

She wisheth port, where, riding all at ease,  
 She may repair what stormy times have worn,  
 And leaning on the shore, may sing with joy,  
 That pleasure follows pain, and bliss annoy.  
 Possession of thy love is th' only port, 150  
 Wherein my heart, with fears and hopes long toss'd,  
 Each hour doth wish and long to make resort,  
 There to repair the joys that it hath lost,  
 And, sitting safe, to sing in Cupid's quire  
 That sweetest bliss is crown of love's desire.

[*Balthazar and Lorenzo above.*]

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

*Lor.* Watch still, mine eyes, to see this love disjoin'd;  
 Hear still, mine ears, to hear them both lament; 160  
 Live, heart, to joy at fond Horatio's fall.

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

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

*Bel.* But whereon dost thou chiefly meditate?

*Hor.* On dangers past, and pleasures to ensue.

*Bal.* On pleasures past, and dangers to ensue.

*Bel.* What dangers and what pleasures dost thou mean?

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

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

*Bel.* Let dangers go, thy war shall be with me: 170  
 But such a war, as breaks no bond of peace.  
 Speak thou fair words, I'll cross them with fair words;  
 Send thou sweet looks, I'll meet them with sweet looks;  
 Write loving lines, I'll answer loving lines;  
 Give me a kiss, I'll countercheck thy kiss:  
 Be this our warring peace, or peaceful war.

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

*Bal.* Ambitious villain, how his boldness grows!

*Bel.* Then be thy father's pleasant bow'r the field, 180  
 Where first we vow'd a mutual amity;  
 The court were dangerous, that place is safe.  
 Our hour shall be, when Vesper 'gins to rise,  
 That summons home distressful travellers:  
 There none shall hear us but the harmless birds;  
 Haply the gentle nightingale

Shall carol us asleep, ere we be ware,  
 And, singing with the prickle at her breast,  
 Tell our delight and mirthful dalliance:  
 Till then each hour will seem a year and more.

195

*Hor.* But, honey sweet and honourable love,  
 Return we now into your father's sight:  
 Dang'rous suspicion waits on our delight.

*Lor.* Ay, danger mixed with jealous despite  
 Shall send thy soul into eternal night.

[*Exeunt.*]

## SCENE III

*Enter* KING OF SPAIN, Portingal Ambassador,  
 DON CYPRIAN, *etc.*

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

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

200

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

210

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

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

220

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

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

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

*King.* Amongst the rest of what you have in charge,

The prince's ransom must not be forgot:

That's none of mine, but his that took him prisoner;

And well his forwardness deserves reward:

It was Horatio, our knight marshal's son.

230

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

*King.* Then once again farewell, my lord.

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

[Exit.

*King.* Now, brother, you must take some little pains  
To win fair Bellimperia from her will:

Young virgins must be rulèd by their friends.

The prince is amiable, and loves her well;

If she neglect him and forgo his love,

240

She both will wrong her own estate and ours.

Therefore, whiles I do entertain the prince

With greatest pleasure that our court affords,

Endeavour you to win your daughter's thought:

If she give back, all this will come to naught.

[Exeunt.

## SCENE IV

*Enter HORATIO, BELLIMPERIA, and PEDRINGANO.*

*Hor.* Now that the night begins with sable wings

To overcloud the brightness of the sun,

And that in darkness pleasures may be done:

Come, Bellimperia, let us to the bow'r,

And there in safety pass a pleasant hour.

250

*Bel.* I follow thee, my love, and will not back,

Although my fainting heart controls my soul.

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

*Bel.* No, he is as trusty as my second self.—

Go, Pedringano, watch without the gate,

And let us know if any make approach.

*Ped.* [aside.] Instead of watching, I'll deserve more gold

By fetching Don Lorenzo to this match. [Exit Pedringano.

*Hor.* What means my love?

- Bel.* I know not what myself;  
And yet my heart foretells me some mischance. 260
- Hor.* Sweet, say not so; fair fortune is our friend,  
And heav'ns have shut up day to pleasure us.  
The stars, thou see'st, hold back their twinkling shine,  
And Luna hides herself to pleasure us.
- Bel.* Thou hast prevail'd; I'll conquer my misdoubt,  
And in thy love and counsel drown my fear.  
I fear no more; love now is all my thoughts.  
Why sit we not? for pleasure asketh ease.
- Hor.* The more thou sitt'st within these leafy bowers,  
The more will Flora deck it with her flowers. 270
- Bel.* Ay, but if Flora spy Horatio here,  
Her jealous eye will think I sit too near.
- Hor.* Hark, madam, how the birds record by night,  
For joy that Bellimperio sits in sight.
- Bel.* No, Cupid counterfeits the nightingale,  
To frame sweet music to Horatio's tale.
- Hor.* If Cupid sing, then Venus is not far:  
Ay, thou art Venus, or some fairer star.
- Bel.* If I be Venus, thou must needs be Mars;  
And where Mars reigneth, there must needs be wars. 280
- Hor.* Then thus begin our wars: put forth thy hand,  
That it may combat with my ruder hand.
- Bel.* Set forth thy foot to try the push of mine.
- Hor.* But first my looks shall combat against thine.
- Bel.* Then ward thyself: I dart this kiss at thee.
- Hor.* Thus I retort the dart thou threw'st at me.
- Bel.* Nay, then to gain the glory of the field,  
My twining arms shall yoke and make thee yield.
- Hor.* Nay, then my arms are large and strong withal:  
Thus elms by vines are compass'd, till they fall. 290
- Bel.* O, let me go; for in my troubled eyes  
Now may'st thou read that life in passion dies.
- Hor.* O, stay a while, and I will die with thee;  
So shalt thou yield, and yet have conquer'd me.
- Bel.* Who's there? Pedringano! we are betray'd!

*Enter* LORENZO, BALTHAZAR, SERBERINE, PEDRINGANO,  
*disguised.*

- Lor.* My lord, away with her, take her aside.—  
O, sir, forbear: your valour is already tried.

Quickly despatch, my masters.

*Hor.*

[*They hang him in the arbour.*

What, will you murder me?

*Lor.* Ay, thus, and thus: these are the fruits of love.

[*They stab him.*

*Bel.* O, save his life, and let me die for him!

300

O, save him, brother; save him, Balthazar:

I lov'd Horatio; but he lov'd not me.

*Bal.* But Balthazar loves Bellimperia.

*Lor.* Although his life were still ambitious-proud,

Yet is he at the highest now he is dead.

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

*Lor.* Come, stop her mouth; away with her.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE V

*Enter HIERONIMO in his shirt, etc.*

*Hier.* What outcries pluck me from my naked bed,  
And chill my throbbing heart with trembling fear,

Which never danger yet could daunt before?

310

Who calls Hieronimo? speak, here I am.

I did not slumber; therefore 'twas no dream.

No, no, it was some woman cried for help;

And here within this garden did she cry;

And in this garden must I rescue her.—

But stay, what murd'rous spectacle is this?

A man hang'd up and all the murd'ers gone!

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—:

320

Alas, it is Horatio, my sweet son!

O no, but he that whilom was my son!

O, was it thou that call'dst me from my bed?

O speak, if any spark of life remain:

I am thy father; who hath slain my son?

What savage monster, not of human kind,

Hath here been glutted with thy harmless blood,

And left thy bloody corpse dishonour'd here,

For me, amidst these dark and deathful shades,

To drown thee with an ocean of my tears? 33<sup>o</sup>  
 O heav'ns, why made you night to cover sin?  
 By day this deed of darkness had not been.  
 O earth, why didst thou not in time devour  
 The vild profaner of this sacred bow'r?  
 O poor Horatio, what hadst thou misdone,  
 To leese thy life, ere life was new begun?  
 O wicked butcher, whatsoe'er thou wert,  
 How could thou strangle virtue and desert?  
 Ay me most wretched, that have lost my joy,  
 In leeing my Horatio, my sweet boy! 34<sup>o</sup>

*Enter ISABELLA.*

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

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

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

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

*Isab.* Then is he gone? and is my son gone too?  
 O, gush out, tears, fountains and floods of tears; 35<sup>o</sup>  
 Blow, sighs, and raise an everlasting storm;  
 For outrage fits our cursèd wretchedness.

*[Ay me, Hieronimo, sweet husband, speak!]*

*Hier.* *He supp'd with us to-night, frolic and merry,  
 And said he would go visit Balthazar  
 At the duke's palace: there the prince doth lodge.  
 He had no custom to stay out so late:  
 He may be in his chamber; some go see.  
 Roderigo, ho!*

*Enter PEDRO and JAQUES.*

*Isab.* *Ay me, he raves! sweet Hieronimo.* 36<sup>o</sup>

*Hier.* *True, all Spain takes note of it.  
 Besides, he is so generally belov'd;  
 His majesty the other day did grace him  
 With waiting on his cup: these be favours,  
 Which do assure me he cannot be short-liv'd.*

Isab. *Sweet Hieronimo!*

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

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

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

*And bid my son Horatio to come home:*

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

*Do ye hear me, sir?*

370

Jaques. *Ay, sir.*

Hier. *Well, sir, be gone.*

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

Ped. *Too well, sir.*

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

*Nay, blush not, man.*

Ped. *It is my lord Horatio.*

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

*That there are more deluded than myself.*

Ped. *Deluded?*

Hier. *Ay:*

*I would have sworn myself, within this hour,*

*That this had been my son Horatio:*

*His garments are so like.*

*Ha! are they not great persuasions?*

380

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

Hier. *Were not, Isabella? dost thou dream it is?*

*Can thy soft bosom entertain a thought,*

*That such a black deed of mischief should be done*

*On one so pure and spotless as our son?*

*Away, I am ashamed.*

Isab. *Dear Hieronimo,*

*Cast a more serious eye upon thy grief:*

*Weak apprehension gives but weak relief.*

390

Hier. *It was a man, sure, that was hang'd up here;*

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

*If it should prove my son now after all—*

*Say you? say you?—Light! lend me a taper;*

*Let me look again.—O God!*

*Confusion, mischief, torment, death and hell,*

*Drop all your stings at once in my cold bosom,*

*That now is stiff with horror: kill me quickly!*

*Be gracious to me, thou infective night,*

*And drop this deed of murder down on me;*

*Gird in my waste of grief with thy large darkness,*

400

*And let me not survive to see the light*

*May put me in the mind I had a son.*

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

Hier. *How strangely had I lost my way to grief!*

Sweet, lovely rose, ill-pluck'd before thy time,

Fair, worthy son, not conquer'd, but betray'd,

I'll kiss thee now, for words with tears are stay'd.

Isab. And I'll close up the glasses of his sight,

For once these eyes were only my delight. 410

Hier. See'st thou this handkercher besmear'd with blood?

It shall not from me, till I take revenge.

See'st thou those wounds that yet are bleeding fresh?

I'll not entomb them, till I have revenge.

Then will I joy amidst my discontent;

Till then my sorrow never shall be spent.

Isab. The heav'ns are just; murder cannot be hid:

Time is the author both of truth and right,

And time will bring this treachery to light.

Hier. Meanwhile, good Isabella, cease thy plaints, 420

Or, at the least, dissemble them awhile:

So shall we sooner find the practice out,

And learn by whom all this was brought about.

Come, Isabel, now let us take him up, [*They take him up.*]

And bear him in from out this cursèd place.

I'll say his dirge; singing fits not this case.

*O aliquis mihi quas pulchrum ver educat herbas,*

[*Hieronimo sets his breast unto his sword.*]

*Misceat, et nostro detur medicina dolori;*

*Aut, si qui faciunt annorum obliviam, succos*

*Praebeat; ipse metam magnum quaecunque per orbem 430*

*Gramina Sol pulchras effert in luminis oras;*

*Ipse bibam quicquid meditatur saga veneni,*

*Quicquid et herbarum vi caeca nenia nectit:*

*Omnia perpetiar, lethum quoque, dum semel omnis*

*Noster in extincto moriatur pectore sensus.—*

*Ergo tuos oculos nunquam, mea vita, videbo,*

*Et tua perpetuus sepelivit lumina somnus?*

*Emoriar tecum: sic, sic juvat ire sub umbras.—*

*Attamen absistam properato cedere letho,*

*Ne mortem vindicta tuam tam nulla sequatur. 440*

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

## SCENE VI

Ghost of Andrea, Revenge.

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

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

450

## ACT III

### SCENE I.—*The Court of Portugal.*

*Enter* VICEROY OF PORTINGAL, Nobles, ALEXANDRO, VILLUPPO.

- Vic.* Infortunate condition of kings,  
 Seated amidst so many helpless doubts!  
 First we are plac'd upon extremest height,  
 And oft supplanted with exceeding hate,  
 But ever subject to the wheel of chance;  
 And at our highest never joy we so,  
 As we both doubt and dread our overthrow.  
 So striveth not the waves with sundry winds,  
 As fortune toileth in the affairs of kings,  
 That would be fear'd, yet fear to be belov'd, 10  
 Sith fear or love to kings is flattery.  
 For instance, lordings, look upon your king,  
 By hate deprivèd of his dearest son,  
 The only hope of our successive line.
- Nob.* I had not thought that Alexandro's heart  
 Had been envenom'd with such extreme hate;  
 But now I see that words have several works,  
 And there's no credit in the countenance.
- Vil.* No; for, my lord, had you beheld the train,  
 That feignèd love had colour'd in his looks, 20  
 When he in camp consorted Balthazar,  
 Far more inconstant had you thought the sun,  
 That hourly coasts the centre of the earth,  
 Than Alexandro's purpose to the prince.
- Vic.* No more, Villuppo, thou hast said enough,  
 And with thy words thou slay'st our wounded thoughts.  
 Nor shall I longer dally with the world,  
 Procrastinating Alexandro's death:  
 Go some of you, and fetch the traitor forth,  
 That, as he is condemnèd, he may die. 30

*Enter ALEXANDRO, with a Nobleman and halberts.*

*Nob.* In such extremes will nought but patience serve.

*Alex.* But in extremes what patience shall I use?

Nor discontents it me to leave the world,  
With whom there nothing can prevail but wrong.

*Nob.* Yet hope the best.

*Alex.* 'Tis heaven is my hope:

As for the earth, it is too much infect  
To yield me hope of any of her mould.

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

*Alex.* Not that I fear the extremity of death

(For nobles cannot stoop to servile fear)

Do I, O king, thus discontented live.

But this, O this, torments my labouring soul,

That thus I die suspected of a sin,

Whereof, as heav'ns have known my secret thoughts,

So am I free from this suggestion.

*Vic.* No more, I say! to the tortures! when?

Bind him, and burn his body in those flames,

*[They bind him to the stake.*

That shall prefigure those unquenched fires

Of Phlegethon, preparèd for his soul.

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

On thee, Villuppo, that hath malic'd thus,

Or for thy meed hast falsely me accus'd.

*Vil.* Nay, Alexandro, if thou menace me,

I'll lend a hand to send thee to the lake,

Where those thy words shall perish with thy works:

Injurious traitor! monstrous homicide!

*Enter Ambassador.*

*Amb.* Stay, hold a while;

And here—with pardon of his majesty—

Lay hands upon Villuppo.

*Vic.* Ambassador,

What news hath urg'd this sudden enturance?

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

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

40

50

60

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

[Gives him letters.]

Are happy witnesses of his highness' health.

[The King looks on the letters, and proceeds.]

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

70

Thy peace is made, and we are satisfied.

The rest resolve upon as things propos'd

For both our honours and thy benefit."

*Amb.* These are his highness' farther articles.

[He gives him more letters.]

*Vic.* Accursèd wretch, to intimate these 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 quit for thy discontent. [They unbind him.]

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

80

Upon report of such a damnèd fact;

But thus we see our innocence hath sav'd

The hopeless life which thou, Villuppo, sought

By thy suggestions to have massacred.

*Vic.* Say, false Villuppo, wherefore didst thou thus

Falsely betray Lord Alexandro's life?

Him, whom thou know'st that no unkindness else,

But ev'n the slaughter of our dearest son,

Could once have mov'd us to have misconceiv'd.

*Alex.* Say, treacherous Villuppo, tell the king:

90

Wherein hath Alexandro us'd thee ill?

*Vil.* Rent with remembrance of so foul a deed,

My guilty soul submits me to thy doom:

For not for Alexandro's injuries,

But for reward and hope to be preferr'd,

Thus have I shamelessly hazarded his life.

*Vic.* Which, villain, shall be ransom'd with thy death—:

And not so mean a torment as we here

Devis'd for him who, thou said'st, slew our son,

But with the bitt'rest torments and extremes

100

That may be yet invented for thine end.

[Alexandro seems to entreat.]

Entreat me not! go, take the traitor hence:

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

[*Exit Villuppo.*]

[*Exeunt.*]

## SCENE II

*Enter* HIERONIMO.

*Hier.* O eyes! no eyes, but fountains fraught with tears;  
 O life! no life, but lively form of death; 110  
 O world! no world, but mass of public wrongs,  
 Confus'd and fill'd with murder and misdeeds!  
 O sacred heav'ns! if this unhallow'd deed,  
 If this inhuman and barbarous attempt,  
 If this incomparable murder thus  
 Of mine, but now no more my son,  
 Shall unreveal'd and unrevengèd pass,  
 How should we term your dealings to be just,  
 If you unjustly deal with those that in your justice trust?  
 The night, sad secretary to my moans, 120  
 With direful visions wakes my vexèd soul,  
 And with the wounds of my distressful son  
 Solicits me for notice of his death.  
 The ugly fiends do sally forth of hell,  
 And frame my steps to unfrequented paths,  
 And fear my heart with fierce inflamèd thoughts.  
 The cloudy day my discontents records,  
 Early begins to register my dreams,  
 And drive me forth to seek the murtherer.  
 Eyes, life, world, heav'ns, hell, night, and day, 130  
 See, search, shew, send some man, some mean, that may—  
 [*A letter falleth.*]

What's here? a letter? tush! it is not so!—

A letter written to Hieronimo!

[*Red ink.*]

“For want of ink, receive this bloody writ:  
 Me hath my hapless brother hid from thee;  
 Revenge thyself on Balthazar and him:

For these were they that murderèd thy son.  
 Hieronimo, revenge Horatio's death,  
 And better fare than Bellimperia doth."  
 What means this unexpected miracle? 140  
 My son slain by Lorenzo and the prince!  
 What cause had they Horatio to malign?  
 Or what might move thee, Bellimperia,  
 To accuse thy brother, had he been the mean?  
 Hieronimo, beware!—thou art betray'd,  
 And to entrap thy life this train is laid.  
 Advise thee therefore, be not credulous:  
 This is devisèd to endanger thee,  
 That thou, by this, Lorenzo shouldst accuse;  
 And he, for thy dishonour done, should draw 150  
 Thy life in question and thy name in hate.  
 Dear was the life of my belovèd son,  
 And of his death behoves me be reveng'd:  
 Then hazard not thine own, Hieronimo,  
 But live t' effect thy resolution.  
 I therefore will by circumstances try,  
 What I can gather to confirm this writ;  
 And, heark'ning near the Duke of Castile's house,  
 Close, if I can, with Bellimperia,  
 To listen more, but nothing to bewray. 160

*Enter PEDRINGANO.*

Now, Pedringano!

*Ped.* Now, Hieronimo!

*Hier.* Where's thy lady?

*Ped.* I know not; here's my lord.

*Enter LORENZO.*

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

*Hier.* My lord——

*Ped.* He asketh for my lady Bellimperia.

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

Upon some disgrace, awhile remov'd her hence;

But if it be ought I may inform her of,

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

*Hier.* Nay, nay, my lord, I thank you; it shall not need.

I had a suit unto her, but too late,  
And her disgrace makes me unfortunate.

170

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

*Hier.* Oh no, my lord; I dare not; it must not be;  
I humbly thank your lordship.<sup>1</sup>

*Lor.* Why then, farewell.

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

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

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

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

*Ped.* My lord, he could not, 'twas so lately done; 180  
And since he hath not left my company.

*Lor.* Admit he have not, his condition's such,  
As fear or flatt'ring words may make him false.

I know his humour, and therewith repent

That e'er I us'd him in this enterprise.

But, Pedringano, to prevent the worst,

And 'cause I know thee secret as my soul,

Here, for thy further satisfaction, take thou this,

[*Gives him more gold.*]

And hearken to me—thus it is devis'd:

This night thou must (and, prithee, so resolve) 190

Meet Serberine at Saint Luigi's Park—

Thou know'st 'tis here hard by behind the house—

There take thy stand, and see thou strike him sure:

For die he must, if we do mean to live.

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

*Lor.* Let me alone; I'll send to him to meet

The prince and me, where thou must do this deed.

*Ped.* It shall be done, my lord, it shall be done;

And I'll go arm myself to meet him there.

<sup>1</sup> Line 173 and first part of 174 (O no . . . lordship) are replaced, in all the Qq. from 1602 onwards, by the following lines:

*Hier.* Who? you, my lord?

*I reserve your favour for a greater honour;*

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

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

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

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

*Too remiss unto your honour.*

*Lor.*

*How now, Hieronimo?*

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

*The murder of a son, or so—*

*A thing of nothing, my lord!*

*Lor.* When things shall alter, as I hope they will, 200  
 Then shalt thou mount for this; thou know'st my mind.  
 [*Exit Pedringano.*]

*Che le Ieron!*

*Enter Page.*

*Page.* My lord?

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

*Page.* I go, my lord.

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

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

*Lor.* Now to confirm the complot thou hast cast  
 Of all these practices, I'll spread the watch,  
 Upon precise commandment from the king, 210  
 Strongly to guard the place where Pedringano  
 This night shall murder hapless Serberine.  
 Thus must we work that will avoid distrust;  
 Thus must we practise to prevent mishap,  
 And thus one ill another must expulse.  
 This sly enquiry of Hieronimo  
 For Bellimperia breeds suspicion,  
 And this suspicion bodes a further ill.  
 As for myself, I know my secret fault,  
 And so do they; but I have dealt for them: 220  
 They that for coin their souls endangerèd,  
 To save my life, for coin shall venture theirs;  
 And better it's that base companions die,  
 Than by their life to hazard our good haps.  
 Nor shall they live, for me to fear their faith:  
 I'll trust myself, myself shall be my friend;  
 For die they shall, slaves are ordain'd to no other end.  
 [*Exit.*]

## SCENE III

*Enter PEDRINGANO, with a pistol.*

*Ped.* Now, Pedringano, bid thy pistol hold,  
 And hold on, Fortune! once more favour me;  
 Give but success to mine attempting spirit, 230  
 And let me shift for taking of mine aim.  
 Here is the gold: this is the gold propos'd;  
 It is no dream that I adventure for,  
 But Pedringano is possess'd thereof.  
 And he that would not strain his conscience  
 For him that thus his liberal purse hath stretch'd,  
 Unworthy such a favour, may he fail,  
 And, wishing, want, when such as I prevail.  
 As for the fear of apprehension,  
 I know, if need should be, my noble lord 240  
 Will stand between me and ensuing harms;  
 Besides, this place is free from all suspect:  
 Here therefore will I stay and take my stand.

*Enter the Watch.*

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

*Enter SERBERINE.*

*Ser.* Here, Serberine, attend and stay thy pace; 250  
 For here did Don Lorenzo's page appoint  
 That thou by his command shouldst meet with him.  
 How fit a place—if one were so dispos'd—  
 Methinks this corner is to close with one.

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

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

*Ped.* For this, Serberine!—and thou shalt ha't. [*Shoots the dag.*  
So, there he lies; my promise is perform'd. 260

*The Watch.*

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

*Ped.* Now by the sorrows of the souls in hell,  
[*He strives with the watch.*

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

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

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

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

2. Come, to the marshal's with the murderer!

270

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

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

[*Exeunt.*

## SCENE IV

*Enter LORENZO and BALTHAZAR.*

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

*Lor.* Fear of preventing our mishaps too late.

*Bal.* What mischief is it that we not mistrust?

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

280

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

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

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

*Lor.* A guilty conscience, urgèd with the thought  
Of former evils, easily cannot err:

290

I am persuaded—and dissuade me not—

That all's revealed to Hieronimo.  
And therefore know that I have cast it thus:—

*Enter Page.*

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

*Page.* My lord, Serberine is slain.

*Bal.* Who? Serberine, my man?

*Page.* Your highness' man, my lord.

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

*Page.* He that is apprehended for the fact.

*Lor.* Who?

*Page.* Pedringano.

*Bal.* Is Serberine slain, that lov'd his lord so well?  
Injurious villain, murd'rer of his friend!

*Lor.* Hath Pedringano murder'd Serberine?

My lord, let me entreat you to take the pains  
To exasperate and hasten his revenge  
With your complaints unto my lord the king.  
This their dissension breeds a greater doubt.

*Bal.* Assure thee, Don Lorenzo, he shall die,  
Or else his highness hardly shall deny.  
Meanwhile I'll haste the marshal-sessions:

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

*Lor.* Why so, this fits our former policy,

And thus experience bids the wise to deal.

I lay the plot: he prosecutes the point;

I set the trap: he breaks the worthless twigs,

And sees not that wherewith the bird was lim'd.

Thus hopeful men, that mean to hold their own,  
Must look like fowlers to their dearest friends.

He runs to kill whom I have help to catch,

And no man knows it was my reaching fetch.

'Tis hard to trust unto a multitude,

Or any one, in mine opinion,

When men themselves their secrets will reveal.

*Enter a Messenger with a letter.*

Boy—

*Page.* My lord?

*Lor.* What's he?

*Mes.* I have a letter to your lordship.

Lor. From whence?

Mes. From Pedringano that's imprison'd.

Lor. So he is in prison then?

Mes. Ay, my good lord.

Lor. What would he with us?—He writes us here,

To stand good lord, and help him in distress.—

Tell him I have his letters, know his mind;

And what we may, let him assure him of.

Fellow, begone: my boy shall follow thee.

33°

[Exit Messenger.

This works like wax; yet once more try thy wits.

Boy, go, convey this purse to Pedringano;

Thou know'st the prison, closely give it him,

And be advis'd that none be there about:

Bid him be merry still, but secret;

And though the marshal-sessions be to-day,

Bid him not doubt of his delivery.

Tell him his pardon is already sign'd,

And thereon bid him boldly be resolv'd:

For, were he ready to be turnèd off—

As 'tis my will the uttermost be tried—

34°

Thou with his pardon shalt attend him still.

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

But open't not, and if thou lov'st thy life;

But let him wisely keep his hopes unknown:

He shall not want while Don Lorenzo lives.

Away!

Page. I go, my lord, I run.

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

[Exit Page.

Now stands our fortune on a tickle point,

And now or never ends Lorenzo's doubts.

35°

One only thing is uneffected yet,

And that's to see the executioner.

But to what end? I list not trust the air

With utterance of our pretence therein,

For fear the privy whisp'ring of the wind

Convey our words amongst unfriendly ears,

That lie too open to advantages.

*E quel che voglio io, nessun lo sa;*

*Intendo io: quel mi basterà.*

[Exit.

## SCENE V

*Enter Boy, with the box.*

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

## SCENE VI

*Enter HIERONIMO and the Deputy.*

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

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

380

390

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

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

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

*Ped.* Gramercy, boy, but it was time to come;  
 For I had written to my lord anew  
 A nearer matter that concerneth him,  
 For fear his lordship had forgotten me.  
 But sith he hath remember'd me so well— 400  
 Come, come, come on, when shall we to this gear?

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

*Ped.* This is short work: well, to your marshalship  
 First I confess—nor fear I death therefore—  
 I am the man, 'twas I slew Serberine.  
 But, sir, then you think this shall be the place,  
 Where we shall satisfy you for this gear? 410

*Dep.* Ay, Pedringano.

*Ped.* Now I think not so.

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

*Hangm.* Come on, sir, are you ready?

*Ped.* To do what, my fine, officious knave? 420

*Hangm.* To go to this gear.

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

*Hangm.* Come, sir.

*Ped.* So, then, I must up?

*Hangm.* No remedy.

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

43<sup>o</sup>

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

*Ped.* How? be turned off?

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

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

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

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

44<sup>o</sup>

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

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

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

*Ped.* Ay, that companion.

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

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

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

45<sup>o</sup>

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

*Hangm.* Faith, I cannot tell, nor I care not greatly; methinks you should rather hearken to your soul's health.

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

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

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

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

46<sup>r</sup>

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

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

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

*Hier.* I have not seen a wretch so impudent.

O monstrous times, where murder's set so light,

And where the soul, that should be shrin'd in heaven,

Solely delights in interdicted things, 470  
 Still wand'ring in the thorny passages,  
 That intercepts itself of happiness.  
 Murder! O bloody monster! God forbid  
 A fault so foul should 'scape unpunishèd.  
 Despatch, and see this execution done!—  
 This makes me to remember thee, my son.  
 [*Exit Hieronimo.*]

*Ped.* Nay, soft, no haste.

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

*Ped.* Why, ay!

*Hangm.* As how?

*Ped.* Why, rascal, by my pardon from the king. 480

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

[*He turns him off.*]

*Dep.* So, executioner;—convey him hence;

But let his body be unburièd:

Let not the earth be chokèd or infect

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

[*Exeunt.*]

## SCENE VII

*Enter HIERONIMO.*

*Hier.* Where shall I run to breathe abroad my woes,  
 My woes, whose weight hath wearied the earth?  
 Or mine exclams, that have surcharg'd the air  
 With ceaseless plaints for my deceased son?  
 The blust'ring winds, conspiring with my words, 490  
 At my lament have mov'd the leafless trees,  
 Disrob'd the meadows of their flower'd green,  
 Made mountains marsh with spring-tides of my tears,  
 And broken through the brazen gates of hell.  
 Yet still tormented is my tortur'd soul  
 With broken sighs and restless passions,  
 That wingèd mount; and, hov'ring in the air,  
 Beat at the windows of the brightest heavens,  
 Soliciting for justice and revenge:  
 But they are plac'd in those empyreal heights, 500  
 Where, countermur'd with walls of diamond,  
 I find the place impregnable; and they  
 Resist my woes, and give my words no way.

*Enter Hangman with a letter.*

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

*Hier.* Well, what of him?

*Hangm.* O lord, sir, he went the wrong way; the fellow had a fair commission to the contrary. Sir, here is his passport; I pray you, sir, we have done him wrong. 510

*Hier.* I warrant thee, give it me.

*Hangm.* You will stand between the gallows and me?

*Hier.* Ay, ay.

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

*Hier.* And yet, though somewhat nearer me concerns,

I will, to ease the grief that I sustain,

Take truce with sorrow while I read on this.

“My lord, I write, as mine extremes requir’d,

That you would labour my delivery:

If you neglect, my life is desperate, 520

And in my death I shall reveal the troth.

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

And was confed’rate with the prince and you;

Won by rewards and hopeful promises,

I holp to murder Don Horatio too.”—

Holp he to murder mine Horatio?

And actors in th’ accursèd tragedy

Wast thou, Lorenzo, Balthazar and thou,

Of whom my son, my son deserv’d so well?

What have I heard, what have mine eyes beheld? 530

O sacred heavens, may it come to pass

That such a monstrous and detested deed,

So closely smother’d, and so long conceal’d,

Shall thus by this be vengèd or reveal’d?

Now see I what I durst not then suspect,

That Bellimperia’s letter was not feign’d.

Nor feignèd she, though falsely they have wrong’d

Both her, myself, Horatio, and themselves.

Now may I make compare ’twixt hers and this,

Of every accident I ne’er could find 540

Till now, and now I feelingly perceive

They did what heav’n unpunish’d would not leave.

O false Lorenzo! are these thy flatt’ring looks?

Is this the honour that thou didst my son?  
 And Balthazar—bane to thy soul and me!—  
 Was this the ransom he reserv'd thee for?  
 Woe to the cause of these constrainèd wars!  
 Woe to thy baseness and captivity,  
 Woe to thy birth, thy body and thy soul,  
 Thy cursèd father, and thy conquer'd self!  
 And bann'd with bitter execrations be  
 The day and place where he did pity thee!  
 But wherefore waste I mine unfruitful words,  
 When naught but blood will satisfy my woes?  
 I will go plain me to my lord the king,  
 And cry aloud for justice through the court,  
 Wearing the flints with these my wither'd feet;  
 And either purchase justice by entreats,  
 Or tire them all with my revenging threats.

550

[Exit.

## SCENE VIII

*Enter ISABELLA and her Maid.*

*Isab.* So that, you say, this herb, will purge the eye,  
 And this, the head?—

560

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

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

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

570

*Maid.* Madam, these humours do torment my soul.

*Isab.* My soul—poor soul! thou talk'st of things—  
 Thou know'st not what: my soul hath silver wings,  
 That mounts me up unto the highest heavens;  
 To heav'n: ay, there sits my Horatio,  
 Back'd with a troop of fiery Cherubins,  
 Dancing about his newly healèd wounds,  
 Singing sweet hymns and chanting heav'nly notes:  
 Rare harmony to greet his innocence,

580

That died, ay died, a mirror in our days.  
 But say, where shall I find the men, the murderers,  
 That slew Horatio? Whither shall I run  
 To find them out that murderèd my son?

[*Exeunt.*]

## SCENE IX

*BELLIMPERIA at a window.*

*Bel.* What means this outrage that is offer'd me?  
 Why am I thus sequester'd from the court?  
 No notice! Shall I not know the cause  
 Of these my secret and suspicious ills?  
 Accursèd brother, unkind murderer,  
 Why bend'st thou thus thy mind to martyr me? 590  
 Hieronimo, why writ I of thy wrongs,  
 Or why art thou so slack in thy revenge?  
 Andrea, O Andrea! that thou saw'st  
 Me for thy friend Horatio handled thus,  
 And him for me thus causeless murderèd!—  
 Well, force perforce, I must constrain myself  
 To patience, and apply me to the time,  
 Till heav'n, as I have hop'd, shall set me free.

*Enter CHRISTOPHIL.*

*Chris.* Come, madam Bellimperia, this may not be. [*Exeunt.*]

## SCENE X

*Enter LORENZO, BALTHAZAR, and the Page.*

*Lor.* Boy, talk no further; thus far things go well. 600  
 Thou art assurèd that thou saw'st him dead?

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

*Lor.* That's enough.

As for his resolution in his end,  
 Leave that to him with whom he sojourns now.—  
 Here, take my ring and give it Christophil,  
 And bid him let my sister be enlarg'd,  
 And bring her hither straight.—

[*Exit Page.*]

This that I did was for a policy,  
 To smooth and keep the murder secret,  
 Which, as a nine-days' wonder, being o'erblown,  
 My gentle sister will I now enlarge. 610

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

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

*Bal.* Ay.

*Lor.* Then in your love beware; deal cunningly:  
 Salve all suspicions, only soothe me up;  
 And if she hap to stand on terms with us—  
 As for her sweetheart and concealment so— 620  
 Jest with her gently: under feignèd jest  
 Are things conceal'd that else would breed unrest.—  
 But here she comes.

*Enter BELLIMPERIA.*

Now, sister?

*Bel.* Sister?—No!

Thou art no brother, but an enemy;  
 Else wouldst thou not have us'd thy sister so:  
 First, to affright me with thy weapons drawn,  
 And with extremes abuse my company;  
 And then to hurry me, like whirlwind's rage,  
 Amidst a crew of thy confederates,  
 And clap me up, where none might come at me, 630  
 Nor I at any, to reveal my wrongs.  
 What madding fury did possess thy wits?  
 Or wherein is't that I offended thee?

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

*Bel.* Mine honour? why, Lorenzo, wherein is't  
 That I neglect my reputation so,  
 As you, or any, need to rescue it? 640

*Lor.* His highness and my father were resolv'd  
 To come confer with old Hieronimo,  
 Concerning certain matters of estate,

That by the viceroy was determinèd.

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

*Bal.* Have patience, Bellimperia; hear the rest.

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

650

*Bel.* How then?

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

*Bal.* And carry you obscurely somewhere else,  
Lest that his highness should have found you there. 660

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

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

*Bal.* And better was't for you, being in disgrace,  
To absent yourself, and give his fury place. 670

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

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

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

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

*[He whispereth in her ear.]*

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

680

*Bel.* Brother, you are become an orator—  
I know not, I, by what experience—  
Too politic for me, past all compare,

Since last I saw you; but content yourself:  
The prince is meditating higher things.

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

690

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

Bal. 'Tis I that love.

Bel. Whom?

Bal. Bellimperia.

Bel. But I that fear.

Bal. Whom?

Bel. Bellimperia.

Lor. Fear yourself?

Bel. Ay, brother.

Lor. How?

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

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

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

700

*Et tremulo metui pavidum junxere timorem—  
Est vanum stolidae proditiōnis opus.*

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

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

[*Exeunt.*]

## SCENE XI

*Enter two Portingals, and HIERONIMO meets them.*

1. By your leave, sir.

Hier. [*'Tis neither as you think, nor as you think,  
Nor as you think; you're wide all:*

710

*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 ?*

*Being born, it pouts, cries, and breeds teeth.*

720

*What is there yet in a son ? He must be fed,*

*Be taught to go, and speak. Ay, or yet*

*Why might not a man love a calf as well ?*

*Or melt in passion o'er a frisking kid,*

*As for a son ? Methinks, a young bacon,*

*Or a fine little smooth horse colt,*

*Should move a man as much as doth a son :*

*For one of these, in very little time,*

*Will grow to some good use ; whereas a son,*

*The more he grows in stature and in years,*

730

*The more unsquar'd, unbevell'd, he appears,*

*Reckons his parents among the rank of fools,*

*Strikes care upon their heads with his mad riots ;*

*Makes them look old, before they meet with age.*

*This is a son !—And what a loss were this,*

*Consider'd truly ?—O, but my Horatio*

*Grew out of reach of these insatiate humours :*

*He lov'd his loving parents ;*

*He was my comfort, and his mother's joy,*

*The very arm that did hold up our house :*

740

*Our hopes were storèd up in him,*

*None but a damnèd murderer could hate him.*

*He had not seen the back of nineteen year,*

*When his strong arm unhors'd*

*The proud Prince Balthazar, and his great mind,*

*Too full of honour, took him to his mercy—*

*That valiant, but ignoble Portingal !*

*Well, heaven is heaven still !*

*And there is Nemesis, and Furies,*

*And things call'd whips,*

750

*And they sometimes do meet with murderers :*

*They do not always 'scape, that is some comfort.*

*Ay, ay, ay ; and then time steals on,*

*And steals, and steals, till violence leaps forth*

*Like thunder wrapped in a ball of fire,*

*And so doth bring confusion to them all.]*

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

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

*Hier.* The next way from me.

1. To his house, we mean.

760

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

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

*Hier.* Who, my Lord Lorenzo?

1. Ay, sir.

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

*Hier.* O, forbear!

For other talk for us far fitter were.

But if you be importunate to know

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

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

There is a path upon your left-hand side,

That leadeth from a guilty conscience

Unto a forest of distrust and fear—

770

A darksome place, and dangerous to pass:

There shall you meet with melancholy thoughts,

Whose baleful humours if you but uphold,

It will conduct you to Despair and Death—

Whose rocky cliffs when you have once beheld,

Within a huge dale of lasting night,

That, kindled with the world's iniquities,

Doth cast up filthy and detested fumes—:

Not far from thence, where murderers have built

A habitation for their cursèd souls,

780

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

In his fell wrath, upon a sulphur flame,

Yourselves shall find Lorenzo bathing him

In boiling lead and blood of innocents.

1. Ha, ha, ha!

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

[*Exit.*]

2. Doubtless this man is passing lunatic,  
Or imperfection of his age doth make him dote.

Come, let's away to seek my lord the duke.

[*Exeunt.*]

## SCENE XII

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

*Hier.* Now, sir, perhaps I come and see the king; 790

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,  
That leads unto the lake where hell doth stand. 800

Away, Hieronimo! to him be gone:  
He'll do thee justice for Horatio's death.  
Turn down this path: thou shalt be with him straight;  
Or this, and then thou need'st not take thy breath:  
This way or that way!—Soft and fair, not so:  
For if I hang or kill myself, let's know  
Who will revenge Horatio's murther then?  
No, no! fie, no! pardon me, I'll none of that.

*[He flings away the dagger and halter.]*

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

*[He takes them up again.]*

And here I'll have a fling at him, that's flat; 810  
And, Balthazar, I'll be with thee to bring,  
And thee, Lorenzo! Here's the king—nay, stay;  
And here, ay here—there goes the hare away.

*Enter KING, Ambassador, CASTILE, and LORENZO.*

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

*Hier.* Justice, O, justice to Hieronimo.

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

*Hier.* O, is he so?

*King.* Who is he that interrupts our business?

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

- Amb.* Renownèd King, he hath receiv'd and read  
 Thy kingly proffers, and thy promis'd league;  
 And, as a man extremely over-joy'd  
 To hear his son so princely entertain'd,  
 Whose death he had so solemnly bewail'd,  
 This for thy further satisfaction,  
 And kingly love, he kindly lets thee know:  
 First, for the marriage of his princely son  
 With Bellimperia, thy belovèd niece,  
 The news are more delightful to his soul,  
 Than myrrh or incense to the offended heavens. 820  
 In person, therefore, will he come himself,  
 To see the marriage rites solemnisèd,  
 And, in the presence of the court of Spain,  
 To knit a sure inextricable band  
 Of kingly love and everlasting league  
 Betwixt the crowns of Spain and Portingal.  
 There will he give his crown to Balthazar,  
 And make a queen of Bellimperia.
- King.* Brother, how like you this our viceroy's love?
- Cast.* No doubt, my lord, it is an argument 840  
 Of honourable care to keep his friend,  
 And wondrous zeal to Balthazar his son;  
 Nor am I least indebted to his grace,  
 That bends his liking to my daughter thus.
- Amb.* Now last, dread lord, here hath his highness sent  
 (Although he send not that his son return)  
 His ransom due to Don Horatio.
- Hier.* Horatio! who calls Horatio?
- King.* And well remember'd: thank his majesty.  
 Here, see it given to Horatio. 850
- Hier.* Justice, O, justice, justice, gentle king!
- King.* Who is that? Hieronimo?
- Hier.* Justice, O, justice! O my son, my son!  
 My son, whom naught can ransom or redeem!
- Lor.* Hieronimo, you are not well-advis'd.
- Hier.* Away, Lorenzo, hinder me no more;  
 For thou hast made me bankrupt of my bliss.  
 Give me my son! you shall not ransom him!  
 Away! I'll rip the bowels of the earth,  
 [He diggeth with his dagger.  
 And ferry over to th' Elysian plains, 860

And bring my son to show his deadly wounds.  
Stand from about me!

I'll make a pickaxe of my poniard,  
And here surrender up my marshalship;  
For I'll go marshal up the fiends in hell,  
To be avengèd on you all for this.

*King.* What means this outrage?

Will none of you restrain his fury?

*Hier.* Nay, soft and fair! you shall not need to strive:  
For needs must he go that the devils drive.

870  
[Exit.

*King.* What accident hath happ'd Hieronimo?

I have not seen him to demean him so.

*Lor.* My gracious lord, he is with extreme pride,  
Conceiv'd of young Horatio his son—  
And covetous of having to himself  
The ransom of the young prince Balthazar—  
Distract, and in a manner lunatic.

*King.* Believe me, nephew, we are sorry for't:

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

880

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

*King.* We shall increase his melancholy so.

'Tis best that we see further in it first,  
Till when ourself will hold exempt the place.  
And, brother, now bring in the ambassador,  
That he may be a witness of the match  
'Twixt Balthazar and Bellimperia,  
And that we may prefix a certain time,  
Wherein the marriage shall be solemniz'd,  
That we may have thy lord, the viceroy, here.

890

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

*King.* On, then, and hear you, lord ambassador— [Exeunt.

SCENE XIII<sup>A</sup>

Enter JAQUES and PEDRO.

Jaq. *I wonder, Pedro, why our master thus  
At midnight sends us with our torches light,* 900  
*When man, and bird, and beast, are all at rest,  
Save those that watch for rape and bloody murder.*

Ped. *O Jaques, know thou that our master's mind  
Is much distraught, since his Horatio died,  
And—now his aged years should sleep in rest,  
His heart in quiet—like a desp'rate man,  
Grows lunatic and childish for his son.  
Sometimes, as he doth at his table sit,  
He speaks as if Horatio stood by him ;  
Then starting in a rage, falls on the earth,* 910  
*Cries out " Horatio, where is my Horatio ? "*  
*So that with extreme grief and cutting sorrow  
There is not left in him one inch of man :  
See, where he comes.*

Enter HIERONIMO.

Hier. *I pry through every crevice of each wall,  
Look on each tree, and search through every brake,  
Beat at the bushes, stamp our grandam earth,  
Dive in the water, and stare up to heaven :  
Yet cannot I behold my son Horatio.—  
How now, who's there ? spirits, spirits ?* 920

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

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

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

Hier. *No, no, you are deceiv'd ! not I ;—you are deceiv'd !  
Was I so mad to bid you light your torches now ?  
Light me your torches at the mid of noon,  
When-as the sun-god rides in all his glory ;  
Light me your torches then.*

Ped. *Then we burn daylight.*

Hier. *Let it be burnt ; Night is a murd'rous slut,  
That would not have her treasons to be seen ;* 930  
*And yonder pale-fac'd Hecate there, the moon,*

*Doth give consent to that is done in darkness ;  
And all those stars that gaze upon her face,  
Are aglets on her sleeve, pins on her train ;  
And those that should be powerful and divine,  
Do sleep in darkness, when they most should shine.*

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

Hier. *Villain, thou liest ! and thou dost nought* 940  
*But tell me I am mad : thou liest, I am not mad !  
I know thee to be Pedro, and he Jaques.  
I'll prove it to thee ; and were I mad, how could I ?  
Where was she that same night,  
When my Horatio was murder'd ?  
She should have shone : search thou the book.—Had the moon  
shone,  
In my boy's face there was a kind of grace,  
That I know—nay, I do know—had the murd'rer seen him,  
His weapon would have fall'n and cut the earth,  
Had he been fram'd of naught but blood and death.* 950  
*Alack ! when mischief doth it knows not what,  
What shall we say to mischief ?*

Enter ISABELLA.

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

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

Isab. *How ? be merry here, be merry here ?  
Is not this the place, and this the very tree,  
Where my Horatio died, where he was murder'd ?* 960

Hier. *Was—do not say what : let her weep it out.  
This was the tree ; I set it of a kernel :  
And when our hot Spain could not let it grow,  
But that the infant and the human sap  
Began to wither, duly twice a morning  
Would I be sprinkling it with fountain-water.  
At last it grew and grew, and bore and bore,  
Till at the length  
It grew a gallows, and did bear our son :*

*It bore thy fruit and mine—O wicked, wicked plant!* 970  
 [One knocks within at the door.]

*See, who knock there.*

Ped. *It is a painter, sir.*

Hier. *Bid him come in, and paint some comfort,  
 For surely there's none lives but painted comfort.  
 Let him come in!—One knows not what may chance:  
 God's will that I should set this tree!—but even so  
 Masters ungrateful servants rear from nought,  
 And then they hate them that did bring them up.*

Enter the Painter.

Paint. *God bless you, sir.*

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

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

Paint. *Justice, madam.* 980

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

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

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

Paint. *Ay, sir; no man did hold a son so dear.* 990

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

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

Hier. *Nor I, nor I: but this same one of mine  
 Was worth a legion. But all is one.  
 Pedro, Jaques, go in a-doors; Isabella, go,  
 And this good fellow here and I  
 Will range this hideous orchard up and down,  
 Like to two lions reav'd of their young.  
 Go in a-doors, I say.* 1000

[Exeunt. The painter and he sits down.]

*Come, let's talk wisely now.*

*Was thy son murder'd?*

Paint.

*Ay, sir.*

Hier.

*So was mine.*

*How dost take it? art thou not sometimes mad?*

*Is there no tricks that comes before thine eyes?*

Paint. *O Lord, yes, sir.*

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

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

1010

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

Paint. *Very well, sir.*

1020

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

Paint. *Seemingly, sir.*

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

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

Hier. *O, let them be worse, worse: stretch thine art, and let their beards be of Judas his own colour; and let their eye-brows 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:*

1034

*"What noise is this? who calls Hieronimo?"*

*May it be done?*

Paint. *Yea, sir.*

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

*the moon dark, the stars extinct, the winds blowing, the bells tolling, the owls shrieking, the toads croaking, the minutes jarring, and the clock striking twelve. And then at last, sir, starting, behold a man hanging, and tottering, 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.*

1053

Paint. *And is this the end?*

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

1060

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

## SCENE XIII

*Enter HIERONIMO, with a book in his hand.*

*Vindicta mihi!*

Ay, heav'n will be reveng'd of every ill;

Nor will they suffer murder unrepaid.

Then stay, Hieronimo, attend their will:

For mortal men may not appoint their time!—

*"Per scelus semper tutum est sceleribus iter."*

Strike, and strike home, where wrong is offer'd thee;

For evils unto ills conductors be,

And death's the worst of resolution.

For he that thinks with patience to contend

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,

1070

Then hast thou health, and happy shalt thou be;  
 If destiny deny thee life, Hieronimo,  
 Yet shalt thou be assurèd of a tomb—:

If neither, yet let this thy comfort be:

Heav'n cov'reth him that hath no burial.

And to conclude, I will revenge his death!

1080

But how? not as the vulgar wits of men,

With open, but inevitable ills,

As by a secret, yet a certain mean,  
 Which under kindship will be cloakèd best.

Wise men will take their opportunity  
 Closely and safely, fitting things to time.—

But in extremes advantage hath no time;

And therefore all times fit not for revenge.

Thus therefore will I rest me in unrest,

Dissembling quiet in unquietness,

1090

Not seeming that I know their villanies,

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

1100

To milder speeches than thy spirit affords,

Thy heart to patience, and thy hands to rest,

Thy cap to courtesy, and thy knee to bow,

Till to revenge thou know, when, where and how.

[*A noise within.*]

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

*Enter a Servant.*

*Serv.* Here are a sort of poor petitioners,

That are importunate, and it shall please you, sir,

That you should plead their cases to the king.

*Hier.* That I should plead their several actions?

Why, let them enter, and let me see them.

*Enter three Citizens and an Old Man.*

1. So, 1110

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

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

2. Sir, an action.

*Hier.* Of battery?

1. Mine of debt.

*Hier.* Give place. 1120

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

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

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

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

2. And here's my band.

3. And here's my lease.

[*They give him papers.*]

*Hier.* But wherefore stands yon silly man so mute,  
With mournful eyes and hands to heav'n uprear'd?  
Come hither, father, let me know thy cause.

*Senex.* O worthy sir, my cause, but slightly known, 1130  
May move the hearts of warlike Myrmidons,  
And melt the Corsic rocks with ruthless tears.

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

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

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

*Senex.* Ay, sir.

*Hier.* No, sir, it was my murder'd son: 1140  
O my son, my son, O my son Horatio!  
But mine, or thine, Bazulto, be content.  
Here, take my handkercher, and wipe thine eyes,

Whiles wretched I in thy mishaps may see  
The lively portrait of my dying self.

[*He draweth out a bloody napkin.*]

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

1150

1. O, see the kindness of Hieronimo!
2. This gentleness shows him a gentleman.

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

See here a loving father to his son!  
Behold the sorrows and the sad laments,  
That he deliv'reth for his son's decease!  
If love's effects so strive in lesser things,  
If love enforce such moods in meaner wits,  
If love express such power in poor estates:

1160

Hieronimo, when as a raging sea,  
Toss'd with the wind and tide, o'erturnest then  
The upper billows course of waves to keep,  
Whilst lesser waters labour in the deep:  
Then sham'st thou not, Hieronimo, to neglect  
The sweet revenge of thy Horatio?

Though on this earth justice will not be found,  
I'll down to hell, and in this passion

Knock at the dismal gates of Pluto's court,  
Getting by force, as once Alcides did,

1170

A troop of Furies and tormenting hags  
To torture Don Lorenzo and the rest.

Yet lest the triple-headed porter should  
Deny my passage to the slimy strand,  
The Thracian poet thou shalt counterfeit:

Come on, old father, be my Orpheus,  
And if thou canst no notes upon the harp,  
Then sound the burden of thy sore heart's-grief,  
Till we do gain that Proserpine may grant  
Revenge on them that murderèd my son.

1180

Then will I rent and tear them, thus and thus,  
Shiv'ring their limbs in pieces with my teeth.

[*Tears the papers.*]



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

Thou art the lively image of my grief; 1220

Within thy face, my sorrows I may see.

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

Thy forehead troubled, and thy mutt'ring lips

Murmur sad words abruptly broken off;

By force of windy sighs thy spirit breathes,

And all this sorrow riseth for thy son:

And selfsame sorrow feel I for my son.

Come in, old man, thou shalt to Isabel;

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

And thou, and I, and she will sing a song, 1230

Three parts in one, but all of discords fram'd—:

Talk not of chords, but let us now be gone,

For with a cord Horatio was slain. [Exeunt.

## SCENE XIV

*Enter KING OF SPAIN, the DUKE, VICEROY, and LORENZO,  
BALTHAZAR, DON PEDRO, and BELLIMPERIA.*

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

*Cast.* I go.

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

*Ped.* It shall be so.

*King.* And now to meet these Portuguese:

For as we now are, so sometimes were these,

Kings and commanders of the western Indies. 1240

Welcome, brave Viceroy, to the court of Spain,

And welcome all his honourable train!

'Tis not unknown to us for why you come,

Or have so kingly cross'd the seas:

Sufficeth it, in this we note the troth

And more than common love you lend to us.

So is it that mine honourable niece

(For it beseems us now that it be known)

Already is betroth'd to Balthazar:

And by appointment and our condescent 1250

To-morrow are they to be married.

To this intent we entertain thyself,  
 Thy followers, their pleasure, and our peace.  
 Speak, men of Portingal, shall it be so?  
 If ay, say so; if not, say flatly no.

*Vic.* Renownèd King, I come not, as thou think'st,  
 With doubtful followers, unresolvèd men,  
 But such as have upon thine articles  
 Confirm'd thy motion, and contented me.  
 Know, sovereign, I come to solemnise  
 The marriage of thy belovèd niece,  
 Fair Bellimperia, with my Balthazar,  
 With thee, my son; whom sith I live to see,  
 Here take my crown, I give it her and thee;  
 And let me live a solitary life,  
 In ceaseless prayers,  
 To think how strangely heav'n hath thee preserv'd.

1260

*King.* See, brother, see, how nature strives in him!  
 Come, worthy Viceroy, and accompany  
 Thy friend with thine extremities:

1270

*Vic.* A place more private fits this princely mood.  
 Or here, or where your highness thinks it good.

[*Exeunt all but Castile and Lorenzo.*]

## SCENE XV

CASTILE, LORENZO.

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

See'st thou this entertainment of these kings?

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

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

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

*Cast.* She is thy sister?

*Lor.* Who, Bellimperia? ay,

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

1280

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

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

*Cast.* Why then, Lorenzo, listen to my words:

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

*Lor.* That I, my lord——?

1290

*Cast.* I tell thee, son, myself have heard it said,  
When (to my sorrow) I have been asham'd  
To answer for thee, though thou art my son.  
Lorenzo, know'st thou not the common love  
And kindness that Hieronimo hath won  
By his deserts within the court of Spain?  
Or see'st thou not the king my brother's care  
In his behalf, and to procure his health?  
Lorenzo, shouldst thou thwart his passions,  
And he exclaim against thee to the king,  
What honour were't in this assembly,  
Or what a scandal were 't among the kings  
To hear Hieronimo exclaim on thee?  
Tell me—and look thou tell me truly too—  
Whence grows the ground of this report in court?

1300

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

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

1310

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

*Cast.* Hieronimo, my son, mistakes thee then.

*Lor.* My gracious father, believe me, so he doth.  
But what's a silly man, distract in mind  
To think upon the murder of his son?  
Alas! how easy is it for him to err!  
But for his satisfaction and the world's,  
'Twere good, my lord, that Hieronimo and I  
Were reconcil'd, if he misconster me.

1320

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

*Enter BALTHAZAR and BELLIMPERIA.*

*Bal.* Come, Bellimperia, Balthazar's content,  
My sorrow's ease and sovereign of my bliss,  
Sith heaven hath ordain'd thee to be mine: 1330  
Disperse those clouds and melancholy looks,  
And clear them up with those thy sun-bright eyes,  
Wherein my hope and heaven's fair beauty lies.

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

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

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

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

*Cast.* Welcome, Balthazar,  
Welcome, brave prince, the pledge of Castile's peace! 1340  
And welcome, Bellimperia!—How now, girl?  
Why com'st thou sadly to salute us thus?  
Content thyself, for I am satisfied:  
It is not now as when Andrea liv'd;  
We have forgotten and forgiven that,  
And thou art gracèd with a happier love.—  
But, Balthazar, here comes Hieronimo;  
I'll have a word with him.

*Enter HIERONIMO and a Servant.*

*Hier.* And where's the duke?

*Serv.* Yonder.

*Hier.* Ev'n so.—

What new device have they devisèd, trow? 1350

*Pocas palabras!* mild as the lamb!

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

*Cast.* Welcome, Hieronimo.

*Lor.* Welcome, Hieronimo.

*Bal.* Welcome, Hieronimo.

*Hier.* My lords, I thank you for Horatio.

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

*Hier.* What, so short?

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

*Cast.* Nay, stay, Hieronimo!—go call him, son. 1360

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

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

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

*Cast.* Hieronimo, I hear

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

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

*Cast.* Hieronimo, I hope you have no cause,  
And would be loath that one of your deserts  
Should once have reason to suspect my son, 1370  
Consid'ring how I think of you myself.

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

[*Draws out his sword.*]

I'll meet him face to face, to tell me so!  
These be the scandalous reports of such  
As love not me, and hate my lord too much:  
Should I suspect Lorenzo would prevent  
Or cross my suit, that lov'd my son so well?  
My lord, I am asham'd it should be said. 1380

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

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

*Cast.* There then pause;

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

*Hier.* Ay, marry, my lord, and shall.

Friends, quoth he? see, I'll be friends with you all: 1390  
Especially with you, my lovely lord;  
For divers causes it is fit for us  
That we be friends: the world's suspicious,  
And men may think what we imagine not.

*Bal.* Why, this is friendly done, Hieronimo.

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

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

*Cast.* Come on, Hieronimo, at my request;

Let us entreat your company to-day.

[*Exeunt.*

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

*Chi mi fa più carezze che non suole,*

1401

*Tradito mi ha, o tradir mi voule.*

[*Exit.*

SCENE XVI

*Enter Ghost and Revenge.*

*Ghost.* Awake, Erichtho! Cerberus, awake!

Solicit Pluto, gentle Proserpine!

To combat, Acheron and Erebus!

For ne'er, by Styx and Phlegethon in hell,

O'er-ferried Charon to the fiery lakes

Such fearful sights, as poor Andrea sees.

Revenge, awake!

*Revenge.* Awake? for why?

*Ghost.* Awake, Revenge; for thou art ill-advis'd

1410

To sleep—awake! what, thou art warn'd to watch!

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

*Ghost.* Awake, Revenge, if love—as love hath had—

Have yet the power or prevalence in hell!

Hieronimo with Lorenzo is join'd in league,

And intercepts our passage to revenge:

Awake, Revenge, or we are woe-begone!

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

Content thyself, Andrea: though I sleep,

Yet is my mood soliciting their souls.

1420

Sufficeth thee that poor Hieronimo

Cannot forget his son Horatio.

Nor dies Revenge, although he sleep awhile;

For in unquiet quietness is feign'd,

And slumb'ring is a common worldly wile.—

Behold, Andrea, for an instance, how

Revenge hath slept, and then imagine thou,

What 'tis to be subject to destiny.

*Enter a Dumb-Show.*

*Ghost.* Awake, Revenge; reveal this mystery.

*Revenge.* Lo! the two first the nuptial torches bore

1430

As brightly burning as the mid-day's sun;  
But after them doth Hymen hie as fast,  
Clothèd in sable and a saffron robe,  
And blows them out, and quenbeth 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.

1440

[*Exeunt.*]

## ACT IV

### SCENE I

*Enter BELLIMPERIA and HIERONIMO.*

*Bel.* Is this the love thou bear'st Horatio?  
 Is this the kindness that thou counterfeit'st?  
 Are these the fruits of thine incessant tears?  
 Hieronimo, are these thy passions,  
 Thy protestations and thy deep laments,  
 That thou wert wont to weary men withal?  
 O unkind father! O deceitful world!  
 With what excuses canst thou show thyself  
 From this dishonour and the hate of men?  
 Thus to neglect the loss and life of him  
 Whom both my letters and thine own belief  
 Assures thee to be causeless slaughterèd!  
 Hieronimo, for shame, Hieronimo,  
 Be not a history to after-times  
 Of such ingratitude unto thy son:  
 Unhappy mothers of such children then,  
 But monstrous fathers to forget so soon  
 The death of those, whom they with care and cost  
 Have tender'd so, thus careless should be lost.  
 Myself, a stranger in respect of thee,  
 So lov'd his life, as still I wish their deaths.  
 Nor shall his death be unreveng'd by me,  
 Although I bear it out for fashion's sake:  
 For here I swear, in sight of heav'n and earth,  
 Shouldst thou neglect the love thou shouldst retain,  
 And give it over, and devise no more,  
 Myself should send their hateful souls to hell,  
 That wrought his downfall with extremest death.

*Hier.* But may it be that Bellimperia  
 Vows such revenge as she hath deign'd to say?  
 Why, then I see that heav'n applies our drift,  
 And all the saints do sit solíciting

For vengeance on those cursèd murderers.  
 Madam, 'tis true, and now I find it so:  
 I found a letter, written in your name,  
 And in that letter, how Horatio died.  
 Pardon, O pardon, Bellimperia,  
 My fear and care in not believing it;  
 Nor think I thoughtless think upon a mean  
 To let his death be unreveng'd at full.  
 And here I vow—so you but give consent,  
 And will conceal my resolution—:  
 I will ere long determine of their deaths  
 That causeless thus have murderèd my son.

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

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

*Enter BALTHAZAR and LORENZO.*

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

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

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

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

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

*Hier.* Is this all?

*Bal.* Ay, this is all.

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

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

70

*Lor.* And how for that?

*Hier.* Marry, my good lord, thus:  
(And yet, methinks, you are too quick with us)—

When in Toledo there I studièd,

It was my chance to write a tragedy:

See here, my lords—

[*He shows them a book.*]

Which, long forgot, I found this other day.

Now would your lordships favour me so much

As but to grace me with your acting it—

80

I mean each one of you to play a part—

Assure you it will prove most passing strange,

And wondrous plausible to that assembly.

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

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

*Lor.* Nay, be not angry, good Hieronimo;

The prince but ask'd a question.

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

90

*Lor.* And I another.

*Hier.* Now, my good lord, could you entreat

Your sister Bellimperia to make one?

For what's a play without a woman in it.

*Bel.* Little entreaty shall serve me, Hieronimo;

For I must needs be employèd in your play.

*Hier.* Why, this is well: I tell you, lordings,

It was determinèd to have been acted,

By gentlemen and scholars too,

Such as could tell what to speak.

*Bal.*

And now

100

It shall be play'd by princes and courtiers,

Such as can tell how to speak:

If, as it is our country manner,

You will but let us know the argument.

*Hier.* That shall I roundly. The chronicles of Spain

Record this written of a knight of Rhodes:

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

*Lor.* O excellent!

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

*Hier.* Marry, thus:  
 Mov'd with remorse of his misdeeds,  
 Ran to a mountain-top, and hung himself.

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

*Hier.* O, that will I, my lords; make no doubt of it: 130  
 I'll play the murderer, I warrant you;  
 For I already have conceited that.

*Bal.* And what shall I?

*Hier.* Great Soliman, the Turkish emperor.

*Lor.* And I?

*Hier.* Erastus, the knight of Rhodes.

*Bel.* And I?

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

*[Gives a paper to Balthazar,*

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

*[Gives another to Lorenzo.*

And, madam, you must attire yourself

[*He giveth Bellimperia another.*]

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

150

*Bal.* Hieronimo, methinks a comedy were better.

*Hier.* A comedy?

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

160

That in one hour's meditation  
They would perform anything in action.

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

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

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

*Hier.* Each one of us

Must act his part in unknown languages,  
That it may breed the more variety:  
As you, my lord, in Latin, I in Greek,  
You in Italian, and for because I know  
That Bellimperia hath practised the French,  
In courtly French shall all her phrases be.

170

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

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

*Hier.* It must be so; for the conclusion  
Shall prove the invention and all was good:  
And I myself in an oration,  
And with a strange and wondrous show besides,  
That I will have there behind a curtain,  
Assure yourself, shall make the matter known:

180

And all shall be concluded in one scene,  
For there's no pleasure ta'en in tediousness.

*Bal.* How like you this?

*Lor.* Why, thus my lord:

We must resolve to soothe his humours up.

*Bal.* On then, Hieronimo; farewell till soon.

*Hier.* You'll ply this gear?

*Lor.* I warrant you.

[*Exeunt all but Hieronimo.*

*Hier.* Why so:

Now shall I see the fall of Babylon,  
Wrought by the heav'n's in this confusion.  
And if the world like not this tragedy,  
Hard is the hap of old Hieronimo. 190

[*Exit.*

## SCENE II.

*Enter ISABELLA with a weapon.*

*Isab.* Tell me no more!—O monstrous homicides!  
Since neither piety nor pity moves  
The king to justice or compassion,  
I will revenge myself upon this place,  
Where thus they murder'd my belovèd son.

[*She cuts down the arbour.*

Down with these branches and these loathsome boughs  
Of this unfortunate and fatal pine: 200  
Down with them, Isabella; rent them up,  
And burn the roots from whence the rest is sprung.  
I will not leave a root, a stalk, a tree,  
A bough, a branch, a blossom, nor a leaf,  
No, not an herb within this garden-plot—  
Accursèd complot of my misery!  
Fruitless for ever may this garden be,  
Barren the earth, and blissless whosoe'er  
Imagines not to keep it unmanur'd!  
An eastern wind, commix'd with noisome airs, 210  
Shall blast the plants and the young saplings;  
The earth with serpents shall be pesterèd,  
And passengers, for fear to be infect,  
Shall stand aloof, and, looking at it, tell:

"There, murder'd, died the son of Isabel."  
 Ay, here he died, and here I him embrace:  
 See, where his ghost solicits, with his wounds,  
 Revenge on her that should revenge his death.  
 Hieronimo, make haste to see thy son;  
 For sorrow and despair hath cited me 220  
 To hear Horatio plead with Rhadamanth:  
 Make haste, Hieronimo, to hold excus'd  
 Thy negligence in pursuit of their deaths  
 Whose hateful wrath bereav'd him of his breath.—  
 Ah, nay, thou dost delay their deaths,  
 Forgiv'st the murd'ers of thy noble son,  
 And none but I bestir me—to no end!  
 And as I curse this tree from further fruit,  
 So shall my womb be cursèd for his sake;  
 And with this weapon will I wound the breast, 230  
 The hapless breast, that gave Horatio suck.  
 [*She stabs herself.*]

## SCENE III.

*Enter HIERONIMO; he knocks up the curtain.*

*Enter the Duke of CASTILE.*

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

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

*Cast.* I will, Hieronimo.

*Hier.* One thing more, my good lord.

*Cast.* What's that?

*Hier.* Let me entreat your grace 240  
 That, when the train are pass'd into the gallery,  
 You would vouchsafe to throw me down the key.

*Cast.* I will, Hieronimo.

[*Exit Castile.*]

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

*Enter BALTHAZAR, with a chair.*

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

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

*Hier.* Despatch for shame; are you so long? [*Exit Balthazar.*

Bethink thyself, Hieronimo,  
Recall thy wits, recount thy former wrongs 250

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

The plot is laid of dire revenge:

On, then, Hieronimo, pursue revenge;

For nothing wants but acting of revenge!

[*Exit Hieronimo.*

#### SCENE IV.

*Enter SPANISH KING, VICEROY, the DUKE OF CASTILE,  
and their train.*

*King.* Now, Viceroy, shall we see the tragedy  
Of Soliman, the Turkish emperor, 260  
Perform'd—of pleasure—by your son the prince,  
My nephew Don Lorenzo, and my niece.

*Vic.* Who? Bellimperia?

*King.* Ay, and Hieronimo, our marshal,

At whose request they deign to do't themselves:

These be our pastimes in the court of Spain.

Here, brother, you shall be the bookkeeper:

This is the argument of that they show.

[*He giveth him a book.*

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

*Enter BALTHAZAR, BELLIMPERIA, and HIERONIMO.*

*Bal.* *Bashaw, that Rhodes is ours, yield heav'ns the honour,  
And holy Mahomet, our sacred prophet!*

*And be thou grac'd with every excellence  
That Soliman can give, or thou desire.  
But thy desert in conquering Rhodes is less  
Than in reserving this fair Christian nymph,  
Perseda, blissful lamp of excellence,  
Whose eyes compel, like powerful adamant,  
The warlike heart of Soliman to wait.* 270

*King.* See, Viceroy, that is Balthazar, your son,  
That represents the emperor Soliman:

How well he acts his amorous passion!

*Vic.* Ay, Bellimperia hath taught him that. 280

*Cast.* That's because his mind runs all on Bellimperia.

*Hier.* *Whatever joy earth yields, betide your majesty.*

*Bal.* *Earth yields no joy without Perseda's love.*

*Hier.* *Let then Perseda on your grace attend.*

*Bal.* *She shall not wait on me, but I on her :*

*Drawn by the influence of her lights, I yield.*

*But let my friend, the Rhodian knight, come forth,*

*Erasto, dearer than my life to me,*

*That he may see Perseda, my belov'd.*

*Enter ERASTO.*

*King.* Here comes Lorenzo: look upon the plot, 290  
And tell me, brother, what part plays he?

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

*Lor.* *Thrice happy is Erasto that thou liv'st ;*

*Rhodes' loss is nothing to Erasto's joy :*

*Sith his Perseda lives, his life survives.*

*Bal.* *Ah, bashaw, here is love between Erasto*

*And fair Perseda, sovereign of my soul.*

*Hier.* *Remove Erasto, mighty Soliman,*

*And then Perseda will be quickly won.*

*Bal.* *Erasto is my friend ; and while he lives, 300*

*Perseda never will remove her love.*

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

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

*Hier.* *But if he be your rival, let him die.*

*Bal.* *Why, let him die !—so love commandeth me.*

*Yet grieve I that Erasto should so die.*

*Hier.* *Erasto, Soliman saluteth thee,*

*And lets thee wit by me his highness' will,  
Which is, thou shouldst be thus employ'd.*

[Stabs him.]

Bel.

*Ay me!*

*Erasto I see, Soliman, Erasto's slain!*

310

Bal. *Yet liveth Soliman to comfort thee.*

*Fair queen of beauty, let not favour die,  
But with a gracious eye behold his grief,  
That with Perseda's beauty is increas'd,  
If by Perseda his grief be not releas'd.*

Bel. *Tyrant, desist soliciting vain suits;*

*Relentless are mine ears to thy laments,  
As thy butcher is pitiless and base,  
Which seiz'd on my Erasto, harmless knight.  
Yet by thy power thou thinkest to command,  
And to thy power Perseda doth obey:*

320

*But, were she able, thus she would revenge  
Thy treacheries on thee, ignoble prince:  
And on herself she would be thus reveng'd.*

[Stabs him.]

[Stabs herself.]

King. *Well said!—Old marshal, this was bravely done!*Hier. *But Bellimperia plays Perseda well!*Vic. *Were this in earnest, Bellimperia.*

*You would be better to my son than so.*

King. *But now what follows for Hieronimo?*Hier. *Marry, this follows for Hieronimo:*

330

*Here break we off our sundry languages,  
And thus conclude I in our vulgar tongue.*

*Haply you think—but bootless are your thoughts—*

*That this is fabulously counterfeit,  
And that we do as all tragedians do:*

*To die to-day (for fashioning our scene)  
The death of Ajax or some Roman peer,  
And in a minute starting up again,  
Revive to please to-morrow's audience.*

*No, princes; know I am Hieronimo,  
The hopeless father of a hapless son,  
Whose tongue is tun'd to tell his latest tale,  
Not to excuse gross errors in the play.*

340

*I see, your looks urge instance of these words;  
Behold the reason urging me to this: [Shows his dead son.  
See here my show, look on this spectacle,  
Here lay my hope, and here my hope hath end;  
Here lay my heart, and here my heart was slain;*

Here lay my treasure, here my treasure lost;  
 Here lay my bliss, and here my bliss bereft: 35°  
 But hope, heart, treasure, joy, and bliss,  
 All fled, fail'd, died, yea, all decay'd with this.  
 From forth these wounds came breath that gave me life;  
 They murder'd me that made these fatal marks.  
 The cause was love, whence grew this mortal hate;  
 The hate: Lorenzo and young Balthazar;  
 The love: my son to Bellimperia.  
 But night, the cov'rer of accursèd crimes,  
 With pitchy silence hush'd these traitors' harms,  
 And lent them leave, for they had sorted leisure 36°  
 To take advantage in my garden-plot  
 Upon my son, my dear Horatio:  
 There merciless they butcher'd up my boy,  
 In black, dark night, to pale, dim, cruel death.  
 He shrieks: I heard (and yet, methinks, I hear)  
 His dismal outcry echo in the air.  
 With soonest speed I hasted to the noise,  
 Where hanging on a tree I found my son,  
 Through-girt with wounds, and slaughter'd as you see.  
 And griev'd I, think you, at this spectacle? 37°  
 Speak, Portuguese, whose loss resembles mine:  
 If thou canst weep upon thy Balthazar,  
 'Tis like I wail'd for my Horatio.  
 And you, my lord, whose reconcilèd son  
 March'd in a net, and thought himself unseen,  
 And rated me for brainsick lunacy,  
 With "God amend that mad Hieronimo!"—  
 How can you brook our play's catastrophe?  
 And here behold this bloody handkercher,  
 Which at Horatio's death I weeping dipp'd 38°  
 Within the river of his bleeding wounds:  
 It as propitious, see, I have reserv'd,  
 And never hath it left my bloody heart,  
 Soliciting remembrance of my vow  
 With these, O, these accursèd murderers:  
 Which now perform'd my heart is satisfied.  
 And to this end the bashaw I became  
 That might revenge me on Lorenzo's life,  
 Who therefore was appointed to the part,  
 And was to represent the knight of Rhodes, 39°

That I might kill him more conveniently.  
 So, Viceroy, was this Balthazar, thy son,  
 That Soliman which Bellimperia,  
 In person of Perseda, murderèd:  
 Solely appointed to that tragic part  
 That she might slay him that offended her.  
 Poor Bellimperia miss'd her part in this:  
 For though the story saith she should have died,  
 Yet I of kindness, and of care to her,  
 Did otherwise determine of her end;  
 But love of him whom they did hate too much  
 Did urge her resolution to be such.—  
 And, princes, now behold Hieronimo,  
 Author and actor in this tragedy,  
 Bearing his latest fortune in his fist;  
 And will as resolute conclude his part,  
 As any of the actors gone before.  
 And, gentles, thus I end my play;  
 Urge no more words: I have no more to say.

400

*[He runs to hang himself.]*

*King.* O hearken, Viceroy! Hold, Hieronimo! 410

Brother, my nephew and thy son are slain!

*Vic.* We are betray'd; my Balthazar is slain!

Break ope the doors; run, save Hieronimo.

*[They break in and hold Hieronimo.]*

Hieronimo,

Do but inform the king of these events;  
 Upon mine honour, thou shalt have no harm.

*Hier.* Viceroy, I will not trust thee with my life,

Which I this day have offer'd to my son.

Accursèd wretch!

Why stay'st thou him that was resolv'd to die?

*King.* Speak, traitor! damnèd, bloody murd'rer, speak! 420

For now I have thee, I will make thee speak.

Why hast thou done this undeserving deed?

*Vic.* Why hast thou murderèd my Balthazar?

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

*Hier.* *[But are you sure they are dead?]*

*Cast.*

*Ay, slave, too sure.*

*Hier.* *What, and yours too?*

*Vic.* *Ay, all are dead; not one of them survive.*

*Hier.* *Nay, then I care not; come, and we shall be friends;*

*Let us lay our heads together :*

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

430

Vic. *O damnèd devil, how secure he is !*

Hier. *Secure ? why, dost thou wonder at it ?*

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

*And in that sight am grown a prouder monarch,*

*Than ever sat under the crown of Spain.*

*Had I as many lives as there be stars,*

*As many heav'ns to go to, as those lives,*

*I'd give them all, ay, and my soul to boot,*

*But I would see thee ride in this red pool.]*

O, good words!

440

As dear to me was my Horatio,

As yours, or yours, or yours, my lord, to you.

My guiltless son was by Lorenzo slain,

And by Lorenzo and that Balthazar

Am I at last revengèd thoroughly,

Upon whose souls may heav'ns be yet aveng'd

With greater far than these afflictions.

Cast. But who were thy confederates in this?

Vic. That was thy daughter Bellimperia;

For by her hand my Balthazar was slain:

450

I saw her stab him.

King.

Why speak'st thou not? <sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Instead of ll. 451 (second half: "Why speak'st thou not") to 462, the Qq. from 1602 onwards have the following passage (they have also put ll. 448-451, first half, before l. 440):

[Hier.] *Methinks, since I grew inward with revenge,*

*I cannot look with scorn enough on death.*

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

Hier. *Do, do, do : and meantime I'll torture you.*

*You had a son, as I take it ; and your son*

*Should ha' been married to your daughter :*

*Ha, was it not so ?—You had a son too,*

*He was my liege's nephew ; he was proud*

*And politic ; had he liv'd, he might have come*

*To wear the crown of Spain (I think 'twas so)—:*

*'Twas I that kill'd him ; look you, this same hand,*

*'Twas it that stabb'd his heart—do ye see this hand ?*

*For one Horatio, if you ever knew him : a youth,*

*One that they hang'd up in his father's garden ;*

*One that did force your valiant son to yield,*

*While your more valiant son did take him prisoner.*

Vic. *Be deaf, my senses ; I can hear no more.*

King. *Fall, heav'n, and cover us with thy sad ruins.*

Cast. *Roll all the world within thy pitchy cloud.*

Hier. *Now do I applaud what I have acted.*

*Nunc iners cadat manus !*

*Now to express the rapture of my part—*

*Hier.* What lesser liberty can kings afford  
Than harmless silence? then afford it me.  
Sufficeth, I may not, nor I will not tell thee.

*King.* Fetch forth the tortures: traitor as thou art,  
I'll make thee tell.

*Hier.* Indeed,  
Thou may'st torment me, as his wretched son  
Hath done in murd'ring my Horatio:  
But never shalt thou force me to reveal  
The thing which I have vow'd inviolate. 460  
And therefore, in despite of all thy threats,  
Pleas'd with their deaths, and eas'd with their revenge,  
First take my tongue, and afterwards my heart.

*[He bites out his tongue.]*

*King.* O monstrous resolution of a wretch!  
See, Viceroy, he hath bitten forth his tongue,  
Rather than to reveal what we requir'd.

*Cast.* Yet can he write.

*King.* And if in this he satisfy us not,  
We will devise th' extremest kind of death  
That ever was invented for a wretch. 470

*[Then he makes signs for a knife to mend his pen.]*

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

*Vic.* Here, and advise thee that thou write the troth.—  
Look to my brother! save Hieronimo!

*[He with a knife stabs the duke and himself.]*

*King.* What age hath ever heard such monstrous deeds?  
My brother, and the whole succeeding hope  
That Spain expected after my decease!—  
Go, bear his body hence, that we may mourn  
The loss of our belovèd brother's death—:  
That he may be entomb'd!—Whate'er befall,  
I am the next, the nearest, last of all. 480

*Vic.* And thou, Don Pedro, do the like for us:  
Take up our hapless son, untimely slain;  
Set me with him, and he with woeful me,  
Upon the main-mast of a ship unmann'd,  
And let the wind and tide haul me along  
To Scylla's barking and untamèd gulf,  
Or to the loathsome pool of Acheron,

To weep my want for my sweet Balthazar:  
Spain hath no refuge for a Portingal.

[*The trumpets sound a dead march; the King of Spain mourning after his brother's body, and the King of Portingal bearing the body of his son.*]

## SCENE V.

*Enter Ghost and Revenge.*

- Ghost.* Ay, now my hopes have end in their effects, 490  
When blood and sorrow finish my desires:  
Horatio murder'd in his father's bower;  
Vild Serberine by Pedringano slain;  
False Pedringano hang'd by quaint device;  
Fair Isabella by herself misdone;  
Prince Balthazar by Bellimperia stabb'd;  
The Duke of Castile and his wicked son  
Both done to death by old Hieronimo;  
My Bellimperia fall'n, as Dido fell, 500  
And good Hieronimo slain by himself:  
Ay, these were spectacles to please my soul!—  
Now will I beg at lovely Proserpine  
That, by the virtue of her princely doom,  
I may consort my friends in pleasing sort,  
And on my foes work just and sharp revenge.  
I'll lead my friend Horatio through those fields,  
Where never-dying wars are still inur'd;  
I'll lead fair Isabella to that train,  
Where pity weeps, but never feeleth pain; 510  
I'll lead my Bellimperia to those joys,  
That vestal virgins and fair queens possess;  
I'll lead Hieronimo where Orpheus plays,  
Adding sweet pleasure to eternal days.  
But say, Revenge—for thou must help, or none—  
Against the rest how shall my hate be shown?
- Rev.* This hand shall hale them down to deepest hell,  
Where none but Furies, bugs and tortures dwell.
- Ghost.* Then, sweet Revenge, do this at my request:  
Let me be judge, and doom them to unrest,  
Let loose poor Tityus from the vulture's gripe, 520

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 Chimæra's neck,  
And let him there bewail his bloody love,  
Repining at our joys that are above;  
Let Serberine go roll the fatal stone,  
And take from Sisyphus his endless moan;  
False Pedringano, for his treachery,  
Let him be dragg'd through boiling Acheron,  
And there live, dying still in endless flames,  
Blaspheming gods and all their holy names.

53°

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

[*Exeunt.*]



## GLOSSARY

- ABHOR** (from), to be averse, contrary to  
**ABIDE**, endure, suffer  
**ABSTRACT**, summary  
**ABUSE**, deceive; insult  
**ACCIDENT**, incident  
**ADRAD**, from verb *adread*, fill with fear, dread  
**ADVISE**, consider, bethink  
**ADVISED**, "WELL," in sound senses  
**AGLET**, tag of a lace, or cord, often ornamented  
**ALLOW**, approve  
**ALL-TO**, entirely, completely  
**AMBAGE**, circumlocution  
**ANGEL**, gold coin worth ten shillings, stamped with figure of the archangel Michael  
**ANSWER**, recompense, repay  
**APPARENTLY**, plainly  
**APPLY**, agree with  
**APPROVE**, prove, testify  
**APT**, ready, willing, fit  
**ARCHITECT**, (?) archetype (Dyce); (?) architecture  
**ARGUMENT**, proof, token  
**ARTIFICER**, artisan  
  
**BALLACE**, ballast, steady  
**BASILISK**, fabulous reptile, believed to slay with its eye  
**BATE**, flutter with the wings, preparatory to flight (term of falconry)  
**BATTERY**, assault  
**BEDARE**, defy  
**BEDESMAN**, prayer-man, generally one engaged to pray for another  
**BEHIGHT**, promise  
**BEHOOVE**, behave, be necessary, incumbent  
**BERAY**, soil, defile  
**BEWRAY**, betray, reveal  
**BODE**, from the verb *bide*, endure  
**BOLSTERED**, (?) bolstered, matted  
**BOOK-KEEPER**, prompter  
**BOOT**, avail, help; something given into the bargain  
**BOOTLESS**, without remedy, of no avail  
  
**BOTCHER**, mender of old clothes, etc.  
**BOW**, bend  
**BRABBLE** (brabbling), brawl  
**BRAID**, start  
**BRAVERY**, bravado, defiance  
**"BREATHY-SWORDS"**, words like swords  
**BROOK**, digest; endure, suffer  
**BRUIT**, report  
**BUG**, bugbear  
**BUTTING**, abutting  
**BYE**, aby, atone for  
  
**CAREFUL**, full of, requiring care  
**CATES**, provisions, dainties  
**CENSURE**, judgment, sentence, opinion  
**CENSURE**, pass sentence  
**CHARM**, exercise magic influence  
**CHECK**, chide  
**CHEER**, countenance, disposition; entertainment  
**CHEERLY**, cheerily  
**CIVIL**, belonging to, employed for, civil war  
**CLEPE**, call, name  
**CLOSE WITH**, come to agreement; come to close quarters  
**CLOSELY**, secretly  
**CLOY**, satisfy, satiate  
**COCKSHUT**, twilight, time when woodcocks were caught in a net, called a "cockshut" (Nares); time when poultry go to roost (?)  
**COIL**, trouble, commotion, "to do"  
**COISTREL**, low varlet  
**COLT(COWL)STAFF**, pole for carrying a cowl, tub  
**COMPLAT**, complot  
**CONCEIT**, idea, fancy, conception, opinion  
**CONCEIT**, conceive, devise  
**CONCEIVED**, possessed  
**CONSENT**, agree  
**CONSORT**, accompany  
**CONTEMN**, despise, disdain  
**CONTEND**, strive, struggle  
**CONVEYANCE**, secret management, artful contrivance  
**CONVINCE**, convict

COPESMATE, companion  
 COR'SIVE, corrosive  
 COSTARD, head  
 COUCH (dishonour), uncertain meaning; perhaps to locate, supply details of time and place  
 COUNTEenance, be in keeping with  
 COUNTER, city court prison  
 COUNTERFEIT, image, portrait  
 COUNTERMUR'D, with double wall  
 CUNNING, skill, knowledge  
 CUNNING, skilful, knowing  
 CURIOUS, elaborate, intricate  
 CURRENTLY, accordingly  
 CURST, shrewish

DAG, pistol  
 DANGERLESS, free from danger  
 DANK, damp  
 DAUNT, subdue  
 DEFEND, forbid, prevent  
 DELIVERY, deliverance  
 DEPART, departure, going away  
 DERIVE, pass, or receive, by inheritance  
 DESPITE, spite, malicious hate  
 DESPITEFUL, spiteful, malicious  
 DETECT, inform against, reveal  
 DING, fling, dash  
 DISCOLOURED, of various colours  
 DISCONTENT, sorrow, displeasure  
 DISCOVER, reveal, make known  
 DISTAIN, sully, disgrace  
 DOOM, sentence  
 DOTE, act, speak unreasonably  
 DRIFT, intention, design  
 DUCAT, gold coin of varying value, current in Europe; Venetian ducat worth about nine shillings  
 DURING, lasting

EAR, till, plough  
 EKE, also, likewise  
 ENGINE, instrument, agent  
 ENSUE, succeed  
 ENTREAT, beseech, persuade; treat  
 ERST, formerly  
 EXASPERATE, aggravate, provoke  
 EXCEPT, accept  
 EXTIRPEN, extirpate

FACT, deed, crime  
 FAVOUR, comeliness, beauty  
 FEAR, affright  
 FEATURE, general appearance  
 FETCH, stratagem, device  
 FILED, polished  
 FLAW, sudden gust or squall of wind

FOND, foolish  
 FORCE, "HOUSE OF —," fortified house  
 FORSLOW, delay  
 FOSTER, forester  
 FRETFUL, fretting, gnawing  
 FRIGHT, frighten

GEAR, matter, affair  
 GIGLOT, wanton  
 GITE, splendour,  
 "GIVE BACK," retreat, draw back  
 GRAVED, entombed  
 GREE, "MAKE A-," come to an agreement  
 GRIPE, griffin, vulture  
 GUERDON, recompense

HAGGARD, wild, untamed (a haggard was a wild female hawk caught in her adult plumage)  
 HANDSEL, give something as a token of good luck, or as an earnest or pledge

HAP, chance, fortune  
 HAP, happen, chance  
 HARQUEBUS, fire-arm in use previous to the musket  
 HATEFUL, harbouring hate, malignant

HEARTY, heartfelt  
 HEST, command  
 HIGHT, called, named  
 HOUGH-MONDAY, Monday in Hocktide (second Monday after Easter). A season of festivity and old ceremonies, said to have been instituted in commemoration of a victory over the Danes. At this season church dues were collected (see Brand "Antiquities")

HOUGHT, hocked, hamstrung  
 HUMOUROUS, full of whims, capricious

ILL-THEWED, ill-mannered (Oxford Dict.)

IMPETRATE, procure  
 INCENSE, inflame, kindle  
 INFECT, tainted, corrupt  
 INFECTIVE, infecting, infectious  
 INJURIOUS, insulting, pernicious  
 INSTANCE, proof, evidence  
 INSULT, show insolence and contempt, triumph over  
 INTEND, express, design to express  
 INTENT, "TO THIS —," to this end  
 INTENTIVE, intent, eagerly attentive

- INTERCEPT, prevent, cut off from  
 INTREAT, treat, use  
 INURE, accustom, habituate  
 INURED, practised continually,  
 habitual  
 IRK, annoy, trouble
- JET, strut  
 JETTY, black  
 JOY, enjoy
- KIND, nature; kindred  
 KINDLESS, without natural feeling
- LADE, load, fill  
 LEAVE, leave off, cease  
 LEESE, lose  
 LET, hinder  
 LEWD, base, ignorant  
 LIKE, please  
 LIME, catch with bird-lime, ensnare  
 LIST, like, choose, wish; listen  
 LOATHE, to cause loathing  
 LORDAINE, clown  
 LOT, allot
- MACE, club, weapon of war  
 "MAIN BATTLE," main body of an  
 army  
 MATTED, dull, lustreless  
 MEAN, measure, method  
 MEED, reward  
 MERELY, entirely, absolutely  
 MIND, intend  
 MINDFUL, bearing in remembrance  
 MISCONSTER, misconstrue  
 MITHRIDATE, an antidote to poison,  
 so called after the famous King  
 of Pontus who made himself  
 poison-proof  
 MOTION, proposal, request  
 MUSCADO, (?) a musket (Oxford  
 Dict.)  
 MUTCHADO, moustache
- NE, not  
 NICE(LY), fastidious(ly), scrupu-  
 lous(ly)  
 NILL, will not
- OLD, hyperbolic expression:  
 "grand," "rare"  
 ONCE, once for all; used for addi-  
 tional emphasis  
 ORGANON, organ, instrument  
 OVERTHROW, to fall over, or down  
 "PAINTED CLOTH," cloth, or canvas  
 painted with scenes and mottoes,  
 with which rooms were hung  
 PANTOFLES, slippers, or other light  
 foot-gear  
 PARBREAK, vomit  
 PART, apportion  
 PASSIONATE, melancholy, sorrowful  
 PATHAIRE, (?) a passionate outburst,  
 (Oxford Dict.); variant of patar,  
 petar, petard (Gollancz, Lamb's  
 specimens, 1893)  
 PINED, afflicted  
 PITCH, set; fix, settle  
 PLAIN, make complaint  
 PLANCHER, planking, floor  
 PLAT, plan, plot  
 PLATFORM, scheme, plot  
 PLAUSIBLE, pleasing, worthy of  
 applause  
 PLENISH, be replenished  
 POPULOUS, popular, belonging to,  
 or befitting, the people  
 PORTINGAL, Portugal  
 PRACTICE, plot, connivance  
 PRACTISE, plot, conspire  
 PRECIAN, puritan  
 PREASE, press, hasten  
 PREFER, promote  
 PRESENT(LY), immediate(ly)  
 PRETENCE, design, intention  
 PRETEND, intend  
 PREVENT, anticipate  
 PROTRACT, delay
- QUAIN, artful, cunning  
 QUICK, alive, living  
 QUITAL, requital  
 QUITTANCE, repay
- RACE, raze  
 RACK, drifting vapour, scud; clouds  
 in the upper air driven by the wind  
 RAMPIER, rampart  
 RANDOM, act without restraint  
 RASCAL, base, pertaining to the  
 rabble  
 REACHING, far-reaching  
 REAVE, bereave  
 RECK, heed, care for  
 RECORD, sing, warble  
 RECOURSE, flow, flowing into  
 RECURE, restore  
 REDE, counsel  
 REFUSE, reject  
 REMORSEFUL, compassionate  
 REPAIR, renew, restore  
 RESOLVE, decide  
 RESPECT, consideration, motive

- RESTING, (?) continued, unalterable; perhaps wresting, extorting  
 ROUND, bring round; whisper  
 ROUNDLY, without circumlocution  
 RUTH, pity  
 RUTHFUL, pitiful  
 SCONCE, fort, bulwark  
 SCORN, reproach, disgrace  
 SEAM RENT, ragged  
 SECRETARY, one to whom secrets are confided, confidant  
 SECURE(LY), confident(ly), unsuspecting(ly)  
 SELD, seldom  
 SENSELESS, void of feeling  
 SENSIBLE, having power of perceiving by the senses; able to feel  
 SHEND, protect, defend  
 SIGHTED, endowed with sight  
 SILLY, weak, helpless, simple, innocent  
 SITH, since  
 SKILLLESS, irrational, reckless  
 SLEIGHT, stratagem  
 SLIPSHOE, slipper  
 SOLICIT, advocate, plead for  
 SOOTHE, flatter; confirm, bear out  
 SORT, company, multitude  
 SORT, allot; choose, select  
 SPOIL, despoil, plunder  
 STANDING, point of vantage  
 STATE, "IN —," legally  
 STAY, restraint, support, condition of permanence  
 STAY, delay, check  
 STEAD, assist, befriend  
 STILL, distill  
 STRANGE, distant in behaviour  
 STY, mount, soar  
 SUFFERANCE, long-suffering, submission, suffering  
 SURCEASE, cease  
  
 TABLES, game, similar to backgammon  
 TAINT, attain, convict  
 TALL, brave  
  
 TENDER, cherish, regard with care and esteem  
 THOUGHTFUL, anxious  
 TOIL, snare  
 TOIL, fatigue, wear out  
 TOWARDNESS, willingness, docility, aptness  
 TRAIN, treachery  
 TRICK, deck, adorn  
 TROLL, circulate, send round  
 TROTH, truth  
 TRUSS, tie up for hanging  
 "TURN OFF," hang  
 TWINK, twinkle  
  
 UNHAP, mischance, misfortune  
 UNKIND(LY), unnatural  
 UNRESOLVED, not having come to a decision  
 UNSKILFUL, lacking judgment and understanding  
 UNVALUED, invaluable  
 URE, habit, use  
  
 VILD, vile  
  
 WAGER, hire for wage  
 WANT, to be lacking  
 WARD, guard (in fencing)  
 WAIST, girdle  
 WATCHET, pale blue  
 WEESEL, weasand, windpipe  
 WHENAS, when  
 WHETHER, which  
 WHILOM, formerly  
 WHIPSTALK, whipstock  
 WHISTLY, silently  
 WILL, desire (him)  
 WIT, know, learn  
 WITHOUT, beyond  
 WREAK, avenge  
 WREAKFUL, avenging  
 WRITHE(N), twist, contort(ed)  
 WROKE, from the verb *wreak*  
 WRY, deviating from justice or truth, perverted







