

THE SPANISH TRAGEDY

Thomas Kyd

Table of Contents

<u>THE SPANISH TRAGEDY</u>	1
<u>Thomas Kyd</u>	2
<u>THE FIRST PART</u>	3
<u>THE SECOND PART</u>	5

THE SPANISH TRAGEDY

THE SPANISH TRAGEDY

Thomas Kyd

This page copyright © 2001 Blackmask Online.
<http://www.blackmask.com>

Containing the Lamentable Murders of Horatio and
Bellimperia with the pittiful, Death of
old Hieronimo

To the tune of Qveene Dido

THE SPANISH TRAGEDY

THE FIRST PART

You that have lost your former ioyes,
And now in woe your lives doe leade,
Feeding on nought but dire annoyes,
Thinking your griefes all griefes exceede,
Assure yourselves it is not so:
Loe, here a sight of greater woe.

Hapless *Hieronimo* was my name,
On whom fond fortune smiled long:
And now her flattering smiles I blame;
Her flattering smiles hath done me wrong.
Would I had dyed in tender yeares:
Then had not beene this cause of teares.

I Marshall was in prime of yeares,
And wonne great honour in the field:
Vntill that age with siluered haire
My aged head had overspred.
Then left warre, and stayde at home,
And gave my honour to my sonne.

Horatio, my sweet onely childe,
Prickt forth by fames aspiring wings,
Did so behave him in the field
That he Prince *Baltazer* Captive brings;
And with great honour did present
Him to the King incontinent.

The Duke of *Castyles* Daughter then
Desir'd *Horatio* to relate
The death of her beloued friend,
Her love *Andreas* woofull fate.
But when she knew who had him slaine,
She vow'd she would reuenge the same.

Then more to vexen Prince *Baltazer*,
Because he slewe her chieftest friend,
She chose my sonne for her chiefe flower,
Thereby meaning to worke reuenge.
But marke what then did straight befall,
To turne my sweete to bitter gall.

Lorenzo then, to finde the cause
Why that his sister was unkinde,
At last he found, within a pause,
Howe he might sound her secret minde:

THE SPANISH TRAGEDY

Which for to bring well to effect,
To fetch her man he doth direct.

Who being come into his sight,
He threatneth for to rid his life,
Except straightwayes he should recite
His sister's loue, the cause of strife:
Compell'd therefore to vnfold his mind,
Sayd with *Horatio* shee's combinde.

The Villaine then, for hope of gaine,
Did straight conuaye them to the place,
Where these too louers did remaine,
Ioying in sight of others face;
And to their foes they did impart
The place where they should ioy their heart.

Prince *Baltazer* with his compeeres
Enters my bower all in the night,
And there my sonne slayne they upreare,
The more to worke my greater spight.
But as I laye and toke repose,
A voyce I hard, whereat I rose.

And finding then his senslesse form,
The murtherers I sought to finde,
But missing them I stood forlorne,
As one amased in his minde,
And rent and puld my silvered haire,
And curs'd and bann'd each thing was there.

And that I would reuenge the same,
I dipt a napkin in his blood,

Swearing to worke their woefull baine
That so had spoyl'd my chiefest good;
And that I would not it forget,
It allwayes at my hart I kept.

THE SPANISH TRAGEDY

THE SECOND PART

TO THE SAME TVNE

Then *Isabella*, my deare wyfe,
Finding her sonne bereau'd of breath,
And louing him dearer then life,
Her owne hand straight doth worke her death.
And now their deaths doth meet in one,
My griefes are come, my Ioyes are gone.

Then frantickly I ran about,
Filling the ayre with mournfull groanes,
Because I had not yet found out
The murtherers, to ease my mones.
I rent and tore each thing I got,
And sayd, and did, I knew not what.

Thus as I past the streets, hard by
The Duke of *Castiles* house, as then
A Letter there I did espy,
Which show'd *Horatios* wofull end:
Which *Bellimperia* foorth had flung
From prison where they kept her strong.

Then to the Court forthwith I went,
And of the King did Justice craue;
But by *Lorenzos* bad intent
I hindred was, which made me raue.
Then, vexed more, I stamp'd and frown'd,
And with my ponyard ript the ground.

But false *Lorenzo* put mee out,
And tolde the King then by and by
That frantickly I ran about,
And of my sonne did alwayes cry;
And say'd it were good I should resigne
My Marshallship, which grieu'd my mind.

The Duke of *Castyle*, hearing then
How I did grudge still at his sonne,
Did send for me to make vs friends,
To stay the rumour then begone.
Whereto I straightway gaue consent,
Although in heart I neuer meant.
Sweete *Bellimperia* comes to me,
Thinking my sonne I had forgot,
To see me with his foes agree,

THE SPANISH TRAGEDY

The which I neuer meant, God wot:
But when wee knew each others mind,
To worke reuenge a meanes I find.

When Bloody *Baltazar* enters in,
Entreating me to show some sport
Vnto his Father and the King,
That to his nuptiall did resort.
Which gladly I prepar'd to show,
Because I knew twould worke their woe,

And from the Chronicles of *Spaine*
I did record *Erastus* life,
And how the *Turke* had him so slayne,
And straight reuenge wrought by his wife.
Then for to act this Tragedy,
I gaue their parts Immediatly.

Sweete *Bellimperia* *Baltazar* killes,
Because he slew her dearest friend,
And I *Lorenzos* blood did spill,
And eke his soule to hell did send.
Then dyed my foes by dint of knife,
But *Bellimperia* ends her life.

Then for to specifie my wronges,
With weeping eyes and mournfull hart,
I shew'd my sonne with bloody wounds,
And eke the murtherers did impart;
And sayd my sonne was as deare to me
As thine, or thine, though Kinges you be.

But when they did behold this thing,
How I had slayne their onely sonnes,
The Duke, the Viceroy, and the King
Vppon me all they straight did run.
To torture me they doe prepare,
Vnlesse I shuld it straight declare.

But that I would not tell it then,
Euen with my teeth I bit my tongue,
And in despite did giue it them,
That me with torments sought to wrong:
Thus when in age I sought to rest,
Nothing but sorrowes me opprest.

They knowing well that I could write,
Vnto my hand a pen did reach,
Meaning thereby I shuld recite
The authors of this bloody fetch.
Then fained I my pen was naught,

THE SECOND PART

THE SPANISH TRAGEDY

And by strange signes a knife I sought.

But when to me they gaue the knife,
I kill'd the Duke then standing by,
And eke my selfe bereau'd of life,
For I to see my sonne did hye.

The Kinges, that scorn'd my griefes before,
With nought can they their Ioyes restore.

Here have you heard my Tragicke tale,
Which on *Horatios* death depends,
Whose death I could anew bewayle,
But that in it the murtherers ends.

For murther God will bring to light,
Though long it be hid from man's sight.

Finis.
