man.*]

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

HIERONIMO: Come near, you men, that thus importune me. --  
[*Aside.*] Now must I bear a face of gravity,  
For thus I used, before my Marshalship,  
To plead in causes as Corregidor. --  
Come on, sirs, what's the matter?

2 CITIZEN: ~~~ Sir, an action.

HIERONIMO: Of Battery?

1 CITIZEN: ~~~ Mine of Debt.

HIERONIMO: ~~~~~ Give place. ... [III.13.60]

2 CITIZEN: No, sir, mine is an action of the Case.

3 CITIZEN: Mine an *Ejectione firmæ* by a Lease.

HIERONIMO: Content you, sirs; are you determined  
That I should plead your several actions?

1 CITIZEN: Aye, sir, and here's my declaration.

2 CITIZEN: And here is my bond.

3 CITIZEN: ~~~ And here is my lease. [*They give him papers.*]

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

SENEX: Oh worthy sir, my cause, but slightly known, ... [III.13.70]  
May move the hearts of warlike Myrmidons,  
And melt the Corsic rocks with ruthful tears.

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

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

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

SENEX: Aye, sir.

HIERONIMO: ~~~ No, sir, it was my murdered son, ... [III.13.80]  
Oh my son, my son, Oh 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.*]  
Oh no, not this; Horatio, this was thine;  
And when I dyed it in thy dearest blood,  
This was a token twixt thy soul and me,  
That of thy death revenged I should be.  
But here, take this, and this -- what, my purse? -- ... [III.13.90]  
Aye this, and that, and all of them are thine;  
For all as one are our extremities.

1 CITIZEN: Oh, see the kindness of Hieronimo.

2 CITIZEN: This gentleness shows him a gentleman.

HIERONIMO: See, see, oh see thy shame, Hieronimo;  
See here a loving father to his son:  
Behold the sorrows and the sad laments  
That he delivereth for his son's decease.  
If love's effects so strives in lesser things,  
If love enforce such moods in meaner wits, ... [III.13.100]  
If love express such power in poor estates;  
Hieronimo, when, as a raging Sea,  
Tossed with the wind and tide, o'erturnest then  
The upper billows' course of waves to keep,  
Whilst lesser waters labor in the deep:  
Then shamest thou not, Hieronimo, to neglect  
The sweet revenge of thy Horatio?  
Though on this earth justice will not be found,  
I'll down to hell, and in this passion  
Knock at the dismal gates of Pluto's court, ... [III.13.110]  
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,  
Til we do gain that Proserpine may grant  
Revenge on them that murdered my son. ... [III.13.120]  
Then will I rent and tear them, thus, and thus,  
Shivering their limbs in pieces with my teeth. [*Tear the Papers.*]

1 CITIZEN: Oh sir, my declaration. [*Exit Hieronimo, and they after.*]

2 CITIZEN: Save my bond.  
[*Enter Hieronimo.*]

2 CITIZEN: ~~~ Save my bond.

3 CITIZEN: Alas, my lease, it cost me ten pound,  
And you, my Lord, have torn the same.

HIERONIMO: That cannot be, I gave it never a wound;  
Show me one drop of blood fall from the same:  
How is it possible I should slay it then? ... [III.13.130]  
Tush, no; run after, catch me if you can.  
[*Exeunt all but the old man. Bazulto remains til Hieronimo enters again, who, staring him the face, speaks.*]

HIERONIMO: And art thou come, Horatio, from the depth,  
To ask for justice in this upper earth,  
To tell thy father thou art unrevenge'd,  
To wring more tears from Isabella's eyes,  
Whose lights are dimmed with over-long laments?  
Go back, my son, complain to Aecus;  
For here's no justice; gentle boy, be gone,  
For justice is exiled from the earth:  
Hieronimo will bear thee company. ... [III.13.140]  
Thy mother cries on righteous *Rhadamanth*  
For just revenge against the murderers.

SENEX: Alas, my Lord, whence springs this troubled speech?

HIERONIMO: But let me look on my Horatio.  
Sweet boy, how art thou changed in death's black shade.  
Had Proserpine no pity on thy youth,  
But suffered thy fair crimson-colored spring  
With withered winter to be blasted thus?  
Horatio, thou art older than thy father:  
Ah, ruthless fate, that favor thus transforms. ... [III.13.150]

BAZULTO: Ah, my good Lord, I am not your young son.

HIERONIMO: What, not my son? thou then a fury art,  
Sent from the empty Kingdom of black night,  
To summon me to make appearance  
Before grim Minos and just Rhadamanth,  
To plague Hieronimo, that is remiss,  
And seeks not vengeance for Horatio's death.

BAZULTO: I am a grieved man, and not a Ghost,  
That came for justice for my murdered son.

HIERONIMO: Aye, now I know thee, now thou namest thy son; ... [III.13.160]  
Thou art the lively image of my grief;  
Within thy face, my sorrows I may see.  
Thy eyes are gummed with tears, thy cheeks are wan,  
Thy forehead troubled, and thy mutt'ring lips  
Murmur sad words abruptly broken off  
By force of windy sighs thy spirit breathes;  
And all this sorrow riseth for thy son;  
And self-same sorrow feel I for my son.  
Come in, old man, thou shalt to Isabel;  
Lean on my arm; I thee, thou me, shalt stay, ... [III.13.170]  
And thou, and I and she will sing a song,

Three parts in one, but all of discords framed: --  
Talk not of cords, but let us now be gone,  
For with a cord Horatio was slain. [*Exeunt.*]

**Scene III.14: Presumably at or near the royal palace**

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

KING: Go, Brother, it is the Duke of Castile's cause;  
Salute the Viceroy in our name.

CASTILE: ~~~ I go.

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

DON PEDRO: ~~~ It shall be so.

KING: And now to meet these Portuguese:  
For, as we now are, so sometimes were these,  
Kings and commanders of the western Indies.  
Welcome, brave Viceroy, to the Court of Spain,  
And welcome all his honorable train:  
Tis not unknown to us for why you come, ... [III.14.10]  
Or have so kingly crossed the seas.  
Sufficeth it, in this we note the troth  
And more than common love you lend to us.  
So is it that mine honorable Niece  
(For it beseems us now that it be known)  
Already is betrothed to Balthazar:  
And by appointment and our condescent  
Tomorrow are they to be married.  
To this intent we entertain thyself,  
Thy followers, their pleasure, and our peace. ... [III.14.20]  
Speak, men of Portingale, shall it be so?  
If aye, say so; if not, say flatly no.

VICEROY: Renowned King, I come not, as thou thinkst,  
With such doubtful followers, unresolved men,  
But such as have upon thine articles  
Confirmed thy motion, and contented me.  
Know, Sovereign, I come to solemnize  
The marriage of thy beloved Niece,  
Fair Bel-imperia, with my Balthazar,  
With thee, my son; whom sith I live to see, ... [III.14.30]  
Here take my crown, I give it her and thee;

And let me live a solitary life,  
In ceaseless prayers,  
To think how strangely heaven hath thee preserved.

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

VICEROY: Or here, or where your Highness thinks it good.  
[*Exeunt all but Castile and Lorenzo.*]

CASTILE: Nay, stay, Lorenzo, let me talk with you. ... [III.14.40]  
See'st thou this entertainment of these Kings?

LORENZO: I do, my Lord, and joy to see the same.

CASTILE: And knowest thou why this meeting is?

LORENZO: For her, my Lord, whom Balthazar doth love,  
And to confirm their promised marriage.

CASTILE: She is thy Sister?

LORENZO: ~~~ Who, Bel-imperia? Aye,  
My gracious Lord, and this is the day  
That I have longed so happily to see.

CASTILE: Thou wouldst be loath that any fault of thine  
Should intercept her in her happiness? ... [III.14.50]

LORENZO: Heavens will not let Lorenzo err so much.

CASTILE: Why then, Lorenzo, listen to my words:  
It is suspected, and reported too,  
That thou, Lorenzo, wrongst Hieronimo,  
And in his suits towards his Majesty  
Still keepst him back and seeks to cross his suit.

LORENZO: That I, my Lord?

CASTILE: I tell thee, son, myself have heard it said,  
When (to my sorrow) I have been ashamed  
To answer for thee, though thou art my son. ... [III.14.60]  
Lorenzo, knowest thou not the common love  
And kindness that Hieronimo hath won

By his deserts within the Court of Spain?  
Or see'st thou not the King my brother's care  
In his behalf, and to procure his health?  
Lorenzo, shouldst thou thwart his passions,  
And he exclaim against thee to the King,  
What honor were't in this assembly,  
Or what a scandal were't among the Kings,  
To hear Hieronimo exclaim on thee? ... [III.14.70]  
Tell me, and look thou tell me truly too,  
Whence grows the ground of this report in Court?

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

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

LORENZO: Yourself, my Lord, hath seen his passions,  
That ill beseemed the presence of a King; ... [III.14.80]  
And for I pitied him in his distress,  
I held him thence with kind and courteous words,  
As free from malice to Hieronimo  
As to my soul, my Lord.

CASTILE: Hieronimo, my son, mistakes thee then.

LORENZO: My gracious father, believe me, so he doth.  
But what's a silly man, distract in mind,  
To think upon the murder of his son?  
Alas, how easy is it for him to err.  
But for his satisfaction and the world's, ... [III.14.90]  
'Twere good, my Lord, that Hieronimo and I  
Were reconciled, if he misconster me.

CASTILE: Lorenzo, thou hast said; it shall be so.  
Go one of you, and call Hieronimo. [*Enter Balthazar and Bel-imperia.*]

BALTHAZAR: Come, Bel-imperia, Balthazar's content,  
My sorrow's ease and sovereign of my bliss,  
Sith heaven hath ordained thee to be mine:  
Disperse those clouds and melancholy looks,  
And clear them up with those thy sun-bright eyes,  
Wherein my hope and heaven's fair beauty lies. ... [III.14.100]

BEL-IMPERIA: My looks, my Lord, are fitting for my love,  
Which, new-begun, can show no brighter yet.

BALTHAZAR: New-kindled flames should burn as morning sun.

BEL-IMPERIA: But not too fast, lest heat and all be done.  
I see my Lord, my father.

BALTHAZAR: ~~~ Truce, my love;  
I will go salute him.

CASTILE: ~~~ Welcome, Balthazar,  
Welcome, brave Prince, the pledge of Castile's peace.  
And welcome, Bel-imperia. How now, girl?  
Why comest thou sadly to salute us thus?  
Content thyself, for I am satisfied: ... [III.14.110]  
It is not now as when Andrea lived;  
We have forgotten and forgiven that,  
And thou art graced with a happier Love.  
But, Balthazar, here comes Hieronimo;  
I'll have a word with him. [*Enter Hieronimo and a Servant.*]

HIERONIMO: And where's the Duke?

SERVANT: ~~~ Yonder.

HIERONIMO: ~~~~~ Even so. --  
What new device have they devised, trow?  
Pocas Palabras, mild as the Lamb:  
Is't I will be revenged? no, I am not the man.

CASTILE: Welcome, Hieronimo. ... [III.14.120]

LORENZO: Welcome, Hieronimo.

BALTHAZAR: Welcome, Hieronimo.

HIERONIMO: My Lords, I thank you for Horatio.

CASTILE: Hieronimo, the reason that I sent  
To speak with you, is this:

HIERONIMO: ~~~ What, so short?  
Then I'll be gone, I thank you for't.

CASTILE: Nay, stay, Hieronimo -- go call him, son.

LORENZO: Hieronimo, my father craves a word with you.

HIERONIMO: With me, sir? why my Lord, I thought you had done.

LORENZO: No; would he had.

CASTILE: ~~~ Hieronimo, I hear ... [III.14.130]  
You find yourself aggrieved at my son,  
Because you have not access unto the King;  
And say tis he that intercepts your suits.

HIERONIMO: Why, is not this a miserable thing, my Lord?

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

HIERONIMO: Your son Lorenzo? whom, my noble Lord?  
The hope of Spain, mine honorable friend? ... [III.14.140]  
Grant me the combat of them if they dare:  
[*Draws out his sword.*]  
I'll meet him face-to-face, to tell me so.  
These be the scandalous reports of such  
As love not me, and hate my Lord too much.  
Should I suspect Lorenzo would prevent  
Or cross my suit, that loved my son so well?  
My Lord, I am ashamed it should be said.

LORENZO: Hieronimo, I never gave you cause.

HIERONIMO: My good Lord, I know you did not.

CASTILE: ~~~ There then pause;  
And for the satisfaction of the world, ... [III.14.150]  
Hieronimo, frequent my homely house,  
The Duke of Castile, Cyprian's ancient seat;  
And when thou wilt, use me, my son, and it:  
But here, before Prince Balthazar and me,  
Embrace each other, and be perfect friends.

HIERONIMO: Aye, 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, ... [III.14.160]  
And men may think what we imagine not.

BALTHAZAR: Why, this is friendly done, Hieronimo.

LORENZO: And that, I hope, old grudges are forgot.

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

CASTILE: Come on, Hieronimo, at my request:  
Let us entreat your company today. [*Exeunt.*]

HIERONIMO: Your Lordship's to command. Pah: keep your way:  
*Chi mi fa piu carezze che non suole,*  
*Tradito mi ha, o tradir mi voule.* [*Exit.*]

### Scene III.15

[*Enter Ghost and Revenge.*]

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

REVENGE: ~~~ Awake? for why?

GHOST: Awake, Revenge; for thou art ill-advised  
To sleep away what thou art warned to watch.

REVENGE: Content thyself, and do not trouble me. ... [III.15.10]

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

REVENGE: Thus worldlings ground, what they have dreamed, upon.  
Content thyself, Andrea; though I sleep,  
Yet is my mood soliciting their souls.  
Sufficeth thee that poor Hieronimo  
Cannot forget his son Horatio. ... [III.15.20]  
Nor dies Revenge, although he sleep awhile;

For in unquiet quietness is feigned  
And slumb'ring is a common worldly wile.  
Behold, Andrea, for an instance, how  
Revenge hath slept, and then imagine thou  
What tis to be subject to destiny. [*Enter a Dumb Show.*]

GHOST: Awake, Revenge; reveal this mystery.

REVENGE: The two first, the nuptial torches bore  
As brightly burning as the mid-day's sun;  
But after them doth Hymen hie as fast, ... [III.15.30]  
Clothed in Sable and a Saffron robe,  
And blows them out, and quencheth them with blood,  
As discontent that things continue so.

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

REVENGE: Then argue not, for thou hast thy request. [*Exeunt.*]

## ACT IV

**Scene IV.1: Perhaps a room in the palace of Don Cyprian**  
[*Enter Bel-imperia and Hieronimo.*]

BEL-IMPERIA: Is this the love thou bearest Horatio?  
Is this the kindness that thou counterfeitst?  
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.  
Oh unkind father, oh deceitful world,  
With what excuses canst thou show thyself,  
With what dishonor and the hate of men,  
From this dishonor and the hate of men? ... [IV.1.10]  
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,  
But monstrous Fathers to forget so soon

The death of those, whom they with care and cost  
Have tendered so, thus careless should be lost. ... [IV.1.20]  
Myself a stranger in respect of thee,  
So loved his life, as still I wish their deaths.  
Nor shall his death be unrevenged by me,  
Although I bear it out for fashion's sake:  
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.

HIERONIMO: But may it be that Bel-imperia ... [IV.1.30]  
Vows such revenge as she hath deigned 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.  
Pardon, O pardon, Bel-imperia,  
My fear and care in not believing it;  
Nor think I thoughtless think upon a mean ... [IV.1.40]  
To let his death be unrevenged at full:  
And here I vow -- so you but give consent,  
And will conceal my resolution --  
I will ere long determine of their deaths  
That causeless thus have murdered my son.

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

HIERONIMO: On then; whatsoever I devise,  
Let me entreat you, grace my practices: ... [IV.1.50]  
For why the plot's already in mine head.  
Here they are. [*Enter Balthazar and Lorenzo.*]

BALTHAZAR: How now, Hieronimo? what, courting Bel-imperia?

HIERONIMO: Aye, my Lord; such courting as, I promise you,  
She hath my heart, but you, my Lord, have hers.

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

HIERONIMO: ~~~ My help?  
Why, my good Lords, assure yourselves of me;  
For you have given me cause; aye, by my faith, have you.

BALTHAZAR: It pleased you, at the entertainment  
~~~ of the Ambassador, ... [IV.1.60]  
To grace the King so much as with a show:
Now, were your study so well furnished,
As for the passing of the first night's sport
To entertain my father with the like,
Or any such-like pleasing motion,
Assure yourself, it would content them well.

HIERONIMO: Is this all?

BALTHAZAR: Aye, this is all.

HIERONIMO: Why then, I'll fit you; say no more.
When I was young, I gave my mind ... [IV.1.70]
And plied myself to fruitless Poetry;
Which though it profit the professor naught,
Yet is it passing pleasing to the world.

LORENZO: And how for that?

HIERONIMO: ~~~ Marry, my good Lord, thus:
(And yet, methinks, you are too quick with us): --
When in Toledo there I studied,
It was my chance to write a Tragedy,
See here, my Lords -- [*He shows them a book.*]
Which, long forgot, I found this other day.
Now would your Lordships favor me so much ... [IV.1.80]
As but to grace me with your acting it --
I mean each one of you to play a part --
Assure you it will prove most passing strange,
And wondrous plausible to that assembly.

BALTHAZAR: What, would you have us play a Tragedy?

HIERONIMO: Why, Nero thought it no disparagement,
And Kings and Emperors have ta'en delight
To make experience of their wits in plays.

LORENZO: Nay, be not angry, good Hieronimo;
The Prince but asked a question. ... [IV.1.90]

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

LORENZO: And I, another.

HIERONIMO: Now, my good Lord, could you entreat
Your sister Bel-imperia to make one?
For what's a play without a woman in it?

BEL-IMPERIA: Little entreaty shall serve me, Hieronimo;
For I must needs be employed in your play.

HIERONIMO: Why this is well: I tell you, Lordings,
It was determined to have been acted ... [IV.1.100]
By Gentlemen and scholars too,
Such as could tell what to speak.

BALTHAZAR: And now it shall be played by Princes and Courtiers,
Such as can tell how to speak:
If, as it is our Country manner,
You will but let us know the Argument.

HIERONIMO: That shall I roundly. *The Chronicles of Spain*
Record this written of a Knight of Rhodes:
He was betrothed, and wedded at the length,
To one Perseda, an Italian Dame, ... [IV.1.110]
Whose beauty ravished all that her beheld,
Especially the soul of Soliman,
Who at the marriage was the chiefest guest.
By sundry means sought Soliman to win
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, ... [IV.1.120]
Whom presently by treachery he slew.
She, stirred with an exceeding hate therefore,
As cause of this, slew Soliman,
And, to escape the Bashaw's tyranny,
Did stab herself, and this the Tragedy.

LORENZO: Oh excellent!

BEL-IMPERIA: ~~~ But say, Hieronimo,
What then became of him that was the Bashaw?

HIERONIMO: Marry, thus:
Moved with remorse of his misdeeds,
Ran to a mountain-top, and hung himself. ... [IV.1.130]

BALTHAZAR: But which of us is to perform that part?

HIERONIMO: Oh, that will I, my Lords, make no doubt of it:
I'll play the murderer, I warrant you;
For I have already conceited that.

BALTHAZAR: And what shall I?

HIERONIMO: Great Soliman, the Turkish Emperor.

LORENZO: And I?

HIERONIMO: ~~~ Erastus, the Knight of Rhodes.

BEL-IMPERIA: And I?

HIERONIMO: Perseda, chaste and resolute. --
And here, my Lords, are several abstracts drawn, ... [IV.1.140]
For each of you to note your parts,
And act it, as occasion's offered you.
You must provide a Turkish cap,
A black mustachio, and a Falchion; [*Gives a paper to Balthazar.*]
You, with a Cross, like to a Knight of Rhodes;
[*Gives another to Lorenzo.*]
And Madam, you must attire yourself,
[*He giveth 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, ... [IV.1.150]
So furnish and perform this Tragedy,
As all the world shall say, Hieronimo
Was liberal in gracing of it so.

BALTHAZAR: Hieronimo, methinks a Comedy were better.

HIERONIMO: A Comedy?
Fie, Comedies are fit for common wits:
But to present a Kingly troop withal,
Give me a stately-written Tragedy;
Tragedia cothurnata, fitting Kings,
Containing matter, and not common things. ... [IV.1.160]

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

LORENZO: And well it may; for I have seen the like
In Paris, mongst the French Tragedians.

HIERONIMO: In Paris? Mass, and well remembered.
There's one thing more that rests for us to do.

BALTHAZAR: What's that, Hieronimo? Forget not anything. ... [IV.1.170]

HIERONIMO: Each one of us must act his part
In unknown languages,
That it may breed the more variety:
As you, my Lord, in Latin, I in Greek,
You in Italian, and for because I know
That Bel-imperia hath practiced the French,
In courtly French shall all her phrases be.

BEL-IMPERIA: You mean to try my cunning then, Hieronimo?

BALTHAZAR: But this will be a mere confusion,
And hardly shall we all be understood. ... [IV.1.180]

HIERONIMO: It must be so; for the conclusion
Shall prove the intention, 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.

BALTHAZAR: How like you this?

LORENZO: Why, thus my Lord, we must resolve ... [IV.1.190]
To soothe his humors up.

BALTHAZAR: On then, Hieronimo; farewell til soon.

HIERONIMO: You'll ply this gear?

LORENZO: ~~~ I warrant you. [Exeunt all but Hieronimo.]

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

Scene IV.2: Hieronimo's garden

[*Enter Isabella with a weapon.*]

ISABELLA: Tell me no more: -- oh monstrous homicides.
Since neither piety nor pity moves
The King to justice or compassion,
I will revenge myself upon this place,
Where thus they murdered my beloved son.
[*She cuts down the arbor.*]
Down with these branches and these loathsome boughs
Of this unfortunate and fatal pine:
Down with them, Isabella; rent them up,
And burn the roots from whence the rest is sprung.
I will not leave a root, a stalk, a tree, ... [IV.2.10]
A bough, a branch, a blossom, nor a leaf.
No, not an herb within this garden-plot.
Accursed complot of my misery.
Fruitless forever may this garden be,
Barren the earth, and blissless whosoe'er
Imagines not to keep it unmanured.
An Eastern wind, comixed 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, ... [IV.2.20]
Shall stand aloof, and looking at it, tell:
'There, murdered, died the son of Isabel.'
Aye, 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 excused
Thy negligence in pursuit of their deaths ... [IV.2.30]
Whose hateful wrath bereaved him of his breath.
Ah nay, thou doest delay their deaths,
Forgives the murderers of thy noble son,
And none but I bestir me -- to no end.
And as I curse this tree from further fruit,
So shall my womb be cursed for his sake;

And with this weapon will I wound the breast,
The hapless breast, that gave Horatio suck. [*She stabs herself.*]

Scene IV.3: A hall in Don Cyprian's palace

[*Enter Hieronimo; he knocks up the curtain. Enter the Duke of Castile.*]

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

HIERONIMO: Oh sir, it is for the author's credit,
To look that all things may go well.
But, good my Lord, let me entreat your grace
To give the King the copy of the play:
This is the argument of what we show.

CASTILE: I will, Hieronimo.

HIERONIMO: One thing more, my good Lord.

CASTILE: What's that?

HIERONIMO: ~~~ Let me entreat your grace ... [IV.3.10]
That, when the train are passed into the gallery,
You would vouchsafe to throw me down the key.

CASTILE: I will, Hieronimo. [*Exit Castile.*]

HIERONIMO: What, are you ready, Balthazar?
Bring a chair and a cushion for the King. [*Enter Balthazar with a chair.*]
Well done, Balthazar, Hang up the Title:
Our scene is Rhodes: -- what, is your beard on?

BALTHAZAR: Half on; the other is in my hand.

HIERONIMO: Dispatch, for shame; are you so long? ... [IV.3.20]
[*Exit Balthazar.*]

Bethink thyself, Hieronimo,
Recall thy wits, recompt thy former wrongs
Thou hast received by murder of thy son.
And lastly, not the least, how Isabel,
Once his mother and thy dearest wife,
All woe-begone for him, hath slain herself.
Behooves thee then, Hieronimo, to be revenged.
The plot is laid of dire revenge:
On, then, Hieronimo, pursue revenge,
For nothing wants but acting of revenge. [*Exit Hieronimo.*]

Scene IV.4: The same

[Enter Spanish King, Viceroy, Duke of Castile, and their train.]

KING; Now, Viceroy, shall we see the Tragedy
Of Soliman, the Turkish Emperor,
Performed of pleasure by your Son the Prince,
My Nephew Don Lorenzo, and my Niece?

VICEROY: Who? Bel-imperia?

KING: Aye, and Hieronimo our Marshal,
At whose request they deign to do't themselves.
These be our pastimes in the Court of Spain:
Here, brother, you shall be the bookkeeper:
This is the argument of that they show. *[He giveth him a book.]*

[In the following passages, elements of the play are indented and marked by quotation marks, ed. supplied. Boas shows this text in italics.]

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. ... [IV.4.10]

[Enter Balthazar, Bel-imperia and Hieronimo.]

BALTHAZAR: 'Bashaw, that Rhodes is ours, yield heavens the honor,
And holy Mahomet, our sacred Prophet:
And be thou graced with every excellence
That Soliman can give, or thou desire.
But thy desert in conquering Rhodes is less
Than in reserving this fair Christian Nymph,
Perseda, blissful lamp of Excellence,
Whose eyes compel, like powerful Adamant,
The warlike heart of Soliman to wait.'

KING: See, Viceroy, that is Balthazar, your son, ... [IV.4.20]
That represents the Emperor Soliman:
How well he acts his amorous passion.

VICEROY: Aye, Bel-imperia hath taught him that.

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

HIERONIMO: 'Whatever joy earth yields, betide your Majesty.'

BALTHAZAR: 'Earth yields no joy without Perseda's love.'

HIERONIMO: 'Let then Perseda on your grace attend.'

BALTHAZAR: 'She shall not wait on me, but I on her:
Drawn by the influence of her lights, I yield.
But let my friend, the Rhodian Knight, come forth, ... [IV.4.30]
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-IMPERIA: 'Ah, my Erasto, welcome to Perseda.'

LORENZO: 'Thrice happy is Erasto that thou livest;
Rhodes' loss is nothing to Erasto's joy:
Sith his Perseda lives, his life survives.'

BALTHAZAR: 'Ah, Bashaw, here is love betwixt Erasto
And fair Perseda, sovereign of my soul.' ... [IV.4.40]

HIERONIMO: 'Remove Erasto, mighty Soliman,
And then Perseda will be quickly won.'

BALTHAZAR: 'Erasto is my friend; and while he lives,
Perseda never will remove her love.'

HIERONIMO: 'Let not Erasto live to grieve great Soliman.'

BALTHAZAR: 'Dear is Erasto in our princely eye.'

HIERONIMO: 'But if he be your rival, let him die.'

BALTHAZAR: 'Why, let him die; so love commandeth me,
Yet grieve I that Erasto should so die.'

HIERONIMO: 'Erasto, Soliman saluteth thee, ... [IV.4.50]
And lets thee wit by me his highness' will,
Which is, thou shouldest be thus employed.' [*Stab him.*]

BEL-IMPERIA: 'Aye, me, Erasto; see, Soliman: Erasto's slain.'

BALTHAZAR: 'Yet liveth Soliman to comfort thee.
Fair Queen of beauty, let not favor die,
But with a gracious eye behold his grief,
That with Perseda's beauty is increased,
If by Perseda his grief be not released.'

BEL-IMPERIA: 'Tyrant, desist soliciting vain suits;
Relentless are mine ears to thy laments, ... [IV.4.60]
As thy butcher is pitiless and base,
Which seized on my Erasto, harmless Knight.
Yet by thy power thou thinkest to command,
And to thy power Perseda doth obey:
But, were she able, thus she would revenge
Thy treacheries on thee, ignoble Prince: [*Stab him.*]
And on herself she would be thus revenged.' [*Stabs herself.*]

KING: Well said. -- Old Marshal, this was bravely done.

HIERONIMO: But Bel-imperia plays Perseda well.

VICEROY: Were this in earnest, Bel-imperia, ... [IV.4.70]
You would be better to my Son than so.

KING: But now what follows for Hieronimo?

HIERONIMO: Marry, this follows for Hieronimo:
Here break we off our sundry languages,
And thus conclude I in our vulgar tongue.
Happily you think -- but bootless are your thoughts --
That this is fabulously counterfeit,
And that we do as all Tragedians do:
To die today for fashioning our Scene --
The death of Ajax or some Roman peer -- ... [IV.4.80]
And in a minute starting up again,
Revive to please tomorrow's audience.
No, Princes; know I am Hieronimo,
The hopeless father of a hapless Son,
Whose tongue is tuned to tell his latest tale,
Not to excuse gross errors in the play.
I see your looks urge instance of these words;
Behold the reason urging me to this: [*Shows his dead son.*]
See here my show, look on this spectacle:
Here lay my hope, and here my hope hath end: ... [IV.4.90]
Here lay my heart, and here my heart was slain:
Here lay my treasure, here my treasure lost:
Here lay my bliss, and here my bliss bereft:
But hope, heart, treasure, joy and bliss,
All fled, failed, died, yea, all decayed with this.
From forth these wounds came breath that gave me life;
They murdered me that made these fatal marks.
The cause was love, whence grew this mortal hate;
The hate: Lorenzo and young Balthazar:

The love: my son to Bel-imperia. ... [IV.4.100]
But night, the coverer of accursed crimes,
With pitchy silence hushed these traitors' harms,
And lent them leave, for they had sorted leisure
To take advantage in my Garden-plot
Upon my Son, my dear Horatio:
There merciless they butchered up my boy,
In black dark night, to pale dim, cruel death.
He shrieks: I heard, and yet, methinks, I hear
His dismal out-cry echo in the air.
With soonest speed I hasted to the noise, ... [IV.4.110]
Where hanging on a tree I found my son,
Through-girt with wounds, and slaughtered as you see.
And grieved I (think you) at this spectacle?
Speak, Portuguese, whose loss resembles mine:
If thou canst weep upon thy Balthazar,
Tis like I wailed for my Horatio.
And you, my L[ord], whose reconciled son
Marched in a net, and thought himself unseen,
And rated me for brain-sick lunacy,
With 'God amend that mad Hieronimo,' ... [IV.4.120]
How can you brook our play's Catastrophe?
And here behold this bloody handkercher,
Which at Horatio's death I weeping dipped
Within the river of his bleeding wounds.
It is propitious, see, I have reserved,
And never hath it left my bloody heart,
Soliciting remembrance of my vow
With these, Oh, these accursed murderers:
Which, now performed, my heart is satisfied.
And to this end the Bashaw I became,
That might revenge me on Lorenzo's life, ... [IV.4.130]
Who therefore was appointed to the part,
And was to represent the Knight of Rhodes,
That I might kill him more conveniently.
So, Viceroy, was thus Balthazar, thy Son,
That Soliman which Bel-imperia,
In person of Perseda, murdered:
Solely appointed to that tragic part
That she might slay him that offended her.
Poor Bel-imperia missed her part in this, ... [IV.4.140]
For though the story saith she should have died,
Yet I of kindness, and of care to her,
Did otherwise determine of her end;
But love of him, whom they did hate too much
Did urge her resolution to be such.

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. ... [IV.4.150]
And, Gentles, thus I end my play;
Urge no more words, I have no more to say.
[He runs to hang himself.]

KING: Oh hearken, Viceroy -- hold, Hieronimo.
Brother, my Nephew and thy son are slain.

VICEROY: We are betrayed; 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 honor, thou shalt have no harm.

HIERONIMO: Viceroy, I will not trust thee with my life,
Which I this day have offered to my son. ... [IV.4.160]
Accused wretch,
Why stayest thou him that was resolved to die?

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

VICEROY: Why hast thou murdered my Balthazar?

CASTILE: Why hast thou butchered both my children thus?

HIERONIMO: Oh, good words: as dear to me was my Horatio,
As yours, or yours, or yours, my L[ord], to you,
My guiltless Son was by Lorenzo slain, ... [IV.4.170]
And by Lorenzo and that Balthazar
Am I at last revenged thoroughly,
Upon whose souls may heavens be yet avenged
With greater far than these afflictions.

CASTILE: But who were thy confederates in this?

VICEROY: That was thy daughter Bel-imperia;
For by her hand my Balthazar was slain;
I saw her stab him.

KING: ~~~ Why speakest thou not?

HIERONIMO: What lesser liberty can kings afford
Than harmless silence? then afford it me. ... [IV.4.180]
Sufficeth, I may not, nor I will not tell thee.

KING: Fetch forth the tortures
Traitor as thou art, I'll make thee tell.

HIERONIMO: Indeed thou mayest torment me, as his wretched Son
Hath done in murd'ring my Horatio:
But never shall thou force me to reveal
The thing which I have vowed inviolate.
And therefore, in despite of all thy threats,
Pleased with their deaths, and eased with their revenge,
First take my tongue, and afterwards my heart. ... [IV.4.190]

[5th Passage of Additions, from the Duke of Devonshire's quarto of 1602, replacing lines 168-90, but incorporating in transposed order 168-78 (... stab him) and 190 of the original text.]

HIERONIMO: But are you sure they are dead?

CASTILE: Aye, slave, too sure.

HIERONIMO: What, and yours too?

VICEROY: Aye, all are dead; not one of them survive.

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

VICEROY: Oh damned devil, how secure he is.

HIERONIMO: Secure? why doest thou wonder at it? ... [IV.4.9A]
I tell thee, Viceroy, this day I have seen revenge,
And in that sight am grown a prouder monarch
Than ever sat under the Crown of Spain.
Had I as many lives as there be Stars,
As many heavens to go to, as those lives,
I'd give them all, aye, and my soul to boot,
But I would see thee ride in this red pool.

CASTILE: Speak, who were thy confederates in this?

VICEROY: That was thy daughter Bel-imperia;
For by her hand my Balthazar was slain;
I saw her stab him.

HIERONIMO: Oh, good words: as dear to me was my Horatio,
As yours, or yours, or yours, my L[ord], to you,
My guiltless Son was by Lorenzo slain, ... [IV.4.170]
And by Lorenzo and that Balthazar
Am I at last revenged thoroughly,
Upon whose souls may heavens be yet avenged
With greater far than these afflictions.

[*End of changes.*]

HIERONIMO: Methinks, since I grew inward with Revenge, ... [IV.4.191]
I cannot look with scorn enough on Death.

KING: What, dost thou mock us, slave? Bring tortures forth.

HIERONIMO: Do, do, do; and meantime I'll torture you.
You had a Son (as I take it), and your Son
Should ha'e been married to your daughter: ha, wast not so?
You had a Son too, he was my Liege's Nephew;
He was proud and politic. Had he lived,
He might a come to wear the crown of Spain --
I thinke 'twas so: 'twas I that killed him; ... [IV.4.200]
Look you, this same hand 'twas it that stabbed
His heart -- do ye see? this hand --
For one Horatio, if you ever knew him:
A youth, one that they hanged up in his father's garden,
One that did force your valiant Son to yield,
While your more valiant Son did take him prisoner.

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

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

CASTILE: Roll all the world within thy pitchy cloud.

HIERONIMO: Now do I applaud what I have acted. ... [IV.4.210]
Nunc iners cadat manus.
Now to express the rapture of my part,
First take my tongue and afterwards my heart.
[*He bites out his tongue.*]

KING: Oh monstrous resolution of a wretch.
See, Viceroy, he hath bitten forth his tongue
Rather than to reveal what we required.

CASTILE: 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. ... [IV.4.220]
[Then he makes signs for a knife to mend his pen.]

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

VICEROY: Here, and advise thee that thou write the truth.

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 entombed, what e'er befall.
I am the next, the nearest, last of all. ... [IV.4.230]

VICEROY: And thou, Don Pedro, do the like for us:
Take up our hapless son, untimely slain:
Set me with him, and he with woeful me,
Upon the mainmast of a ship unmanned,
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 Portugal bearing the body of his son.]*

Scene IV.5: The same

[Enter Ghost and Revenge.]

GHOST: Aye, now my hopes have end in their effects,
When blood and sorrow finish my desires:
Horatio murdered in his Father's bower;
Vild Serberine by Pedringano slain;
False Pedringano hanged by quaint device;
Fair Isabella by herself misdome;

Prince Balthazar by Bel-imperia stabbed;
The Duke of Castile and his wicked Son
Both done to death by old Hieronimo,
My Bel-imperia fallen as Dido fell, ... [IV.5.10]
And good Hieronimo slain by himself:
Aye, 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 inured;
I'll lead fair Isabella to that train,
Where pity weeps, but never feeleth pain; ... [IV.5.20]
I'll lead my Bel-imperia to those joys
That vestal Virgins and fair Queens possess;
I'll lead Hieronimo where Orpheus plays,
Adding sweet pleasure to eternal days.
But say, Revenge, for thou must help or none,
Against the rest how shall my hate be shown?

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

GHOST: Then, sweet Revenge, do this at my request:
Let me be judge, and doom then to unrest; ... [IV.5.30]
Let loose poor Tityus from the Vulture's gripe,
And let Don Cyprian supply his room;
Place Don Lorenzo on Ixion's Wheel,
And let the lover's endless pains surcease
(Juno forgets old wrath and grants him ease);
Hang Balthazar about Chimera's neck,
And let him there bewail his bloody love,
Repining at our joys that are above;
Let Serberine go roll the fatal stone,
And take from Sisyphus his endless moan; ... [IV.5.40]
False Pedringano, for his treachery,
Let him be dragged through boiling Acheron,
And there live, dying still in endless flames,
Blaspheming Gods and all their holy names.

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

FINIS

APPENDIX I - GLOSSARY

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(FS = found in Shakespeare. NFS = not found in Shakespeare)

adamant (n): an alleged mineral, ascribed with the hard, unbreakable properties of a diamond; others ascribed to it properties of the lodestone or magnet. FS (3-1H6, MND, T&C); Golding Ovid; Kyd Sp Tr, Sol&Per; many others.

Aeacus: King of Aegina (kingdom of the Myrmidons), son of Jupiter; father of Peleus and Telamon. Became one of the three Judges of the dead in Tartarus. Cf. Golding Ovid; Kyd Sp Tr.

ambages (n): circumlocutions, beating about the bush. NFS. Cf. Kyd Sp Tr; (disp.) Sir John Oldcastle. OED contemp citations: 1567 Drant Horace Ep.; 1568 C. Watson Polybius To Reader; 1607 Dekker Wh. Babylon

ballace (n): ballast. NFS. Cf. Golding Ovid; Kyd Sp Tr.

ban (n, v): curse. FS (5-2H6, Lucrece, PP); Golding Ovid; Gascoigne Jocasta; 1555 Latimer Ser& Rem; Lyly Sapho; Kyd Sp Tr; (anon.) Lochrine, Arden; Marlowe Jew; Nashe Pierce Penniless; Munday Huntington.

Bashaw: Pasha. Cf. Kyd Sp Tr; Sol&Per.

bewray (v): reveal. FS (7); Golding Ovid; Brooke Romeus; Watson Hek; Edwards Dam&Pith; Gascoigne Jocasta; Greene Orl Fur, Fr Bacon, James IV, Pandosto, Maiden's Dream; Kyd Sp Tr, Sol&Per; Marlowe Massacre, Jew/Malta; (disp.) Oldcastle; Lyly Campaspe, Gallathea, Endymion, Midas, Bombie, Whip; Pasquil Return; (anon.) Marprelate; Lochrine, Ironside, Arden, Willobie, Penelope, Leic Gh.

blear/bleere (n): confuse, hoodwink. FS (Shrew); Golding Ovid; Brooke Romeus; Lyly Gallathea; Kyd Sp Tr; Nashe Summers.

boot (v, n): help. FS (many); Golding Ovid; Brooke Romeus; Sundrie Flowers; Robinson Delights; Kyd Sp Tr, Sol&Per; Greene G a G, Maiden's Dream; Lyly Bombie; Chettle Kind Hart; (anon.) Fam Vic, Willobie, LeicGh. **bootless** (a): helpless, useless. FS (22); Greene G a G, Orl Fur, Cony, ? Selimus; Kyd Sp Tr; many others

break/brake [one's mind] (v): discuss, disclose, reveal. FS (5-1H6, Errors, Ado, T&C, Mac); Golding Ovid; Oxford letter; Lyly Endymion, Bombie; Kyd Sp Tr; (anon.) Arden, Willobie; (disp.) Cromwell.

bug/bugg (n): bugbear, hobgoblin, bogey. FS (5-3H6, Ham, WT, Cymb, T&C); Golding Ovid; Edwards Dam&Pith; Kyd Sp Tr; Greene? Selimus; (anon.) Pasquil Countercuff, Apology; Arden; Nashe Penniless; Harvey Pierce's Super.

Charon/ferryman [across the river Styx] (n): (anon.) Arden. [Charon] FS (2-Rich3, T&C); Watson Hek; Gascoigne Jocasta; Greene Orl Fur; Marlowe T1; Kyd Sp Tr; Sidney Antony. Widely used image in Ren. literature.

cheer (n): provender, food. FS (20); Sundrie Flowers; Gascoigne Supposes; Lyly Campaspe, Sapho, Bombie; Kyd Sp Tr; Greene G a G, Fr Bac, James IV, Pandosto; Marlowe Faustus; (anon.) Nobody/Somebody, Arden; Nashe Valentines, Summers; Harvey Sonnet; (disp./Chettle) Greene's Groat; (disp.) Cromwell; Munday Huntington.

conceit (n): (1) intelligence, wit. FS (AsYou). (2) understanding, idea, imagination. FS (1H6, Errors, R&J, Ham, H8); Kyd Sp Tr; (anon.) Willobie, Dodypoll.

corregidor (n): Spanish magistrate; chief Justice or governor of a town. NFS. Cf. Kyd Sp Tr (1st OED citation).

corsive (n): corrosive. Cf. Kyd Sp Tr; (anon.) Ironside, Lochrine.

counterfeit (v): pretend, feign. FS (3-Errors, AsYou, Edw3); Golding Ovid; Gascoigne Supposes; Lyly Campaspe, Gallathea; Kyd Sp Tr, Sol&Per; (disp.) Greene's Groat; Nashe Absurdity; Harvey 4 Letters; Marston Malcontent.

countermured (a): double-walled. NFS. Cf. Kyd Sp Tr (1st OED citation).

dag (n): heavy pistol. NFS. Cf. Kyd Sp Tr.; (anon.) Arden.

descant (v): improvise on a theme. FS (3-Rich3, Lucrece, PP); Golding Calvin on Ps; Edwards Dam&Pith; Kyd Sp Tr; Harvey Pierce's Super

ding (v): hurl down. NFS. Cf. Golding Ovid; Kyd Sp Tr; (anon.) Willobie; Nashe Chr Tears; (disp.) Oldcastle. Other contemp citations: Lindesay (1565) Chron. Scot; Knox (1572): Hist. Ref.; Marston (1598) Pygmal; (1601): Pasquil & Kath. (iii. 4) He dings the pots about.

empyreal (a): possible reading of "imperial"; of or pertaining to the empyrean or highest heaven. Cf. Marlowe Faustus; possible reading of "imperial" in Kyd Sp Tr. OED cites: 1481 Caxton Myrr. iii. xxxii. 184 And that is called the heuen Imperyal.

enlarge (v): set free, expand (in speech). FS (1-JC): Watson Hek; Kyd Sp Tr; 1st OED citation: 1614 Raleigh Hist. World. Erichtho: Alecto, one of the Furies. FS (2H4); Kyd Sp Tr (Erichtho).

falchion (n): broad sword. FS (8); Golding Ovid; Gascoigne Supposes; Kyd Sp Tr; Greene Maiden's Dream; (anon.) Arden, Ironside.

favor (n): appearance, features. FS (many); Golding Ovid; Brooke Romeus; Lyly Campaspe, Sapho, Endymion, Bombie; Greene Cony; Kyd Sp Tr; (anon.) Arden, Weakest; (disp.) Oldcastle; Nashe Summers; Chapman Revenge.

fell (a): savage, cruel. FS (many); Golding Ovid; Brooke Romeus; Gascoigne Jocasta; Watson Hek, Tears; Kyd Sp Tr, Sol&Per; Marlowe Edw2; (anon) Locrine, Mucedorus, Woodstock, Penelope.

fetch (n): trick, stratagem. FS (1-Ham).Golding Ovid; Gascoigne Jocasta, Supposes; Kyd Sp Tr; Greene Fr Bacon; Nashe Summers; Chettle Kind Hart.

flint (n): flagstones. Cf. Kyd Sp Tr.

frollic (a): merry. FS (MND?); Lodge Wounds, Kyd Sp Tr; Lyly Midas; Marlowe Faustus; (disp.) Cromwell; (anon.) Mucedorus; Nashe Saffron; Chapman D'Olive.

froward (a): perverse, forward. FS (13); Golding Ovid; Kyd Sp Tr. Common.

gage (v): (1) pledge, engage. FS (1H4, MV, T&C); Kyd Sp Tr. (2) risk. FS (Lucrece).

gear/geere (n): (2) device, matter. FS (11); Golding Ovid, Abraham; Sundrie Flowers; Gascoigne Supposes;Edwards Dam&Pith; Lyly Sapho, Bombie; Marlowe T1, Edw2; Kyd Sp Tr; (disp.) Oldcastle; (anon.) Fam Vic; Munday Huntington. (3) clothes. FS (2-2H6, LLL); Golding Ovid; Brooke Romeus; Edwards Dam&Pith; Kyd Sp Tr.

guerdon (n, v): prize, recompense. FS (4-2H6, LLL, Ado, Edw3); Golding Ovid; Lyly Woman ... Moon; Lodge Wounds; Kyd Sp Tr; Marlowe Massacre; Nashe Summers; Munday Huntington; (anon.) Ironside, Leic Gh.

halberd (n): battle axe, mounted on a long pole. FS (2-3H6, Errors); (anon.) Kyd Sp Tr; Munday More.

halberdier (n): soldier armed with a halberd. NFS. Cf. Kyd Sp Tr; Pasquil Return.

hight (v): is/was called/named (v). FS (4-LLL, MND, Pericles); Golding Ovid, Abraham; Brooke Romeus; Watson Hek; Gascoigne Jocasta; Greene G a G, Alphonsus; Kyd Sp Tr; Peele Wives; Nashe Summers; (anon.) Leic Gh; Munday Huntington.

hugy (a): huge. FS (1-Edw3); Golding Ovid; Brooke Romeus, Gascoigne Jocasta; Kyd Sp Tr; Harvey poem/Shakerly; (anon.) Penelope.

imperial (a): Bevington reads the original to be "empyrean", pertaining to the highest heaven, the empyrean. Cf. Kyd Sp Tr. But also see entry for "empyrean".

leese (v): (1) lose, waste [time, life]. FS (1-Sonnet 5); Golding Ovid; Watson Hek; Edwards Dam&Pith; Gascoigne Supposes; Kyd Sp Tr; Greene Geo a Greene, ? Selimus.

lights (n): aura, expression of feelings. FS (Lucrece); Kyd Sp Tr.

martialist (n): person born under the influence of Mars, military man. FS (2-Edw3, TNK); Kyd Sp Tr; LylyWoman ... Moon.

meed (n): reward, prize. FS (19); Golding Ovid; Sundrie Flowers (Ever/Never); Kyd Sp Tr; Lyly Woman ...

Moon; Marlowe T1; (anon.) Arden; Nobody/Somebody.

Minos: son of Jupiter and Europa. One of the three Judges of the dead in Tartarus. Cf. Golding Ovid; Kyd Sp Tr.

moiety (n): half of two equal parts. FS (many); Kyd Sp Tr; (anon.) Nobody/Somebody.
Orpheus: musician whose singing could charm beasts, trees and rocks. Sailed with the Argonauts to Colchis. Journeyed to hell to rescue Eurydice. Torn apart by Maenads; his head, which had been thrown into the river Hebrus, floated still singing to the sea and was carried to Lesbos. FS (3-MV, H8, Lucrece); Kyd Sp Tr.

paunch (n): stab, wound in the paunch, disembowel. FS (1-Tempest); Golding Ovid; Kyd Sp Tr; Florio, Viscerare.

pocas palabras: few words. Cf. Kyd Sp Tr.

policy (n): trickery, cunning. FS (many); Golding Ovid; Gascoigne Supposes; Lyly Campaspe, Sapho, Endymion, Bombie; Kyd Sp Tr, Sol&Per; (anon.) Woodstock, Lochrine, Fam Vic, Ironside, Nobody, Leic Gh; Chettle Kind Hart. Wide contemp use. A major Shakespeare preoccupation, i.e.: 1H4: Neuer did base and rotten Policy / Colour her working with such deadly wounds.

puissant (a): powerful. FS (11); Golding Ovid; Marlowe T1; Kyd Sp Tr; (anon.) Woodstock, Mucedorus, Leic Gh; Nashe Unf Trav.

Rhadamanthus: Son of Jupiter and Europe. One of the three Judges of the dead in Tartarus. Cf. Golding Ovid; Kyd Sp Tr.

rounded (v): whispered or talk privately, mutter. FS (2-John, WT); Kyd Sp Tr.

strond (n): strand, grassy shoreline. FS (1H4); Golding Ovid; Kyd Sp Tr; (anon.) Lochrine.

title (n): title-board. Cf. Kyd Sp Tr.

toys (n): antics, games. FS (many); Golding Ovid, Abraham; Brooke Romeus; Gascoigne Jocasta, Supposes; Edwards Dam&Pith; Lyly Campaspe, Midas; Kyd Sp Tr; Marlowe T1, Edw2; Nashe Summers; (anon.) Willobie.

train (n, v): trap. FS (4-Errors, Rich3, Mac); Golding Ovid; Gascoigne Jocasta; Lyly Gallathea, Kyd Sp Tr, Sol&Per; Marlowe Edw2; Chettle Kind Hart; (disp.) Oldcastle; Spenser FQ; (anon.) Willobie, Penelope.

tucket (n) flourish of trumpets. Usually but not always a stage direction. FS (many); Kyd Sp Tr.

undelved (a): not dug-out. NFS. Cf. Golding Ovid; Kyd Sp Tr (1st OED citation).

viluppo (n): confusion. NFS. Cf. Kyd Sp Tr.

ward (v): stand guard. FS (3-Rich3, T&C, Titus); Golding Ovid; Kyd Sp Tr; Greene Fr Bac; Lyly Midas; (anon.) Arden, Willobie.

weed (n): clothing. FS (many); Golding Ovid; Kyd Sp Tr, Sol&Per; many others.

wight (n): living being. FS (8); Golding Ovid, Abraham; Oxford poem; Kyd Sp Tr; many others.

wit (v): inquire, discover. NFS. Cf. Golding Ovid; Kyd Sp Tr.

wot (v): know. FS (30); Golding Abraham; Kyd Sp Tr, Sol&Per; many others.

Glossary: Proper Names

Aecus, Minos, and Rhadamanth (sons of Jupiter) were the three judges of Tartarus. Some add that Aecus keeps the keys, imposes a toll, and checks the incoming ghosts. [See Robert Graves, *The Greek Myths*. Mount Kisco, N.Y.: Moyer Bell Ltd., 1988.]

Alcides: Hercules, one of whose labors was to bind Cerberus, the three-headed Hound of Hell.

Chimera: a fire-eating monster, part lion, part dragon, part goat.

Ixion: son of the Lapith king, who attempted to make love to Hera. In punishment he was bound to a fiery wheel which rolled ceaselessly throughout the sky. Ixion was the father of Perithous and of the Centaurs.

Marsyas: a fawn and flutist who challenged Apollo to a musical contest. The contest was decided in favor of Apollo, and Marsyas was flayed alive for his presumption. In a later contest Apollo defeated Pan the piper, only Midas voting for Pan. Midas was endowed with ass's ears for his lack of judgment. This myth is touched upon in Golding's *Ovid* and the story of Midas was a major element of John Lyly's play *Midas*.

Myrmidons: Aecus king of Oenone, whose citizens had been slain by plague and pestilence sent by Juno, asked Zeus to give him as many subjects as there were ants carrying grains of corn from a nearby sacred oak. That night Aecus dreamed that he saw a shower of ants falling from the oak; when he awoke his son Telamon called him to watch a host of men approaching, whose

faces he recognized from the dream. These new citizens (Myrmidons, ant-men), fought beside Achilles at Troy. [Graves, 66 e-g.]. Aecas later became one of the judges of Tartarus.

Sisyphus: king of Corinth, seduced his niece Tyro and falsely accused his brother of incest and of murdering Tyro's children. Known as a thief and liar who betrayed Zeus' secrets. Sentenced to roll a huge stone to the, summit of a hill, each time forced to start again as the stone rolled back down hill.

Tityus: son of Zeus, a giant who attempted to violate Leto, mother of Apollo. In Tartarus, Tityus was stretched out on the ground eternally, while two vultures ate his liver.

Glossary: Place Names

Acheron: a lake of fire in the underworld. Cf. Kyd Sp Tr, other Elizabethan drama, including Titus Andronicus, (anon.) Dr. Dodypoll and Willobie His Avis, with overtones recalling passages in Matthew and Revelations.

Avernus: lake near Naples, through which Aeneas descended to hell.

Erebus: A Thessalian sorceress; Bevington points out an apparent mistake by Andrea, who seems to be invoking one of the Furies. Erebus: primeval darkness; the name means covered pit.

Phlegethon: A fabled river of fire, one of the five rivers of Hades. NFS. Cf. Golding Ovid. OED cites Gower (1390) and Spenser FQ.

Terceira: one of the Portuguese Azores.

Stage Directions

2.2.18 [Balthazar and Lorenzo above.] Apparently the characters are placed above the main stage.

2.4.53 [They hang him [Horatio] in the arbor.] Apparently an arched arbor or trellis, adorned with leaves.

3.9 [Bel-imperia at a window] In a gallery over the main stage.

4.3 [Enter Hieronimo; he knocks up the curtain; Enter the Duke of Castile]. He puts up the curtain behind which Horatio's body will be concealed.

Translations (Bevington and Boas)

I.2.12-14: O multum dilecte Deo, tibi militat aether, Et conjuratae curvato poplite gentes Succumbunt; recti soror est victoria juris: 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 right.

[Bevington: derived from Claudian's De Tertio consulatu Honorii.]

I.2.55-56: *Pede pes et cuspidē cuspis, Arma sonant armis, vir petiturque viro:*
Foot against foot, lance against lance; arms clash on arms and man is assailed by man.
[Bevington: possible sources Statius, Virgil and Curtius.]

I.3.15-57: *Qui jacet in terra, non habet unde cadat. In me consumpsit vires fortuna nocendo: Nil superest ut iam possit obesse magis:* 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.
[Bevington: a medley from Alanus de Insulis, Seneca, and Kyd's invention.]

II.5.67-80: *O aliquis mihi quas pulchrum ver educat herbas ... Ne mortem vindicta tuam tam nulla sequatur:* Oh, may someone blend me the herbs that beauteous spring doth bear, and let our anguish be medicined; or let him proffer potions, if such there be that cause forgetfulness of the years. May I myself reap throughout the wide world whatever plants the sun's warmth brings forth to earthly realms of light. May I drink any poison the wise woman may prepare, and whatever herbs her incantation unites in occult power. Let me endure all, nay death also, if once for all may die all feeling in a heart that is dead. Nevermore, then, shall I see thy eyes, my life? And has an everlasting slumber buried thy light? With thee may I perish: so would I go into the shadows. But nevertheless I shall hold off from yielding speedily to death, lest then no vengeance follow thy death.
[Boas: This passage is a hodgepodge of tags from classical poetry and lines of Kyd's own composition.]

III.4.84-85: *E quel che voglio io, nessun lo sa: Intendo io: quel mi bastera:*
And what I desire none knows; I know, which is enough for me.

III.10.102: *Ed trumulo metui pavidum junxere timorem, Et vanum stolidae prodicionis opus.:*
And I feared to add dreadful alarm to a trembling man -- vain is the work of senseless treachery.
[Boas: another patchwork of Latin aphorisms.]

III.13.6: *Per scelus semper tutum est sceleribus iter:*
Crime's safest course leads ever through more crime.
[Boas: adapted from Seneca's *Agamemnon*.]

III.13.35: *remedium malorum iners est:* is an ideal remedy for ills [Boas: adapted from Seneca's *Oedipus*.]

III.13.62: *eiectione firmæ*": writ of ejection.

III.14.118: *Pocas palabras!*: few words.

III.14.168: *Chi mi fa piu carezze che non suole, Tradito mi ha, o tradir mi vuole:*
who caresses more than was his way has me betrayed, or wishes to betray.

Length: 22,996 words
(includes all additions and in one case, alternative and original text)

Imagery, Dramatic Technique

Play within a Play: This scene is widely believed to have inspired the play-within-a-play sequence in *Hamlet*, although here the scene itself is quite different, involving both dialogue pertaining to the matter at hand (Horatio's murder) and within the action containing a resolution of Hieronimo's dilemma (the murder-suicide of Lorenzo, Balthazar, and Bel-imperia). The characters within the internal play spoke in different languages, which must certainly have created confusion within the audience, culminating in the rapid-fire deaths. Another cinematic triumph, perhaps, this one indisputably by the author of the original play.

The entire drama is, moreover, presented within its own framing device: the imperatives of its master plotter "Revenge", in concert with the slain Andrea, who sit on the stage throughout, comment on and direct the action. This kind of framing device is not new (see the early play Peele's *Old Wive's Tale*). Shakespeare used it to great comic effect in *Taming of the Shrew*, although in that play his framing character, the oaf Christopher Sly, has no power to affect the main plot. Its unique character is that Revenge is in effect the author and director of the play itself, impelled by what seems to be an impulse beyond good or evil, the enactment of a petition by Andrea, whose motives seem to be beyond morality. Bevington finds suggestions that Andrea may have been entrapped into his killing because of his involvement with the high-born Bel-imperia; within the play these suggestions are faint indeed.

Suspense and Irony:

Scene III.6 merits mention for its fine realization of the possibilities of dramatic irony. The villainous Pedringano, sentenced to be hanged, has been duped into believing that he will receive a last-minute reprieve; the audience knows differently. On the other hand, his death will crush Hieronimo's hopes of obtaining evidence against his son's murderers. Within this conflict between Hieronimo's race for truth and Lorenzo's race to cover up his actions, Pedringano and the Hangman conduct a delicate duel of wits, the jaunty Pedringano's witty humor reflects his assurance of reprieve, the Hangman's blunt wit providing a perfect counterpoint. This is wonderful, controlled writing, evidence of major dramatic talent.

Words into Pictures: With wonderful skill a passage of amendments creates an mental painting and then brings it to animate life: Hieronimo orders a painting of the murder scene (III.xii.1038A-1053A):

"Well, sir; then bring me forth, bring me through alley and alley, still with a distracted countenance going along, and let my hair heave up my night-cap. Let the clouds scowl, make the moon dark, the stars extinct, the winds blowing, the bells tolling, the owls shrieking, the toads croaking, the minutes jarring, and the clock striking twelve. And than at last, sir, starting, behold a man hanging, and tottering, as you know the wind will wave a man, and I with a trice to cut him down. And looking upon him by the advantage of my torch, find it to be my son Horatio. There you may show a passion, there you may show a passion! Draw me like old Priam of Troy. crying: "The house is a-fire, the house is a-fire, as the torch over my head!" Make me curse, make me rave, make me cry, make me mad, make me well again, make me curse hell, invoke heaven, and in the end leave me in a trance -- and so forth." How cinematic this could be!

But, being an addition, the author is unknown. Some believe that Ben Jonson wrote the additions; others find Jonson's style incompatible with the additions.

Other Innovations: Plot and Texture

Grounded on Senecan tragedy, *The Spanish Tragedy* offers several profound innovations. In Senecan tragedy violence traditionally takes place off stage; in *Spanish Tragedy* on-stage violence arises shockingly with the murder of Horatio, finally exploding with the corpse-strewn denouement of Hieronimo's play-within-a-play.

Bel-imperia represents another radical departure from tradition. This seeming heroine is strong, sexually aggressive (and apparently active), and capable of the murder of her would-be lover and of suicide, a grave sin to any Christian. Her love scene with Horatio was far more explicit than would have been expected in contemporary drama; her eager disparagement of her exalted status would also have been surprising. The latter characteristic certainly would have been a departure from the plays of Shakespeare, for whom like drifted toward like as an immutable law of natural selection.

Both of these factors seem to reflect against Oxfordian involvement in the play; he was at the time of writing deeply involved with John Lyly in the development of Euphuism, devoted to the courtly and elegant development of the English language, while Bel-imperia would be the antithesis of Oxford's view of idealized feminine royalty. It is possible, of course, that such a deviation from his stated principles would have been possible: another marker in the shifting sands of Oxford's lifelong emotional and religious Odyssey.

Religious Content

Although *The Spanish Tragedy* takes place in Catholic Spain and Portugal, its religious tone is unremittingly pagan, explicitly in its many classic pagan references and in the absence of corresponding Christian references, and implicitly in its morality of revenge with few corresponding motifs of Christian morality, judgment, hope and fear (except in a passage of late additions, see below). There is no god, no universal mover except Revenge personified, who acting on the request of the slain Andrea, directs the action of the play. Revenge and the dead Andrea sit on the stage during the proceedings, commenting on the action in a coda to each act. As Bevington points out, even Andrea is not always aware of the direction of Revenge's stratagems. The characters within this framework, Hieronimo, Bel-imperia, the martyred Horatio, love-stricken Balthazar and evil Lorenzo and his henchmen are all driven by the impulse to fulfill Andrea's need for revenge. They have no free will. At the end Andrea's wish attains a horrible fulfillment with the elimination of the players, guilty and innocent, and with the elimination of the royal houses of Spain and Portugal.

But there is an after-life, in a pagan nether world, where the players are to fulfill eternally the final judgment of Andrea. This presumably innocent and sympathetic character has become a horrifying figure of inexplicable power. Not only the guilty players, but Hieronimo and his pitiful wife, Andrea's loyal friend Horatio and his stricken lover Bel-imperia must die and suffer to satisfy Andrea's blood lust. Whatever Kyd's intent, to modern eyes Andrea may seem the greatest villain of all.

The one Christian note is struck in a subplot involving villainy within the Portuguese Court, where the treacherous Portuguese courtier Viluppo attempts to effect the overthrow of an honest courtier Alexandro by testifying falsely that the King's son had been killed in battle under circumstances discreditable to Alexandro. The plot is eventually discovered, Viluppo punished and Alexandro exonerated; although this episode has absolutely nothing to do with the central action, it may afford a Christian parallel to the pagan setting of the main plot. Alexandro is the one character who professes a deep Christian faith in the judgment of God. Exoneration is his reward and Viluppo is subjected to the appropriate punishment. In an otherwise coherent play, this subplot seems to have been introduced for some specific purpose and suddenly abandoned without legs; perhaps it exists solely to provide an alternative Christian imperative.

Note especially the strong religious content of the additions to Act III, Scene 12, especially in matters of doctrine (grace, suicide, god's judgment etc.). Kyd (apparently because of his association with Marlowe) had fallen under suspicion of heresy, been questioned and possibly suffered permanent ill health as a result. Certainly *The Spanish Tragedy* implicitly endorses taking the law in one's own hands; this addition strongly amends that position.

Suggested Reading

Bevington, David, ed. Kyd, Thomas, *The Spanish Tragedy*. Manchester and New York: Manchester University Press, 1996. (This book is especially helpful in its discussion of pagan and Christian elements of the play, in discussion of current politics, and in clarifying stage directions.)

Boas, Frederick. *The Works of Thomas Kyd*. Oxford: Clarendon Press, 1901. (an essential study of the works of Thomas Kyd, giving a biography, complete list of all works, full notes and analysis, and assessment of Kyd's important place in the development of Renaissance drama. This book is a must in the development of a comprehensive library of Renaissance drama.)

Nicholl, Charles. *The Reckoning: the Murder of Christopher Marlowe*. New York: Harcourt Brace, 1992. (an inquiry into Marlowe's relationship with the Elizabethan secret service and the circumstances of his death; theories about the possible involvement of the Earl of Essex.)

Spencer, Hazelton, ed. *Elizabethan Plays*. Boston: Little, Brown and Company, 1933.

Thorndike, Ashley, ed. *The Minor Elizabethan Drama* (Vol. 1). New York: Dutton, 1964.

APPENDIX II: Connections

Note that those passages that have parallels to the Bible, especially references to the after-life, are often diverted to a pagan context (except a passage of additions, presumably By Ben Jonson). The fiery lakes and rivers of Revelations and Matthew, for instance, are named as Acheron, Phlegethon and so forth; judgment is rendered by Andrea, a soldier who wants revenge for his death on the battlefield; without the moral compunctions of Hamlet, the great prototype for impulse within a "revenger" tragedy, Hieronimo seems to act without reference to any internal moral compass, his erratic movements directed by the amoral will of the "Revenger" character.

References by other authors

A significant reference to this play is found in the writings of Ben Jonson in 1614: "That he will swear *Hieronimo* or *Andronicus* are the best plays yet, shall pass ... as a man whose judgment shows it is constant, and hath stood still these five and twenty, or thirty years." Although this passage has been used to date the play *Spanish Tragedy*, it has curiously been ignored or interpreted liberally in dating *Titus Andronicus*. -- "Too early".

After time Kyd's work became the but of caricature and/or criticism by other authors. Heywood (*The Fair Maid of the West*), Fletcher (*Knight of the Burning Pestle*) and Shirley (*The Bird in a Cage*), among others took particular amusement at the appearance of the Ghost in the Induction.

In another passages Nashe took him to task for a misunderstanding of classic literature.

Kyd Sp Tr (I.1.72-74): ... I trod the middle path, / Which brought me to the fair Elysian green,
... Here finding Pluto with his Proserpine, ...

Nashe Preface to Menaphon: ... those that thrust Elysium into hell. Elysium correctly would have been placed in the far west, not in the underworld.

Act II, Scenes 4-5, was another subject for widespread caricature. It was parodied in *The Poetaster*, Barry (Ram Alley) and Rawlings (Rebellion). Shakespeare parodied Kyd's "naked bed" phrase (V.i.1) in *Venus and Adonis* (397): "Who sees his true love in her naked bed;" calls ... Jeronimo

Kyd Sp Tr (II.5.5) HIERONIMO: Who calls Hieronimo? Speak, here I am,

Chapman et al Eastward (I.1.122) QUICK: ... Who calls Jeronimo? Speak, here I am ...

This is undoubtedly a joke at Kyd's expense. It was a phrase in Act III, however that drew the most attention:

(III.2.31) HIERONIMO: Not I. Hieronimo, beware! Go by! Go by!,

being used in Shakespeare (*Shrew*), Dekker (*Shoemaker's Holiday* and *Satiromax*), Dekker and Webster (*Westward Ho*), Middleton (*Blurt, Master Constable*), and others.

Vocabulary

Body ... Prison

Brooke Romeus (2548-50): That lo, his sprite annoyed sore with torment and with smart,
Was like to break out of his prison-house perforce,

And that he might fly after hers, would leave the massy corpse.

Lyly Campaspe (I.2.29-30) MANES: ... that my body was immortal because it was in prison.

(I.2.35) MANES: And the body is the prison of the soul?

(I.2.37-38)MANES: Why then, thus to make my body immortal, I put it to prison.

Kyd Sp Tr (Ind.1.1-2) GHOST: When this eternal substance of my soul

Did live imprisoned in my wanton flesh,

Shakes 3H6 (II.1) EDWARD: ... Now my soul's palace is become a prison:

Ah, would she break from hence, that this my body / Might in the ground be closed up in rest!

Narrow path ... Gate of Hell

Golding Abraham (32-33): He goeth right: and while he holds that way

He never needs to fear that he shall stray.

Kyd Sp Tr (Induction.63-71) The left-hand path, declining fearfully,
Was ready downfall to the deepest hell ,...

(III.11.768-8-) There is a path upon your left-hand side

That leadeth from a guilty conscience / Unto a forest of distrust and fear Ñ

A darksome place, and dangerous to pass:

There shall you meet with melancholy thoughts, / Whose baleful humors if you but uphold,

It will conduct you to Despair and Death ...

Lyly MB (III.2) MAESTIUS: ... these old saws of such old hags are but false fires
to lead one out of a plain path into a deep pit.

Shakes AWEW (4.5.50-51): I am for the House with the narrow gate.

AWEW (4.5.54-55) The flow'ry way that leads to the broad gate and the great fire.

Mac (II.3.18-19): That go the primrose way to th' everlasting bonfire.

Hamlet (I.3) Ophelia: ... Do not, as some ungracious pastors do,

Show me the steep and thorny way to heaven; / Whiles, like a puff'd and reckless libertine,

Himself the primrose path of dalliance treads, / And recks not his own rede.

See also Macbeth (2.3.18); T&C (III.3.154),

Anon. Willobie (LVIII.2): You seem by this, to wish me well, / To teach me tread the path to
hell.

Dodypoll (III.3.25): Where every step shall reach the gate of death,

Bible "Burning, fiery lakes" see notes on (III.1.48, below).

Matt. 7.13-14 (13) Enter in at the strait gate, for it is a wide gate, and broad way that leadeth to

destruction: and many there be that go in thereat, (14) Because the gate is straight, and the way

narrow that leadeth unto life, and few there be that find it. Wisd. of Sol. 16.13 and leadeth down

unto the gates of hell See also Job 38.17; Pss. 9.13-14, 107.18, Pr. 4.19.

Religious Prohibitions: Usury

Kyd Sp Tr (I.1.63-): The left-hand path, declining fearfully,

Was ready downfall to the deepest hell, / Where bloody Furies shakes their whips of steel,

And poor Ixion turns an endless wheel; / Where usurers are choked with melting gold

Shakes 1H6 (III.1) GLOU: Thou art a most pernicious usurer,

MV (III.1) SHYLOCK: He was wont to / call me usurer; let him look to his bond: he was

wont to lend money for a Christian courtesy; let him / look to his bond.

R&J (III.3) FR LAWRENCE: Which, like a usurer, abound'st in all,

And usest none in that true use indeed / Which should bedeck thy shape, thy love, thy wit:

MUCH ADO (II.1) BEN: What fashion will you wear the garland of?

about your neck, like an usurer's chain? ...

MM (III.2) POMPEY: Twas never merry world since, of two usuries, the

merriest was put down, and the worser allowed by

order of law a furred gown to keep him warm; and

furred with fox and lamb-skins too, to signify, that

craft, being richer than innocency, stands for the facing.

Lear (III.2) FOOL: ... When usurers tell their gold i' the field;

And bawds and whores do churches build; Then shall the realm of Albion

Come to great confusion: ...

(IV.6) LEAR: ... The usurer hangs the cozener.

Through tatter'd clothes small vices do appear . Robes and furr'd gowns hide all.
 Corio (I.1) 1 CITIZEN: ... crammed with grain; make edicts for usury, to support usurers; repeal daily any wholesome act / established against the rich, ...
 Timon (II.2) APE: Poor rogues and / usurers' men! bawds between gold and want!
 FOOL: I think no usurer but has a fool to his servant: ...
 (III.5) ALCI: Banish your dotage; banish usury, / That makes the Senate ugly.
 (IV.3) TIMON: Pity not honour'd age for his white beard: / He is an usurer: ...
 Lov. Comp. (6): Like usury, applying wet to wet,
 Cymbeline (III.3) BELARUS: Did you but know the city's usuries
 And felt them knowingly; the art o' the court / Is hard to leave as keep; ...
 WT (IV.4) AUTOLY: Here's one to a very doleful tune, how a usurer's wife was brought to bed of twenty money-bags at a burthen and how she longed to eat adders' heads and / toads carbonadoed.
 (IV.4) DORCAS: Bless me from marrying a usurer!
 TNK (IV.3.31-34) JAILER'S DAUGHTER: ... If one be mad or hang or drown themselves, thither they go, Jupiter bless us, and there shall we be put in a cauldron of / lead and usurers' grease,
 Sonnet 6: That use is not forbidden usury, / Which happies those that pay the willing loan;
 Sonnet 134: Thou usurer, that put'st forth all to use / And sue a friend come debtor for my sake;
Anon. Nobody (148-49) CORNWELL: ... he's an honest subject
 That hates extortion, usury, and such sins
 (1567) SICOPHANT: ... Loves usury and extortion.
 (1136-37) CORNWELL: Here are, my liege, bonds, forfeit by poor men, Which he released out of the usurers' hands,
 Greene's Groat (48-58): The other was a scholar, ...his sinful neighbor Refers to usury (per Carroll, p. 44) as follows: "for he had good experience in a Noverint, and by the universal terms therein contained had driven many a young gentleman to seek unknown countries
 (114-17): ... Roberto, knowing his father and most of the company to be execrable usurers, inveighed mightily against that abhorred vice, insomuch that he urged tears from divers of their eyes, and compunction in some of their hearts.
 (855-57): 6 Oppress no man, for the cry of the wronged ascendeth to the ears of the Lord; neither delight to increase by Usury, lest thou lose thy habitation in the everlasting Tabernacle.
 (946-48): I know the best husband of you all will never prove an Usurer,
 (Carroll explains that this means that the "best of them ... will prove" [or perhaps has turned out to be] an usurer., and explains that this passage refers to Lodge, who inveighed against usury. This seems to reverse the obvious meaning (the best ... of you all, will never [not] prove [be] an usurer. Carroll seems to be twisting and turning to make the sentence fit Shakespeare, known to have become a usurer.) Note: Carroll especially (Greene's Groatsworth) emphasizes the physical details of the usurer's dress: details in Groatsworth and Shakespeare (but not in the other examples shown below) such as the chain and furred robe strengthen the argument that Roberto's father is was purposely drawn on Lord Burghley. The ascendant merchant class had less distaste for usury than the old land-owning class; and Burghley (fur-robed and wearing the gold chain of office) had expressed a view that usury was an acceptable practice.
Peele Old Wives (386) FRIAR: The miserable and most covetous usurer.
Chettle Kind Harts: There is an occupation of no long standing about London called broking or brogging, whether ye will; in which there is pretty juggling, especially to blind law, and bolster

usury: if any man be forced to bring them a pawn, they will take no interest, not past twelve pence a pound for the month; marry they must have a groat for a monthly bill: which is a bill of sale from month to month; so that no advantage can be taken for the usury.

Nashe Summers (501-02): SUMMER: Bad words, bad wit; oh, where dwells faith or truth? / Ill usury my favors reap from thee, Usurping Sol, the hate of heaven and earth.

(885-87) HARVEST: ... not like / the Baker's loaf, that should weigh but six ounces, but usury for your money, thousands for one

Munday Huntington (IX.93-94): LITTLE JOHN: Fiftly, you never shall the poor man wrong, / Nor spare a priest, a usurer, or a clerk.

Bible: usury condemned in many Biblical passages, including:

Ex. 22.25; Lev. 25.36,37; Neh. 5.7,10; Ez. 18.8, 13, 17; Deut. 23.19.20; Matt. 25.27; Pss. 15.5; Prov. 28.8; Isa.24.2; Luke 19.23.

Forged truth (lies, dissimulations)

Brooke Romeus (321): With forged careless cheer, of one he seeks to know,

Golding Ovid Met. (V.13): Upholding that Medusa's death was but a forged lie:

(IX.167): Through false and newly-forged lies that she herself doth sow),

Edwards Dam&Pith (1726): Away, the plague of this court! Thy filed tongue that forged lies

Watson Hek (XLVII): No shower of tears can move, she thinks I forge:

So forge, that I may speed without delay;

Greene Alphonsus (IV.Pro.21) VENUS: Did give such credence to that / forged tale

Kyd Sp Tr (I.2.92) VIL: Thus have I with an envious, forged tale ...

Sol&Per (II.1.117) PER: ... Ah, how thine eyes can forge alluring looks,

Shakes TA (V.2) TAMORA: ... Whate'er I forge to feed his brain-sick fits,

1H6 (III.1) EXETER: Burns under feigned ashes of forged love

(IV.1): VERNON: ... For though he seem with forged quaint conceit

Rich3 (IV.1) FITZWATER: ... And I will turn thy falsehood to thy heart, / Where it was forged,

Hamlet (I.5) ... the whole ear of Denmark

Is by a forged process of my death / Rankly abused: ...

V&A (132): Love is all truth, Lust full of forged lies.

Sonnet 137: Why of eyes' falsehood hast thou forged hooks, ...

AWEW (IV.1): 2d Lord: ... and then to return and swear the lies he forges.

Othello (IV.2): OTHELLO: I should make very forges of my cheeks, ...

Anon. Ironside (IV.1.101) EDM: not to believe each smooth-face forged tale.

(V.2.83) CANUTUS: Then to confute thy forged argument,

Arden (III.5.56) MOSBY: To forge distressful looks to wound a breast

Oldcastle (Pro.14): Since forged invention former time defaced.

Bible Pss 119.69, Job 13.4, Eccles 51.2.

Blot ... Shame ... Dishonor ... Erase

Golding Ovid Met. (Pref.30): That all their Gods with whoredom, theft, or murder blotted be.

(VII.199): Of staining of thine honor had not stayed thee in that stead.

(XIII.599): Forbear to touch me. So my blood unstained in his sight

Gascoigne et al Jocasta (I.1.131) SERVUS: How could it be, that knowing he had done / So foul a blot, he would remain alive?

(I.1.156) JOCASTA: With other's blood might stain his guilty hands,
 Supposes (III) DAMON: My daughter is deflowered, and I utterly dishonested:
 how can I then wipe that blot off my brow?
Kyd Sp Tr (I.1.233-) His colors seized, a blot unto his name;
Shakes Rich2 (I.3.202): My name be blotted from the book of life.
 Edw3 (I.1) K. EDW: Such as dread nothing but dishonor's blot.
 (II.1) COUNTESS: Hath he no means to stain my honest blood
Anon. Loctrine (V.1.61-72) [V.1.61]THRAS: If princes stain their glorious dignity
 With ugly spots of monstrous infamy,
 Mucedorus (Pro.10): From blemished Traitors, stained with Perjury:
 Woodstock (I.1.190) WOODSTOCK: And shun those stains that blurs his majesty.
 Weakest (XIV.20-21) DYANA: Without impeachment of our honest fame,
 Debarring wicked lust to blot the same.
 (XVI.169-70) EPERNOUNE: Oh wherefore stain you virtue and renown
 With such foul terms of ignominy and shame?
 Willobie (II.4): Repel the shame that fears a blot
 (XLII.8): Then raze me out, and blot my name. (Rev. 3.5)
 Ironside (II.3.175: to raze out this dishonorable blot
 (this language parallel is almost identical to Willobie, above).
 L Gh. (64): My fame is blotted out, my honor scarred,
 (1336-67): Can this injurious world so quickly blot / A name so great out of records of fame?
 Yorkshire 1 GENT: Still do these loathsome thoughts jar on your tongue?
 Yourself to stain the honor of your wife,
 KNIGHT: ... From such an honored stock and fair descent,
 Till this black minute without stain or blemish.
 KNIGHT: The desolation of his house, the blot / Upon his predecessors' honored name!
Bible Ex. 32.32-33; Num. 5.23; Ps. 69.28; Rev. 3.5.

Stone ... Roll

Golding Ovid Met. (IV.569-70): There also labored Sisyphus that drave against the hill
 A rolling stone that from the top came tumbling downward still.
 (X.48-49): ... and down sat Sisyphus upon / His rolling stone.
Oxford poem (XVII If care or skill ...): My hapless hap doth roll the restless stone.
Watson Hek (LXII): [Comment] Sisyphus rolleth a great round stone up
 a steep hill, which being once at the top presently falleth down amain.
 [Verse] By fear, like Sisyphus I labor still
 To turlle a rolling stone against the hill,
Kyd Sp Tr (I.1.316-18)VICEROY: What help can be expected at her hands,
 Whose foot is standing on a rolling stone / and mind more mutable than fickle winds?
 (IV.1.528-29) GHOST: Let Serberine go roll the fatal stone, / And take from Sisyphus his
 endless moan;
Greene Orl Fur (II.2.71) ORLANDO: The rolling stone, the tubs of the Belides --
Shakes H5 (III.6) PISTOL: Bardolph, a soldier, firm and sound of heart,
 And of buxom valor, hath, by cruel fate, / And giddy Fortune's furious fickle wheel,
 That goddess blind, / That stands upon the rolling restless stone--
 H8 (V.3) SUFF: ... When ye first put this dangerous stone a-rolling, / 'Twould fall upon

ourselves.

Anon. Lochrine (III.2.50) HUBBA: Or roll the stone with wretched Sisiphos.

Ironside (770) EDRICUS: ... for else in time you might dismount the queen
and throw her headlong from her rolling stone / and take her whirling wheel into your hand.

(1062-63) CANUTUS: What tell'st thou me of Fortune and her frowns, / of her sour visage and
her rolling stone?

Willobie (LVI.2): To roll the stone that turns again.

(LVII.3): And shall I roll the restless stone?

Bible 1 Sam. 14.33 ... Ye have transgressed: roll a great stone unto me this day.

Prov. 26.27 Whoso diggeth a pit shall fall therein: and he that rolleth a stone, it will return upon
him. A number of new Testament roll ... stone finds seem inappropriate.

Most of the examples above refer to the classical/pagan rolling stone of Fortune/Fate, or to the
mythological punishment of Sisyphus.

Evil/Good

Brooke Romeus (To the Reader): So the good doings of the good, & the evil acts of the wicked

Gascoigne Jocasta (I.1.395-96) ANT: Yet, for because itself partaker am

Of good and evil with this my country soil,

(II.1.456) JOCASTA: If the head be evil the body cannot be good.

(III.1..195) TIRESIAS: Though evil for thee, yet for thy country good.

Edwards Dam&Pith (1583): It is an evil wind that bloweth no man good.

Lyly Sapho (II.2.) SAPHO: It is pity in so good a face there should be an evil eye.

Kyd Sp Tr (I.2.339) ALEX: Nay, evil news fly faster still than good.

Shakes Rich3 (I.3.334): do good for evil. Also I.2.69 and I.3.315-16.

TNK (I.2.38-40) ARCITE: It is for our residing where every evil

Hath a good color, where every seeming good's / A certain evil,

Anon. Willobie (To the ... Reader): That speak good of evil, and evil of good

Willobie seems a perfect inversion of both the Bible and Shakespeare citations.

Bible 1 Thess. 5.15 See that none recompense evil for evil unto any man; but ever follow that
which is good. 1 Sam. 24,18 Thou art more righteous than I; for thou has rendered me good, and
I have rendered thee evil. Rom. 12.21 Be not overcome of evil, but overcome evil with goodness.

Bull ... Savage

Watson Hek (XLVII): In time the Bull is brought to wear the yoke;

In time all haggard Hawks will stoop the Lures;

In time small wedge will cleave the sturdiest Oak;

In time the Marble wears with weakest showers:

More fierce is my sweet love, more hard withal,

Than Beast, or Bird, than Tree or Stony wall.

No yoke prevails, she will not yield to might;

No Lure will cause her stoop, she bears full gorge;

No wedge of woes make print, she recks no right;

No shower of tears can move, she thinks I forge:

Note: Watson cites Seraphine, Sonnet 103 as the original of his translation.

Kyd Sp Tr (II.1.3-8): ... In time the savage bull sustains the yoke,

In time all haggard hawks will stoop to lure,

In time small wedges cleave the hardest oak,
In time the flint is pierced with softest shower;
And she in time will fall from her disdain
And rue the suffrance of your friendly pain.
Shakes: Much Ado (I.1): ... 'In time the savage bull / doth bear the yoke.'
BEN: The savage bull may; but if ever the sensible / Benedick bear it, ...
(V.4) **CLAUD:** I think he thinks upon the savage bull. ...

Hawk ... Haggard (a Shakespeare marker?)

Golding Abraham (680-81): SATAN: My case goes ill. O Cowl we must yet find
Some other way t'assault this haggard's mind.

Oxford poems: The stricken deer hath help to heal his wound,
The haggard hawk with toil is made full tame;
To mark the choice they make, and how they change,
How oft from Phoebus do they flee to Pan,
Unsettled still like haggards wild they range,
These gentle birds that fly from man to man;
Who would not scorn and shake them from the fist
And let them fly fair fools which way they list.

OED cites as first comparisons to women in *Euphues* and *Shrew*:

Lyly *Euphues* (Arb.) 114 Foolish and franticke louers, will deeme
my precepts hard, and esteeme my perswasions haggarde.

Watson Hek (XLVII): In time all haggard Hawks will stoop the Lures;

Kyd Sp Tr (ca. 1588) (II.1.4): ... In time all haggard hawks will stoop to lure,
Shakes *Shrew* (1596) (IV.1) PET: ... My falcon now is sharp and passing empty;
And till she stoop she must not be full-gorged,
For then she never looks upon her lure.

Another way I have to man my haggard,
To make her come and know her keeper's call,
That is, to watch her, as we watch these kites
That bate and beat and will not be obedient. ...

Edw3 (III.5)KING EDW: ... And ever after she'll be haggard-like.

(IV.2) HOR: I will be married to a wealthy widow,

As I have loved this proud disdainful haggard.

Oth (III.3): ... If I do prove her haggard, / Though that her jesses were my dear heartstrings,
I'll whistle her off and let her down the wind, / That comes before his eye. ...

Other early non-female-related OED citations for "haggard": Stanyhurst *Aeneas* (1583);

Turberville (1567) Epitaphs: Live like a haggard still therefore, and for no luring;
that haggard wise doth love to live;

Nashe, *Christ's Tears* (1593): Though Christ hold out never so moving
lures unto us, / all of them (haggard-like) we will turn tail to

Anon. *Willobie* (X.2): In haggard Hawk that mounts so high
(LXIII.1): As haggard loving mirthless coup, / At friendly lure doth check and frown?
Blame not in this the Falconer's skill, / But blame the Hawk's unbridled will.

(LXVII.3): They do but fruitless pain procure / To haggard kites that cast the lure.

(LXXIII.3): When fish as haggard Hawks shall fly,

(Res.17): Cease then your suits, ye lusty gallants all, / Think not I stoop at every Falconer's call,
Truss up your lures, your luring is in vain, / Chosen is the Perch, whereon I will remain.
Willobie contains many other related hawking terms.

Labor lost

Golding Abraham (Pro.13): That both of us our labor lose together.

Watson Hek (XXVI): Since labor breeds but loss, and lets me starve;
(XXXI): For if he do, his labor is but lost,

Kyd Sp Tr (II.1.18): And being worthless, all my labor's lost.

Greene James 4 (II.1.200) ATEUKIN: I see this labor lost, my hope in vain;

Shakes Play title Love's Labours Lost

3 H6 (III.1) HENRY VI: ... Poor queen and son, your labour is but lost; ...

TGV (I.1) VAL: ... If lost, why then a grievous labour won;

SPEED: Ay sir: I, a lost mutton, gave your letter to her,
a laced mutton, and she, a laced mutton, gave me, a / lost mutton, nothing for my labour.

MV (II.7) MOROCCO: ... Cold, indeed; and labour lost:

AWEW (III.5) WIDOW: We have lost our labour; they are gone a contrary / way ...

WT (IV.4) AUTOLYCUS: Age, thou hast lost thy labour.

Anon. Arden (IV.3.16) WILL: My life for thine, 'twas Arden and his companion,
and then all our labor's lost.

Willobie (XVI.1): Assure yourself your labor's lost.

(XXVIII.5): The labor's lost that you endure,

(XXXIX.3): Your labor's lost, your hope is vain.

Legal term: Case stands

Brooke Romeus (1696): The tidings of your health and how your doubtful case shall stand;

Edwards Dam&Pith (1256) GRIM: Good fellows, believe me, as the case now stands ...,
(1600) PITHIAS: Let me have no wrong. As now stands the case

Golding Abraham (Pro.22): Were as you be not, now as stands the case.

(341) SHEPHERDS SONG: Because, as stood the case,

Watson Hek (XXXVI): My letters tell in what a case I stand,

Kyd Sp Tr (II.1.45) LORENZO: Thus stands the case: It is not long, thou knowest,

Anon. Weakest (XVIII.215) VILLIERS: My Lord of Bulloigne, thus then stands my case,

Shakes 3H6 (IV.5): Were as you be not, now as stands the case.

R&J (III.5) NURSE: Then, since the case so stands as now it doth,

WT (II.3) PAULINA: For, as the case now stands, it is a curse ...

Cymb (I.5) QUEEN: ... The case stands with her; do't as from thyself.

(III.4) IMOGEN: ... yet the traitor / Stands in worse case of woe.

Duty ... Bound

Gascoigne ... Jocasta (I.1.20) SERVUS: For hereunto I am by duty bound,

Edwards Dam&Pith (747): EUB: But yet, O might [king], my duty bindeth me.

(1758) EUBULUS: But chiefly yet, as duty bindeth, I humbly crave

Shakes 1H6 (II.1) TALBOT: How much in duty I am bound to both.

Oth (I.3) DES: I do perceive here a divided duty: / To you I am bound for life and education;

(III.3) IAGO: Though I am bound to every act of duty, ...

(III.3) IAGO: To show the love and duty that I bear you

Lucrece (Prologue): Were my worth greater, my duty would show greater, meantime, as it is bound to your lordship ,...

Kyd Sp Tr (II.1.59) PEDRINGANO: My bounden duty bids me tell the truth,

Sol&Per (V.2.66) 2 WITNESS: And, as our duty and allegiance bound us,

Greene Alphonsus (III.1.24) ALPH: So that, perforce, I must by duty be Bound to you all for this your courtesy.

Anon Dodypoll (I.1): O, that my rival bound me not in duty ...

Cromwell (I.2.97-98) CROM: With all my heart, sir, and / I much am bound, In love and duty for your kindness shown.

Birds, limed

Golding Ovid Met (XV.520): Away with guileful feats: for fowls no lime-twigs see ye set.

Lyly Gallathea (III.3.) ASTRON: When I list I can set a trap for the sun,

catch the moon with lime-twigs, and go a-batfowling for stars

MB (II.5) STELLIO: The better it is, the more like birdlime it is,

and never makes one stayed but in the stocks

Kyd Sp Tr (II.1.128): Which sweet conceits are lim'd with sly deceits,

Shakes 2H6 (I.3) SUFF: Madam, myself have limed a bush for her,

And placed a quire of such enticing birds,

(II.4) DUCHESS: And York and impious Beaufort, that false priest,

Have all limed bushes to betray thy wings, / And, fly thou how thou canst, they'll tangle thee:

(III.2) CARDINAL: Like lime-twigs set to catch my winged soul.

3H6 (V.6): HENRY VI: The bird that hath been limed in a bush,

With trembling wings misdoubteth every bush; / And I, the hapless male to one sweet bird,

Have now the fatal object in my eye / Where my poor young was limed, was caught and kill'd.

TGV (III.2) PROTEUS: You must lay lime to tangle her desires

Much Ado (III.1): URSULA: She's limed, I warrant you: we have caught her, madam.

AWEW (III.5): MAR: but that they are limed with the twigs that threaten them.

Hamlet (III.3) CLAUDIUS: O limed soul, that struggling to be free / art more engaged!

(III.3) CLAUDIUS: that fast-holding bird-lime of death.

Mac (IV.2.34): the net nor lime, / the pitfall nor the gin

Lucrece (13) Birds never limed no secret bushes fear

Anon. Arden (III.6.39) GREENE: Lime well your twigs to catch this weary bird.

Willobie (XXXVI.1): The limed bird, by fowlers train, / Entrapped by view of pleasant bait,

Would fain unwind himself again, / But feels too late the hid deceit;]

So I have found the clasping lime / That will stick fast for longer time.

(Res.8): Thus did I scape the fowler's painted skill, / Thus did I save my feathers from their lime,

Greene's Groat (211-13): Lucanio was by his brother brought to the bush,

where he had scarce pruned his wings but he was fast limed ...

Bible Ps. 3.5 and 35.7 deals with snares and nets.

See also Augustine Confessions (6.6.9): for reference to lime

Help ... Cry ... Speak

Boas points out a direct borrowing in Arden of Feversham from the earlier Spanish Tragedy:

Kyd Sp Tr (II.4.62-63 and 5.1-4) BEL: Murder! Murder! Help, Hieronimo, help!

LORENZO: Come, stop her mouth; away with her.
 HIERONIMO: What outcries pluck me from my naked bed
 And chill my throbbing heart with trembling fear,
 Which never danger yet could daunt before? / Who calls Hieronimo? Speak, here I am,
Anon. Arden (III.1.85-89) MICHAEL: ... Ah, Master Franklin, help!
 Call up the neighbors, or we are but dead!
 FRANKLIN: What dismal outcry calls me from my rest?
 ARDEN: What hath occasioned such a fearful cry? / Speak, Michael; hath any injured thee?

Fear ... Trembling

Brooke Romeus (17): Within my trembling hand, my pen doth / shake for fear,
Golding Ovid (III.869): I only did remain nigh straight and trembling still for fear.
 (VI.664): ... There waxing pale and trembling sore for fear,
 (VIII.488): And trembling turned his back for fear. ...
 (VIII.982): Unwieldsome cold, with trembling fear, ...
 (X.472): Poor nurse gan quake, and trembling both for age and fear did hold
 (XI.838): And unto Ceyx stretching out her trembling hands with fear,
Kyd Sp Tr (II.5.309) HIER: And chill my throbbing heart with trembling fear,
Marlowe Edw2 (V.5.104): This fear is that which makes me tremble thus;
Anon. Locrine (IV.2.39-40) STRUMBO: Now, although I
 trembled, fearing she would set her ten commandments
 (V.I.54) THRASI: That he should fear and tremble at the looks
 Woodstock (V.1) WOOD: put by the fears my trembling heart foretells
 Weakest (VI.80) EMANUEL: How darest thou but with trembling and with fear
 Arden (III.1.95) MICHAEL: My trembling joints witness my inward fear.
 Willobie (LXIII.2): Doth aye redouble trembling fear
 Penelope (XLVII.1): With trembling fear my heart doth quake.
Shakes 2H4 (4.3.14) fear and trembling; Much Ado (2.3.195)
 Edw3 (II.2) WARWICK: When vassal fear lies trembling at his feet.
Bible Eph. 6.5; Mark 5.33, 2 Corin. 7.15. Phil. 2.12 So make an end of your own salvation with
 fear and trembling.

All's well ... Ends well ... Crown

Kyd Sp Tr (II.6.448) REVENGE: The end is crown of every work well done.
Shakes 2H6 (V.2) CLIFFORD: *La fin couronne les oeuvres.*
 2H4 (II.2.47): Let the end try the man.
 AWEW (IV.4): All's well that ends well. Still the fine's the crown.
 What'er the course, the end is the renown.
 (V.3334-35): All yet seems well; and if it end so meet,
 The bitter past, more welcome is the sweet.
 (V.3.337): All is well ended if this suit be won ...
 T&C (IV.5): The end crowns all
Greene Geo a Greene (III.2.44) GEORGE: Nay the end tries all; but so it will fall out.
Anon. Woodstock (IV.3) WOOD: and bloody acts, I fear, must crown the end.
 Ironside (III.6.1112) EDR: Praise the event, my lord: the end is all.
 Greene's Groat: Acta Exitus probat: The end tests/proves the deeds (all).

Lyly MB (III.4) MOTHER B: All shall end well, and you be found cozeners.
Oxford letter (Jan, 1602, to Sir Robert Cecil): Finis coronat opus ("The end crowns the work").
Bible Eccus. 11.27 In a man's end, his works are discovered
Tilley proverb E116: The end crowns all.

Flattering courtiers/lovers

Kyd Sol&Per (I.5.56) HALEB: Why, his highness gave me leave to speak my will;
And, far from flattery, I spoke my mind, / And did discharge a faithful subject's love.
Thou, Aristippus-like, did'st flatter him,
(I.5.75-78) HALEB: Your highness knows I spake at your command,
and to the purpose, far from flattery.
AMURATH: Thinks thou I flatter? Now I flatter not.
(II.1.68) ERASTUS: They will betray me to Philippo's hands, / For love, or gain, or flattery.
Sp Tr (III.1.9) HIER: Sith fear or love to kings is flattery.
Greene James IV: A treacherous courtier also moved the action.
(Pro) BOH: No, no; flattering knaves that can cog and prate fastest, / speed best in the court.
(I.1.53) KING ENG.: Make choice of friends, ... / Who soothe no vice, who flatter not for gain,
(I.1.187) ATEUKIN: Most gracious and imperial majesty ...
A little flattery more were but too much.
(I.1.277) ATEUKIN: Did not your Grace suppose I flatter you,
There are 16 similar uses of "flatterer" in James IV.
Shakes V&A (69): Dismiss your vows, your feigned tears, your flattery;
Anon. Ironside (1730) EDR: Twas not your highness but some fawning mate
that put mistrust into your grace's head, ...
Willobie (XI.3): For who can trust your flattering style,
(LVII.3): With flattering tongues, & golden gifts, / To drive poor women to their shifts.
(LVIII.5): Their tongues are fraught with flattering guile;
(LXVI.3): Though flattering tongues can paint it brave,

Feign ... Love

Kyd Sp Tr (III.1.20) VILUPPO: That feigned love had colored in his looks
Sol&Per (IV.1.168) ERASTUS: Witness the heavens of my unfeigned love.
Brooke Romeus (266): And well he wist she loved him best, unless she list to feign.
Oxford letter (October 31, 1572, to Lord Burghley): But yet, least those (I can not tell how to
term them) but as back-friends unto me.
(September 1596, to Sir Robert Cecil): Enemies are apt to make the worst of every thing,
flatterers will do evil offices, and true and faithful advice will seem harsh to tender ears.
Shakes V&A (69): Dismiss your vows, your feigned tears, your flattery;
1H6 (V.3): That Suffolk doth not flatter, face, or feign.
Errors (IV.2) DROMIO/SYR: ... A wolf, nay, worse, a fellow all in buff;
A back-friend, a shoulder-clapper, one that
Anon. L Gh. (623): How some with feigned love did me beguile,
Willobie Feigned love: (VIII.5): Still feign as though thou godly art,
(IX.6): To bear a show, and yet to feign,
(XI.6): To faithless heart, to lie and feign,
(XXX.1): How fine they feign, how fair they paint,

(LV.II): Assure yourself, I do not feign, / Requite my love with love again.
(praise/contented): As in the feigned love that lives with discontented mind.

Bible II Samuel Argument: ... what horrible & dangerous insurrections, uproars, & treasons were wrought against him, partly by false counselors, feigned friends & flatterers, and partly by some of his own children and people and how by God's assistance he overcame all difficulties, and enjoyed his kingdom in rest and peace. In the person of David the Scripture setteth forth the Christ Jesus the chief King, who came of David according to the flesh, and was persecuted on every side with outward and inward enemies, as well as in his own person, as in his members, but at length he overcometh all his enemies and give his Church victory against all power both spiritual & temporal: and so reigneth with them, King for evermore.

Laboring soul

Kyd Sp Tr (III.1.43) ALEX: But this, oh this, torments my laboring soul,

Anon. Dodypoll (II.3.114): With nothing true but what our laboring souls

Shakes Hamlet (IV.5) CLAUD: We shall jointly labor with your soul ...

Bible Possible source in Eccles. 2.24.

Fires, Unquenched, Everlasting

Kyd Note below the fusion of classical (pagan) and Biblical images.

Sp Tr (III.1.48-50) ... Bind him and burn his body in those flames

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

(IV.5.67) REVENGE: This hand shall hale them down to deepest hell,

Where none but furies, bugs and tortures dwell. ...

Shakes Rich2 (5.5.108): That hand shall burn in never-quickning fire.

Titus (III.1.242): Be my heart an ever-burning hell!; (also III.1.273-74)

(V.1.148): ... To live and burn in everlasting fire, ...

Macbeth (II.3.18-19): That go the primrose way to th' everlasting bonfire.

Anon. Willobie (XXXI.3): My heart inflamed with quenchless heat,

Doth fretting fume in secret fire,

Bible Mark 9.43 the fire that never shall be quenched. Matt. 25,41 everlasting fire; Rev. 21.8.

Matt. 25.46 And these shall go into everlasting pain, and the righteous into life eternal. Rev.

19.20 ... cast into a lake of fire, burning with brimstone. Rev. 21.8 ... the lake, which burneth

with fire and brimstone, which is the second death.

Heart ... Tongue

Golding Ovid Met. (XI.654): In heart was she, in tongue was she: ...

Gascoigne et al Jocasta (II.1.105) POLY: His tongue should never with his heart agree.

Lyly Campaspe (IV.2.4-5) CAMPASPE: Tush, better thy tongue wag than thy heart break.

(IV.2.25-26) CAMPASPE: If your tongue were made of the same flesh that your heart is,

(IV.2.31) CAMPASPE: Whet their tongues on their hearts.

Love's Met. (IV.2) PROTEA: ... the face of a virgin but the heart of a fiend,

whose sweet tongue sheddeth more drops of blood than it uttereth syllables.

MB (II.1.105) POLY: and like with her heart / before she consent with her tongue.

(V.4) CELIA: as though our hearts were tied to their tongues

Kyd Sp Tr (III.1.175): HIER: My grief no heart, my thoughts no tongue can tell.

(IV.1.473) HIER: First take my tongue and afterwards my heart. [He bites out his tongue.]

Shakes 24 examples, including:

2H6 (III.1): But that my heart accordeth with my tongue,

LLL (V.2): A heavy heart bears not a nimble tongue:

Edw3 (III.2) K. EDWARD: Thus from the heart's abundant speaks the tongue:

MM (I.4): tongue far from heart--play with all virgins so:

Coriolanus (III.2): Must I with base tongue give my noble heart

JC (II.4): Set a huge mountain 'tween my heart and tongue!

Anon. Weakest (V.18-19) UGO: Of whence are you? Speak quickly, least my sword
Prevent your tongues by searching of your hearts.

Willobie (XXXIV.1): My heart is strong, though tongue be weak, ...

(XLII.6) My pen doth write, my heart hath swore, My tongue such speech shall use no more.

(LXIII.1) My tongue, my hand, my ready heart, / That spake, that felt, that freely thought,

Chapman D'Olive [I.1.234-35] RODERIGUE: ... too too manifest signs that her heart
went hand-in-hand with her tongue.

Breed ... Suspicion/Suspect

Kyd Sp Tr (III.1.217) LORENZO: ... For Bel-Imperia breeds suspicion,

Greene Orl Fur (II.1.82) SACRE: Which well may breed suspicion of some love.

Shakes 2H6 (I.3) GLOU: Because in York this breeds suspicion ...

H8 (III.1) CARD: I am sorry my integrity should breed ... so deep suspicion.

Anon. Weakest (V.107) ODILLIA: If this may breed suspicion of my love,

Ironside (IV.4.26): EDRICUS: To stay long here would breed suspicion.

Dodypoll (V.2.135): Ere I'll offend your Grace or breed suspect [suspicion].

Leic Gh (1522): And breed suspicion in the prince's heart.

Repent ... Folly

Edwards Dam&Pith (112) GRONNO: Then, come on your ways; you must
to prison in haste. / I fear you will repent this folly at last.

Kyd Sp Tr (III.6.404) HIER: Confess thy folly and repent thy fault;

Greene Fr Bac (V.3.36) BACON: Repentant for the follies of my youth,

Anon. Willobie (XXVIII.2): But they repent their folly past,

Nashe Summers (1434) WINTER: Wish'd, with repentance for his folly past,

Shakes H5 (III.6): ... England shall repent his folly, ...

Commandments: Blood for Blood; Eye for Eye, etc.

Golding Ovid met (XV.195): By slaughter: neither nourish blood with blood in any case.

Gascoigne ... Jocasta (II.1.546-47) POLY: And who is he that seeks to have my blood,
And shall not shed his own as fast as mine?

(IV.1.253-54) CHORUS: Can flesh of flesh, alas can blood of blood,
So far forget itself, as slay itself?

(IV.1.334) CREON: Why should my blood be spilt for other's guilt?

Marlowe T2 (IV.1.145) JERU: And with our bloods, revenge our bloods on thee

Kyd Sp Tr (III.6.410-12) 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.

Greene Fr Bac (IV.3.51) SERLS: Who will revenge his father's blood with blood.

Shakes 1H6 (IV.6) TALBOT: And misbegotten blood I spill of thine,

Mean and right poor, for that pure blood of mine
King John (I.1) KING: Here have we war for war and blood for blood,
(II.1) 1 CIT: Blood hath bought blood and blows have answered blows
R&J (III.1) LADY CAP: For blood of ours, shed blood of Montague.
Mac (III.4) MAC: It will have blood, they say. Blood will have blood.
Anon. Arden (V.5.10-11) ALICE: And let me meditate upon my Savior Christ,
Whose blood must save me for the blood I shed.
Penelope's Comp. (L.2): For blood shall I pay blood again.
Bible Gen. 3.6 Whoso sheddeth man's blood, by man shall his blood be shed: for in the image of
God made he man.
Num. 35. (27) And the revenger of blood find him without the borders of the city of his refuge,
and the revenger of blood kill the slayer; he shall not be guilty of blood:
(33) So ye shall not pollute the land wherein ye are: for blood it defileth the land: and the land
cannot be cleansed of the blood that is shed therein, but by the blood of him that shed it.
1 Kings 21.19 Thus saith the Lord, In the place where dogs licked the blood of Naboth shall dogs
lick thy blood, even thine.
Matt. 23.35 That upon you may come all the righteous blood shed upon the earth, from the blood
of righteous Abel unto the blood of Zacharias son of Barachias, whom ye slew between the
temple and the altar.

Innocent/Guilty blood ... Drink blood

Edwards Dam&Pith (796-97): ... whereas no truth my innocent life can save,
But that so greedily you thirst my guiltless blood to have,
(1472) EUBULUS: Who knoweth his case and will not melt in tears?
His guiltless blood shall trickle down anon.
Kyd Sp Tr (III.11.25-29) HIER: A habitation for their cursed souls,
There, in a brazen cauldron, fixed by Jove, / In his fell wrath, upon a sulfur flame,
Yourselves shall find Lorenzo bathing him / In boiling lead and blood of innocents.
Anon. Woodstock (V.1): ... and my sad conscience bids the contrary
and tells me that his innocent blood thus spilt heaven will revenge.
Fam Vic. (814) ARCH: Not minding to shed innocent blood, is rather content
Ironsides (V.1.70): thirst not to drink the blood of innocents.
(V.2.159) EDRICUS: and made a sea with blood of innocents; innocent blood:
Shakes 1H6 (V.iv.44): Stained with the guiltless blood of innocents.
Rich3 (I.2.63) O earth! Which this blood drink'st, revenge his death!
Anon. Willobie (IX.5): A guilty conscience always bleeds
(XIII.2): I rather choose a quiet mind, / A conscience clear from bloody sins,
Bible Deut. 21.9: The cry of innocent blood.; Deut. 32.35. Jer. 2.34: In thy wings is found the
blood of the souls of the poor innocents. Genesis 4.11: which hath opened thy mouth to receive
thy brother's blood ... Rom. 12.19, 13.4

Come with ... thunder

Kyd Sp Tr (III.11.754) HIER: They do not always 'scape, that is some comfort,
Aye, aye, aye; and then time steals on, / And steals, and steals, till violence leaps forth
Like thunder wrapped in a ball of fire,
Shakes H5 (II.4) EXETER: Therefore in fierce tempest is he coming,

In thunder and in earthquake, like a Jove, ...

MM (II.2) ISA: Could great men thunder / As Jove himself does, Jove would ne'er be quiet,
For every pelting, petty officer / Would use his heaven for thunder;

Cymb (V.4) LEONATUS: He came in thunder; ...

PP (5): Thine eye Jove's lightning seems, thy voice his dreadful thunder,

Anon. Dodypoll (III.4.14:): I come with thunder.

Weakest (XIII.84-85): Yet doth he look as big as Hercules,

And would be thought to have a voice like thunder.

Greene's Groat (892-93): he hath spoken unto me with a voice of thunder, ...

Bible 1 Sam. 7-10 ... but the Lord thundered with a great thunder that day ...; 1 Sam. 12.17-18 I shall call upon the Lord and he shall send thunder and rain, ... Then Samuel called upon the

Lord, and the Lord sent thunder and rain the same day: ...;

2 Sam. 22.14; Ps. 77; Rev. 6.1, 14.12, 19.6

Burning/Fiery Lakes -- Acheron, the fiery lake of Greek mythology

Golding Ovid Met. (669-70): Save only one Ascalaphus whom Orphne, erst a dame

Among the other elves of Hell not of the basest fame,

Bare to her husband Acheron within her dusky den.

Kyd Sp Tr (I. Ind.19-20): When I was slain, my soul descended straight

To pass the flowing stream of Acheron: ...

(III.12.800): ... And 'twixt his teeth he holds a fire-brand

That leads unto the lake where hell doth stand.

(III.16.1405-07) GHOST: To combat Acheron and Erebus.

For ne'er, by Styx and Phlegethon in hell, / O'er-ferried Charon to the fiery lakes

(IV.4.227-28) VICEROY: Or to the loathsome pool of Acheron,

To weep my want for my sweet Balthazar:

Anon. Willobie (LVIII.2): Who so with filthy pleasure burns;

His sinful flesh with fiery flakes

Must be consumed; whose soul returns / To endless pain in burning lakes.

(XVIII.2): And dings them down to fiery lake.

Lochrine (III.6.51-54) HUM: Through burning sulfur of the Limbo-lake,

To allay the burning fury of that heat / That rageth in mine everlasting soul.

(IV.2.62-64) HUMBER: The hunger-bitten dogs of Acheron,

Chased from the nine-fold Puriflegiton, / Have set their footsteps in this damned ground.

(IV.4.17) HUMBER: You damned ghosts of joyless Acheron,

Dodypoll (III.3.16): Eternal penance in the lake of fire.

Shakes MND (III.2) OBERON: The starry welkin cover thou anon

With drooping fog as black as Acheron,

TA (IV.3) TITUS: He doth me wrong to feed me with delays.

I'll dive into the burning lake below, / And pull her out of Acheron by the heels. ...

Macbeth (III.5) MAC: But make amends now: get you gone, / And at the pit of Acheron

Chapman D'Olive (IV.1.51-52) VANDOME: Of Heaven, and Earth, and deepest Acheron;

Bible Matt. 25.41, 46; Rev. 21.8.

Legal term: Importunate suit

Brooke Romeus (2275): And with importune suit the parents doth he pray,

Oxford (11-24, 1569, to Sir Wm Cecil): Thus leaving to importunate you with my earnest suit
....

Kyd Sp Tr (III.13.46-47) SERVANT: Here are a sort of poor petitioners
That are importunate, and it shall please you, sir,

Anon. Dodypoll (I.3.4): Why being (of late) with such importunate suit.

Shakes Oth (IV.1) IAGO: By their own importunate suit.

Crucifixion: Judas ... Red hair: Judas was commonly believed to be a red-haired man.

Kyd Sp Tr (III.12.98-99) Oh, let them be worse, worse: stretch thine art, and let their
beards be of Judas his own color; and let their eyebrows ...

Shakes AsYou (III.4) ROSALIND: His very hair is of the dissembling colour. ...

ROSALIND: I' faith, his hair is of a good colour

Middleton Chaste Maid (III.2): ... Sure that was Judas with the red beard.

Quiet rest

Brooke Romeus (1854): So we her parents in our age, shall live in quiet rest.

(2100): I never gave my weary limbs long time of quiet rest,

(2542): In heaven hath she sought to find a place of quiet rest.

Gascoigne et al Jocasta (V.5.43) OED: Have greatest need to crave their quiet rest.

Oxford Poem: Who first did break thy sleeps of quiet rest ?

Kyd Sp Tr (III.13.1089-90) HIER: ... will I rest me in unrest, / Dissembling quiet in unquietness.

Shakes: Rich3 (V.3) BLUNT: ... And so, God give you quiet rest to-night!

King John (III.4) PANDULPH: One minute, nay, one quiet breath of rest ...

Greene Alphonsus (III.2.95) CALCHAS: Shall nere my ghost obtain his quiet rest?

James (V.1.80) Queen: How can it thrive or boast of quiet rest?

Anon. Woodstock (IV.3) BUSHY: her quiet soul rests in celestial peace:

Willobie (XLIII.1): What sudden chance or change is this, / That doth bereave my quiet rest?

Greene's Groat (526-27): that we might rest quietly / without ... disturbing.

Oldcastle (V.8) LADY COBHAM: But where, my Lord / Shall we find rest for our disquiet
minds?

Bible 1 Kings Arg. Because the children of God should look for no continual rest and quietness
in this world ...

End ... Life

Brooke Romeus (2026: Will bring the end of all her cares by ending careful life.

Ovid Ovid Met. (XIV.156: Eternal and of worldly life I should none end have seen,

Gascoigne Jocasta (III.1.262) MENECEUS: Brings quiet end to this unquiet life.

(V.2.27) CREON: What hapless end thy life alas hath hent.

I loathe not life, nor dread my end.

Oxford poetry (My mind to me a kingdom is): I loathe not life, nor dread my end.

Watson Hek (XXXVI, comment): abandoning all further desire of life,

hath in request untimely death, as the only end of his infelicity.

Lyly Endymion (I.2) TELLUS: Ah Floscula, thou rendest my heart in sunder,
in putting me in remembrance of the end.

FLOSCULA: Why, if this be not the end, all the rest is to no end.

(II.1) TELLUS: She shall have an end.

ENDYMION: So shall the world.

Kyd Sp Tr (III.13.8-11) HIERONIMO: 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.
Sol&Per (V.2.120) SOLIMAN: So let their treasons with their lives have end.
Shakes Lucrece (1208): My life's foul deed, my life's fair end shall free it.
Anon. Willobie (III.4): That is to lead a filthy life, / Whereon attends a fearful end:
Bible Wisdom 5.4 We fools thought his life madness, and his end without honor; Ecclus. 11.27:
In a man's end, his works are discovered; Job 34.36.

Entreat ... Company

Kyd Sp Tr (III.14.166): Let us entreat your company today.
Marlowe Massacre (IV.246-47) MAN: And most humbly entreats your Majesty
To visit him sick in his bed.
Edw2 (I.2.78) BISHOP: And in the mean time I'll entreat you all
To cross to Lambeth and there stay with me.
Shakes TGV (I.1) VAL: I rather would entreat thy company ...
MV (IV.2) GRAT: ... and doth entreat / Your company at dinner.
Anon. Mucedorus (V.2.94) MESS: ... Newly arrived, entreats your presence.
Dodypoll (II.1.122) ALBER: My Lord let me entreat your company.

Corn ... Blast ... Winds

Golding Ovid Met (V.601-02): The stars and blasting winds did hurt,
the hungry fowls did eat / The corn to ground:
Gascoigne et al Jocasta (I.1.453-54) BAILO: Is like a tender flower, that with the blast
Of every little wind doth fade away.
Kyd Sp Tr (IV.2.17-18) ISA: An eastern wind, ..., / Shall blast the plants and the young saplings;
(III.13.12-07-8) HIER: But suffer'd thy fair crimson-color'd spring
With wither'd winter to be blasted thus?
Greene Orl Fur (V.1.63-64) SACREPANT: Parched be the earth, to drink
up every spring: / Let corn and trees be blasted from above:
Lyly Love's Met (I.2) NISA: Of holly, because it is most holy, which lovely green
neither the sun's beams nor the wind's blasts can alter or diminish.
(IV.1.194-97) MELOS: May summer's lightning burn our autumn crop,
And rough winds blast the beauty of our plains,
Anon. Ironside (IV.1.82-83) EDMUND: A sunshine day is quickly overcast.
A springing bud is killed with a blast.
Nashe Summers (660-61) AUTUMN: They vomit flames, / and blast the ripened fruits;
(1770) BACK-WINTER: O that my looks were lightning to blast fruits!
Shakes Hamlet (III.4.64-65): Here is your husband, like a mildewed ear,
Blasting his wholesome brother
Bible Gen. 41.5-7 ... seven ears of corn grew on one stalk, rank and goodly ... seven thin ears, &
blasted with the East wind, sprang up after them: ... and the thin ears devoured the seven rank
and full ears. ...; Gen. 41.22-24 (similar version of above)

Passing Strange

Kyd Sp Tr (IV.1.82) HIER: Assure you it will prove most passing strange,

ShakesOth (I.3) OTHELLO: She swore, in faith, twas strange, 'twas passing strange,
Anon. Dodypoll (III.5.37): Thou art grown passing strange, my love, ...

Manure ... Blood

Golding Ovid Met. (XIII.515-16): Against the place where Ilion was,
there is another land / Manured by the Biston men. ...

Kyd Sp Tr (IV.2.15-16) ISA: Barren the earth and blissless whosoe'er
Imagines not to keep it unmanur'd.

Sol&Per (I.5.35-36) HALEB: After so many Bassows slain,
Whose blood hath been manured to their earth, ...

Anon. Ironside (V.2.148) EDRICUS: ... this little isle, / whose soil is manured with carcasses

Shakes Rich2 (4.12.137): The blood of English shall manure the ground

Wit ... Will

Brooke Romeus (2296): And said that she had done right well by wit to order will.

Oxford poem (Fain would I sing): Till Wit have wrought his will on Injury.

Gascoigne et al Jocasta (III.2) MENECEUS: ... Yet evil it were in this / to yield your will.

CREON: Thy wit is wily for to work thy woe.

Watson Hek (XXXVIII): And for whose sake I lost both will and wit,
(LXXVIII): That wit and will to Reason do retire:

Lyly MB (I.3) SPERANTUS: He hath wit at will.

Kyd Sp Tr (IV.3.307) HIERON: Erasto, Soliman saluteth thee,
And lets thee wit by me his Highness' will,

Shakes TGV (II.6.12) PRO: And he wants wit that wants resolved will
To learn his wit t'exchange the bad for better.

LLL (II.1.49-50) MARIA: Is a sharp wit matched with too blunt a will,
Whose edge hath power cut, whose will still wills ...

12th (I.5.29) FESTE: Wit, an't be thy will, put me into good fooling!

Hamlet (I.5.44-46) GHOST: O wicked wit and gifts, that have the power

So to seduce -- won to his shameful lust / The will of my most seeming-virtuous queen.

Corio (II.3.27-28) 3 CIT: Nay your wit will not so soon out as / another man's will, ...

Lucrece (1230:) What wit sets down is blotted straight with will;

Anon. Ironside (V.1.34) EDR: See, see, what wit and will can bring about.

Willobie (XXXII.2): If wit to will, will needs resign,

(LIII.1): If fear and sorrow sharp the wit, / And tip the tongue with sweeter grace,

Then will & style must finely fit, / To paint my grief, and wail my case:

(LVII.5): Can wit enthralled to will retire?

(Auth. Conc. 1): Whom gifts nor wills nor force of wit / Could vanquish once with all their
shows:

Penelope (I.4): For what my wit cannot discharge, / My will surely supplies at large.

Nashe Summers (498-99) WINTER: Let him not talk; for he hath words at will,
And wit to make the baddest matter good.

Brain-sick

Edwards Dam&Pith (1101) WILL: It is some brain-sick villain, I durst lay a penny.

Watson Hek (XCVIII): Love is a Brain-sick boy, and fierce by kind;

Kyd Sp Tr (IV.4.119): And rated me for brain-sick lunacy,
Greene Maidens Dream (Complaint/Religion, 274): The brainsick and / illiterate surmisers, ...
Shakes 2H6 (III.1): Did instigate the bedlam brain-sick duchess
(V.1): Thou mad misleader of thy brain-sick son!
Titus (V.2): Whate'er I forge to feed his brain-sick fits, / Beaten away by brain-sick rude desire.
T&C (II.2): Because Cassandra's mad: her brain-sick raptures
Marlowe Edw2 (I.1.125) MORT: Come uncle, let us leave the brain-sick King
Anon. Willobie (XVIII.3): A brain-sick youth was stricken blind,
Penelope's Complaint (XI.6): Than did the brain-sick doting queen:
(XXI.5): Should match with such a brain-sick boy
(XLIII.2): Which wiser men doth brain-sick make,
L Gh. (1156): What brainsick lightness, and what furious mood

Technique

Anadiplosis

This device is self-explanatory. Examples are found in (in chronological order) the Earl of Oxford's poetry, Lodge Civil War, Anon. Locrine, Kyd's Spanish Tragedy and Soliman and Perseda, and Shakespeare's Comedy of Errors. Thomas Watson translated a sonnet to illustrate the form, with explanatory comments, presumably by his patron the Earl of Oxford.

Watson Hek (XLI) This Passion is framed upon a somewhat tedious or too much affected continuation of that figure in Rhetoric, which of the Greeks is called *paltsgia* or *anadiplosis*, of the Latins Reduplicatio; whereof Susenbrotus (if I well remember me) allegeth this example out of Virgil, ...

O Happy men that find no lack in Love
I Love, and lack what most I do desire;
My deep desire no reason can remove;
All reason shuns my breast, that's set on fire;
And so the fire maintains both force and flame,
That force availeth not against the same;
One only help can slake this burning heat,
Which burning heat proceedeth from her face,
Whose face by looks bewitched my conceit,
Through which conceit I live in woeful case;
O woeful case, which hath no end of woe,
Till woes have end by favor of my foe;
And yet my foe maintaineth such a War,
As all her War is nothing else but Peace;
But such a Peace as breedeth secret jar,
Which jar no wit, nor force, nor time can cease;
Yet cease despair: for time by wit, or force,
May force my friendly foe to take remorse.
Oxford Grief of Mind: What plague is greater than the grief of mind?
The grief of mind that eats in every vein;

In every vein that leaves such clots behind;
Such clots behind as breed such bitter pain;
So bitter pain that none shall ever find,
What plague is greater than the grief of mind.

Lodge Wounds (IV.2.64-68): ANT: I wonder why my peasant stays so long,
And with my wonder hasteth on my woe,
And with my woe I am assail'd with fear,
And by my fear await with faintful breath
The final period of my pains by death.

Kyd Sp Tr (I.3.32): My late ambition hath distained my faith;
My breach of faith occasioned bloody wars;
These bloody wars have spent my treasure;
And with my treasure my people's blood;
And with their blood, my joy and best-beloved,
My best-beloved, my sweet and only son.

(II.1.120): And with that sword he fiercely waged war,
And in that war he gave me dang'rous wounds,
And by those wounds he forced me to yield,
And by my yielding I became his slave.

Now in his mouth he carries pleasing words,
Which pleasing words do harbor sweet conceits,
Which sweet conceits are limed 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.

Sol&Per (V.2): No, no; my hope full long ago was lost,
And Rhodes itself is lost, or else destroyed;
If not destroyed, yet bound and captivate;
If captivate, then forced from holy faith;
If forced from faith, forever miserable;
For what is misery but want of God?
And God is lost, if faith be over-thrown.

See also opening of III.2.

Anon. Locrine (V.2.25) THRA: Sister, complaints are bootless in this cause;
This open wrong must have an open plague,
This plague must be repaid with grievous war,
This war must finish with Locrine's death;
His death will soon extinguish our complaints.

Shakes Errors (I.2.47-52): She is so hot because the meat is cold.
The meat is cold because you come not home,
You come not home because you have no stomach,
You have no stomach, having broke your fast;
But we, that know what tis to fast and pray,
Are penitent for your default today

APPENDIX III: Vocabulary, Language

Often-used words/phrases:

to content, counterfeit (v, pretend),
distress, in many forms: distressful (distressed) is especially unusual.
forgery, forged (ref. to lies, slandering), for why, good liking (n), in time
know the cause, meanwhile, praise and worth, quench
quiet, unquiet with unquiet, unquietness wordplay
stand thereto, suffice thee/it, therefore (18 times)

Distinctive phrases/word (*surely unusual):

add fuel to the fire, bankrupt of my bliss, bethink thyself, coy (v, trans.), (deceased) by fortune of the war, farewell til soon, first love, second love, half-dismayed (a), here-hence (adv), his last depart (n), jest himself to death, sit as judge, nine-days' wonder (n), now stands our fortune on a tickle-point, quiet wordplay: quiet/unquietness, unquiet/quietness, sable weed (n), only soothe me up, to sound the bottom (v, explore). sound not well the mystery, this works like wax (keeps coming apart), unsquared and unbevelled (description of a young man)

Use of word "up": (mount me up, soothe me up, clap me up). upon our privilege
uprear her state (improve position), water-breach (n),
where then became* (what happened to?)

Compound Words (surely unusual): 77 words

after-times (n), ambitious-proud* (a), battle-ranks (n), best-beloved (a), brain-sick (a), cheerly-sounding (a), coming-down (n), countercheck (v), crimson-colored (a), ever-glooming (a), everlasting (a), face-to-face (adv), ferry-man (n), fire-brand (n), fountain-water (n), full-fraught (a), garden-plot (n), gentleman-like (a), half-dismayed (a), half-heir (n), handy-blows* (n), hand-to-hand (adv), here-hence* (adv), horse-colt (n), ill-advised (a), ill-maimed (a), ill-plucked (a), kind-ship (n), knight-marshal (n), late-confirmed (a), left-hand (a), Lord-General (n), marshal-sessions (n), men-at-arms/man-of-war (n), men's-kind* (n), mid-day's (poss), mountain-top (n), neighbor-bounding (a), never-dying (a), never-killing (a), new-begun (a), new-kindled (a), newly-healed (a), night-cap (n), nine-days' (a), oil-colors (n), over-cloud (v), over-cloying (a), o'er-ferried (v), over-long (adv), overspread (v), overthrow (n), overwhelmed (v), pale-faced (a), right-hand (a), seld-seen (a), self-same (a), short-lived (a), spring-tides* (n), standers-by (n), stately-written (a), such-like* (a), sun-bright* (a), sun-god (n), through-girt* (a), tickle-point (n)*, tribute-payment (n), triple-headed (a), up-rear (v), war-like (a), water-breach (n), well-advised (a), whipstalk (n), willful-mad* (a), woe-begone (a), yester-night (n)

Words beginning with "con": 40 words (23 verbs, 14 nouns, 5 adj, 1 adv)..

conceal (v), concealment (n), conceit (n, v), conceived (v), concern/concerning (v), conclude (v), conclusion (n), condemn (v), condescent (n), condition (n), conditional (a), conduct (v), conductors (n), confederate (n), confer (v), confess (v), confirm (v), conflict (n), confused (a), confusion (n), conquer (v), conquering (n), conscience (n), consent (n), considering (v), consort (v), conspiring (v), constrain (v), constrained (a), consume (v), containing (v), contend (v),

contemn (v), content (v, a), continue (v), contrary (n), control (v), convenient[ly] (a, adv), convey (v), conveyance (n)

Words beginning with "dis" (*surely unusual): 30 words (14 verbs, 11 nouns, 7 adj).

discharge (v), discomfort (n), discontent (v), discord (n), discourse (n), discretion (n), disdain (n), disfurnish* (v), disease (n), disgrace (n), disguised (a), dishonor (n, v), disjoin (v), dismal (a), dismayed (a), dismiss (v), disparagement (n), dispatched (v), disperse (v), dispose (v), disrobed (v), dissemble (v), dissemble* (v, trans), dissension (n), dissuade (v), distain (v), distract[ed] (a), distraught (a), distress (n, a), distressful* (a), distrust (n)

Note disfurnish: a rare word, found in earlier Oxford letter; later WS Timon of Athens.

Words beginning with "mis": 13 words (5 verbs, 7 nouns, 1 adj).

miserable (a), mischance (n), mischief (n), misconceive (v), misconster (v), miscreant (n), misdeed (n), misdone (v), misdoubt (n), misery (n), mishap (n), mistake (v), mistrust (v)

Words beginning with "over": 9 words (6 verbs, 1 noun, 2 adj, 1 adv).

over-blow/blown (v, a), over-cloud (v), over-cloying (a), o'er-ferried (v), over-long (adv), overspread (v), overthrow (n), o'erturn (v), overwhelm (v)

Words beginning with "pre": 16 words (8 verbs, 6 nouns, 1 adj, 1 adv).

precise (a), prefer (v), prefigure (v), prefix (v), prepared (v), presence (n), present (n), presently (adv), presuming (v), preserve (v), presumption (n), pretense (n), prevail (v), prevalence (n, primacy), prevent (v), preventing (n)

Words beginning with "re": 64 words (40 verbs, 22 nouns, 7 adj).

rebound (n), recall (v), receive (v), reconcile (v, a), record (v), recover (v), recount (v), recure (v), redeem (v), redress (n), refuge (n), refuse (v), regard (n, v), register (v), relate (v), release (v), relentless (a), relief (n), remain (v), remedy (n, v), remember (v), remembrance (n), remiss (a), remorse (n), remove (n, v), renew (v), renown[ed] (n, a), [un]repaid (a), repair (v), repent (v), repentance (n), repining (v), report (n, v), reposit (v), represent (v), reproach (n), reputation (n), request (n), require (v), requisite (a), rescue (n, v), resemble (v), resembling (v), reserve (v), reserving (n), resign (v), resist (v), resolute (a), resolution (n), resolved (v), resort (n), respect (n), restrain (v), retain (v), retired (v), retort* (v trans., return), retreat (n), return (v), reveal (v), reveling (n), revenge (n, v), revenging (a), revive (v), reward (n)

Words beginning with "in, un" (*surely unusual;): 98 words (51 /44/3)

(22 verbs, 20 nouns, 49 adj, 4 adv, 3 conj, 1 prep).

incense (n, v), incertain (a), incessant (a), inclined (v), incomparable (a), inconstant (a), increase (v), indebted (a), indeed (conj), inestimable (a), inevitable (a), unexpected (a), inextricable (a), infamy (n), infant (n), infect/infect[ed] (v), infect/infective* (a), inferior (a), infernal (a), inflamed (a), influence (n), inform (v), infortunate (a), ingratitude (n), inhuman (a), inquire (v), iniquity (n), injuries (n), injurious (a), innocence (n), innocents (n), insatiate* (a), instance (n), instead (adv), instrument (n), insult (v), intend (v), intention (n), intercept (v), interdict (v), interrupt (v), intimate (v), inured (v), intent (n), intimate (v), into (conj), invent (v), invention (n), inviolate (a), invoke (v), inward (a) unbevelled* (a), unbind (v), unbowelled* (a), unburied (v), uncertainty (n), undelved* (a) undeserving (a), uneffected (a), unexpected (a), unfold (v),

unfortunate (a), unfrequented (a), unfriendly (a), unfruitful (a), ungrateful (a), unhallowed (a), unhappy (a), unhorsed (v), unjust (a), unjustly (adv), unkind (a), unkindly (adv), unkindness (n), unknown (a), unless (conj), unmanned (a), unmanured* (a), unpunished (v), unquenched (a), unquiet (a), unquietness (n), unrepaid (a), unresolved (a), unrest (n), unrevealed (a), unrevenged (a), unseen (a), unsquared* (a), untamed (a), unthankful (a), untimely (adv), unto (prep), unvalued (a), unworthy (a) underground (n), understanding (n), understood (v)

Words ending with "able": 9 words (9 adj).

amiable, honorable, impregnable, incomparable, inestimable, inevitable, inextricable, miserable, mutable

Verbs formed by adding "ize" to an adjective: 1 word/3 uses(1 verb).

solemnise (3)

Words ending with "less": 29 words (26 adj, 3 adv, 1 conj).

blissless (a), bootless (a), careless (a), causeless (a), ceaseless (a), cheerless (a), doubtless (adv), endless (a), fearless (a), fruitless (a), guiltless (a), hapless (a), harmless (a), heartless (a), helpless[ly] (a, adv), hopeless (a), leafless (a), lifeless (a), merciless (a), pitiless (a), relentless (a), restless (a), ruthless (a), shameless[ly] (adv), speechless (a), spotless (a), thoughtless (a), unless (conj), worthless (a)

Words ending with "ment": 16 words (2 verbs, 16 nouns).

appointment (n), argument (n), blandishment (n), commandment (n), concealment (n), disparagement (n), entertainment (n), garment (n), instrument (n), judgment (n), lament (n, v), languishment* (n), payment (n), punishment (n), raiment (n), torment (n, v)

Words ending with "ness": 16 words (1 verb, 16 nouns).

baseness (n), boldness (n), brightness (n), business (n), darkness (n), forwardness (n) gentleness (n), happiness (n), highness (n), (un)kindness (n), madness (n) (un)quietness (n), readiness (n), tediousness (n), witness (n, v), wretchedness (n)

Reflexives:

absent yourself, affright yourself, arm myself, apply me, assure yourself/yourself, attire yourself, bathing him, bethink thyself, constrain myself, content thee/thyself/yourself, enlarge yourself, entertain thyself, fear yourself, find yourself, hides herself, hold exempt ourself, hung himself, intercepts itself, jest himself*, kill myself, mounts me, plied myself, revenge myself/thyself, show themselves/thyself, slain herself, soothe me up, stab herself, sworn myself, submits me, thought himself, trust myself, ward thyself, yield him