THE SPANISH

TRAGEDIE

“1587”



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.

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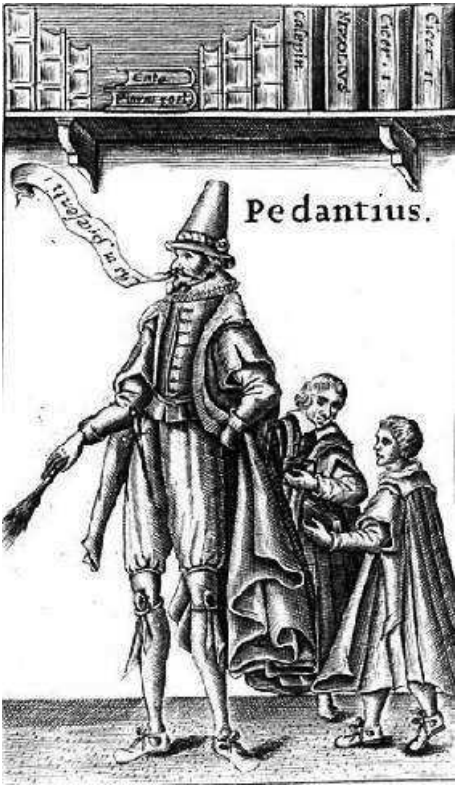
DRAMATIS PERSONAE.

GHOST OF ANDREA | REVENGE | the Chorus.
KING OF SPAIN.
VICEROY OF PORTUGAL.
DON CIPRIAN, duke of Castile.
HIERONIMO, knight-marshall 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 Embassador, Old Man, Painter Page, Hangman, Citizens, Soldiers, Attendants, &c.
BEL-IMPERIA, Lorenzo's sister.
ISABELLA, Hieronimo's wife.
PAGE. MESSENGER. CHRISTOPHEL. SERVANT. SENEX (DON BAZULTO). CITIZENS.

SCENE: Spain; and Portugal.

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 gratious 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;
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 floud,
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."
"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 deuice, 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 fearfuly,
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,
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.

[ACT I. SCENE 1.]

[The Spanish Court]

Enter SPANISH KING, GENERALL, CASTILLE, HIERONIMO.

KING. Now say, l[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
Vnto the height of former happines,
With deeper wage and gentile dignitie
We may reward thy blisfull chiualrie.

GEN. Where Spaine and Portingale do ioyntly 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 musketiers
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,
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 & cuspide cuspis,
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,
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.
What meanes 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

With our braue prisoner and his double guard.

[Exit a MESSENGER.]

Hieoronimo, 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 dismist,
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 BAL[THAZAR],
LOR[ENZO], and HOR[ATIO].

[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;