

The Spanish Tragedie, or, Hieronimo is Mad, Againe

by Thomas Kyd, 1587



The basis for the hit puppet show
“Oops, I Murdered the Person the Person I Like Likes” by Ross Ozarka,
Who has modernized this text.

A note from the author (one of them, at least):

Thanks for choosing to read my modernization of “The Spanish Tragedie” by Thomas Kyd! This is a very special play, considered to be the first true revenge tragedy. It combines the traditions of Christian morality plays with Greek and Latin dramatic structure. As you’ll see, it’s rife with references to both Christian and Greco-Roman visions of the afterlife.

I made this translation to accompany a film I made based off of the “The Spanish Tragedie,” called “Oops, I Murdered the Person the Person I Like Likes,” if you’re reading this, you have probably already seen the movie, as it’s meant to be a special feature that comes along with the film. If you haven’t seen the movie yet, you can watch it at:

www.oopsimurdered.com

You’ll enjoy it! It’s made with a style of puppeteering I invented that implements cut-out drawing and multiplane camera techniques.

Talking about the translation, this is taken from an open-source transcription of a 1587 publication of the text. As such, it’s missing some scenes, such as Hieronimo’s confrontation with the painter Don Bazardo, which only appeared in later publications. This version was chosen as it’s as close to the original version of the play as I could find, plus I was allowed to distribute it so long as I removed all references to the organization that provided it (this is part of that organization’s terms of use, not me being sneaky.)

I hope this side-by-side translation introduces the original text to people who otherwise wouldn’t read it. Reading plays from the 1500s can be a scary thing, conjuring up memories of your 11th grade English teacher making you read such plays against your will, pretending that the diction wasn’t impenetrable. I used to hate Shakespeare for that reason. When I was an adult, I copied the plays out by hand in order to figure out what was going on. After that exercise, I was able to see the depth of emotion the characters were experiencing. This is why these plays have stood the test of time-- because they take extreme events that few of us will ever experience (desire for revenge against a murdered son),

and put them into simple terms that anybody can understand. Once you get past the thees, thous, and thums, you can easily see how the characters are feeling, even if you have nothing in common with them.

I’ve done the best I can with the translations, however I’m not a scholar, and might have misinterpreted some lines. I used Google Translate for the Latin sections. If you’re reading this and want to provide improved Latin translations, I’ll happily put out a new version.

If you’re a teacher who’s thinking about using this book in a lesson plan, please get in touch with me. I’m very interested to learn about what goes into creating an English literature lesson plan. The same goes for you, scholars. If you’re reading this as research for a scholarly work, I want to hear from you. My next project is a novel that’s been severely neglected, and I’m very interested to learn about how information is disseminated in classrooms and in academia, in the hopes of re-introducing the work to a forgotten masterwork. My email is:

ross.ozarka@gmail.com

And yes, drop me a line if you fit into none of these categories, but just want to say hi.

Enjoy the book,

Ross Ozarka

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THE SPANISH TRAGEDIE

1587

By Thomas Kyd

Containing the lamentable end of DON HORATIO, and Bel-imperia:
with the pittiful death of olde HIERONIMO.

Newly corrected and amended of such grosse faults
as passed in the first impression.

At London

Printed by Edward Alde, for Edward White

DRAMATIS PERSONAE.

GHOST OF ANDREA
REVENGE, the chorus
KING OF SPAIN.
VICEROY OF PORTUGAL.
DON CIPRIAN, duke of Castille.
HIERONIMO, knight-marshal of Spain.
BALTHAZAR, the Viceroy's son.
LORENZO, Don Ciprian's son (and Bel-imperia's brother).
HORATIO, Hieronimo's son.

ALEXANDRO
VILLUPPO, lords of Portual.

PEDRINGANO, servant of Bel-imperia.
SERBERINE, servant of Balthazar.

Spanish General, Portuguese Ambassador, Old Man, Painter Page,
Hangman, Citizens, Soldiers, Attendants, &c.

Bel-imperia, Lorenzo's sister.
Isabell, Hieronimo's wife.
PAGE.
MESSENGER.
CHRISTOPHEL.
SERVANT.
SENEX (DON BAZULTO).
CITIZENS.

Original Text

ACTVS PRIMVS.

Prologue

Enter the GHOAST OF ANDREA, and with him REUENGE.

GHOAST. When this eternall substance of my soule
Did liue imprisond in my wanton flesh,
Ech in their function seruing others need,
I was a courtier in the Spanish court:
My name was Don Andrea; my discent,
Though not ignoble, yet inferiour far
To gracious fortunes of my tender youth,
For there, in prime and pride of all my yeeres,
By duteous seruice and deseruing loue,
In secret I possest a worthy dame,
Which hight sweet Bel-imperia by name.

But in the haruest of my sommer ioyes
Deaths winter nipt the blossomes of my blisse,
Forcing diuorce betwixt my loue and me;
For in the late conflict with Portingale
My valour drew me into dangers mouth
Till life to death made passage through my wounds.
When I was slaine, my soule descended straight
To passe the flowing streame of Archeron;

Modernization

ACT ONE

Prologue

Enter the GHOST OF ANDREA, and with him the
personification of REVENGE.

GHOST. When my soul was serving the needs of
my body (and vice versa), I was a courtier in the
Spanish court. My name was Don Andrea.

Though I was not noble born, I had grown up
around nobility.

Through my duty to the throne, a young woman
named Bel-imperia fell in love with me.

But in the summer of my joy, death's winter nipped
the blossoms of my bliss, forcing me apart from
my love.

I was injured during a brave escapade in the
war against the Portuguese, and I died from my
injuries.

When I was slain, my soul descended to the
underworld, to the river of that forms the borders
of Hell, the Archeron.

But churlish Charon, only boatman there,
Said that, my rites of buriall not performde,
I might not sit amongst his passengers.
Ere Sol had slept three nights in Thetis lap,
And slakte his smoaking charriot in her fload,
By Don Horatio, our knight-marshals sonne,
My funerals and obsequies were done.

Then was the fariman of hell content
To passe me ouer to the slimie strond
That leades to fell Auernus ougly waues.
There, pleasing Cerberus with honied speech,
I past the perils of the formost porch.

Not farre from hence, amidst ten thousand soules,
Sate Minos, Eacus and Rhadamant;

To whome no sooner gan I make approach,
To craue a pasport for my wandring ghost,
But Minos in grauen leaues of lotterie
Drew forth the manner of my life and death.
“This knight,” quoth he, “both liu’d and died in loue;
And for his loue tried fortune of the warres;
And by warres fortune lost both loue and life.”

“Why then,” said Eacus, “convey him hence
To walke with lovers in our field of loue
And the course of euerlasting time
Vnder greene mirtle-trees and cipresse shades.”

But Charon, the lone, rude ferryman,
refused to bring me to the underworld to rest,
since my burial rites had not been performed.
Three days passed before Don Horatio, the
knight-marshal’s son, buried me properly.

That made the ferryman of Hell content
enough to bring me to the slimy shores of
Auernus, the noxious swamp.
There, I soothed Cerberus, the guardian of
Hell, with honeyed speech, and I was in Hell.

It wasn’t long before I came across Minos,
Eacus, and Rhadamant: the three judges of the
underworld, sitting amidst ten thousand souls,
waiting for judgment.

No sooner than I began to approach them
to ask for admittance into Hell, when Minos
drew my name from a lottery of engraved
leaves, which would decide my fate.
“This knight,” he said, “both lived and died in
love. For his love, he tried his luck at war, and
by war’s fortune, he lost both love and life.”

“Then,” said Eacus, “let’s put him in the
underworld’s Fields of Love, to walk with other
lovers under green myrtle trees and shades of
Cypresses, until the end of time.”

“No, no!” said Rhadamant, “it were not well
With louing soules to place a martialist.
He died in warre, and must to martiall fields,
Where wounded Hector liues in lasting paine,
And Achilles Mermedons do scoure the plaine.”

Then Minos, mildest censor of the three,
Made this deuce, to end the difference:
“Send him,” quoth he, “to our infernall king,
To dome him as best seemes his Maiestie.”
To this effect my pasport straight was drawne.

In keeping on my way to Plutos court
Through dreadfull shades of euer-glooming night,
I saw more sights than thousand tongues can tell
Or pennes can write or mortall harts can think.

Three waies there were: that on the right hand side
Was ready way vnto the foresaid fields
Where louers liue and bloudie martialists,
But either sort containd within his bounds;

The left hand path, declining fearfully,
Was ready downfall to the deepest hell,
Where bloudie Furies shakes their whips of steele,
And poore Ixion turnes an endles wheele,
Where vsurers are choakt with melting golde,
And wantons are imbraste with ougly snakes,
And murderers groane with neuer-killing wounds,
And periured wights scalded in boiling lead,

“No, no!” said Rhadamant. “We can’t put
a warrior in with the lovers! He died at
war, and must go to the martial fields,
where wounded Hector of Troy lies in
everlasting pain, as the ant-human warriors
commanded by Achilles scour the plain.”

Then Minos, the most moderate judge,
made the final decision.
“Send him” he said, “to our infernal king, to
doom him as he sees best.” So they stamped
my passport, and I was on my way.

On my way to Pluto’s court, passing through
dreadful shades of ever-glooming night, I
saw more sights than a thousand tongues
could tell, or a thousand pens could write,
or a thousand mortal minds could think.

I ended up at a three-way crossroads.
The way to my right was the way to the
aforementioned fields where lovers laid and
warriors fought, each separately contained.

The left-hand path, which had a steep
decline, was a downfall into the deepest
part of Hell, where bloody furies shake their
whips of steel, where Ixion, who lusted for
the goddess Hera, is turned on an endless
wheel, where loan-sharks choke on melting
gold, and the unchaste mate with ugly
snakes, and murderers groan with never-

And all foule sinnes with torments ouerwhelmd;

Twixt these two waies I trod the middle path,
Which brought me to the faire Elizian greene,
In midst whereof there standes a stately towre,
The walles of brasse, the gates of adamant.

Heere finding Pluto with his Proserpine,
I shewed my pasport, humbled on my knee.
Whereat faire Proserpine began to smile,
And begd that onely she might giue me doome.

Pluto was pleasd, and sealde it with a kisse.

Forthwith, Reuenge, she rounded thee in th' eare,
And bad thee lead me though the gates of horn,
Where dreames haue passage in the silent night.
No sooner had she spoke but we weere heere,
I wot not how, in the twinkling of an eye.

REUENGE. Then know, Andrea, that thou ariu'd
Where thou shalt see the author of thy death,
Don Balthazar, the prince of Portingale,
Depriu'd of life by Bel-imperia:
Heere sit we downe to see the misterie,
And serue for Chorus in this tragedie.

killing wounds, and liars are scalded
in boiling lead, and all foul sinners are
overwhelmed with torment.

Between these two ways, I trod the middle
path, which brought me to the fair Elysian
Fields, which has a stately tower in the
middle, with walls of brass and gates of
impenetrable stone.

Here, I found Pluto with his wife
Proserpine. I showed them my passport
and bent on my knees. This made fair
Proserpine smile, and she begged her
husband that she should be the one to
decide my fate.

Pluto gave her a kiss, happy to oblige.

Forthwith, Revenge, she plucked you by
the ear and told you to lead me through
the horn-covered gates, where dreams
pass in the silent night. It all happened so
fast, in the blink of an eye, but that's how
we ended up here, I suppose.

REVENGE: Yes, Andrea, you'll be happy
to know that you've arrived at the place
where you'll see your murderer, Balthazar,
the Prince of Portugal, deprived of his life
by Bel-imperia. How will it happen? Let's
sit down and watch the mystery unfold,
and be the Chorus to this tragedy.

Act I, Scene 1.

The Spanish Court

Enter SPANISH KING, GENERALL, CASTILLE, HIERONIMO.

KING. Now say, I(ord) generall: how fares our campe?

GEN. All wel, my soueraigne liege, except some few
That are deceast by fortune of the warre.

KING. But what portends thy cheerefull countenance
And posting to our presence this in hast?
Speak, man: hath fortune giuen vs victorie?

GEN. Victorie, my liege, and that with little losse.

KING. Out Portugals will pay vs tribute then?

GEN. Tribute, and wonted homage therewithall.

KING. Then blest be Heauen, and Guider of the heauens,
From whose faire influence such iustice flowes!

CAST. O multum dilecte Deo, tibi militat aether,
Et coniuratae curato poplite gentes
Succumbent: recto soror est victoria iuris!

KING. Thanks to my loving brother of Castille.
But, generall, vnfolde in breefe discourse
Your forme of battell and your warres successe,
That, adding all the pleasure of thy newes

Act One, Scene One

The Spanish Court

Enter SPANISH KING, GENERAL, the Duke of
CASTILLE, and HIERONIMO.

KING: Lord General, how is the war effort going?

GENERAL: All of our soldiers are well, my sovereign
iege. Except the ones who died.

KING: Why do you look so happy, and why have
you come to me in such a rush? Speak, has fortune
given us victory?

GEN: Victory, my liege, with little loss.

KING: So the ousted Portuguese will pay us tribute?

GEN: Tribute, and the respect that comes with it.

KING: Then blessed be Heaven, and the Guider of
the Heavens, from whose fair influence such justice
flows!

CASTILLE: (praying) Oh, many thanks, God, who
commands from the sky to make conspiring nations
succumb and bend knee: our sister nation is justly
corrected!

KING: Thanks, loving brother from Castille.

But General, tell me the strategy you used to be
victorious. That would make me so happy that I'd

Vnto the height of former happines,
With deeper wage and gentile dignitie
We may reward thy blisfull chiuallrie.

GEN. Where Spaine and Portingale do ioynly knit
Their frontiers, leaning on each others bound,
There met our armies in the proud aray:
Both furnisht well, both full of hope and feare,
Both menacing alike with daring showes,
Both vaunting sundry colours of deuice,
Both cheerly sounding trumpets, drums and fifes,
Both raising dreadfull clamors to the skie,
That valleis, hils, and riuers made rebound
And heauen it-selfe was frighted with the sound.

Our battels both were pitcht in squadron forme,
Each corner strongly fenst with wings of shot;
But, ere we ioyned and came to push of pike,
I brought a squadron of our readiest shot
From out our rearward to begin the fight;

They brought another wing to incounter vs;
Meane-while our ordinance plaid on either side,
And captaines stroue to haue their valours tride.
Don Pedro, their chiefe horsemens corlonell,
Did with his cornet brauely make attempt
To break our order of our battell rankes;
But Don Rogero, worthy man of warre,
Marcht forth against him with our musketeiers
And stopt the mallice of his fell approach.
While they maintaine hot skirmish too and fro,
Both battailes ioyne and fall to handie blowes,
Their violent shot resembling th' oceans rage
When, roaring lowd and with a swelling tide,

double the rewards your chivalry is due.

GEN. The Spanish and Portuguese fronts met at the
border, both well-armed, both full of hope and fear,
each appearing menacing to the other, dressed in
bright colours, each cheering themselves on with
trumpets, drums, and fifes, each raising a dreadful
clamor to the sky, loud enough to rebound off the
valleys, hills and rivers and frighten heaven with the
sound.

Each side was divided into squadrons, and each
squadron was fenced with musketeers. Just before
our pikes clashed into the Portuguese, I brought our
best gunmen out from the rear of our formation to
begin the fight.

They brought out gunners to counter us, but our
flanks held. Since we had the upper hand, our
captains decided to test their valour.
Don Pedro, their horsemen's Colonel,
bravely made an attempt to break our ranks,

But Don Rogero, worthy man of war, marched
against him with our musketeers, and stopped his
malicious approach.
They maintained a hot skirmish, even fighting hand-
to-hand, with violent barrages of bullets resembling
the raging ocean when it roars loud with a swelling

It beats vpon the rampiers of huge rocks,
And gapes to swallow neighbor-bounding lands.
Now, while Bellona rageth heere and there,
Thick stormes of bullets ran like winters haile,
And shiuered launces darke the troubled aire;
Pede pes & cuspidae cuspidae,
Arma sonant armis vir petiturque viro;
On euery side drop captaines to the ground,
And souldiers, some ill-maimde, some slaine outright:
Heere falls a body sundred from his head;
There legs and armes lye bleeding on the grasse,
Mingled with weapons and vnboweled steeds,
That scattering ouer-spread the purple plaine.
In all this turmoyle, three long hovres and more
The victory to neither part inclinde,
Till Don Andrea with his braue lanciers
In their maine battell made so great a breach
That, halfe dismaid, the multitude retirde.
But Balthazar, the Portingales young prince,
Brought rescue and encouragde them to stay.
Heere-hence the fight was eagerly renewd,
And in that conflict was Andrea slaine,—
Braue man-at-arms, but weake to Balthazar.
Yet, while the prince, insulting ouer him,
Breathd out proud vaunts, sounding to our reproch,
Friendship and hardie valour ioyned in one
Prickt forth Horatio, our knight-marshals sonne,
To challenge forth that prince in single fight.
Not long betweene these twain the fight indurde,
But straight the prince was beaten from his horse
And forcst to yeeld him prisoner to his foe.
When he was taken, all the rest fled,
And our carbines pursued them to death,
Till, Phoebus waning to the western deepe,

tide and beats upon the huge rocks of the shore and
gapes to swallow the land.

War raged everywhere. Bullets fell like winter hail,
lances darkened the troubled air. The combat was
hand-to-hand, spear-to-spear, weapon-to-weapon,
and man-to-man.

On every side, captains dropped to the ground,
and soldiers were badly maimed or slain outright.
A body sliced from its head here, legs and arms
lying bleeding on the grass there, all mingled with
weapons and disemboweled horses, scattering the
blood-soaked plain.

This turmoil persisted for three long hours, with
neither side appearing victorious, until Don Andrea,
with his brave Lancers, busted such a great hole
in the main battle that most of the Portuguese
retreated.

But Balthazar, the young Portuguese prince,
brought reinforcements, and encouraged the fleeing
Portuguese to stay, eagerly renewing the fight. In that
conflict, Andrea was slain-- he was a brave man, but
was beaten by Balthazar.

But while the Prince insulted his dead body and
shouted curses at us, friendship and valour joined
the fight: Horatio, our knight-marshal's son,
challenged Balthazar in single combat.

Their fight didn't last long before the Prince was
knocked from his horse and forced to surrender to
Horatio.

When Balthazar was taken, the rest of the
Portuguese fled, and our riflemen chased them to

Our trumpeters were chargd to sound retreat.

KING. Thanks, good l(ord) general, for these good newes!
And, for some argument of more to come,
Take this and weare it for thy soueraignes sake.

Giue him his chaine.

But tell me now: hast thou confirmed a peace?

GEN. No peace, my liege, but peace conditionall,
That, if with homage tribute be well paid,
The fury of your forces wilbe staide.
And to this peace their viceroy hath subscribde,

Giue the K(ING) a paper.

And made a solemne vow that during life
His tribute shalbe truely paid to Spaine.

KING. These words, these deeds become thy person wel.
But now, knight-marhsall, frolike with thy king,
For tis thy sonne that winnes this battels prize.

HIERO. Long may he liue to serue my soueraigne liege!
And soone decay unless he serue my liege!

A (trumpet) a-farre off.

KING. Nor thou nor he shall dye without reward.

finish them off, until they returned to camp with the setting sun, at the sound of our trumpets.

KING: Thanks, good lord General, for this good news! And, since it sounds like there's more to come, take this, and wear it in my honour.

(Gives him his chain)

But tell me, have you made peace with the Portuguese?

GEN: Not yet, my liege. I've only told them that, if they pay us tribute, we won't attack them any more. And their Viceroy has agreed to this.

(Gives the King a piece of paper)

And he made a solemn vow that as long as he lives, he'll unflinching pay tribute to Spain.

KING: These words and deeds are exactly what I expected from you. But now, knight-marshal, share your king's joy, for it's your son who's the hero of this battle.

HIERONIMO: Long may my son live to serve under my sovereign liege, and soon may he decay, unless he serves you!

(a trumpet sounds in the distance)

KING: And neither of you will decay without

What means this warning of this trumpets sound?

GEN. This tels me that your Graces men of warre,
Such as warres fortune hath reseru'd from death,
Come marching on towards your royall seate,
To show themselues before your Maiestie;
For so gaue I in charge at my depart.
Whereby by demonstration shall appeare
That all, except three hundred or few more,
Are safe returnd and by their foes inricht.

The armie enters, BALTHAZAR betweene LORENZO
and HORATIO, captiue.

KING. A gladsome sight! I long to see them heere.

They enter and passe by.

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

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

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

HIERO. That was my sonne, my gracious soueraigne;
Of whome though from his tender infancie
My louing thoughts did neuer hope but well,
He neuer pleasd his fathers eyes till now,
Nor fild my hart with ouercloying ioyes.

KING. Goe, let them march once more about these walles,
That staying them we may conferre and talke

reward. What did that trumpet signify?

GEN: That means that your Grace's men of war, the
ones ones who avoided death, come marching,
to parade themselves before your Majesty. I told
them to do this before I came here, so that you could
see that all but three hundred or so soldiers are safely
returned, and enriched by plundering their foes.

(The army enters. BALTHAZAR is held captive
between LORENZO and HORATIO.)

KING: That would be a good thing to see.

(The army passes the King)

Was that Balthazar, the person who my nephew was
leading in the procession?

GEN: It was indeed the prince of Portugal, my liege.

KING: Then who was that on the other side of the
prince, carrying him as if he shared in the prize?

HIERO: That was my son, my gracious sovereign,
upon whom I've heaped love and good wishes, since
his tender infancy. I've never been so pleased with
him as I am now. My heart's never been filled with
such overwhelming joys.

KING: (to a messenger) Let them march once more
about these walls,

With our braue prisoner and his double guard.

(Exit a MESSENGER.)

Hieronimo, it greatly pleaseth vs
That in our victorie thou haue a share
By vertue of thy worthy sonnes exploit.

Enter againe.

Bring hether the young prince of Portingale!
The rest martch on, but, ere they be dismiss,
We will bestow on euery soldier
Two duckets, and on euery leader ten,
That they may know our largesse welcomes them.

Exeunt all (the army) but BALTHAZAR,
LORENZO, and HORATIO.

KING. Welcome, Don Balthazar! Welcome nephew!
And thou, Horatio, thou art welcome too!
Young prince, although thy fathers hard misdeedes
In keeping backe the tribute that he owes
Deserue but euill measure at our hands,
Yet shalt thou know that Spaine is honorable.

BALT. The trespasse that my father made in peace
Is now controlde by fortune of the warres;
And cards once dealt, it bootes not aske why so.
His men are slaine,—a weakening to his realme;
His colours ceazd,—a blot vnto his name;
His sonne distrest,—a corsiuue to his hart;
These punishments may cleare his late offence.

so that we can talk with our brave prisoner and his
double guard.

(The MESSENGER exits the stage)

Hieronimo, it greatly pleases me that you have a
share in our victory, because of your worthy son's
exploits.

(The army enters again)

Bring forth the young prince of Portugal!
The rest may march on, but before they're dismissed,
we'll bestow upon every soldier two gold coins, and
ten gold coins for every leader, so that they may
know our generosity includes them.

(The army exits, except for BALTHAZAR,
LORENZO, and HORATIO.

KING: Welcome, Don Balthazar! Welcome, nephew!
And you, Horatio, welcome!

Young prince, your father was wrong to withhold
the tribute he owed. And I should punish you for his
misdeeds. But Spain is more honourable than that.

BALTHAZAR: The transgressions that my father
made in peacetime have been punished by his
fortunes in the war. We can't question the cards once
they're dealt.
His men are slain -- weakening his realm.
His flag is seized -- a blot upon his name.
His son is in distress -- corroding his heart.

KING. I, Balthazar, if he obserue this truce,
Our peace will grow the stronger for these warres.
Meane-while liue thou, though not in libertie,
Yet free from bearing any seruile yoake;
For in our hearing thy deserts were great.
And in our sight thy-selfe art gracious.

BALT. And I shall studie to deserue this grace.

KING. But tell me,—for their holding makes me doubt:
To Which of these twaine art thou prisoner?

LOR. To me, my liege.

HOR. To me, my soueraigne.

LOR. This hand first tooke his courser by the raines.

HOR. But first my launce did put him from his horse.

LOR. I ceaz'd the weapon and enioyde it first.

HOR. But first I forc'd him lay his weapons downe.

KING. Let goe his arm, vpon my priuiledge!

Let him goe.

Say, worthy prince: to whether didst thou yeeld?

These should be punishments enough for his offense.

KING: Yes, Balthazar, and if he honours the truce,
our peace will grow stronger in spite of the wars.
Meanwhile, you'll live. Not free, but free from being
made into a servant, for my General has told me that
you were very brave on the battlefield, and standing
before me, you appear quite gracious.

BALT: And I'll do whatever I can to deserve your
kindness.

KING: But tell me-- the way those two are holding
you makes me unsure-- to which of these men are
you prisoner?

LORENZO: To me, my liege.

HORATIO (simultaneously): to me, my sovereign.

LOR: I was the one who claimed his horse.

HOR: But not before my lance took him off that
horse.

LOR: I took his weapons and made them mine.

HOR: After I forced him to lay those weapons down.

KING: Let go of his arms, both of you!

(they let him go)

KING: Worthy prince, to whom did you yield?

BALT. To him in curtesie; to this perforce;
He spake me faire, this other gaue me strokes;
He promisd life, this other threatned death;
He wan my loue, this other conquerd me;
And, truth to say, I yeeld my-selfe to both.

HIERO. But that I (know) your Grace is iust and wise,
And might seeme partiall in this difference,
Inforct by nature and by law of armes,
My tongue should plead for young Horatios right.
He hunted well that was a Lyons death,
Not he that in a garment wore his skin;
So hares may pull dead Lyons by the beard.

KING. Content thee, marshal; thou shalt haue no wrong,
And for thy sake thy sonne shall want to right.
Will both abide the censure of my doome?

LOR. I craue no better than your Grace awards.

HOR. Nor I, although I sit beside my right.

KING. Then by iudgement thus your strife shall end:
You both deserue and both shall haue reward.
Nephew, thou tookst his weapon(s) and his horse:
His weapons and his horse are thy reward.
Horatio, thou didst force him first to yeeld:
His ransome therefore is thy valours fee;
Appoint the sum as you shall both agree.
But, nephew, thou shalt haue the prince in guard,
For thine estate best fitteth such a guest;

BALT: I yielded to his courtesy, for he spoke kindly to me, while the other one struck at me. He promised me life, the other threatened death. He won my admiration, the other conquered me. In truth, I had to yield to both, for different reasons.

HIERO: I know your Grace is just and wise, and although it seems that you'd be on Lorenzo's side in this matter, since he's your nephew and higher on the Chain of Command, I know you'll listen to my pleas for Horatio's rights. He fought as bravely as a hunting lion.

KING: Don't worry, marshal, you'll not be wronged. For your sake, your son will be done right. Will both of you agree to my final decision?

LOR: I'll never want anything more than what you decide to award.

HOR: Me neither, even though I'm the one who rightfully captured Balthazar.

KING: Then by my judgment this argument will end. You both deserve, and shall both have, reward. Nephew, you took his weapons and his horse, therefore his weapons and horse are your reward. Horatio, you forced him to yield. Therefore, you may hold him for ransom, at a sum you can agree on with the prince. But Lorenzo will be the one guarding the prisoner: his estate is better suited to entertain such a guest. Horatio's house is too small for even himself

Horatio's house were small for all his train.
Yet, in regard they substance passeth his,
And that iust guerdon may befall desert,
To him we yeeld the armour of the prince.
How likes don Balthazar of this deuce?

BALT. Right well, my liege, if this prouizo were:
That Don Horatio beare vs company,
Whome I admire and loue for chiuallrie.

KING. Horatio, leaue him not that loues thee so.
Now let vs hence, to see our souldiers paide,
And feast our prisoner as our friendly guest.

Exeunt.

ACT I. SCENE 2.

Portugal: the VICEROY'S palace.

Enter VICEROY, ALEXANDRO, VILLUPPO.

VICE. Is our embassadour dispatcht for Spaine?

ALEX. Two daies, my liege, are past since his depart.

VICE. And tribute paiment gone along with him?

ALEX. I, my good lord.

VICE. Then rest we heere a-while in our vnrest;

and his servants to live in. And since we're doing
our best to be fair, Balthazar's armor will be given
to Lorenzo as compensation for hosting the prince.
What do you think of my decision, Balthazar?

BALT. It's an excellent one, my liege, as long as I'm
allowed to be in Don Horatio's company: I admire
him for his chivalry.

KING: Horatio, be sure you don't ignore someone
who admires you. Now, I need to go ensure that my
soldiers are paid, and organize a feast, honoring the
prisoner as our friendly guest.

Exit all.

ACT I, SCENE 2

Portugal: the VICEROY'S palace.

Enter VICEROY, ALEXANDRO, VILLUPPO

VICE: Is our ambassador on his way to Spain?

ALEX: He left two days ago.

VICE: Carrying the tribute payment with him?

ALEX: Yes, my good lord.

VICE: Then let's rest awhile in our unrest, and feed

And feede our sorrowes with inward sighes,
For deepest cares break neuer into teares.
But wherefore sit I in a regall throne?
This better fits a wretches endles moane.
Yet this is higher then my fortunes reach,
And therefore better then my state deserues.

Falles to the grounde.

I, I, this earth, image of melancholly,
Seeks him whome fates (adiudge) to miserie!
Heere let me lye! Now am I at the lowest!
Qui iacet in terra non habet vnde cadat.
In me concumpsit vires fortuna nocendo,
Nil superest vt iam possit obesse magis.
Yes, Fortune may bereaue me of my crowne—
Heere, take it now; let Fortune doe her worst,
She shall now rob me of this sable weed.
O, no, she enuiies none but pleasent things.
Such is the folly of despightfull chance,
Fortune is blinde and sees not my deserts,
So is she deafe and heares not my laments;
And, coude she heare, yet is she willfull mad,
And therefore will not pittie my distresse.
Suppose that she coude pittie me, what then?
What helpe can be expected at her hands
Whose foote is standing on a rowling stone
And minde more mutable then fickle windes?
Why waile I, then, wheres hope of no redresse?
O, yes, complaining makes my greefe seeme lesse.
My late ambition hath distaind my faith,
My breach of faith occasioned bloudie warres,
Those bloudie warres haue spent my treasur(i)e,
And with my treasur(i)e my peoples blood,

our sorrows quietly. The sadder you are, the less likely you are to show it.

Why am I not a king, but a wretch? Yes, this is what somebody as pitiful as me should be complaining about. But it would be great if that was my only complaint.

(He falls to the ground)

VICE: This world, manifestation of melancholy that it is, singles out one person to continually punish. Hear me, now that fate has made me miserable!

I'm as unfortunate as a dead man, with his good fortune consumed and his strength depleted. We have nothing left for the fates to abuse.

Yes, Fortune says I should not wear a crown. Here, take it! Let Fortune do her worst. If only she would rob me of things I don't want, such as black weeds. But she envies nothing but the most pleasant things. This is her spiteful foolishness.

Fortune is blind to what I deserve.

She's deaf to my complaints,

And even if she could hear, she's willfully insane,

And therefore feels no pity to my distress.

And even if she could pity me, what then?

How could she help me, she who stands on a rolling stone, with a mind that changes more than the fickle wind? Why do I wail, when there's no hope of making things right?

Complaining makes me feel better about my grief.

My ambition to be king of Spain made me put aside my faith, and this caused me to start a bloody war, and that bloody war spent all my treasure, and with my treasure, I spent my people's blood, and with that

And with the blood my ioy and best beloued,—
My best beloued, my sweet and onely sonne!
O, wherefore went I not to warre my-selfe?
The cause was mine; I might haue died for both.
My yeeres were mellow, but his young and greene:
My death were naturall, but his was forced.

ALEX. No doubt, my liege, but still the prince suruiues.

VICE. Suruiues! I, where?

ALEX. In Spaine, a prisoner by michance of warre.

VICE. Then they haue slaine him for his fathers fault.

ALEX. That were a breach to common lawe of armes.

VICE. They recke no lawes that meditate reuenge.

ALEX. His ransomes worth will stay from foule reuenge.

VICE. No; if he liued, the newes would soone be heere.

VILL. My soueraign, pardon the author of ill newes,
And Ile bewray the fortune of thy sonne.

VICE. Speake on; Ile guerdon thee, what-ere it be.
Mine eare is ready to receiue ill newes,
My hart growne hard gainst mischiefes battery;
Stand vp, I say, and tell thy tale at large.

blood I lost my joy, my best beloved, my sweet and only son! Oh, why didn't I go to war myself? I was the one who started this, I should have died for my cause, since my life is spent anyway. But Balthazar was still young, with his whole life ahead of him. My death would have been natural, but his was forced.

ALEX: My liege, I have no doubt that that the prince is still alive.

VICE: Alive!? Where?

ALEX: In Spain, as a prisoner of war.

VICE: Then they've slain him to punish me.

ALEX: That would break the common rules of war.

VICE: Vengeance doesn't care about the law.

ALEX: If they avenge themselves, they won't be able to collect their ransom.

VICE: If he's alive, then why have I not heard this news?

VILL: My sovereign, if you promise not to shoot the messenger, I'll tell you the fortune of your son.

VICE: Speak. I'll reward you, whatever you say. My ear is ready to receive bad news. My heart's hardened against mischief's attacks. Stand up, and tell the whole story.

VILL. Then heere that truth which these mine eies have seene:
When both the armies were in battell ioyned.
Don Balthazar amidst the thickest troupes,
To winne renowme, did wondrous feats of armes;
Amongst the rest I saw him hand-to-hand
In single fight with their lord generall.
Till Alexandro, that heere counterfeits
Vnder the colour of a duteous freend,
Discharged a pistol at the princes back,
As though he would haue slaine their generall,
But therewithall Don Balthazar fell downe;
And when he fell, then we began to flie;
But, had he liued, the day had sure bene ours.

ALEX. O wicked forgerie! O traiterous miscreant!

VICE. Hold thou thy peace! But now, Villuppo, say:
Where then became the carkasse of my sonne?

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

VICE. I, I, my nightly dreames haue tolde me this!
Thou false, vnkinde, vnthankfull, traiterous beast!
Wherein had Balthazar offended thee,
That thou should betray him to our foes?
Wast Spanish golde that bleared so thine eyes
That thou couldst see no part of our deserts?
Perchance, because thou art Terseraes lord,
Thou hadst some hope to weare this diademe
If first my sonne and then my-selfe were slaine;
But thy ambitious thought shall breake thy neck.
I, this was it that made thee spill his bloud!

Take the crowne and put it on againe.

VILL: Then hear the truth which my eyes have seen. When both the armies were joined in battle, Don Balthazar was in the thickest part of it. To win renown, he performed wonderful feats, for example, he fought hand-to-hand against their lord General. That is, until Alexandro, the liar who stands before you, who until this moment pretended to be Balthazar's friend, discharged a pistol in the prince's back, preventing him from slaying their general. Instead of winning the war, Balthazar fell. And when he fell, the Portuguese fled. If he lived, the day would have certainly been ours.

ALEX: What a wicked lie, you traitorous miscreant!

VICE: Hold your peace! Villuppo, tell me, what became of the carcass of my son?

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

VICE: Aye, aye, my nightly dreams have told me this! You false, unkind, unthankful, traitorous beast! What did Balthazar do to offend you, that caused you to betray him to our foes?
Was it the glint of Spanish gold that bleared your eyes until you were blind to our goals?
Maybe you had some designs on wearing my crown yourself, if first my son and then I were slain! Yes, this is what made you spill his blood! But now your ambitious thoughts will break your neck.

(Puts his crown on again)

But Ile now weare it till they bloud be spilt.

ALEX. Vouchsafe, dread soueraigne, to heare me speak!

VICE. Away with him! his sight is second hell!
Keepe him till we determine his death.
If Balthazar be dead, he shall not liue.

(They take him out.)

Villuppo, follow vs for thy reward.

Exit VICEROY.

VILL. Thus haue I with an enuious forged tale
Deceiued the king, betraid mine enemy,
And hope for guerdon of my villany.

ACT I. SCENE 3.

(Spain: the palace)

Enter HORATIO and BEL-IMPERIA

BEL. Signior Horatio, this is the place and houre
Wherein I must intreat thee to relate
The circumstance of Don Andreas death,
Who liuing was my garlands sweetest flower,
And in his death hath buried my delights.

HOR. For loue of him and seruice to yourself,

I'll keep my crown until your blood is spilled.

ALEX: Let me speak, dread sovereign!

VICE: Away with him! Seeing him is second hell!
Lock him away until we determine his fate; if
Balthazar's dead, he shall not live.

(Guards take him away)

VICE: Villuppo, follow me for your reward.

(Exit VICEROY)

VILL: I'm going to be rewarded for my envious
forged tale, which I used to deceive the Viceroy and
betray my enemy.

ACT I, SCENE 3.

(Spain, the palace)

Enter HORATIO and BEL-IMPERIA.

BEL: Signior Horatio, this is the place and hour
where I must ask you to tell me the circumstance of
Don Andrea's death, who was my garland's sweetest
flower when he was alive. His death has buried my
delights.

HOR: For love of him and service to you, I'll not

(He not) refuse this heavy dolefull charge;
Yet teares and sighes, I feare, will hinder me.
When both our armies were enjoynd in fight,
Your worthie chivalier admist the thikst,
For glorious cause still aiming at the fairest,
Was at the last by yong Don Balthazar
Encountered hand-to-hand. Their fight was long,
Their harts were great, their clamours menacing,
Their strength alike, their strokes both dangerous;
But wrathfull Nemesis, that wicked power,
Enuying at Andreas praise and worth,
Cut short his life to end his praise and woorth.
She, she her-selfe, disguisde in armours maske,
As Pallas was before proud Pergamus,
Brought in a fresh supply of halberdiers,
Which pauncht his horse and dingd him to the ground.
Then yong Don Balthazar, with ruthles rage,
Taking aduantage of his foes distresse,
Did finish what his halberdiers begun;
And left not till Andreas life was done.
Then, though too late, incenst with iust remorse,
I with my band set fourth against the prince,
And brought him prisoner from his halba(r)diers.

BEL. Would thou hadst slaine him that so slew my loue!
But then was Don Andreas carkasse lost?

HOR. No; that was it for which I cheefely stroue,
Nor stept I back till I recouerd him.
I tooke him vp, and wound him in mine armes,
And, welding him vnto my priuate tent,
There laid him downe and dewd him with my teares,
And sighed and sorrowed as became a freend.
But neither freendly sorrow, sighes and teares

refuse this heavy and sad request, but I'm afraid that tears and sighs will hinder me. Your worthy chevalier was fighting in the thickest part of the battle between Spain and Portugal. When fighting for his glorious cause, he at last encountered young Don Balthazar, and fought him hand-to-hand. Their fight was long, their valour were great, the noise they made was menacing, their strengths were similar, their attacks both dangerous, but wrathful Nemesis, that wicked power, envying Andrea's praise and worth, cut his life short, to end his praise and worth.

She, Nemesis herself, disguised in armor like the titan Pallas was when he stormed the proud citadel of Troy, brought forth a fresh supply of halberdiers, who stabbed his horse and knocked him to the ground. Then young Don Balthazar, with ruthless rage, took advantage of his foe's distress, finished what the halberdiers began, and did not leave until Andrea's life was done.

Then, though too late, incensed with justified remorse, my band and I set forth against the prince, and took him prisoner from his halberdiers.

BEL: If only you had killed the man who killed my love! But was Don Andrea's carcass lost?

HOR: No, I kept fighting and did not step back until I recovered him. I picked him up, wrapped him in my arms, and, dragging him to my private tent, laid him down and dewed him with my tears.

I sighed and sorrowed as his friend, but neither friendly sorrow, sighs, or tears, could win Andrea

Could win pale Death from his vsurped right.
Yet this I did, and lesse I could not doe:
I saw him honoured with due funerall.
This scarfe I pluckt from off his lieweles arme,
And wear it in remembrance of my freend.

BEL. I know the scarfe: would he had kept it still!
For, had he liued, he would haue kept it still,
And worne it for his Bel-imperias sake;
For twas my fauour at his last depart.
But now weare thou it both for him and me;
For, after him, thou hast deserued it best.
But, for thy kindnes in his life and death,
Be sure, while Bel-imperias life endures,
She will be Don Horatios thankfull freend.

HOR. And, madame, Don Horatio will not slacke
Humbly to serue faire Bel-imperia.
But now, if your good liking stand thereto,
Ile craue your pardon to goe seeke the prince;
For so the duke, your father, gaue me charge.

Exit.

BEL. I, goe, Horatio; leaue me heere alone,
For solitude best fits my cheereles mood.—
Yet what auailles to waile Andreas death,
From whence Horatio proues my second loue?
Had he not loued Andrea as he did,
He could not sit in Bel-imperias thoughts.
But how can loue finde harbour in my brest,
Till I reuenge the death of my beloued?
Yes, second loue shall further my reuenge:
Ile loue Horatio, my Andreas freend,

back from the thief Death.
Yet I cried nonetheless, and it was the least I could do
to honour him with funeral rites.
I plucked this scarf from his lifeless arm,
and I'm wearing it in remembrance of my friend.

BEL: I know that scarf-- if only he were buried with
it! If he was alive, he wouldn't have taken it off, he'd be
wearing it for his Bel-imperia's sake;
It was a token I gave to him when he left for war.
But you should wear it now, for both him and me.
After him, you deserve it the most, for your kindness
to him in his life and his death.
Be sure, while my life endures, that I will be your
thankful friend.

HOR: And madam, I will not slack in my efforts to
humbly serve you.
But if you're happy with my explanation, I'll ask your
pardon so I may go see the prince, which the Duke,
your father, instructed me to do.

(Exit)

BEL: Yes, go Horatio, leave me here alone, for solitude
best fits my cheerless mood. Yet what good will it do
me to mourn Andrea's death, which caused Horatio
to become my second love?
If he had not loved Andrea as he did, he could not sit
in my thoughts.
By how can love find harbour in my breast before I
revenge the death of my beloved?
Yes, second love will further my revenge. I'll love
Horatio, my Andrea's friend, just to spite the prince

The more to spight the prince that wrought his end;
And, where Don Balthazar, that slew my loue,
He shall, in rigour of my iust disdain,
Reape long repentance for his murderous deed,—
For what wast els but murderous cowardise,
So many to oppresse one valiant knight,
Without respect of honour in the fight?
And heere he comes that murdred my delight.

Enter LORENZO and BALTHAZAR.

LOR. Sister, what meanes this melanchollie walke?

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

LOR. But heere the prince is come to visite you.

BEL. That argues that he liues in libertie.

BAL. No madam, but in pleasing seruitude.

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

BAL. I, by conceite my freedome is enthralde.

BEL. Then with conceite enlarge your-selfe againe.

BAL. What if conceite haue laid my hart to gage?

that brought about his end. And Don Balthazar will,
in the rigor of my just distain, repent forever more for
his murderous deed.

What else must he repent for but but murderous
cowardice, that which caused him to betray one
valiant knight, without giving him the respect of
an honourable fight. And here comes the man who
murdered my delight.

Enter LORENZO and BALTHAZAR.

LOR: Sister, why are you walking with such
melancholy?

BEL: Because I don't want any company right now.

LOR: But the prince has come to visit you!

BEL: Sounds to me like he lives freely.

BAL: No, madam, but as a happy prisoner.

BEL: Then your prison is only in your mind.

BAL: Yes, my sense of freedom has been enslaved.

BEL: If your imagination is free enough to realize
that, you can't be much of a slave.

BAL: Then what if, with my freewheeling
imagination, I laid my heart at your feet as a pledge?

BEL. Pay that you borrowed, and recouer it.

BAL. I die if it returne from whence it lyes.

BEL. A hartles man, and liue? A miracle!

BAL. I, lady, loue can work such miracles.

LOR. Tush, tush, my lord! let goe these ambages,
And in plaine termes acquaint her with your loue.

BEL. What bootes complaint, when thers no remedy?

BAL. Yes, to your gracios selfe must I complaine,
In whose faire answere lyes my remedy,
On whose perfection all my thoughts attend,
On whose aspect mine eyes finde beauties bowre,
In whose translucent brest my hart is lodgde.

BEL. Alas, my lord! there but words of course,
And but deuse to driue me from this place.

She, going in, lets fall her gloue, which
HORATIO, comming out, takes vp.

HOR. Madame, your gloue.

BEL. Thanks, good Horatio; take it for thy paines.

(BEL-IMPERIA exits.)

BEL: I would take it as payment for what you've borrowed from me.

BAL: Good-- I'd die if it were returned to me.

BEL: A man who can live without a heart? How miraculous!

BAL: Yes, lady, love can work such miracles.

LOR: Tut tut, my lord. Stop beating around the bush and tell her how you love her in plain terms.

BEL: Why would I complain, when the way to cure him of his flirtations is to for him to let them loose?

BAL: Yes, I must tell you how I feel, and your answer will be the remedy for my lovesickness: the answer from the very person whose perfection doesn't stop running through my mind, the person whose face shows my eyes a garden of beauty, the person in whose translucent breast my heart is lodged.

BEL: Well my lord, these words are just formalities, and formalities are one of my turn-offs.

(As she leaves, she drops her glove, which
HORATIO, returning, picks up.)

HOR: Madam, your glove!

BEL: Thanks, good Horatio. Keep it, for your trouble.

(BEL-IMPERIA exits)

BAL. Signior Horatio stoopt in happie time!

HOR. I reapt more grace that I deseru'd or hop'd.

LOR. My lord, be not dismaid for what is past;
You know that women oft are humerous:
These clouds will ouerblow with little winde;
Let me alone, Ill scatter them my-selfe.
Meane-while let vs devise to spend the time
In some delightfull sports and reuelling.

HOR. The king, my lords, is comming hither straight
To feast the Portingall embassadour;
Things were in readiness before I came.

BAL. Then heere it fits vs to attend the king,
To welcome hither our embassadour,
And learne my father and my countries health.

Enter the banquet, TRUMPETS, the KING,
and EMBASSADOUR.

KING. See, lord ambassador, how Spaine intrtreats
Their prisoner Balthazar, thy viceroyes sonne:
We pleasure more in kindenes than in warres.

EMBASS. Sad is our king, and Portingale laments,
Supposing that Don Balthazar is slaine.

BAL. (aside) So am I, slaine by beauties tirannie!—

BAL: Signior Horatio, how lucky you were to get her glove.

HOR: In letting me pick it up, she gave me more gratitude than I deserved, or hoped to get.

LOR: My lord, don't dismay over her rejection. You know that women are often fickle. Her cloudy reception of you will blow over without much more than a breeze. Leave it to me- I'll scatter her clouds myself. In the meantime, let's spend the time drinking and entertaining ourselves.

HOR: The King, my lords, is coming this way, to feast the Portuguese ambassador.

BAL: Then we should attend to the King, welcome my ambassador, and learn of my father and my country's health.

(Enter the banquet, TRUMPETS, the KING,
and the AMBASSADOR)

KING: See, lord ambassador, how well Spain treats their prisoner, Balthazar, the Viceroy's son: we pleasure more in kindness than in war.

AMBASS: The Viceroy, and Portugal itself, are in mourning: it's thought that Don Balthazar was slain.

BAL: (to himself) I am indeed slain, by beauty's tyranny.

You see, my lord, how Balthazar is slaine:
I frolike with the Duke of Castilles sonne,
Wrapt euery houre in pleasures of the court,
And graste with fauours of his Maiestie.

KING. Put off your greetings till our feast be done;
Now come and sit with vs, and taste our cheere.

Sit to the banquet.

Sit downe, young prince, you are our second guest;
Brother, sit downe; and nephew, take your placel
Signior Horatio, waite thou vpon our cup,
For well thou hast deserued to be honored.
Now, lordings, fall too: Spaine is Portugall,
And Portugall is Spaine; we both are freends;
Tribute is paid, and we enioy our right.
But where is olde Hieronimo, our marshal?
He promised vs, in honor of our guest,
To grace our banquet with some pompous iest.

Enter HIERONIMO with a DRUM, three KNIGHTS,
each with scutchin; then he fethces three
KINGS; they take their crownes and them
captiue.

Hieronimo, this makes contents mine eie,
Although I sound well not the misterie.

HIERO. The first arm'd knight that hung his scutchin vp

He takes the scutchin ahd giues it to
the KING.

(to the Ambassador) Here's how Balthazar is slain:
slain with frolicking with the Duke of Castille's
son, smothered by the pleasures of the court, and
murdered with gracious favours from his Majesty.

KING: The greetings can wait until after the feast;
come sit with us, and join in our cheer.

(They sit down to the banquet)

KING: Sit down, young prince, you are just as much
a guest as the Ambassador. Brother, sit down, and
nephew, take your place! Signior Horatio, wait upon
my cup, for you deserve to be honoured!
Now, lordlings, sit yourselves down: Spain is
Portugal, and Portugal is Spain, we are both friends!
Tribute is paid, which I'm very happy about.
But where is old Hieronimo, our marshal?
He promised us, in honour of our guest,
To grace our banquet with some pompous jest.

(Enter HIERONIMO with a DRUM, and
three KNIGHTS, each with an ornamental coat of
arms. He fetches three actors, dressed as KINGS,
and the KNIGHTS take their crowns and hold them
captive)

KING: Hieronimo, this is fun to watch, though I
don't understand where the play is going.

HIERO: The first armed knight...

(He takes the coat of arms and gives it to the
KING)

Was English Robert, Earle of Glocester,
Who, when King Stephen bore sway in Albion,
Arriued with fiue and twenty thousand men
In Portingale, and, by successe of warre,
Enforced the king, then but a Sarasin,
To beare the yoake of the English monarchie.

KING. My lord of Portingale, by this you see
That which may comfort both your king and you,
And make your late discomfort seeme the lesse.
But say, Hieronimo: what was the next?

HIERO. The second knight that hung his scutchin vp

He doth as he did before.

Was Edmond, Earle of Kent in Albion.
When English Richard wore the diadem,
He came likewise and razed Lisbon walles,
And tooke the king of Portingale in fight,—
For which, and other suche seruice done,
He after was created Duke of Yorke.

KING. This is another speciall argument
That Portingale may daine to beare our yoake,
When it by little England hath beene yoakt.
But now, Hieronimo, what were the last?

HIERO. The third and last, not least in our account,

Dooing as before.

HIERO: Was English Robert, Earl of Gloucester, who, when King Stephen held power in Albion, arrived with twenty-five thousand men in Portugal, and in victory on the battlefield, forced the King to be harnessed by the English monarchy.

KING: My lord of Portugal, that should comfort both you and your Viceroy, and should make your defeat seem less by comparison. But Hieronimo, who does the next knight represent?

HIERO: The second knight...

(He gives the King the second knight's coat of arms)

HIERO: Was Edmond, Earl of Kent in Albion, when English Richard wore the crown. He came just like Richard did, and razed the walls of Lisbon, and captured the king of Portugal. For this service, he was appointed the Duke of York.

KING: This is another argument for my point that Portugal should bear our yoke, since it's been yoked by little old England in the past. But Hieronimo, who is that last knight?

HIERO: The third and last knight, not least in our account,

Was, as the rest, a valiant Englishman,
Braue Iohn of Gaunt, the Duke of Lancaster,
As by his scuthcin plainely may appeare:
He with a puissant armie came to Spaine
And tooke our Kinge of Castille prisoner.

EMBASS. This is an argument for our viceroy
That Spaine may not insult for her successe,
Since English warriours likewise conquered Spaine
And made them bow their knees to Albion.

KING. Hieronimo, I drinke to thee for this deuice,
Which hath please both the ambassador and me:
Pledge me, Hieronimo, if thou loue the king!

Takes the cup of HORATIO.

My lord, I feare we sit but ouer-long,
Vnlesse our dainties were more delicate,—
But welcome are to you the best we haue.
Now let vs in, that you may be dispatcht;
I think our councell is already set.

Exeunt omnes.

(CHORUS.)

ANDREA. Come we for this from depth of vnder ground,—
To see him feast that gaue me my deaths wound?
These pleasant sights are sorrow to my soule:
nothing but league and loue and banqueting!

(Again giving the King the coat of arms)

HIERO: Was as the rest, a valiant Englishman: brave
John of Gaunt, the Duke of Lancaster, as you can see
by his coat of arms. He brought a mighty army to
Spain, and took the King of Castille prisoner.

AMBASS: This is an argument for our Viceroy, that
Spain shouldn't lord their victory over him, since
English warriors likewise conquered Spain and made
them bend knee to Albion.

KING: Hieronimo, here's to you, for that
performance, which has pleased both the ambassador
and me. Drink to me, Hieronimo, if you love your
King!

(He takes the cup HORATIO has just filled)

KING: My lord, I'm afraid I've sat here too long. If
only our delicacies were more delicate! I hope you've
enjoyed the best we have to offer. Now you and I
must go our separate ways- I think we already know
each other's opinions on the Spain-Portugal debate.

(Exit all)

(Enter CHORUS)

ANDREA: Did we come all the way from the
underground to watch my murderer feast? These
pleasant sights make my soul suffer! Nothing's
happened but sporting and cheerful banqueting!

REUENGE. Be still, Andrea; ere we go from hence,
Ile turne their freendship into fell despight,
Their loue to mortall hate, their day to night,
Their hope into dispaire, their peace in warre,
Their ioyes to paine, their blisse to miserie.

REVENGE: Calm down, Andrea. Before we leave
here, I'll turn their friendship into foul spite,
Their love into mortal hate, their day into night, their
hope into despair, their peace into war, their joys into
pain, and their bliss into misery.