

# *Lust's Dominion*

(or *The Lascivious Queen*)

A Tragedy

(*Anonymous*)

Text prepared, and notes authored, by:

**Mary Ellen Cacheado**

(Sheffield Hallam University, 2007)

## Table of Contents

1	Introduction .....	3
2	Authorship and Date .....	3
3	Main Themes .....	4
4	The Moors in Spain .....	5
5	Editorial Procedures.....	5
6	Dramatis Personae .....	6
7	Lust's Dominion – Play Text .....	7

# 1 Introduction

*The Lascivious Queen*, or *The Spanish Moor's Tragedy* as it was once identified by Collier<sup>1</sup>, is a tragedy full of political strategies, revenge and lust. It revolves around the rise and fall of the Moor Eleazar and the Queen Mother, the Lascivious Queen.

Eleazar, the Moor, Prince of Fess and Barbary, has high ambitions and aspires to the Spanish throne. His excuse for all his deeds is that he is seeking revenge against the Spanish royals who, according to him, are tyrants because they made his father lose his empire and held him captive, as we can see on the passage below extracted from the play:

*There goes old man my father  
Who with his empire, lost his life,  
And left me captive to a Spanish tyrant, (page 16)*

To get to the throne of Spain he manipulates the Queen Mother or the Lascivious Queen, with whom he has an affair, the Catholic Church and the lords. There are only a few people whom he does not get to manipulate: Prince Phillip the Queen's son, who later on in the play gets accused of being a bastard; the King of Portugal; Hortenzo; and Isabella, the Infanta of Spain. Those that are not with him are against him so he will do anything to destroy them.

In the play nearly all characters betray and are betrayed. When you think their actions have settled down and come to a conclusion, another strategy appears to give the story another twist.

This is certainly a play full of ups and downs where characters rise and fall and nothing until the end of the play is ever resolved or static.

# 2 Authorship and Date

The author of the play is unknown although the first copies of this publication name Christopher Marlowe as the play writer. Until the nineteenth century this authorship was accepted, but when J. P. Collier found out about its original performance date, which was in February 1600, and that it was first published in 1657, a long time after Marlowe's death, this acceptance lost its credit.

---

<sup>1</sup> J. P. Collier, ed., Dodsley's A Select Collection of Old Plays, vol. II (London: 1825-1827), 311. p. 264

### 3 Main Themes

#### Racism

Although the Moor is a prince and at some point of the play is fully accepted by the people and the court, his enemies refer to him with disdain because of his race and colour, as we can see in the King of Portugal's speech:

*Poor Spain! How is the body of thy peace  
Mangled and torn by an ambitious Moor?  
How is thy Prince and Counsellors abused,  
And trodden under the base foot of scorn?  
Wronged Lords, Emanuel of Portugal partakes  
A falling share in all your miseries;  
And though the tardy-hand of slow delay  
Withheld us from preventing your mishaps;  
Yet shall revenge dart black confusion  
Into the bosom of that damned fiend. (p.65)*

There are many other references like that to Eleazar, and even if we do agree with the King, his words are not very politically correct; in fact, if this play had been written today it would probably be banned.

#### Gender

The feminine gender in the play accords with stereotype. The three women in the play are weak, fragile, gullible, and at the same time, manipulative.

The Queen Mother, the Moor's concubine, although at times she can be very manipulative, is very weak and gullible as well. Eleazar pits her against her own son, uses her to kill people and to get to the throne, calls her a beldam and a strumpet and she is still there begging him for his love and in the end of the play, she is forgiven because all she did was under the influence of the Moor; after all she is a woman.

Maria, the Moor's wife, is as fragile and sweet as a saint. He also uses her to help him in executing one of his greatest plots, which was to kill her and the king at the same time.

Isabella, the Infanta of Spain, is a sweet and sensitive woman, but unlike her mother she is not gullible; even though the Moor tries to tempt her, she does not fall for him. She also manipulates Eleazar's soldiers to release Hortenzo and Phillip from the prison.

#### Betrayal

Nearly everybody in this play either betrays, is betrayed, or both. The Queen betrays her King by having an affair with Eleazar; she betrays her sons by plotting against them both; she also betrays the Cardinal by accusing him of being the father of her son Phillip; but in the end, Eleazar also betrays her. The Cardinal betrays Phillip, but

Eleazar and the Queen also betray him. Most of these betrayals happen for power and lust.

## 4 The Moors in Spain

According to the Oxford dictionary a Moor is a member of a Muslim people of mixed Berber and Arab descent, inhabiting NW Africa.

Spain was a Catholic country until the invasion of the Moors around 700 A.D. which started from the tip of the Iberian Peninsula going to the North. They gave a great contribution to the Spanish culture; we can see their trace in Spanish dancing, cuisine and other things. They had about 800 years of hegemony in Spain, but the Catholic Church started to win Spain back around 1492 when Granada, the main Moorish city in Spain, surrendered to Ferdinand V and Isabella. It was only around 1600 that they were really expelled from Spain.

By 1582 an official expulsion was proposed by Philip II Council of State and it was effectively done in 1609 by Philip III.

The play tells us about the fall of the Moor Eleazar who is representing the fall of the Moors in Spain. Coincidentally, the first King of Spain to appear in the play is called Philip and the Moor Eleazar calls him a tyrant because he has made his father lose his kingdom. The final King of Spain to appear in the play is also called Philip and he is the one who banishes the Moors from Spain in the final scene:

*And for this Barbarous Moor, and his black train,  
Let all the Moors be banished from Spain!* (p.113)

## 5 Editorial Procedures

What is important to say about the editorial procedures used to edit this play is that I tried to keep the original words as much as possible.

I corrected misspellings and punctuation; for instance, in the case of 'finde' which is the old spelling for 'find', I dropped the final e.

I also changed a few words that did not make sense in the context, but I have commented on these changes individually.

I decided to keep the conjugation of the verbs in the second person of the singular preceded by thou, for instance thou hath, thou believ'st, thou laugh'st, I decided not to alter them and leave them with their old spelling.

I have silently adjusted lineation in order to make the text clearer and easier to understand.

## 6 Dramatis Personae

- **Eleazar**, the Moor, Prince of Fess<sup>2</sup> and Barbary<sup>3</sup>
- **Philip**, King of Spain, father to Fernando, Philip and Isabella
- **Fernando**, King of Spain, son to Philip
- **Philip**, Prince of Spain, son to Philip
- **Alvero**, a Nobleman, Father in Law to Eleazar, and Father to Hortenzo and Maria
- **Mendoza**, the Cardinal
- **Christofero**, nobleman of Spain
- **Roderigo**, nobleman of Spain
- **Hortenzo**, lover to Isabella and son to Alvero
- **Zarack**, Moor attending Eleazar
- **Baltazar**, Moor attending Eleazar
- **Friar Cole**
- **Friar Crab**
- **Emmanuel**, King of Portugal
- Captain, soldiers, cum aliis<sup>4</sup>
- Two pages attending the Queen
- **The Queen Mother of Spain**, wife of King Philip
- **Isabella**, the Infanta<sup>5</sup> of Spain
- **Maria**, wife to Eleazar and daughter of Alvero.

---

<sup>2</sup> Fess is now known as Fez and it was one of the ancient capitals of Morocco.

<sup>3</sup> Barbary probably from Barbary States which were the North African states of Tripolitania, Tunisia, Algeria and Morocco.

<sup>4</sup> *Cum aliis* - Latin expression which means “with others”.

<sup>5</sup> *Infanta* - a daughter of the ruling monarch of Spain or Portugal, usually the eldest daughter who is not heir to the throne.

## 7 Lust's Dominion – Play Text

### Act I Scene I

*Enter Zarack, Baltazar, two Moors taking tobacco, music sounding within. Enter Queen Mother of Spain with two Pages, Eleazar sitting on a chair suddenly draws the curtain.*

**Eleazar:** On me? Does music spend this sound on me  
That hate all unity! Hah Zarack, Baltazar?

**Queen Mother:** My gracious Lord.

**Eleazar:** Are you there with your beagles? Hark you slaves:  
Did not I bind you on your lives to watch that none disturbed us?

**Queen Mother:** Gentle Eleazar...

**Eleazar:** There, off! Is it you that deafen me with this noise?

*Exit two Moors.*

**Queen Mother:** Why is my love's aspect so grim and horrid?  
Look smoothly on me,  
Chime out your softest strains of harmony,  
And on delicious music's silken wings  
Send ravishing delight to my love's ears,  
That he may be enamoured of your tunes.  
Come, let's kiss.

**Eleazar:** Away, away!

**Queen Mother:** No, no, says I; and twice away says stay:  
Come, come, I'll have a kiss, but if you strive  
For one denial you shall forfeit five.

**Eleazar:** Nay prithee<sup>6</sup> good Queen leave me;  
I am now sick, heavy, and dull as lead.

**Queen Mother:** I'll make thee lighter by taking something from thee.

**Eleazar:** Do, take from me this ague and these fits, that hanging on me  
Shake me in pieces, and set all my blood  
A boiling with the fire of rage: away, away!

---

<sup>6</sup> *Prithee* - Contracted form of pray for thee, archaic for please.

Thou believ'st<sup>7</sup> I jest and laugh'st, to see my wrath wear antic shapes.  
Begone, begone.

**Queen Mother:** What means my love? Burst all those wires! Burn all those instruments!

For they displease my Moor. Art thou now pleased,  
Or wert thou now disturbed? I'll wage all Spain  
To one sweet kiss; this is some new device  
To make me fond and long. Oh! You men  
Have tricks to make poor women die for you.

**Eleazar:** What? Die for me? Away!

**Queen Mother:** Away? What way? I prithee speak more kindly.  
Why dost thou frown? At whom?

**Eleazar:** At thee!

**Queen Mother:** At me? Oh why at me? For each contracted frown  
A crooked wrinkle interlines my brow.  
Spend but one hour in frowns and I shall look  
Like to a beldam<sup>8</sup> of one hundred years.  
I prithee speak to me and chide me not,  
I prithee chide if I have done amiss,

*Kiss*

But let my punishment be this, and this.  
I prithee smile on me, if but a while,  
Then frown on me, I'll die. I prithee smile.  
Smile on me, and these two wanton boys,  
These pretty lads that do attend on me,  
Shall call thee Jove<sup>9</sup>, shall wait upon thy cup  
And fill thee nectar; their enticing eyes  
Shall serve as crystal, wherein thou maist<sup>10</sup> see  
To dress thyself, if thou wilt smile on me.  
Smile on me, and with coronets of pearl,  
And bells of gold, circling their pretty arms  
In a round ivory fount these two shall swim,  
And dive to make thee sport.  
Bestow one smile, one little, little smile,  
And in a net of twisted silk and gold  
In my all-naked arms, thyself shalt lie.

---

<sup>7</sup> The st termination shows the verb is in the singular second person, this is only used with the pronoun thou, e.g. thou believ'st.

<sup>8</sup> *Beldam* - an old woman.

<sup>9</sup> *Jove* - one of the most Gods from Roman mythology.

<sup>10</sup> *Maist* - archaic form for must.

**Eleazar:** Why, what to do? Lust's arms do stretch so wide  
That none can fill them; I'll lie there, away.

**Queen Mother:** Where hast thou learned this language? That can say  
No more, but two rude words: away, away.  
Am I grown ugly now?

**Eleazar:** Ugly as hell!

**Queen Mother:** Thou lovedst me once.

**Eleazar:** That can thy bastards tell.

**Queen Mother:** What is my sin? I will amend the same.

**Eleazar:** Hence strumpet, use of sin makes thee past shame.

**Queen Mother:** Strumpet?

**Eleazar:** Aye, strumpet.

**Queen Mother:** Too true 'tis, woe is me.  
I am a strumpet, but made so by thee.

**Eleazar:** By me? No, not by these young bawds; fetch thee a glass  
And thou shalt see the balls of both thine eyes  
Burning in fire of lust; by me? There's here  
Within this hollow cistern of thy breast  
A spring of hot blood, have not I to cool it  
Made an extraction to the quintessence  
Even of my soul, melted all my spirits,  
Ravished my youth, deflowered my lovely cheeks.  
And dried this, this to anatomy  
Only to feed your lust, (these boys have ears)  
Yet wouldst thou murder me.

**Queen Mother:** I murder thee?

**Eleazar:** I cannot ride through the Castilian streets  
But thousand eyes through windows, and through doors  
Throw killing looks at me, and every slave  
At Eleazar darts a finger out,  
And every hissing tongue cries, there's the Moor,  
That's he that makes a cuckold of our King,  
There goes the minion of the Spanish Queen;  
That's the black prince of devils, there goes he  
That on smooth boys on masks and revelling  
Spends the revenues of the King of Spain.  
Who arms this many headed beast but you?  
Murder and lust are twins, and both are thine;  
Being weary of me thou wouldst worry me  
Because some new love makes thee loathe thine old.

**Queen Mother:** Eleazar!

**Eleazar:** Harlot! I'll not hear thee speak.

**Queen Mother:** I'll kill myself unless thou hear'st me speak.

My husband King upon his death-bed lies,  
 Yet have I stolen from him to look on thee.  
 A Queen hath made herself thy concubine,  
 Yet do'st thou now abhor me? Hear me speak!  
 Else shall my sons plague thy adulterous wrongs,  
 And tread upon thy heart for murdering me,  
 Thy tongue hath murdered me (cry murder boys!)  
 2 Boys Murder! The Queen's murdered!

**Eleazar:** Love? Slave's peace.

**2 Boys:** Murder! The Queen's murdered!

**Eleazar:** Stop your throats.

Hark, hush your squalls; dear love, look up,  
 Our chamber window stares into the court,  
 And every wide mouthed ear, hearing this news,  
 Will give alarum to the cuckold King.  
 I did dissemble when I chid my love,  
 And that dissembling was to try my love.

**Queen Mother:** Thou call'dst me strumpet.

**Eleazar:** I'll tear out my tongue  
 From this black temple for blaspheming thee.

**Queen Mother:** And when I wooed thee, but to smile on me,  
 Thou cri'dst, away, away, and frown'dst upon me.

**Eleazar:** Come now I'll kiss thee, now I'll smile upon thee;  
 Call to thy ashy cheeks their wonted red:  
 Come frown not, pout not, smile, smile, but upon me  
 And with my poniard will I stab my flesh,  
 And quaff carouses to thee of my blood,  
 Whil'st in moist nectar kisses thou dost pledge me.  
 How now, why star'st thou thus?

*Knock, enter Zarack.*

**Zarack:** The King is dead.

**Eleazar:** Ha! Dead! You hear this? Is it true? Is it true? The King dead!  
 Who dares knock thus?

**Zarack:** It is the Cardinal making inquiry if the Queen were here.

**Eleazar:** See? She's here, tell him. And yet, Zarack, stay.

*Enter Baltazar.*

**Baltazar:** Don Roderigo is come to seek the Queen.

**Eleazar:** Why should Roderigo seek her here?

**Baltazar:** The King hath swooned<sup>11</sup> thrice and being recovered,  
Sends up and down the court to seek her grace.

**Eleazar:** The King was dead with you? Run, and with a voice  
Erected high as mine, say thus, thus threaten  
To Roderigo and the Cardinal,  
Seek no Queen here; I'll broach them, if they do,  
Upon my falchion's point; again, more knocking!

*Knock again*

**Zarack:** Your father is at hand, my gracious lord.

**Eleazar:** Lock all the chambers, bar him out, you apes.  
Hither a vengeance; stir, Eugenia,  
You know your old walk under ground, away!  
So down bye to the King, quick, quick, you squalls;  
Crawl with your dame, in the dark; dear love, farewell,  
One day I hope to shut you up in hell.

*Eleazar shuts them in.*

## Scene II

*Enter Alvero.*

**Alvero:** Son Eleazar, saw you not the Queen?

**Eleazar:** Hah!

**Alvero:** Was not the Queen here with you?

**Eleazar:** Queen with me? Because, my Lord, I'm married to your daughter,  
You (like your daughter) will grow jealous;  
The Queen with me? A Moor, a devil,  
A slave of Barbary, a dog; for so  
Your silken courtiers christen me, but, father,  
Although my flesh be tawny, in my veins  
Runs blood as red and royal as the best  
And proudest in Spain. There goes old man my father  
Who with his empire lost his life,  
And left me captive to a Spanish tyrant, Oh!  
Go tell him! Spanish tyrant! Tell him, do,  
He that can lose a kingdom and not rave,  
He's a tame jade; I am not: tell old Philip  
I call him tyrant here's a sword and arms,  
A heart, a head, and so pish!<sup>12</sup> 'tis but death :

---

<sup>11</sup> The original word in the text was *swounded* which I decided to change to swooned which means fainted.

<sup>12</sup> *Pish* - a dismissive exclamation.

Old fellow, she's not here. But ere<sup>13</sup> I die:  
Sword I'll bequeath thee a rich legacy.

**Alvero:** Watch fitter hours to think on wrongs than now;  
Death's frozen hand holds royal Philip's heart,  
Half of his body lies within a grave;  
Then do not now by quarrels shake that state  
Which is already too much ruined.  
Come and take leave of him before he dies.

*Exit.*

**Eleazar:** I'll follow you now; purple villainy,  
Sit like an imperial robe on my back,  
That under thee I closely may contrive  
My vengeance. Foul deeds hid do sweetly thrive,  
Mischief erect thy throne and sit in state  
Here, here upon this head; let fools fear fate.  
Thus I defy my stars: I care not I  
How low I tumble down, so I mount high.  
Old time, I'll wait bare-headed at thy heels,  
And be a foot-boy to thy winged hours;  
They shall not tell one minute out in sands,  
But I'll set down the number; I'll still wake,  
And waste these balls of sight by tossing them  
In base observations upon thee.  
Sweet opportunity, I'll bind myself  
To thee in base apprenticeship so long,  
Till on thy naked scalp grow hair as thick  
As mine; and all hands shall lay hold on thee,  
If thou wilt lend me but thy rusty scythe,  
To cut down all that stand within my wrongs,  
And my revenge. Love dances in twenty forms  
Upon my beauty, that this Spanish dame  
May be bewitched and dote; her amorous flames  
Shall blow up the old King, consume his Sons,  
And make all Spain a bonfire.  
This tragedy being acted here does begin:  
To shed a harlot's blood can be no sin.

*Exit.*

---

<sup>13</sup> *Ere* - before

### Scene III

*The curtains being drawn there appears in his bed King Phillip, with his Lords, the Princess Isabella, at the feet Mendoza, Alvero, Hortenzo, Fernando, Roderigo, and to them enter Queen in haste<sup>14</sup>.*

**Queen Mother:** Whose was that screech-owl's voice, that like the sound  
Of a hell-tortured soul rang through mine ears  
Nothing but horrid shrieks, nothing but death?  
Whilst I, vailing my knees to the cold earth,  
Drowning my withered cheeks in my warm tears,  
And stretching out my arms to pull from heaven  
Health for the Royal Majesty of Spain,  
All cried, the Majesty of Spain is dead:  
That last word dead struck through the echoing air,  
Rebounded on my heart, and smote me down  
Breathless to the cold earth, and made me leave  
My prayers for Philip's life, but thanks to heaven  
I see him alive, and lives I hope to see  
Unnumbered years to guide this empery.

**King Phillip:** The number of my years ends in one day,  
Ere this sun's down all a King's glory sets,  
For all our lives are but death's counterfeits.  
Father Mendoza and you peers of Spain,  
Dry your wet eyes, for sorrow wanted force  
To inspire a breathing soul in a dead corse;  
Such is your **King:** where's Isabel our Daughter?

**Mendoza:** At your bed's feet confounded in her tears.

**King Phillip:** She of your grief the heaviest burthen bears;  
You can but lose a King, but she a father.

**Queen Mother:** She bear the heaviest burthen?<sup>15</sup>; oh say rather  
I bear, and am borne down; my sorrowing  
Is for a husband's loss, loss of a King.

**King Phillip:** No more, Alvero! Call the Princess hither<sup>16</sup>.

**Alvero:** Madam, his majesty does call for you.

**King Phillip:** Come hither, Isabella, reach a hand;  
Yet now it shall not need; instead of thine  
Death, shoving thee back, clasps his hands in mine,  
And bids me come away, I must, I must;

---

<sup>14</sup> *Haste* - urgency of movement or action, excessive hurry.

<sup>15</sup> *Burthen* - archaic for burden, an oppressive duty.

<sup>16</sup> *Hither* - nearer.

Though Kings be gods on earth, they turn to dust.  
Is not Prince Philip come from Portugal?

**Roderigo:** The Prince as yet is not returned, my Lord.

**King Phillip:** Commend me to him, if I ne'er<sup>17</sup> behold him:

This tells the order of my funeral;  
Do it as 'tis set down: embalm my body;  
Though worms do make no difference of flesh,  
Yet Kings are curious here to dig their graves,  
Such is man's frailty; when I am embalmed,  
Apparel me in a rich royal robe,  
According to the custom of the land;  
Then place my bones within that brazen shrine  
Which death hath<sup>18</sup> built for my ancestors:  
I cannot name death, but he straight steps in,  
And pulls me by the arm.

**Fernando:** His grace doth faint.

Help me, my lords, softly to raise him up.

*Enter Eleazar and stands sadly by.*

**King Phillip:** Lift me not up, I shortly must go down,  
When a few dribbling minutes have run out;  
Mine hour is ended: King of Spain, farewell:  
You all acknowledge him your Sovereign.

**All:** When you are dead we will acknowledge him.

**King Phillip:** Govern this kingdom well. To be a King  
Is given to many, but to govern well is  
Granted to few. Have care to Isabel;  
Her virtue was King Philip's looking-glass.  
Reverence the Queen your mother. Love your sister,  
And the young Prince your brother; even that day  
When Spain shall solemnize my obsequies,  
And lay me up in earth, let them crown you.  
Where's Eleazar, Don Alvero's son?

**Fernando:** Yonder with crossed arms stands he malcontent<sup>19</sup>.

**King Phillip:** I do commend him to thee for a man  
Both wise and warlike, yet beware of him;  
Ambition wings his spirit: keep him down;  
What will not men attempt to win a crown?

---

<sup>17</sup> *Ne're* - never

<sup>18</sup> *Hath* - has

<sup>19</sup> *Malcontent* - unhappy

Mendoza is protector of thy realm;  
 I did elect him for his gravity,  
 I trust he'll be a father to thy youth:  
 Call help, Fernando! Now I faint indeed.

**Fernando:** My Lords.

**King Phillip:** Let none with a distracted voice  
 Shriek out and trouble me in my departure.  
 Heaven's hands, I see, are beckoning for my soul  
 I come, I come; thus do the proudest die;  
 Death hath no mercy, life no certainty.

**Mendoza:** As yet his soul's not from her temple gone,  
 Therefore forbear loud lamentation.

**Queen Mother:** Oh he is dead, he's dead! Lament and die,  
 In her King's end, begins Spain's misery

**Isabella:** He shall not end so soon; father, dear father!

**Fernando:** Forbear, sweet Isabella, shrieks are vain.

**Isabella:** You cry forbear; you by his loss of breath  
 Have won a kingdom, you may cry forbear,  
 But I have lost a father, and a King;  
 And no tongue shall control my sorrowing.

**Hortenzo:** Whither<sup>20</sup>, good Isabella?

**Isabella:** I will go where I will languish in eternal woe.

**Hortenzo:** Nay, gentle love.

**Isabella:** Talk not of love to me.  
 The world and the world's pride henceforth I'll scorn.

*Exit.*

**Hortenzo:** My love shall follow thee; if thou deny'st  
 To live with poor Hortenzo as his wife,  
 I'll never change my love, but change my life.  
 Enter Philip hastily.

**Phillip:** I know he is not dead, I know proud death  
 Durst not behold such sacred majesty.  
 Why stand you thus distracted? Mother, brother,  
 My Lord Mendoza, where's my Royal father?

**Queen Mother:** Here lies the temple of his royal soul.

---

<sup>20</sup> *Whither* - archaic to what place

**Fernando:** Here's all that's left of Philip's majesty.  
Wash you his tomb with tears; Fernando's moan,  
Hating a partner, shall be spent alone.

*Exit.*

**Phillip:** Oh happy father, miserable son!  
Philip is gone to joy; Philip's forlorn.  
He dies to live; my life with woe is torn.

**Queen Mother:** Sweet son.

**Phillip:** Sweet mother, oh! How I now do shame  
To lay on one so foul so fair a name.  
Had you been a true mother, a true wife,  
This King had not so soon been robbed of life.

**Queen Mother:** What means this rage, my son?

**Phillip:** Call not me your son!  
My father whilst he lived tired his strong arms  
In bearing Christian armour against the Turks  
And spent his brains in warlike stratagems  
To bring confusion on damned Infidels;  
Whilst you that snorted here at home betrayed  
His name to everlasting infamy;  
Whilst you at home suffered his bed-chamber  
To be a brothel, whilst you at home  
Suffered his Queen to be a concubine,  
And wanton red-cheeked boys to be her bawds  
Whilst she reeking in that lecher's<sup>21</sup> arms -

**Eleazar:** Me!

**Phillip:** Villain, 'tis thee; thou hell-begotten fiend, at thee I stare.

**Queen Mother:** Philip, thou art a villain to dishonour me.

**Phillip:** Mother, I am no villain; 'tis this villain  
Dishonours you and me, dishonours Spain,  
Dishonours all these Lords; this devil is he, that---

**Eleazar:** What! Oh, pardon me: I must throw off  
All chains of duty; wert thou ten King's sons,  
Had I as many souls as I have sins,  
As this from hence, so they from this should fly  
In just revenge of this indignity.

**Phillip:** Give way, or I'll make way upon your bosoms.

**Eleazar:** Did my dear sovereign live, sirrah that tongue -

---

<sup>21</sup> *Lecher* - a debauchee.

**Queen Mother:** Did but King Philip live, traitor I'd tell ---

**Phillip:** A tale that should rid both your souls to hell.  
 Tell Philip's ghost, that Philip tells his Queen,  
 That Philip's Queen is a Moor's Concubine,  
 Did the King live I'd tell him how you two  
 Ripped up the entrails of his treasury  
 With masques and antic revelling.

**Eleazar:** Words insupportable; dost hear me boy?

**Queen Mother:** Stand you all still, and see me thus trod down?

**Phillip:** Stand you all still, yet let this devil stand here?

**Mendoza:** Forbear, sweet Prince; Eleazar, I am now  
 Protector to Fernando, King of Spain:  
 By that authority and by consent  
 Of all these peers, I utterly deprive thee  
 Of all those royalties thou hold'st in Spain.

**Queen Mother:** Cardinal, who lends thee this commission?

**Eleazar:** Cardinal, I'll shorten thee by the head for this.

**Phillip:** Forward, my Lord Mendoza, damn the fiend!

**Eleazar:** Princes of Spain, consent you to this pride?

**All:** We do.

**Queen Mother:** For what cause? Let his faith be tried.

**Mendoza:** His treasons need no trial, they're too plain;  
 Come not within the court, for if you do,  
 To beg with Indian slaves I'll banish you.

*Exit all but Alvero, Queen and Eleazar.*

## Scene IV

**Alvero:** Why should my son be banished?

*Enter Maria.*

**Queen Mother:** Of that dispute not now, Alvero;  
 I'll to the King my son; it shall be tried  
 If Castile's King can cool a Cardinal's pride.

*Exit Queen and Alvero.*

**Eleazar:** If I digest this gall - oh, my Maria,  
 I am whipped, and racked, and torn upon the wheel  
 Of giddy fortune. She and her minions  
 Have got me down and treading on my bosom,  
 They cry, lie still. The Cardinal

(Oh! rare) would ban me away from Spain,  
And banish me to beg; aye, beg with slaves.

**Maria:** Conquer with patience these indignities.

**Eleazar:** Patience? Ha, ha: yes, yes an honest Cardinal!

**Maria:** Yet smoother the grief and seek revenge.

**Eleazar:** Hah! Banish me, s'foot<sup>22</sup>, why say he do;  
There's Portugal, a good air, and France, a fine country;  
Or Barbary, rich and has Moors; the Turk  
Pure devil and allows enough to fat  
The sides of villainy; good living there:  
I can live there, and there, and there,  
Troth 'tis a villain can live any where:  
But say I go from hence, I leave behind me  
A Cardinal, that will laugh, I leave behind me  
A Philip, that will clap his hands for joy;  
And dance through the Castile Court.  
But the deepest wound of all is this, I leave  
My wrongs, dishonours, and my discontents,  
Oh! unrevenged; my bedrid enemies  
Shall never be raised up by the strong physical,  
Curing of my sword, therefore stay still:  
Many have hearts to strike, that dare not kill.  
Leave me, Maria! Cardinal, this disgrace  
Shall dye thy soul as inky as my face:  
Pish<sup>23</sup>, hence, Maria.

*Enter Alvero.*

**Maria:** To the King I'll fly.  
He shall revenge my lord's indignity.

*Exit.*

**Alvero:** Mendoza woos the King to banish thee;  
Startle thy wonted spirits, awake thy soul  
And on thy resolution fasten wings  
Whose golden feathers may out-strip their hate,

**Eleazar:** I'll tie no golden feathers to my wings.

**Alvero:** Shall they thus tread thee down which once were glad  
To lackey by thy conquering Chariot wheels?

**Eleazar:** I care not! I can swallow more sour wrongs:

---

<sup>22</sup> *S'foot* - abbreviation for his foot

<sup>23</sup> *Pish* – again, an expression of contempt, impatience, or disgust.

**Alvero:** If they triumph o'er<sup>24</sup> thee; they spurn me down.

**Eleazar:** Look, spurn again.

**Alvero:** What ice hath cooled that fire  
Which sometimes made thy thoughts to heaven aspire?  
This patience had not wont to dwell with thee.

*Enter Fernando and Maria.*

**Eleazar:** It is right, but now the world's changed, you see;  
Though I seem dead to you, here lives a fire.  
No more, here comes the King and my Maria;  
The Spaniard loves my wife; she swears to me,  
She's chaste as the white moon, well if she be,  
Well too if she be not; I care not:  
I'll climb up by that love to dignity.

**Fernando:** Thou woo'st me to revenge thy husband's wrong,  
I woo thy fair self not to wrong thy self;  
Swear but to love me, and to thee I'll swear  
To crown thy husband with a diadem.

**Maria:** Such love as I dare yield, I'll not deny.

**Fernando:** When in the golden arms of majesty -  
I am broke off; yonder thy husband stands.  
I'll set him free, if thou untie my bands;  
So much for that. Durst then the Cardinal,  
Put on such insolence? Tell me, fair madam,  
Where's your most valiant husband?

**Eleazar:** He sees me and yet inquires for me.

**Maria:** Yonder, my Lord.

**Fernando:** Eleazar, I have in my breast written down  
From her report your late received disgrace:  
My father loved you dearly, so will I.

**Eleazar:** True, for my wife's sake.

*Aside.*

**Fernando:** This Indignity will I have Interest in for being your King;  
You shall perceive I'll curb my underling.  
This morning is our coronation  
And father's funeral solemnized.  
Be present, step into your wonted place;  
We'll guild your dim disgraces with our grace.

*Exit.*

---

<sup>24</sup> *O'er* - archaic for over.

***Eleazar:*** I thank my sovereign that you love my wife;  
I thank thee, wife, that thou wilt lock my head  
In such strong armour, to bear off all blows;  
Who dares say such wives are their husbands' foes?  
Let's see now, by her falling I must rise.  
Cardinal, you die, if the King bid me live;  
Philip, you die for railing at me. Proud Lord, you die,  
That with Mendoza cried, banish the Moor  
And you my loving liege, you're best sit fast  
If all these live not, you must die at last.

## Act II

### Scene I

*Enter two Lords, Philip his brother, Mendoza, Eleazar with him, the King Crowned, Queen mother, Alvero, Zarack, Baltazar, and attendants.*

**Mendoza:** Why stares this devil thus, as if pale death  
Had made his eyes the dreadful messengers  
To carry black destruction to the world.  
Was he not banished Spain?

**Phillip:** Your sacred mouth  
Pronounced the sentence of his banishment:  
Then spurn the villain forth.

**Eleazar:** Who spurns the Moor  
Were better set his foot upon the devil.  
Do, spurn me, and this confounding arm of wrath  
Shall like a thunderbolt breaking the clouds  
Divide his body from his soul. Stand back.  
Spurn Eleazar?

**Roderigo:** Shall we bear his pride?

**Alvero:** Why not? He underwent much Injury.

**Mendoza:** What injury have we performed, proud Lord?

**Eleazar:** Proud Cardinal, my unjust banishment.

**Mendoza:** It was we that did it; and our words are laws.

**King Fernando:** It was we repealed him, and our words are laws.

**Baltazar:** If not these are.

*All the Moors draw.*

**Phillip:** How, threatened and out-dared?

**King Fernando:** Shall we give arm to hostile violence?  
Sheath your swords, sheath them; it's we command.

**Eleazar:** Grant Eleazar justice, my dread liege.

**Mendoza:** Eleazar hath had justice from our hands,  
And he stands banished from the Court of Spain,

**King:** Have you done justice? Why, Lord Cardinal,  
From whom do you derive authority  
To banish him the Court without our leave?

**Mendoza:** From this, the staff of our protectorship;  
From this, which the last will of your dear father  
Committed to our trust; from this high place

Which lifts Mendoza's spirits beyond the pitch  
Of ordinary honour, and from this.

**King Fernando:** Which too much over-weening insolence  
takes the staff from Mendoza and gives it to Eleazar  
Hath quite ta'en from you; Eleazar, up,  
And from us sway this staff of regency.

**All:** How's this?

**Phillip:** Dare sons presume to break their father's will?

**King Fernando:** Dare subjects counter-check their sovereign's will?  
'Tis done, and who gainsays it is a traitor.

**Phillip:** I do, Fernando, yet I am no traitor.

**Mendoza:** Fernando, I am wronged; by Peter's chair,  
Mendoza vows revenge. I'll lay aside  
My Cardinal's hat, and in a wall of steel,  
The glorious livery of a soldier, fight for my late lost honour

**King Fernando:** Cardinal -

**Mendoza:** King, thou shalt be no King for wronging me.  
The Pope shall send his bulls through all thy realm,  
And pull obedience from thy subjects' hearts,  
To put on armour of the mother church;  
Curses shall fall like lightning on your heads,  
Bell, book and candle, holy water, prayers,  
Shall all chime vengeance to the Court of Spain  
Till they have power to conjure down that fiend,  
That damned Moor, that devil, that Lucifer,  
That dares aspire the staff, the Cardinal said.

**Eleazar:** Ha, ha, ha, I laugh yet that the Cardinal's vexed<sup>25</sup>.

**Phillip:** Laughst thou base slave? The wrinkles of that scorn  
Thine own heart blood shall fill; Brother, farewell,  
Since you disprove the will our father left,  
For base lust of a loathed concubine.

**Eleazar:** Ha, concubine, who does Prince Philip mean?

**Phillip:** Thy wife, thy daughter, base aspiring Lords,  
Who to buy honour, are content to sell  
Your names to infamy, your souls to hell,  
And stamp you now? Do, do, for you shall see,  
I go for vengeance, and she'll come with me.

**Eleazar:** Stay, for she's here already, see proud boy.

*They both draw.*

---

<sup>25</sup> *Vex* - archaic for grieve, afflict.

**Queen Mother:** Hold, stay this fury; if you long for blood,  
Murder me first. Dear son you are a **King**:  
Then stay the violent tempest of their wrath.

**King Fernando:** Shall Kings be overswayed in their desires?

**Roderigo:** Shall subjects be oppressed by tyranny?

**Queen Mother:** No state shall suffer wrong; then hear me speak:  
Mendoza, you have sworn your love to the Queen,  
Then by that love I charge you leave these arms;  
Eleazar, for those favours I have given you,  
Embrace the Cardinal, and be friends with him.

**Eleazar:** And have my wife called strumpet to my face?

**Queen Mother:** It was rage made his tongue err<sup>26</sup>, do you not know  
The violent love Mendoza bears the Queen?  
Then speak him fair, for in that honeyed breath  
I'll lay bait shall train him to his death.  
Come, come, I see your looks give way to peace;  
Lord Cardinal, begin, and for reward,  
Ere this fair setting sun behold his bride,  
Be bold to challenge love, yet be denied

*Aside.*

**Mendoza:** That promise makes me yield; my gracious lord,  
Although my disgrace hath graven its memory  
On every Spaniard's eye, yet shall the duty  
I owe your sacred Highness, and the love  
My country challenges, make me lay by  
Hostile intendments, and return again  
To the fair circle of obedience.

**King Fernando:** Both pardon and our favour bids you welcome,  
And for some satisfaction for your wrongs,  
We here create you Salamanca's Duke.  
But first, as a true sign all grudges die,  
Shake hands with Eleazar and be friends;  
This union pleases us; now, brother Philip,  
You are included in this league of love,  
So is Roderigo. To forget all wrongs  
Your castle for a while shall bid us welcome,  
Eleazar, shall it not? It is enough,  
Lords, lead the way, that whilst you feast yourselves,  
Fernando may find time all means to prove  
To compass fair Maria for our love.

---

<sup>26</sup> *Err* - make a mistake.

*Exeunt omnes*<sup>27</sup>**Scene II***Enter Queen Mother and Eleazar.***Eleazar:** Madam, a word now. Have you wit or spirit?**Queen Mother:** Both.**Eleazar:** Set them both to a most gainful task;  
Our enemies are in my castle - work.**Queen Mother:** Aye, but the King's there too, it's dangerous pride  
To strike at those that couch by a lion's side.**Eleazar:** Remove them.**Queen Mother:** How?**Eleazar:** How? A thousand ways:  
By poison, or by this, but every groom  
Has skill in such base traffic; no, our policies  
Must look more strange, must fly with loftier wings.  
Vengeance the higher it falls, more horror brings:  
But you are cold, you dare not do.**Queen Mother:** I dare.**Eleazar:** You have a woman's heart; look you, this hand,  
Oh! It's too little to strike home.**Queen Mother:** At whom?**Eleazar:** Your son.**Queen Mother:** Which son? The King?**Eleazar:** Angels of heaven, stand like his guard about him, how the King?  
Not for so many worlds as here be stars  
Sticking upon the embroidered firmament.  
The King? He loves my wife and should he die?  
I know none else would love her, let him live  
(In heaven) good Lord Philip.*Aside***Queen Mother:** He shall die.**Eleazar:** How? Good God.**Queen Mother:** By this hand.**Eleazar:** When, good God? When?

---

<sup>27</sup> *Omnes* - Latin for "all"

**Queen Mother:** This night, if Eleazar gives consent.

**Eleazar:** Why then this night Philip shall not live  
To see you kill him. Is he not your son?  
A mother be the murderer of a brat  
That lived within her; hah!

**Queen Mother:** It is for thy sake.

**Eleazar:** Puh! What excuses cannot dammed sin make  
To save itself? I know you love him well,  
But that he has an eye, an eye, an eye.  
To others our two hearts seem to be locked  
Up in a case of steel; upon our love others  
Dare not look, or if they dare, they cast  
Squint purblind glances; who care though all see all,  
So long as none dare speak, but Philip  
Knows that the iron ribs of our villain[ie]s  
Are thin; he laughs to see them, like this hand,  
With chinks, and crevices; how, a villainous eye,  
A stabbing desperate tongue? The boy dare speak;  
A mouth, a villainous mouth; let's muzzle him.

**Queen Mother:** How?

**Eleazar:** Thus:  
Go you, and with a face well set do  
In good sad colours, such as paint out  
The cheek of that fool penitence and with a tongue  
Made clean and glib, cull from their lazy swarm  
Some honest friars, whom that damnation gold,  
Can tempt to lay their souls to the stake;  
Seek such: they are rank and thick.

**Queen Mother:** What then, I know such, what's the use?

**Eleazar:** This is excellent.  
Hire these to write books, preach and proclaim abroad,  
That your son Philip is a bastard.

**Queen Mother:** How?

**Eleazar:** A bastard, do you know a bastard? Do it!  
Say conscience spoke with you, and cried out, do it;  
By this means shall you thrust him from all hopes  
Of wearing Castile's diadem, and that spur  
Galling his sides, he will fly out, and fling,  
And grind the Cardinal's heart to a new edge  
Of discontent; from discontent grows treason,  
And on the stalk of treason death; he's dead  
By this blow, and by you, yet no blood shed.  
Do it then; by this trick, he gone,  
We stand more sure in climbing high;

Care not who fall, 'tis real policy;  
Are you armed to do this, hah?

**Queen Mother:** Sweet Moor, it's done.

**Eleazar:** Away then, work with boldness and with speed;  
On greatest actions greatest dangers feed.

*Exit Queen Mother.*

Ha, ha! I thank thee, provident creation,  
That seeing in moulding me thou did'st intend  
I should prove villain, thanks to thee and nature  
That skilful workman; thanks for my face,  
Thanks that I have not wit to blush.  
What, Zarack! Ho, Baltazar!

*Enter the two Moors.*

**Both:** My Lord.

**Eleazar:** Nearer, so; silence;  
Hang both your greedy ears upon my lips,  
Let them devour my speech, suck in my breath;  
And in who lets it break prison, here's his death.  
This night the Cardinal shall be murdered.

**Both:** Where?

**Eleazar:** And to fill up a grave Philip dies.

**Both:** Where?

**Eleazar:** Here.

**Both:** By whom?

**Eleazar:** By thee! And, slave, by thee.  
Have you hearts and hands to execute?

**Both:** Here's both.

**I Moor:** He dies, were he my father.

**Eleazar:** Ho away?  
Stay, go, go, stay, see me no more till night;  
Your cheeks are black, let not your souls look white.

**Both:** Till night.

**Eleazar:** Till night; a word: the Mother Queen  
Is trying if she can with fire of gold  
Warp the green consciences of two covetous friars,  
To preach abroad Philip's bastardy.

**I Moor:** His bastardy? Who was his father?

**Eleazar:** Who?  
Search for these friars, hire them to work with you;

Their holy callings will approve the fact  
 Most good and meritorious, sin shines clear,  
 When her black face religions mask doth wear.

*Aside.*

Here comes the Queen and the friars.

### Scene III

*Enter two friars, Crab and Cole, and Queen Mother.*

**Cole:** Your son a bastard? Say we do,  
 But how then shall we deal with you?  
 I tell you as I said before;  
 His being a bastard, you are so poor  
 In honour and in name, that time  
 Can never take away the crime.

**Queen Mother:** I grant that, friar, yet rather I'll endure  
 The wound of infamy, to kill my name,  
 Than to see Spain bleeding with civil swords.  
 The boy is proud, ambitious, he woos greatness;  
 He takes up Spanish hearts on trust, to pay them  
 When he shall finger Castile's crown; Oh then  
 Were it not better my disgrace were known,  
 Then such a base aspirer fill the throne?

**Cole:** Ha brother Crab, what think you?

**Crab:** As you, dear brother Cole.

**Cole:** Then we agree:  
 Cole's judgment is as Crab's, you see.  
 Lady, we swear to speak and write  
 What you please, so all go right.

**Queen Mother:** Then as we gave directions, spread abroad,  
 In Cales, Madrid, Granado and Medina  
 And all the royal cities of the realm  
 The ambitious hopes of that proud bastard Philip,  
 And sometimes as you see occasion,  
 Tickle the ears of the rude multitude,  
 With Eleazar's praises, guild his virtues,  
 Naples' recovery and his victories  
 Achieved against the Turkish Ottoman<sup>28</sup>,  
 Will you do this for us?

**Eleazar:** Say, will you?

---

<sup>28</sup> *Ottoman* - a great Muslim empire that had its halcyon days in the sixteenth century

**Both:** Aye.

**Eleazar:** Why start you back and stare? Ha, are you afraid?

**Cole:** Oh, no Sir! No, but truth to tell;  
Seeing your face, we thought of hell.

**Eleazar:** Hell is a dream.

**Cole:** But none do dream in hell.

**Eleazar:** Friars, stand to her and me, and by your sin  
I'll shoulder out Mendoza from his seat  
And of two friars create you Cardinals;  
Oh! How would Cardinals' hats on these heads fit?

**Cole:** This face would look most well under it.  
Friar Crab and Cole do swear,  
In those circles still to appear  
In which she or you do charge us rise;  
For you, our lives we'll sacrifice.  
*Valete, Gaudete;*  
*Speramus flete;*  
*Orate pro nobis,*  
*Oramus pro vobis.*<sup>29</sup>  
Cole will be burnt, and Crab be presto<sup>30</sup>;  
Ere they prove knaves, thus are you crossed and blessed.

*Exit Friars.*

**Eleazar:** Away! You know now, Madam none shall throw  
Their leaden envy in an opposite scale,  
To weigh down our true golden happiness.

**Queen Mother:** Yes, there is one.

**Eleazar:** One who? Give me his name and I will  
Turn it to a magic spell,  
To bind him here, here, who?

**Queen Mother:** Your wife Maria.

**Eleazar:** Hah! My Maria.

**Queen Mother:** She's the hell's point divides my love and me,  
She being cut off -

**Eleazar:** Stay, stay, cut off; let's think upon it; my wife?  
Humph! Kill her too!

---

<sup>29</sup> *Valete, Gaudete; Speramus flete; Orate pro nobis, Oramus pro vobis.* Latin, means in free translation: "Farewell, be glad; If we die, cry; Pray for us, we pray for you."

<sup>30</sup> *Presto* - from Latin: quick

**Queen Mother:** Does her love make thee cold?

**Eleazar:** Had I a thousand wives down go them all!  
She dies! I'll cut her off now. Baltazar!

*Enter Baltazar.*

**Baltazar:** Madam, the king entreats your company.

**Queen Mother:** His pleasure be obeyed, dear love, farewell;  
Remember your Maria.

*Exit Queen Mother*

**Eleazar:** Here, adieu!  
With this I'll guard her, whilst it stabs at you.

**Baltazar:** My Lord! The friars are won to join with us.

**Eleazar:** Be prosperous about it, Baltazar.

**Baltazar:** The watchword?

**Eleazar:** Oh! The word let it be treason;  
When we cry treason, break open chamber doors,  
Kill Phillip and the Cardinal hence.

**Baltazar:** I fly.

*Exit.*

**Eleazar:** Murder, now ride in triumph, darkness, horror;  
Thus I invoke your aid, your act begin;  
Night is a glorious robe for the ugliest sin.

*Exit.*

## Scene IV

*Enter Cole and Crab in trousers, the Cardinal in one of their weeds and Philip putting on the other.*

**Both Friars:** Put on my Lord, and fly or else you die.

**Phillip:** I will not, I will die first; Cardinal  
Prithee, good Cardinal, pluck off, friars, slave,  
Murder us two? He shall not by this sword.

**Cardinal:** My Lord, you will endanger both our lives.

**Phillip:** I care not; I'll kill some before I die,  
Away, s'heart<sup>31</sup>, take your rags; Moor, devil, come.

**2 Friars:** My Lord, put on, or else.

---

<sup>31</sup> *S'heart* - abbreviation for 'his heart'

**Phillip:** God's foot come help.

**Cardinal:** Ambitious villain! Philip, let us fly  
Into the chamber of the Mother Queen.

**Phillip:** Thunder beat down the lodgings.

**Cardinal:** Else let's break into the chamber of the **King:**

**Phillip:** Agreed,  
A pox upon those lousy gabardines.  
Agreed, I am for you Moor; stand side by side,  
Come, hands off, leave your ducking, hell cannot fright  
Their spirits that do desperately fight.

**Cole:** You are too rash, you are too hot,  
Wild desperateness doth valour blot;  
The lodging of the King's beset  
With staring faces black as jet,  
And hearts of Iron; your deaths are vowed  
If you fly that way, therefore shroud  
Your body in Friar Cole's grey weed,  
For is it not madness, man, to bleed  
When you may escape untouched away?  
Here's hell, here's heaven, here if you stay  
You're gone, you're gone; Friar Crab and I  
Will here dance frisking whilst you fly.  
Gag us, bind us, come put on -  
The gag's too wide - so gone, gone, gone.

**Phillip:** Oh! Well, I'll come again, Lord Cardinal  
Take you your castle; I'll go to Portugal  
I vow I'll come again, and if I do...

**Cardinal:** Nay good my Lord!

**Phillip:** Black devil, I'll conjure you.

*Exeunt*

## Scene V

*To the Friars making a noise, gagged and bound, enter Eleazar, Zarack, Baltazar,  
and other Moors, all with their swords drawn.*

**Eleazar:** Guard all the passages. Zarack, stand there,  
There Baltazar, there you; the Friars,  
Where have you placed the Friars?

**Alvero:** My Lord, a noise.

**Baltazar:** The Friars are gagged and bound.

**Eleazar:** It is Philip and the Cardinal, shoot; hah, stay!  
Unbind them; where's Mendoza and the Prince?

**Cole:** Sancta Maria, who can tell?  
 By Peter's keys they bound us well,  
 And having cracked our shaven crowns,  
 They have escaped you in our gowns.

**Eleazar:** Escaped, escaped away? I am glad, it's good,  
 I would their arms may turn to eagles' wings,  
 To fly us swift as time; sweet air, give way,  
 Winds, leave your two and thirty palaces,  
 And meeting all in one, join all your might,  
 To give them speedy and a prosperous flight.  
 Escaped, Friars, which way?

**Both:** This way.

**Eleazar:** Good. Alas! What sin is it to shed innocent blood;  
 For look you, holy men, it is the King;  
 The King, the King! See, Friars, sulphuric wrath  
 Having once entered into royal breasts,  
 Mark how it burns. The Queen, Philip's mother  
 (Oh! Most unnatural) will have you to  
 Divulge abroad that he's a bastard; o,  
 Will you do it?

**Crab:** What says my brother Friar?

**Cole:** A Prince's love is balm, their wrath a fire.

**Crab:** It is true, but yet I'll publish no such thing;  
 What fool would lose his soul to please a King?

**Eleazar:** Keep there, good there, yet for it wounds my soul  
 To see the miserablest wretch to bleed.  
 I counsel you (in care unto your lives)  
 To obey the mother Queen, for by my life  
 I think she has been pricked; her conscience -  
 Oh! It has stung her, for some fact misdome;  
 She would not else disgrace her self and son.  
 Do it therefore, hark, she'll work your deaths else; hate  
 Bred in a woman is insatiate.  
 Do it, Friars.

**Crab:** Brother Cole? Zeal sets me in a flame,  
 I'll do it.

**Cole:** And I:  
 His baseness we'll proclaim.

*Exit Friars.*

**Eleazar:** Do, and be damned. Zarack and Baltazar,  
 Dog them at the heels, and when their poisonous breath  
 Hath scattered this infection on the hearts  
 Of credulous Spaniards, here reward them thus;

Slaves too much trusted do grow dangerous;  
 Why this shall feed  
 And fat suspicion, and my policy.  
 I'll ring through all the court this loud alarum:  
 That they contrived the murder of the King,  
 The Queen and me; and being undermined,  
 To escape the blowing up, they fled. Oh God!  
 There, there, thou there, cry treason; each one take  
 A several door; your cries my music make.

**Baltazar:** Where's the King? Treason pursues him:

*Enter Alvero in his shirt, his sword drawn.*

**Eleazar:** Where's the sleepy Queen? Rise, rise, and arm against the hand of treason.

**Alvero:** Whence comes this sound of treason?

*Enter King in his shirt, his sword drawn.*

**King Fernando:** Who frights our quiet slumbers  
 With this heavy noise?

*Enter Queen in her night attire.*

**Queen Mother:** Was it a dream? Or did the sound  
 Of monster treason call me from my rest?

**King Fernando:** Who raised this rumour, Eleazar? You?

**Eleazar:** I did, my Liege, and still continue it,  
 Both for your safety and mine own discharge.

**King Fernando:** Whence comes the ground then?

**Eleazar:** From the Cardinal,  
 And the young Prince, who bearing in his mind  
 The true Idea of his late disgrace  
 In putting him from the Protectorship,  
 And envying the advancement of the Moor,  
 Determined this night to murder you;  
 And for your highness lodged within my castle,  
 They would have laid the murder on my head.

**King Fernando:** The Cardinal and my brother? Bring them forth;  
 Their lives shall answer this ambitious practice.

**Eleazar:** Alas, my Lord, it is impossible,  
 For when they saw I had discovered them,  
 They trained two harmless Friars to their lodgings,  
 Disrobed them, gagged them, bound them to two posts,  
 And in their habits did escape the Castle.

**King Fernando:** That Cardinal is all ambition,  
 And from him doth our brother gather heart.

**Queen Mother:** The ambition of the one infects the other,  
 And in a word they are both dangerous;  
 But might your mother's counsel stand in force,  
 I would advise you send the trusty Moor  
 To fetch them back, before they had seduced  
 The squint-eyed multitude from true allegiance,  
 And drawn them to their dangerous faction.

**King Fernando:** It shall be so; therefore, my state's best prop,  
 Within whose bosom I durst trust my life,  
 Both for my safety and thine own discharge,  
 Fetch back those traitors and, till your return  
 Ourselves will keep your castle.

**Eleazar:** My Liege, the tongue of true obedience  
 Most not gainsay his sovereign's impose;  
 By heaven, I will not kiss the cheek of sleep  
 Till I have fetched those traitors to the court.

**King Fernando:** Why, this sorts right: he gone, his beauteous wife  
 Shall sail into the naked arms of love.

**Queen Mother:** Why, this is as it should be. He once gone,  
 His wife, that keeps me from his marriage bed,  
 Shall by this hand of mine be murdered.

**King Fernando:** This storm is well night past; the swelling clouds,  
 That hang so full of treason by the wind,  
 In awful majesty are scattered,  
 Then each man to his rest. Good night, sweet friend,  
 Whilst thou pursu'st the traitors that are fled,  
 Fernando means to warm thy marriage bed.

*Exit*

**Eleazar:** Many good nights consume and damn your souls.  
 I know he means to cuckold me this night;  
 Yet do I know no means to hinder it.  
 Besides, who knows whether the lustful King  
 Having my wife and castle at command,  
 Will ever make surrender back again?  
 But if he do not, with my falchion's point  
 I'll lance those swelling veins in which hot lust  
 Does keep his revels, and with that warm blood  
 Where Venus's bastard cooled his sweltering spleen,  
 Wash the disgrace from Eleazar's brows.

## Scene VI

*Enter Maria.*

**Maria:** Dear Eleazar -

**Eleazar:** If they lock the gates  
I'll toss a ball of wild-fire over the walls.

**Maria:** Husband, sweet husband -

**Eleazar:** Or else swim over the moat,  
And make a breach through the flinty sides  
Of the rebellious walls.

**Maria:** Hear me, dear heart.

**Eleazar:** Or undermine the chamber where they lie,  
And by the violent strength of gunpowder  
Blow up the castle and the incestuous couch,  
In which lust wallows; but my labouring thoughts,  
Wading too deep in bottomless extremes,  
Do drown themselves in their own stratagems.

**Maria:** Sweet husband! Dwell not upon circumstance,  
When weeping sorrow, like an advocate,  
Importunes you for aid. Look in mine eyes:  
There you shall see dim grief swimming in tears,  
Invocating succour, oh succour!<sup>32</sup>

**Eleazar:** Succour? Zounds, for what?

**Maria:** To shield me from Fernando's unchaste love,  
Who with incessant prayers importuned me.

**Eleazar:** To lie with you, I know it.

**Maria:** Then seek some means how to prevent it.

**Eleazar:** 'Tis possible; for to the end that his unbridled lust  
Might have more free access unto thy bed,  
This night he hath enjoined me  
To fetch back Philip and the Cardinal.

**Maria:** Then this ensuing night shall give an end  
To all my sorrows, for before foul lust  
Shall soil the fair complexion of mine honour,  
This hand shall rob Maria of her life.

**Eleazar:** Not so, dear soul, for in extremities  
Choose out the least, and ere the hand of death  
Should suck this ivory palace of thy life,  
Embrace my counsel and receive this poison  
Which in the instant he attempts thy love,  
Then, give it him, do, do,  
Do; poison him; he gone, thou art next;

---

<sup>32</sup> *Succour* - help

Be sound in resolution and farewell;  
By one, and one, I'll ship you all to hell.  
Spain, I will drown thee with thine own proud blood,  
Then make an ark of carcasses. Farewell.  
Revenge and I will sail in blood to hell.

*Exit.*

**Maria:** Poison the King? Alas, my trembling hand  
Would let the poison fall, and through my cheeks  
Fear suited in a bloodless livery,  
Would make the world acquainted with my guilt,  
Both to preserve my royal sovereign's life,  
And keep myself a true and loyal wife.

*Exit.*

# Act III

## Scene I

*Enter Queen Mother, with a torch, sola<sup>33</sup>.*

**Queen Mother:** Fair eldest child of love, thou spotless night,  
 Empress of silence, and the Queen of sleep;  
 Who with thy black cheek's pure complexion  
 Mak'st lovers' eyes enamoured of thy beauty:  
 Thou art like my Moor, therefore will I adore thee,  
 For lending me this opportunity,  
 Oh with the soft skinned Negro! Heavens keep back  
 The saucy staring day from the world's eye  
 Until my Eleazar make return;  
 Then in his castle shall he find his wife  
 Transformed into a strumpet by my son;  
 Then shall he hate her whom he would not kill?  
 Then shall I kill her whom I cannot love?  
 The King is sporting with his concubine.  
 Blush not, my boy; be bold like me thy mother,  
 But their delights torture my soul like devils,  
 Except her shame be seen, wherefore awake  
 Christophero, Verdugo, raise the court,  
 Arise you Peers of Spain, Alvaro rise,  
 Preserve your country from base infamies.

*Enter severally at several doors with lights and rapiers drawn, Alvero, Roderigo, and Christophero, with others.*

**All:** Who raised these exclamations through the court?

**Queen Mother:** Sheath up your swords, you need not swords, but eyes  
 To intercept this treason.

**Alvero:** What's the treason?  
 Who are traitors? Ring the alarum bell;  
 Cry 'arm' through all the city once before  
 The horrid sound of treason did affright  
 Our sleeping spirits.

**Queen Mother:** Stay, you need not cry arm  
 For this black deed  
 Works treason to your King, to me, to you,  
 To Spain and all that shall in Spain ensue.  
 This night Maria, Eleazar's wife,  
 Hath drawn the King by her lascivious looks

---

<sup>33</sup> *Solus* – Latin for 'alone'

Privately to a banquet; I unseen  
 Stood and beheld him in her lustful arms.  
 Oh God! Shall bastards wear Spain's diadem?  
 If you can kneel to baseness, vex them not;  
 If you disdain to kneel, wash off this blot.

**Roderigo:** Let's break into the chamber and surprise her.

**Alvero:** Oh miserable me! Do, do, break in:  
 My country shall not blush at my child's sin.

**Queen Mother:** Delay is nurse to danger; follow me;  
 Come you and witness to her villainy.

**Alvero:** Hapless Alvero, how art thou undone,  
 In a light daughter and a stubborn son?

*Exeunt omnes.*

## Scene II

*Enter King with his rapier drawn in one hand, leading Maria, seeming affrighted, in the other.*

**Maria:** Oh! Kill me ere you stain my chastity.

**King Fernando:** My hand holds death, but love sits in mine eye;  
 Exclaim not, dear Maria; do but hear me:  
 Though thus in dead of night, as I do now  
 The lustful Tarquin<sup>34</sup> stole to the chaste bed  
 Of Collatine's fair wife, yet shalt thou be  
 No Lucrece, nor thy King a Roman slave,  
 To make rude villainy thine honour's grave.

**Maria:** Why from my bed have you thus frightened me?

**King Fernando:** To let thee view a bloody horrid tragedy.

**Maria:** Begin it then, I'll gladly lose my life,  
 Rather than be an emperor's concubine.

**King Fernando:** By my high birth I swear thou shalt be none.  
 The tragedy I'll write with my own hand:  
 A King shall act it, and a King shall die,  
 Except sweet mercy's beam shine from thine eye.  
 If this affrights thee it shall sleep for ever,  
 If still thou hate me, thus this blade  
 This royal purple temple shall invade.

---

<sup>34</sup> Sextus Tarquinius was the son of a tyrannical Roman Emperor. He raped Lucretia, Collatine's wife, who committed suicide. The Republicans used Lucretia's death as an opportunity to raise a rebellion against the Tarquinius' rule and depose them.

**Maria:** My husband is from hence, for his sake spare me.

**King Fernando:** Thy husband is no Spaniard; thou art one,  
So is Fernando; then for country's sake  
Let me not spare thee. On thy husband's face  
Eternal night in gloomy shades doth dwell;  
But I'll look on thee like the gilded sun,  
When to the west his fiery horses run.

**Maria:** True, true, you look on me with Sun-set eyes,  
For by beholding you my glory dies.

**King Fernando:** Call me thy morning then, for like the morn,  
In pride Maria shall through Spain be borne.  
This music I prepared thine ears.

*Music plays within.*

Love me and thou shalt hear no other sounds.  
Love, here's a banquet set with mine own hands;

*A banquet brought in.*

Love me, and thus I'll feast thee like a Queen.  
I might command thee, being thy sovereign;  
But love me and I'll kneel and sue to thee,  
And circle this white forehead with the crown  
Of Castile, Portugal and Aragon,  
And all those petty kingdoms which do bow  
Their tributary knees to Philip's heir.

**Maria:** I cannot love you whilst my husband lives.

**King Fernando:** I'll send him to the wars and in the front  
Of some main army shall he nobly die.

**Maria:** I cannot love you if you murder him.

**King Fernando:** For thy sake then, I'll call a Parliament  
And banish by a law all Moors from Spain.

**Maria:** I'll wander with him into banishment.

**King Fernando:** It shall be death for any negro's hand  
To touch the beauty of a Spanish dame.  
Come, come, what needs such cavils with a King?  
Night blinds all jealous eyes and we may play,  
Carouse that bowl to me, I'll pledge all this;  
Being down, we'll make it more sweet with a kiss.  
Begin, I'll lock all doors, begin Spain's Queen:

*Locks the doors.*

Love's banquet is most sweet, when 'tis least seen.

**Maria:** Oh thou conserver of my honour's life!  
 Instead of poisoning him, drown him in sleep;  
 Because I'll quench the flames of wild desire,  
 I'll drink this off, let fire conquer love's fire.

**King Fernando:** Were love himself in real substance here  
 Thus would I drink him down; let your sweet strings  
 Speak louder; pleasure is but a slave to Kings,  
 In which love swims. Maria, kiss thy King,  
 Circle me in this ring of Ivory.  
 Oh! I grow dull, and the cold hand of sleep  
 Hath thrust his icy fingers in my breast,  
 And made a frost within me; sweet, one kiss  
 To thaw this deadness that congeals my soul.

**Maria:** Your majesty hath over-watched yourself.  
 He sleeps already, not the sleep of death  
 But a sweet slumber, which the powerful drug  
 Instilled through all his spirits. Oh! Bright day,  
 Bring home my dear Lord, ere his King awake,  
 Else of his unstained bed he'll shipwreck make.

*Offers to go.*

*Enter Oberon, and fairies dancing before him and music with them.*

**Maria:** Oh me! What shapes are these?

Oberon: Stay, stay, Maria.

**Maria:** My sovereign lord awake, save poor Maria.

Oberon: He cannot save thee, save that pain,  
 Before he wakes thou shalt be slain;  
 His mother's hand shall stop thy breath,  
 Thinking her own son is done to death:  
 And she that takes away thy life,  
 Does it to be thy husband's wife.  
 Adieu Maria, we must hence,  
 Embrace thine end with patience;  
 Elves and fairies make no stand,  
 Till you come in Fairy Land.

*Exit dancing and singing.*

**Maria:** Fairies or devils, whatsoever you be,  
 Thus will I hide me from your company.

*Offers to be gone.*

### Scene III

*To her enter Queen Mother suddenly, with Alvaro and Roderigo with rapiers.*

**Queen Mother:** Lay hold upon the strumpet, where's the King?  
 Fernando, son, ah me your King is dead!  
 Lay hand upon the murderess.

**Maria:** Imperious Queen, I am as free from murder as thyself,  
 Which I will prove, if you will hear me speak:  
 The King is living.

**Roderigo:** If he lived, his breath would beat within his breast.

**Queen Mother:** The life he leads, Maria, thou shalt soon participate.

**Maria:** Oh father, save me!

**Alvero:** Thou art no child of mine; hadst thou been owner of Alvero's spirit,  
 Thy heart would not have entertained a thought  
 That had convert with murder, yet mine eyes  
 (Howe'er my tongue wants words) brim full with tears.  
 Entreat her further trial!

**Verdugo:** To what end? Here lies her trial; from this royal breast  
 Hath she stol'n all comfort, all the life  
 Of every bosom in the realm of Spain.

**Roderigo:** She's both a traitor and murderess.

**Queen Mother:** I'll have her forthwith strangled.

**Alvero:** Hear her speak.

**Queen Mother:** To heaven let her complain if she have wrong,  
 I murder but the murderess of my son.

**All:** We murder the murderess of our King.

**Alvero:** Ah me, my child oh! Oh cease your torturing!

**Maria:** Heaven, ope the windows that my spotless soul,  
 Riding upon the wings of innocence,  
 May enter paradise; fairies, farewell;  
 Fernando's death in mine you did foretell.

*She dies. King wakes.*

**King Fernando:** Who calls Fernando? Love, Maria, speak  
 Oh! Whither art thou fled? Whence flow these waters  
 That falls like winter storms from thy drowned eyes?

**Alvero:** From my Maria's death!

**King Fernando:** My Maria dead?  
 Damned be the soul to hell that stopped her breath;  
 Maria, Oh me; who durst murder her?

**Queen Mother:** I thought my dear Fernando had been dead,  
 And in my indignation murdered her.

**King Fernando:** I was not dead until you murdered me  
 By killing fair Maria.

**Queen Mother:** Gentle son.

**King Fernando:** Ungentle mother, you a deed have done  
Of so much ruth that no succeeding age  
Can ever clear you off; Oh my dear love,  
Yet heavens can witness thou wert never mine,  
Spain's wonder was Maria.

**Queen Mother:** Sweet, have done.

**King Fernando:** Have done for what? For shedding zealous tears  
Over the tomb of virtue's chastity?  
You cry have done, now I am doing good,  
But cried do on, when you were shedding blood,  
Have you done mother? Yes, yes, you have done  
That which will undo your unhappy son.

**Roderigo:** These words become you not, my gracious Lord.

**King Fernando:** These words become not me, no more it did  
Become you, Lords, to be mute standers by  
When lustful fury ravished chastity.  
It will become me to lament her death,  
But it became you well to stop her breath;  
Had she been fair and not so virtuous,  
This deed had not been half so impious.

**Alvero:** But she was fair in virtue, virtuous fair, oh me!

**King Fernando:** Oh me! She was true honour's heir.  
Hence, beldam, from my presence, all fly hence;  
You are all murderers; come poor innocence,  
Clasp thy cold hand in mine, for here I'll lie,  
And since I lived for her, for her I'll die.

## Scene IV

*Enter Eleazar with a torch and rapier drawn.*

**Eleazar:** Bar up my castle gates; fire and confusion  
Shall girt these Spanish curs. Was I for this  
Sent to raise power against a fugitive,  
To have my wife deflowered? Zounds, where's my wife?  
My slaves cry out, she's dallying with the King,  
Stand by, where is your King? Eleazar's bed shall  
Scorn to be an emperor's brothelry.

**Queen Mother:** Be patient Eleazar, here's the King.

**Eleazar:** Patience and I am foe, where's my Maria?

**Alvero:** Here is her hapless corse that was Maria.

**King Fernando:** Here lies Maria's body, here her grave,  
Her dead heart in my breast a tomb shall have.

**Eleazar:** Now by the proud complexion of my cheeks,  
Ta'en from the kisses of the amorous sun;  
Were he ten thousand Kings that slew my love,  
Thus should my hand, plumed with revenge's wings,  
Requite mine own dishonour and her death.

*Stabs the King.*

**Queen Mother:** Ah me! My son.

**All:** The King is murdered, lay hold on the damned traitor.

**Eleazar:** In his breast that dares but dart a finger at the Moor  
I'll bury this sharp steel, yet reeking warm  
With the unchaste blood of that lecher King  
That threw my wife in an untimely grave.

**Alvero:** She was my daughter and her timeless grave  
Did swallow down my joys as deep as yours:  
But thus -

**Eleazar:** But what? Bear injuries that can;  
I'll wear no forked crest.

**Roderigo:** Damn this black fiend; cry treason through the court.  
The King is murdered.

**Eleazar:** He that first opens his lips, I'll drive his words  
Down his wide throat upon my rapier's point.  
The King is murdered and I'll answer it;  
I am dishonoured, and I will revenge it.  
Bend not your dangerous weapons at my breast,  
Think where you are: this castle is the Moor's;  
You are environed with a wall of flint.  
The gates are locked, portcullises let down;  
If Eleazar spend one drop of blood,  
Zarack and Baltazar above with clavier  
On those high turret tops my slaves stand armed,  
And shall confound your souls with murdering shot.  
Or if you murder me, yet under ground  
A villain that for me will dig to hell  
Stands with a burning limstock in his fist,  
Who firing gunpowder up in the air  
Shall fling your torn and mangled carcasses.

**Queen Mother:** Oh! Sheathe your weapons; though my son be slain,  
Yet save yourselves: choose a new sovereign.

**All:** Prince Philip is our sovereign, choose him King.

**Eleazar:** Prince Philip shall not be my sovereign.  
Philip's a bastard, and Fernando's dead;

Mendoza sweats to wear Spain's diadem,  
 Philip hath sworn confusion to this realm.  
 They both are up in arms; war's flames do shine  
 Like lightning in the air, wherefore, my Lords,  
 Look well on Eleazar; value me not by my sun-burnt  
 Cheek, but by my birth; nor by  
 My birth, but by my loss of blood,  
 Which I have sacrificed in Spain's defence.  
 Then look on Philip, and the Cardinal:  
 Look on those gaping curs, whose wide throats  
 Stand stretched wide open like the gates of death,  
 To swallow you, your country, children, wives.  
 Philip cries fire and blood, the Cardinal  
 Cries likewise fire and blood, I'll quench those flames,  
 The Moor cries blood and fire and that shall burn  
 Till Castile like proud Troy to cinders turn.

**Roderigo:** Lay by these umbrages, what seeks the Moor?

**Eleazar:** A kingdom, Castile's crown.

**Alvero:** Peace, devil, for shame.

**Queen Mother:** Peace, doting lord, for shame; oh misery

When Indian slaves thirst after empery.  
 Princes and peers of Spain, we are beset  
 With horror on each side; you deny him,  
 Death stands at all our backs, we cannot fly him.  
 Crown Philip King, the crown upon his head,  
 Will prove a fiery meteor, war and vengeance  
 And desolation will invade our land;  
 Besides Prince Philip is a bastard born.  
 Oh! Give me leave to blush at mine own shame;  
 But I for love to you, love to fair Spain,  
 Choose rather to rip up a Queen's disgrace,  
 Then by concealing it to set the crown  
 Upon a bastard's head. Wherefore, my Lords,  
 By my consent crown that proud Black Moor,  
 Since Spain's bright glory must so soon grow dim;  
 Since it must end, let it end all in him.

**All:** Eleazar shall be King.

**Alvero:** Oh treachery! Have you so soon razed out Fernando's love;

So soon forgot the duty of true peers;  
 So soon, so soon buried a mother's name,  
 That you will crown him King that slew your King?

**Eleazar:** Will you hear him or me? Who shall be King?

**All:** Eleazar shall be Castile's sovereign.

**Alvero:** Do, do, make haste to crown him! Lords, adieu.

Here hell must be when the devil governs you.

*Exit.*

**Eleazar:** By heaven's great star, which Indians do adore,  
But that I hate to hear the giddy word  
Shame that I waded to a crown through blood,  
I'd not digest his pills; but since, my Lords,  
You have chosen Eleazar for your King,  
Invest me with a general applause.

**All:** Live Eleazar, Castile's Royal King.

**Roderigo:** A villain and a base born fugitive.

*Aside.*

**Christofero:** A bloody tyrant, a usurping slave.

*Aside.*

**Eleazar:** Thanks to you all; 'tis not the Spanish Crown  
That Eleazar strives for, but Spain's peace.  
Amongst you I'll divide her Empery;  
Christofero shall wear Granado's crown;  
To Roderigo I'll give Aragon,  
Naples, Navarre and fair Jerusalem,  
I'll give to other three, and then our viceroys  
Shall shine about our bright Castilian crown  
As stars about the Sun. Cry all, arm, arm;  
Prince Philip and the Cardinal do ride  
Like Jove in thunder, in a storm we'll meet them.  
Go levy powers; if any man must fall,  
My death shall first begin the funeral.

*Exit.*

## Scene V

*Enter Zarack and Baltazar with calivers.*

**Baltazar:** Is thy cock ready, and thy powder dry?

**Zarack:** My cock stands perching, like a cock on the game;  
With a red coal for his crest instead of a comb;  
And for my powder, 'tis but touch and take.

**Baltazar:** I have tickling gear too, anon<sup>35</sup> I'll cry here I have it,  
And yonder I see it; but, Zarack, is it policy for us  
To kill these bald-pates?

---

<sup>35</sup> *Anon* - archaic for soon

**Zarack:** Is it policy for us to save ourselves?  
 If they live, we die. Is it not wisdom then  
 To send them to heaven, rather than be sent ourselves?  
 Come, you black slave, be resolute. This way they come;  
 Here they will stand, and yonder will I stand.

**Baltazar:** And in yonder hole I.

**Zarack:** Our amiable faces cannot be seen if we keep close;  
 Therefore hide your cock's head, lest his burning cocks-comb betray us.  
 But soft, which of the two shall be thy white?

**Baltazar:** That black villain, Friar Cole.

**Zarack:** I shall have a sharp piece of service.  
 Friar Crab shall be my man.  
 Farewell and be resolute.

**Baltazar:** Zounds, Zarack, I shall never have the heart to do it.

**Zarack:** You rogue, think who commands: Eleazar.  
 Who shall rise? Baltazar.  
 Who shall die? A lousy Friar.  
 Who shall live our good Lord and Master?  
 The Negro King of Spain.

**Baltazar:** Cole, thou art but a dead man,  
 And shall turn to ashes.

*Exit.*

**Zarack:** Crab, here's that shall make vinegar of thy carcase.

*Exit.*

*Enter Crab and Cole, two Friars with a rout of stinkards following them.*

**Friar Crab:** Aye, brother, 'tis best; so, now we have drawn them to a head,  
 We'll begin here in the market place.  
 Tut, so long as we be commanded by the Mother Queen  
 We'll say her son is a bastard, an he was ten Philips.

**Friar Cole:** Take you one market form, I'll take another.

**Friar Crab:** No, Gods, so; we must both keep one form.

**Friar Cole:** Aye, in oration, but not in station; mount, mount.

**1:** Well my masters, you know him not so well as I; on my word  
 Friar Crab is a sour fellow.

**2:** Yet he may utter sweet doctrine by your leave; but what  
 Think you of Friar Cole?

**1:** He's all fire an he be kindled once - a hot Catholic.

**3:** An you mark him, he has a zealous nose,  
 And richly inflamed.

**I:** Peace you rogues now they begin.

**Crab:** Incipe frater?

**Cole:** Non ego Domine.

**Crab:** Nec ego.

**Cole:** Quare?

**Crab:** Quia?

**Cole:** Quæso<sup>36</sup>,

**All:** Here's a queasy beginning me thinks. Silence, silence.

**Crab:** Brethren citizens and market-folks of Seville -

**Cole:** Well beloved and honoured Castilians.

**Crab:** It is not unknown to you!

**Cole:** I am sure you are not ignorant.

**Crab:** How villainous and strong -

**Cole:** How monstrous and huge -

**Crab:** The faction of Prince Philip is;

**Cole:** Philip that is a bastard.

**Crab:** Philip that is a bastard.

**Cole:** Philip that killed your King.

**Crab:** Only to make himself King.

**Cole:** And by God's blessed Lady you are all damned an you suffer it

**I:** Friar Cole says true, he speaks out of the heat of his zeal;  
Look how he glows.

**2:** Well Friar Crab for my money, he has set my teeth an edge  
Against this bastard.

**I:** Oh! His words are like vergis, to whet a man's stomach.

**All:** Silence, silence.

**Crab:** Now contrariwise...

**Cole:** Your noble King the Moor.

**Crab:** Is a valiant gentleman.

**Cole:** A noble gentleman.

**Crab:** An honourable gentleman.

---

<sup>36</sup> From Latin: incipe frater - begin brother; non ego domine - not I Lord; nec ego - nor I; quare? – How?; Quia? – why?; Quæse - I beg.

**Cole:** A fair black gentleman.

**Crab:** A friend to Castilians.

**Cole:** A champion for Castilians.

**Crab:** A man fit to be King.

**Cole:** If he were not borne down by him that would be King,  
Who (as I said before) is a bastard and no King.

**I:** What think you my masters? Do you mark his words well?

**Crab:** Further compare them together.

**All:** 'Sblood, there's no comparison between them.

**Cole:** Nay, but hear us, good countrymen.

**All:** Hear Friar Cole, hear Friar Cole.

**Cole:** Set that bastard and Eleazar together:

**I:** How? Mean you by the ears?

**Crab:** No, but compare them.

**Cole:** Do but compare them.

**2:** Zounds, we say again comparisons are odious.

**I:** But say on, say on.  
Pieces go off, Friars die.

**All:** Treason, treason, every man shifts for himself.  
This is Philip's treason. Arm, arm, arm.

*Exeunt.*

## Scene VI

*Enter Eleazar, Zarack, and Baltazar.*

**Eleazar:** Zarack and Baltazar, are they dispatched?

**Zarack:** We saw them sprawl and turn up the white of the eye.

**Eleazar:** So shall they perish that lay countermines  
To cross our high designments; by their habits  
The Cardinal and Philip escaped our nets.  
And by your hands they tasted our revenge.

*Enter Queen Mother.*

Here comes the Queen, away! Under our wings  
You shall stand safe, and brave the proudest Kings.

*Exit.*

**Queen Mother:** Oh! Fly, my Eleazar, save thy life.  
 Else point a guard about thee, the mad people  
 Tempestuous like the Sea run up and down,  
 Some crying kill the bastard, some the Moor;  
 Some cry, God save King Philip; and some cry,  
 God save the Moor; some others, he shall die.

**Eleazar:** Are these your fears? Thus blow them into air.  
 I rushed amongst the thickest of their crowds,  
 And with a countenance majestic,  
 Like the imperious sun dispersed their clouds;  
 I have perfumed the rankness of their breath,  
 And by the magic of true eloquence,  
 This pigment chameleon, this beast multitude,  
 Whose power consists in number, pride in threats,  
 Yet melt like snow when majesty shines forth  
 This heap of fools, who crowding in huge, swarms,  
 Stood at our court gates like a heap of dung,  
 Racking and shouting out contagious breath  
 Of power to poison all the elements,  
 This wolf I held by the ears and made him tame,  
 And made him tremble at the Moor's great name.  
 No, we must combat with a grimmer foe:  
 That damned Mendoza over-turns our hopes.  
 He loves you dearly.

**Queen Mother:** By his secret letters he hath entreated  
 Me in some disguise to leave the  
 Court, and fly into his arms.

**Eleazar:** The world cannot devise a stratagem  
 Sooner to throw confusion on his pride;  
 Subscribe to his desires and in dead night  
 Steal to his castle, swear to him his love  
 Hath drawn you thither; undermine his soul,  
 And learn what villainies are there laid up,  
 Then for your pleasure walk to take the air:  
 Near to the castle I'll in ambush lie,  
 And stern by force to take you prisoner;  
 This done, I have a practice plotted here,  
 Shall rid him of his life, and us of fear:  
 About it madam, this is all in all;  
 We cannot stand unless Mendoza fall.

# Act IV

## Scene I

*Enter Emanuel King of Portugal, Prince Philip, Mendoza, Alvero with drums and soldiers marching.*

**King of Portugal:** Poor Spain, how is the body of thy peace  
Mangled and torn by an ambitious Moor!  
How is thy Prince and Counsellors abused,  
And trodden under the base foot of scorn!  
Wronged Lords, Emanuel of Portugal partakes  
A falling share in all your miseries;  
And though the tardy-hand of slow delay  
With held us from preventing your mishaps,  
Yet shall revenge dart black confusion  
Into the bosom of that damned fiend.

**Phillip:** But is it possible our Mother Queen  
Should countenance his ambition?

**Alvero:** Her advice is as a steers-man to direct his course.  
Besides, as we by circumstance have learnt,  
She means to marry him.

**Phillip:** Then here upon my knees  
I pluck allegiance from her; all that love  
Which by in native duty I did owe her,  
Shall henceforth be converted into hate.  
This will confirm the world's opinion  
That I am base born, and the damned Moor  
Had interest in my birth, this wrong alone  
Gives new fire to the cinders of my rage:  
I may be well transformed from what I am,  
When a black devil is husband to my dam.

**King of Portugal:** Prince, let thy rage give way to patience,  
And set a velvet brow upon the face  
Of wrinkled anger, our keen swords  
Must right these wrongs, and not light airy words.

**Phillip:** Yet words may make the edge of rage more sharp,  
And whet a blunted courage with revenge.

**Alvero:** Here's none wants whetting, for our keen resolves  
Are steeled unto the back with double wrongs;  
Wrongs that would make a handless man take arms;  
Wrongs that would make a coward resolute.

**Cardinal:** Why then join all our several wrongs in one?  
And from these wrongs assume a firm resolve,  
To send this devil to damnation.

*Drums afar off.*

**Phillip:** I hear the sound of his approaching march.  
Stand fair; Saint Jacques for the right of Spain.

*To them, enter the Moor, Roderigo, Christofero, with drums, colours and soldiers,  
marching bravely.*

**Eleazar:** Bastard of Spain?

**Phillip:** Thou true stamped son of hell,  
Thy pedigree is written in thy face.  
Alarum, and a battle, the Moor prevails.

*All exit.*

## Scene II

*Enter Philip and Cardinal.*

**Phillip:** Move forward, with your main battalion,  
Or else all is lost.

**Cardinal:** I will not move a foot.

**Phillip:** S'heart, will you lose the day?

**Cardinal:** You lose your wits,  
You're mad, it is no policy.

**Phillip:** You lie.

**Cardinal:** Lie?

**Phillip:** Lie; a pox upon it, **Cardinal:** come on,  
Second the desperate vanguard which is mine,  
And where I'll die or win, follow my sword  
The bloody way I lead it or, by heaven,  
I'll play the devil and mar all, we'll turn our backs  
Upon the Moors and set on thee; aye, thee,  
Thee Cardinal, s'heart thee.

**Cardinal:** Your desperate arm  
Hath almost thrust quite through the heart of hope;  
Our fortunes lie a bleeding by your rash and violent  
Onset.

**Phillip:** Oh! Oh! s'life, s'foot, will you fight?

**Cardinal:** We will not hazard all upon one cast.

**Phillip:** You will not?

**Cardinal:** No.

**Phillip:** Coward.

**Cardinal:** By deeds I'll try  
 Whether your venomous tongue says true; farewell.  
 Courage shines both, in this and policy.

*Exit.*

**Phillip:** To save thy skin whole, that's thy policy;  
 You whoreson fat-chopped guts. I'll melt away  
 That larded body by the heat of fight,  
 Which I'll compel thee to or else by flying;  
 To work which I'll give way to the proud foe,  
 Whilst I stand laughing to behold thee run.  
 Cardinal I'll do it, I'll do it, a Moor, a Moor,  
 Philip cries a Moor, holla<sup>37</sup>! Ha! Who!

*Enter King of Portugal.*

**King of Portugal:** Prince Philip, Philip!

**Phillip:** Here; plague, where's the Moor?

**King of Portugal:** The Moor's a devil; never did horrid fiend,  
 Compelled by some magician's mighty charm,  
 Break through the prisons of the solid earth,  
 With more strange horror than this Prince of hell,  
 This damned Negro, lion-like doth rush  
 Through all, and spite of all knit opposition.

**Phillip:** Puh! Puh! Where? Where? I'll meet him, where? You mad me.  
 'Tis not his arm that acts such wonders,  
 But our cowardice.  
 This Cardinal, oh! This Cardinal is a slave.

*Enter Captain.*

**Captain:** Sound a retreat, or else the day is lost;

**Phillip:** I'll beat that dog to death, that sounds retreat.

**King of Portugal:** Philip -

**Phillip:** I'll tear his heart out that dares name but sound.

**King of Portugal:** Sound a retreat.

**Phillip:** Who's that? You tempt my sword, Sir.  
 Continue this alarum, fight pell-mell!  
 Fight, kill, be damned! This fat-back coward Cardinal  
 Lies heavy on my shoulders; this, aye this  
 Shall fling him off: Sound a retreat! Zounds, you mad me.  
 Ambition plumes the Moor, whilst black despair

---

<sup>37</sup> Holla - an exclamation

Offering to tear from him the diadem  
 Which he usurps, makes him to cry at all,  
 And to act deeds beyond astonishment;  
 But Philip is the knight that darks his glories.  
 This sword, yet reeking with his Negro's blood,  
 Being grasped by equity and this strong arm  
 Shall through and through.

**All:** Away then.

**Phillip:** From before me;  
 Stay, stand, stand fast, fight? A Moor, a Moor.

### Scene III

*To them enter Eleazar, Zarack, Baltazar, Roderigo, Christofero and others. They fight, Moors are all beat in. Exit omnes, manet<sup>38</sup> Eleazar weary. [He] stays a Moor [who] lies slain.*

**Eleazar:** Oh for more work, more souls to post to hell;  
 That I might pile up Charon's boat so full,  
 Until it topple over, oh it would be sport  
 To see them sprawl through the black slimy lake.  
 Ha, ha, there's one going thither, sirrah, you,  
 You slave, who killed thee? How he grins! This breast,  
 Had it been tempered and made proof like mine,  
 It never would have been a mark for fools  
 To hit afar off with their bastard bullets.  
 But thou didst well, thou knew'st I was thy lord;  
 And out of love and duty to me here,  
 Where I fell weary, thou laidst down thy self  
 To bear me up, thus God a mercy slave.  
 A King for this shall give thee a rich grave

*As he sits down, enter Philip with a broken sword.*

**Phillip:** I'll wear thee to the pommel, but I'll find  
 The subject of mine honour and revenge.  
 Moor 'tis for thee I seek; come now, now take me  
 At good advantage. Speak, where art thou?

**Eleazar:** Here.

**Phillip:** Fate and revenge, I thank you; rise.

**Eleazar:** Leave and live.

**Phillip:** Villain, it is Phillip that bids rise.

---

<sup>38</sup> *Manet* - from Latin, 'remains'

**Eleazar:** It had been good for thee to have hid thy name.  
 For the discovery, like to a dangerous charm,  
 Hurts him that finds it, wherefore do those bloodhounds,  
 Thy rage and valour, chase me?

**Phillip:** Why? To kill thee!

**Eleazar:** With that? What a blunt axe! Think'st thou I'll let  
 Thy fury take a full blow at this head  
 Having these arms? Be wise! Go, change thy weapon.

**Phillip:** Oh, sir!

**Eleazar:** I'll stay thy coming.

**Phillip:** Thou'lt be damned first.

**Eleazar:** By all our Indian Gods.

**Phillip:** Puh, never swear;  
 Thou know'st 'tis for a kingdom which we fight;  
 And for that who'll not venture to hell-gates.  
 Come Moor, I am armed with more than complete steel,  
 The justice of my quarrel, when I look  
 Upon my father's wrongs, my brother's wounds,  
 My mother's infamy, Spain's misery,  
 And lay my finger here. Oh! 'tis too dull,  
 To let out blood enough to quench them all.  
 But when I see your face, and know what fears  
 Hang on thy troubled soul, like leaden weights,  
 To make it sink, I know this finger's touch  
 Has strength to throw thee down, I know this iron  
 Is sharp and long enough to reach that head.  
 Fly not dive; if thou do -

**Eleazar:** How fly? Oh bastard!

**Phillip:** Come then.

**Eleazar:** Stay Philip, whosoe'r<sup>39</sup> begat thee.

**Phillip:** Why, slave, a King begat me.

**Eleazar:** May e so.  
 But I'll be sworn thy mother was a Queen;  
 For her sake will I kill thee nobly.  
 Fling me thy sword; there's mine; I scorn to strike  
 A man disarmed.

**Phillip:** For this dishonouring me  
 I'll give thee one stab more.

---

<sup>39</sup> *Whosoe're* - whosoever

**Eleazar:** I'll run away,  
Unless thou change that weapon or take mine.

**Phillip:** Neither.

**Eleazar:** Farewell.

**Phillip:** S'heart, stay, and if you dare,  
Do as I do, oppose thy naked breast  
Against this poniard. See, here's this for thine.

**Eleazar:** I am for thee, Philip.

**Phillip:** Come, nay take more ground,  
That with a full career thou maist strike home.

**Eleazar:** Thou wouldst run away then.

**Phillip:** Hah!

**Eleazar:** Thou wouldst run away then.

**Phillip:** Faith, I will, but first on this I'll bear  
Thy panting heart, thy head upon thy spear.

**Eleazar:** Come.

*Enter on both sides Cardinal, and King of Portugal on the one side and Moors on the other side.*

**Cardinal:** Side upon the Moors.

**Moor:** Side upon the Cardinal.

**Phillip:** Hold Cardinal, strike not any of our side.

**Eleazar:** Hold Moors, strike not any of our side,

**Phillip:** We two will close this battle.

**Eleazar:** Come, agreed.  
Stand armies and give aim, whilst we two bleed.

**Cardinal:** With poniards 'tis too desperate, dear Philip.

**Phillip:** Away, have at the Moor, s'heart let me come.

**King of Portugal:** Be armed with manly weapons; 'tis for slaves  
To dig their own and such unworthy graves.

**Eleazar:** I am for thee anyway, thus, or see thus;  
Here, try the vigour of thy sinewy arm.  
The day is ours already, brainless heads  
And bleeding bodies like a crown do stand  
About the temples of our victory.  
Yet, Spaniards, if you dare we'll fight it out,  
Thus man to man alone, I'll first begin,  
And conquer, or in blood wade up to the chin.

**Phillip:** Let not a weapon stir, but his and mine.

**Eleazar:** Nor on this side, conquest in blood shall shine.

*Alarum. They fight a combat, the Moor is struck down, which his side seeing, step all in and rescue him; the rest join and drive in the Moors. Alarum continuing, Spaniards and Moors with drums and colours fly over the stage, pursued by Philip, Cardinal, King of Portugal and others. Enter Zarack Christofero, and Eleazar at several doors.*

**Christofero:** Where is my lord?

**Zarack:** Where is our sovereign?

**Eleazar:** What news brings Zarack and Christofero?

**Zarack:** Oh fly my Lord! Fly for the day is lost.

**Eleazar:** There are three hundred and odd days in a year,  
And cannot we lose one of them? Come, fight.

**Christofero:** The lords have left us and the soldiers fainted,  
You are round beset with proud fierce enemies;  
Death cannot be prevented but by flight.

**Eleazar:** He shall, Christofero. I have yet left  
One stratagem that, in despite of fate,  
Shall turn the wheel of war about once more:  
The Mother Queen hath all this while sate sadly  
Within our tent, expecting to whose bosom,  
White winged peace and victory will fly.  
Her have I used as a fit property  
To stop this dangerous current; her have I sent,  
Armed with love's magic, to enchant the Cardinal  
And bind revenge down with resistless charms.  
By this time does she hang about his neck,  
And by the witchcraft of a cunning kiss,  
Has she disarmed him, hark, they sound retreat.  
She has prevailed; a woman's tongue and eye  
Are weapons stronger than artillery.

*Exit.*

## Scene IV

*Enter Cardinal, Queen Mother, soldiers, drums and colours.*

**Queen Mother:** By all those sighs which thou (like passionate tunes)  
Hast often to my dull ears offered,  
By all thy hopes to enjoy my royal bed;  
By all those mourning lines which thou hast sent,  
Weeping in black to tell thy languishment,  
By love's best richest treasure, which I swear,  
I will bestow and which none else shall wear,  
As the most prized jewel, but thyself.

By that bright fire which flaming through thine eyes;  
 From thy love scorched bosom does arise.  
 I do conjure thee, let no churlish sound,  
 With war's lewd horror my desires confound;  
 Dear, dear Mendoza, thus I do entreat,  
 That still thou wouldst continue this retreat;  
 I'll hang upon thee till I hear thee say,  
 Woman, prevail; or chiding, cry away.

**Cardinal:** Is there no trick in this forged by the Moor?

**Queen Mother:** I would the Moor's damnation were the ransom  
 Of all that innocent blood that has been shed  
 In this black day; I care not for the Moor;  
 Love to my kingdom's peace makes me put on  
 This habit of a suppliant; shall I speed?

**Cardinal:** You shall, were it to have my bosom bleed.  
 I have no power to spare the Negro's head,  
 When I behold the wounds which his black hand  
 Has given mine honour, but when I look on you,  
 I have no power to hate him, since your breath  
 Dissolves my frozen heart, being spent for him;  
 In you my life must drown itself or swim;  
 You have prevailed. Drum, swiftly hence! Call back  
 Our fierce pursuing troops that run to catch  
 The laurel wreath of conquest. Let it stand  
 A while untouched by any soldier's hand.

*Exit drum.*

Away! Stay you and guard us, where's the Moor?  
 I'll lose what I have got, a victor's prize,  
 Yielding myself a prisoner to your eyes.

**Queen Mother:** Mine eyes shall quickly grant you liberty,  
 The Moor stays my return, I'll put on wings,  
 And fetch him to make peace belongs to Kings.

*As she goes out, enter Eleazar, Zarack, Baltazar, and soldiers well armed; at sight of each other all draw.*

**Cardinal:** Soldiers, call back the drum, we are betrayed.

**Eleazar:** Moors, stand upon your guard, avoid, look back.

**Queen Moor:** What means this jealousy? Mendoza, Moor,  
 Lay by your weapons and embrace the sight  
 Of this and this. Begets suspicion  
 Eleazar? By my birth, he comes in peace;  
 Mendoza, by mine honour, so comes he.

**Cardinal:** Discharge these soldiers then.

**Eleazar:** And these.

*Soldiers stand aloof.*

**Cardinal:** Away.

**Eleazar:** Go.

**Queen Mother:** So, rejoice to see this glorious day.  
She joins them together; they embrace.

**Cardinal:** Your virtues work this wonder. I have met  
At her most dear command; what's your desires?

**Eleazar:** Peace and your honoured arms, how loathingly  
I sounded the alarums, witness heaven  
It was not to strike your breast, but to let out  
The rank blood of ambition. That Philip  
Makes you his ladder, and being climbed so high  
As he may reach a diadem, there you lie.  
He's base begotten, that's his mother's sin.

**Queen Mother:** God pardon it.

**Eleazar:** Aye, amen, but he's a bastard,  
And rather than I'll kneel to him, I'll saw  
My legs off by the thighs, because I'll stand  
In spite of reverence, he's a bastard, he is!  
And to beat down his usurpation  
I have thrown about this thunder; but, Mendoza,  
The people hate him for his birth.  
He only leans on you, you are his pillar;  
You gone, he walks on crutches, or else falls;  
Then shrink from under him. Are not they  
Fools that bearing others up themselves, seem low,  
Because they above sit high, why you do so?

**Cardinal:** It is true.

**Queen Mother:** Behold this error with fixed eyes.

**Cardinal:** It is true, well.

**Eleazar:** Oh! Have you found it? Have you smelt  
The train of powder that must blow you up?  
Up into air, what air! Why this? A breath,  
Look you, in this time may a King meet death;  
An eye to it, check it, check it.

**Cardinal:** How?

**Eleazar:** How thus?  
Steal from the heat of that incestuous blood  
Where ravished honour and Philippo lies;  
Leave him, divide this huge and monstrous body  
Of armed Spaniards into limbs thus big;

Part man from man, send every soldier home,  
 I'll do the like; Peace with an olive branch  
 Shall fly with dove-like wings about all Spain.  
 The crown which I as a good husband keep,  
 I will lay down upon the empty chair;  
 Marry you the Queen and fill it, for my part;  
 These knees are yours, Sir.

**Cardinal:** Is this sound?

**Eleazar:** From my heart.

**Cardinal:** If you prove false?

**Eleazar:** If I do, let fire fall...

**Cardinal:** Amen.

**Eleazar:** Upon thy head - and so it shall.

**Cardinal:** All of my self is yours. Soldiers, be gone.

**Eleazar:** And that way you.

**Cardinal:** The rest I will divide;  
 The Lords shall be converted.

**Eleazar:** Good.

**Cardinal:** Let's meet.

**Queen Mother:** Where?

**Eleazar:** Here, anon, this is thy winding-sheet.

*Exit Cardinal. The Moor walks up and down musing.*

**Queen Mother:** What shape will this prodigious womb bring forth?  
 Which groans with such strange labour?

**Eleazar:** Excellent.

**Queen Mother:** Why, Eleazar, art thou wrapped with joys?  
 Or does thy sinking policy make to shore?

**Eleazar:** Ha!

**Queen Mother:** Eleazar, mad man! Hear'st thou, Moor?

**Eleazar:** Well, so, you turn my brains, you mar the face  
 Of my attempts i'th' making; for this chaos,  
 This lump of projects, ere it be licked over,  
 It is like a bear's conception; stratagems  
 Being but begot, and not got out, are like  
 Charged cannons not discharged; they do no harm,  
 Nor good; true policy breeding in the brain  
 Is like a bar of iron, whose ribs being broken,  
 And softened in the fire, you then may forge it  
 Into a sword to kill, or to a helmet, to defend life, .

It is therefore wit to try  
 All fashions, ere you apparel villainy.  
 But, but I have suited him, fit, fit, oh fit!

**Queen Mother:** How? Prithee, how?

**Eleazar:** Why thus - yet no, let's hence;  
 My heart is nearest of my counsel, yet  
 I scarce dare trust my heart with it; what I do,  
 It shall look old, the hour wherein 'tis born;  
 Wonders twice seen are garments over worn.

*Exit.*

## Scene V

*Enter Cardinal at one door, Philip half armed and two soldiers following him with the rest of the armour; the Cardinal seeing him, turns back again.*

**Phillip:** Sirrah, you Cardinal, coward, run away.  
 So, ho, ho, what Cardinal?

**Cardinal:** I am not for your lure.

*Exit.*

**Phillip:** For that then, Oh! That it had nailed thy heart  
 Up to the pommel to the earth; come, arm me,  
 Ha! S'foot, when all our swords were royally gilt with blood,  
 When with red sweat that trickled from our wounds,  
 We had dearly earned a victory! When hell  
 Had from their hinges heaved off her iron gates  
 To bid the damned Moor and the devils enter;  
 Then to lose all, then to sound base retreat;  
 Why, soldiers, ha!

**1 Soldier:** I am glad of it, my lord.

**Phillip:** Ha, glad? Art thou glad I am dishonoured?  
 That thou and he dishonoured?

1. Soldier: Why, my Lord, I am glad that you so cleanly did come off.

**Phillip:** Thou hast a lean face and a carrion heart.  
 A plague on him and thee too then; s'heart then,  
 To crack the very heart's strings of our army,  
 To quarter it in pieces, I could tear my hair,  
 And in cursing spend my soul.  
 Cardinal, what, Judas! Come, we'll fight  
 Till there be left but one; if I be he,  
 I'll die a glorious death.

**1 Soldier:** So will I, I hope in my bed.

**2 Soldier:** Till there be but one left, my lord?

Why that's now, for all our fellows are crawled home,  
Some with one leg, some with ne'er<sup>40</sup> an arm,  
Some with their brains beaten out and glad they escaped so.

**Phillip:** But my dear countrymen, you'll stick to me?

**1 Soldier:** Stick? Aye, my Lord, stick like bandogs, till we be pulled off.

**Phillip:** That's nobly said, I'll lead you but to death,  
Where I'll have greatest share, we shall win fame,  
For life and that doth crown a soldier's name.

**1 Soldier:** How to death, my Lord? Not I, by God's lid,  
I have a poor wife and children at home,  
And if I die they beg.  
And do you think I'll see her go up and down the wide universal world?

**Phillip:** For every drop of blood which thou shalt lose,  
Coward, I'll give thy wife a wedge of gold.

**2 Soldier:** Hang him, my lord,  
Arm yourself; I'll fight for you,  
Till I have not an eye to see the fire in my touchhole.

**Phillip:** Be thou a King's companion; thou and I  
Will dare the Cardinal and the Moor to fight  
In single combat, shall we? Hah!

**2 Soldier:** Agreed.

**Phillip:** We'll beat them to hell's gate, shall we? Hah!

**2 Soldier:** Hell's gate's somewhat too hot, the Porter's a knave.  
I'd be loath to be damned for my conscience; I'll knock anybody's costard<sup>41</sup>,  
So I knock not there, my Lord, hell's gates!

**Phillip:** A pox upon such slaves.  
1. Soldier: Hang him, a peasant, my lord;  
You see I am but a scrag, my lord;  
My legs are not of the biggest, nor the least,  
Nor the best that e'er<sup>42</sup> were stood upon,  
Nor the worst, but they are of God's making;  
And for your sake, if ever we put our enemies to flight again,  
By God's lid if I run not after them like a tiger, huff me.

**Phillip:** But wilt thou stand to it e'er they fly? Ha! Wilt thou?

**1 Soldier:** Will I, quotha? By this hand and the honour of a soldier -

---

<sup>40</sup> *Ne'er* - never

<sup>41</sup> *Costard* - head.

<sup>42</sup> *E'er* - archaic for ever.

**Phillip:** And by a soldier's honour I will load thee  
 With Spanish pistolets<sup>43</sup> to have this head,  
 Thy face, and all thy body, stuck with scars,  
 Why 'tis a sight more glorious than to see  
 A lady hung with diamonds. If thou lose  
 A hand, I'll send this after, if an arm,  
 I'll lend thee one of mine. Come then, let's fight.  
 A mangled lame true soldier is a gem  
 Worth Caesar's empire, though fools spurn at them.

**1 Soldier:** Yet, my lord, I have seen lame soldiers  
 Not worth the crutches they leant upon,  
 Hands and arms, quotha? Zounds, not I;  
 I'll double my files or stand sentry, or so;  
 But I'll be hanged and quartered,  
 Before I'll have my members cut off.

**2 Soldier:** And I too; hold thee there.

*Beats them both in.*

**Phillip:** Hold you both there; away, you rogues, you dirt!  
 Thus do I tread upon you. Out, be gone!  
 One valiant is a host, fight them alone.

*Enter Cardinal, Alvero, Christofero and soldiers.*

**Cardinal:** Prince Philip.

**Phillip:** For the crown of Spain, come all.

**Cardinal:** We come in love and peace.

**Phillip:** But come in war.  
 Bring naked swords, not laurel boughs, in peace.  
 Plague on your rank peace, will you fight and cry  
 Down with the Moor, and then I'm yours, I'll die.  
 I have a heart, two arms, a soul, a head,  
 I'll lay that down, I'll venture all; s'foot all  
 Come tread upon me, so that Moor may fall.

**Cardinal:** By heaven that Moor shall fall.

**Phillip:** Thy hand and thine;  
 Flings down his weapons.  
 Give me but half your hearts, you have all mine,  
 By heaven, shall he fall?

**Cardinal:** Yes, upon thee  
 Like to the ruins of a tower, to grind

---

<sup>43</sup> *Pistolets* - Spanish gold coins.

Thy body into dust, traitor and bastard,  
I do arrest thee of high treason.

**Phillip:** Hah!

Traitor and bastard, and by thee? My weapons?

**Cardinal:** Lay hands upon him.

**Phillip:** Aye, you're best do so.

**Cardinal:** Alvero, there's the warrant to your hands.

The prisoner is committed, lords; let's part.  
Look to him on your life.

*Exit Cardinal and companions; manent Philip and Alvero.*

**Phillip:** Heart, heart, heart, heart. Tears the warrant.  
The devil and his dam, the Moor, and my mother,  
Their warrant? I will not obey, old grey beard,  
Thou shalt not be my jailer, there's no prison,  
No dungeon deep enough, no grates so strong  
That can keep in a man so mad with wrong.  
What, dost thou weep?

**Alvero:** I would fain shed a tear,  
But from mine eyes so many showers are gone.  
Grief drinks my tears so fast, that here's not one;  
You must to prison.

**Phillip:** Dost thou speak to me?

**Alvero:** You must to prison.

**Phillip:** And from thence to death;  
I thought I should have had a tomb hung round  
With tattered colours, broken spears; I thought  
My body should have fallen down, full of wounds.  
But one can kill an emperor, fool them, why  
Would'st thou have many curses? Be mad and die.

*Exit.*

# Act V

## Scene I

*Enter Roderigo and Christofero [and] two bare-headed, before them, Alvero, Cardinal alone, Zarack, and Baltazar bearing the crown on a cushion, Eleazar next, Queen Mother after him other lords after her; Alvero, sad, meets them.*

**Cardinal:** Alvero, 'tis the pleasure of the King,  
Of the Queen Mother and these honoured States,  
To ease you of Philip, there's a warrant  
Sent to remove him to a stronger guard.

**Alvero:** I thank you! You shall rid me of much care.

**Eleazar:** Sit down and take your place!

**Alvero:** If I might have the place I like best, it should be my grave.

*Sits down.*

*The Moors stand aside with the crown; Eleazar, rising, takes it.*

**Eleazar:** Stand in voice, reach away!

**Both Moors:** We are gone.

*Exit.*

**Eleazar:** Princes of Spain, if in this royal court,  
There sit a man that having laid his hold  
So fast on such a jewel and dare wear it,  
In the contempt of envy as I dare,  
Yet uncompelled (as freely as poor pilgrims,  
Bestow their prayers) would give such wealth away,  
Let such a man step forth; what, do none rise?  
No, no, for Kings indeed are deities.  
And who'd not (as the sun) in brightness shine?  
To be the greatest, is to be divine.  
Who among millions would not be the mightiest?  
To sit in God-like state, to have all eyes  
Dazzled with admiration, and all tongues  
Shouting loud prayers, to rob every heart  
Of love, to have the strength of every arm.  
A sovereign's name - why 'tis a sovereign charm.  
This glory round about me hath thrown beams;  
I have stood upon the top of fortune's wheel,  
And backward turned the iron screw of fate,  
The destinies have spun a silken thread  
About my life; yet, noble Spaniards, see?

Hoc tantum tacti<sup>44</sup>; thus I cast aside  
 The shape of Majesty and on my knee,  
 Kneels; the Cardinal fetches the Crown and sets it on the chair.  
 To this Imperial state lowly resign,  
 This usurpation, wiping off your fears,  
 Which stuck so hard upon me, let a hand  
 A right and royal hand take up this wreath,  
 And guard it; right is of it self most strong,  
 No kingdom got by cunning can stand long.

**Cardinal:** Proceed to new election of a King.

**All:** Agreed.

**Eleazar:** Stay, peers of Spain; if young Philip,  
 Be Philip's son, then is he Philip's heir,  
 Then must his royal name be set in gold,  
 Philip is then the diamond to that ring;  
 But if he be a bastard, here's his seat,  
 For baseness has no gall till it grows great.  
 First therefore let him bleed, if he must bleed,  
 Yet in what vein you strike him, best take heed:  
 The Portugal's his friend; you saw he came  
 At holding up a finger, armed; this peace  
 Rid hence his dangerous friendship, he's at home,  
 But when he hears that Philip is tied up,  
 Yet hears not why, he'll catch occasion's lock,  
 And on that narrow bridge make shift to lead  
 A scrambling army through the heart of Spain;  
 Look to it; being in, he'll hardly out again.  
 Therefore first prove and then proclaim him bastard.

**Alvero:** How shall we prove it?

**Eleazar:** He that put him out to making  
 I am sure can tell; if not,  
 Then she that shaped him can; here's the Queen Mother,  
 Being pricked in conscience and preferring Spain,  
 Before her own respect will name the man.  
 If he be noble and a Spaniard born, he'll hide  
 The apparent scars of their infamies  
 With the white hand of marriage; that in time  
 Will eat the blemish off; say, Shall it?

**All:** No.

**Cardinal:** Spaniard or Moor, the saucy slave shall die.

**Hortenzo:** Death is too easy for such villainy.

---

<sup>44</sup> *Hoc tantum tacti* - from Latin, 'this of such size'

**Eleazar:** Spaniard or Moor, the saucy slave shall die.  
 I would he might; I know myself am clear  
 As is the new born Infant. Madam, stand forth.  
 Behold, to speak shame in the grave wants sense.  
 Heaven with sin's greatest forfeits can dispense.

**Queen Mother:** Would I were covered with the veil of night,  
 You might not see red shame sit on my cheek;  
 But being Spain's common safety stands for truth,  
 Hiding my weeping eyes, I blush, and say:  
 Philip's father sits here.

**Roderigo:** Here? Name him!

**Queen Mother:** The Lord Mendoza did beget that son;  
 Oh! Let not this dishonour further run.

**Alvero:** What? Cardinal Mendoza?

**Queen Mother:** Yes, yes, even him.

**Eleazar:** Spaniard or Moor, the saucy slave shall die.

**Cardinal:** I Philip's father? Comes down; the rest talk.

**Queen Mother:** Nay! Deny me not;  
 Now may a kingdom and my love be got.

**Cardinal:** Those eyes and tongue bewitch me, shame lie here;  
 That love has sweetest taste that is bought dear.

**Christoforo:** What answers Lord Mendoza to the Queen?

**Cardinal:** I confess, guilty: Philip is my son;  
 Her Majesty hath named the time and place.

**Alvero:** To you, but not to us; go forward, Madam.

**Queen Mother:** Within the circle of twice ten years since,  
 Your deceased King made war in Barbary,  
 Won Tunis, conquered Fess and hand to hand,  
 Slew great Abdela, King of Fess, and father  
 To that Barbarian Prince.

**Eleazar:** I was but young, but now methinks  
 I see my father's wounds - poor Barbary!  
 No more.

**Queen Mother:** In absence of my lord, mourning his want,  
 To me alone, being in my private walk,  
 I think at Salamanca; aye, 'twas there;  
 Enters Mendoza under show of shrift,  
 Threatens my death if I denied his lust;  
 In fine by force he won me to his will,  
 I wept, and cried for help, but all in vain;  
 Mendoza there abused the bed of Spain.

**Eleazar:** Spaniard or Moor, that saucy slave shall die.

**Alvero:** Why did not you complain of this vile act?

**Queen Mother:** Alas! I was alone, young, full of fear,  
 Bashful, and doubtful of my own defame;  
 Knowing King Philip rash and jealous,  
 I hid his sins, thinking to hide my shame.

**Hortenzo:** What says the Cardinal?

**Cardinal:** Such a time there was;  
 'Tis past, I'll make amends with marriage,  
 And satisfy with trentals, dirges, prayers,  
 The offended spirit of the wronged King.

*Queen and they talk.*

**Eleazar:** Spaniard or Moor, that saucy slave shall die;  
 Oh! It would seem best, it should be thus Mendoza,  
 She to accuse, I urge, and both conclude,  
 Your marriage like a comic interlude.  
 Lords, will you hear this hateful sin confessed  
 And not impose upon the ravisher death,  
 The due punishment? O, it must be so.

**Alvero:** What does the Queen desire?

**Queen Mother:** Justice, revenge  
 On vile Mendoza for my ravishment!  
 I kiss the cold earth with my humbled knees,  
 From whence I will not rise, till some just hand  
 Cast to the ground the traitor Cardinal.

**All:** Stand forth, Mendoza.

**Eleazar:** Swells your heart so high?  
 Down Lecher, if you will not stand, then lie.

**Cardinal:** You have betrayed me by my too much trust;  
 I never did this deed of rape and lust.

**Roderigo:** Your tongue confessed it.

**Cardinal:** True, I was enticed.

**Eleazar:** Enticed? Do you believe that?

**Queen Mother:** Justice, Lords! Sentence the Cardinal for  
 His hateful sin.

**Alvero:** We will assemble all the States of Spain,  
 And as they Judge, so Justice shall be done.

**Eleazar:** A guard! To prison with the Cardinal!

**Cardinal:** Damned slave, my tongue shall go at liberty  
 To curse thee, ban that strumpet; dogs, keep off.

*Enter Zarack, Baltazar and others.*

**Eleazar:** Hist, hist<sup>45</sup>, on, on.

**Queen Mother:** I cannot brook his sight.

**Alvero:** You must to prison, and be patient.

**Cardinal:** Weep'st thou, Alvero? All struck dumb? My fears  
Are that those drops will change to bloody tears.  
This woman and this serpent!

**Queen Mother:** Drag him hence.

**Cardinal:** Who dares lay hands upon me? Lords of Spain  
Let your swords bail me, this false Queen did lie.

**Eleazar:** Spaniard or Moor, the saucy slave shall die.

**Cardinal:** I'll fight with thee, damned hellhound, for my life.

**Eleazar:** Spaniard or Moor, the saucy slave shall die.

**Cardinal:** I'll prove upon thy head.

**Eleazar:** The slave shall die.

**Cardinal:** Lords, stop this villain's throat.

**Eleazar:** Shall die, shall die.

**Cardinal:** Hear me, but speak.

**Eleazar:** Away.

**Alvero:** Words are ill spent  
Where wrong sits judge; you're armed if innocent.

**Cardinal:** Well, then I must to prison. Moor, no more.  
Heavens thou art just, Prince Philip I betrayed,  
And now myself fall, guile with guile is paid.

*Exit.*

**Queen Mother:** Philip being proved a bastard, who shall sit  
Upon this empty throne?

**Eleazar:** Strumpet, not you.

**Queen Mother:** Strumpet? And if I not sit there, who then?

**Eleazar:** Down back! If she touches it, she'll bewitch the chair;  
This throne belongs to Isabel the fair,  
Bring forth the Princess in royal robes,  
The true affecter of Alvero's son,  
Virtuous Hortenzo. Lords, behold your Queen.

---

<sup>45</sup> *Hist* - archaic expression, used to call attention.

## Scene II

*Enter Isabella led in, in royal robes, and Hortenzo.*

**Queen Mother:** Thou villain! What intendst thou, savage slave?

**Eleazar:** To advance virtue thus, and thus to tread  
On lust, on murder, on adultery's head  
Look, Lords, upon your sovereign Isabel,  
Though all may doubt the fruits of such a womb,  
Is she not like King Philip? Let her rule.

**Queen Mother:** She rule?

**Eleazar:** She rule? Aye she.

**Queen Mother:** A child to sway an empire? I am her protectress;  
I'll pour black curses on thy damned head,  
If thou wrongst me. Lords, Lords!

**Eleazar:** Princes of Spain,  
Be deaf, be blind, hear not, behold her not,  
She killed my virtuous wife.

**Queen Mother:** He killed your King.

**Eleazar:** It was in my just wrath.

**Queen Mother:** It was to get his crown.

**Eleazar:** His crown! Why here 'tis: thou slewst him, Maria,  
To have access to my unstained bed.

**Queen Mother:** Oh heaven!

**Eleazar:** It is true, how often have I stopped  
Thy unchaste songs from passing through mine ears?  
How often, when thy luxurious arms have twinned  
About my jetty neck, have I cried out  
Away, those scalding veins burn me? 'Tis true.

**Queen Mother:** Devil, 'tis a lie!

**Eleazar:** Thou slewst my sweet Maria;  
Alvero, 'twas thy daughter, 'twas; Hortenzo,  
She was thy sister. Justice, Isabella!  
This serpent poisoned thy dear father's bed,  
Setting large horns on his imperial head<sup>46</sup>.

**Queen Mother:** Hear me.

**Eleazar:** Hah! Why?

---

<sup>46</sup> Large horns on someone's head means to make someone a cuckold, this expression is still in use in Latin languages.

**Alvero:** Madam, you shall be heard,  
Before the courts, before the courts of Spain

**Eleazar:** A guard, a guard.

*Enter two Moors and others.*

**Queen Mother:** A guard for what? For whom?

**Hortenzo:** To wait on you,  
So many great sins must not wait with few.

**Queen Mother:** Keep me in prison! Dare you, Lords?

**Alvero:** Oh no!  
Were your cause strong, we would not arm you so;  
But honour fainting needs many hands,  
Kingdoms stand safe, when mischief lies in bands.  
You must to prison.

*Exit.*

**Queen Mother:** Must I? Must I, slave!  
I'll damn thee, ere thou triumph'st over my grave.

*Exit with a guard.*

### Scene III

*Manet Eleazar.*

**Eleazar:** Do, do! My jocund spleen;  
It does, it will, it shall; I have at one throw  
Rifled away the diadem of Spain;  
It is gone, and there's no more to set, but this  
At all; then at this last cast I'll sweep up  
My former petty losses, or lose all  
Like to a desperate gamester; hah! How, fast?

*Enter Zarack.*

**Zarack:** Except their bodies turn to airy spirits,  
And fly through windows, they are fast, my Lord  
If they can eat through locks and bars of iron,  
They may escape, if not, then not.

**Eleazar:** Ho! Zarack!  
Wit is a thief, there's pick lock police,  
To whom all doors fly open, therefore go,  
In our name charge the keeper to resign  
His office, and if he has tricks of cruelty,  
Let him bequeath them at his death, for kill him;  
Turn all thy body into eyes, and watch them!

Let those eyes like fiery comets  
 Sparkle out nothing but the death of kings.  
 And ah! Now thus thou know'st I did invent  
 A torturing iron chain.

**Zarack:** Oh! For necks my lord?.

**Eleazar:** Aye! That, that, that, away and yoke them - stay,

*Enter Baltazar.*

Here's Baltazar. Go both, teach them to preach,  
 Through an iron pillory; I'll spread a net  
 To catch Alvero. O, he is old and wise;  
 They are unfit to live, that have sharp eyes.  
 Hortenzo, Roderigo, to't, to't **All:**  
 They have supple knees slacked brows, but hearts of g**All:**  
 Their bitterness shall be washed off with blood,  
 Tyrants swim safest in a crimson flood.

**Baltazar:** I come to tell your grace that Isabella  
 Is with Hortenzo arm in arm at hand.  
 Zarack and I may kill them; now with ease  
 Is it done, and then 'tis done.

**Zarack:** Murder thou the man,  
 And I'll stab her.

**Eleazar:** No, I'll speed her myself;  
 Arm in arm, so, so, look upon this ring:  
 Who ever brings this token to your hands  
 Regard not for what purpose, seize on them,  
 And chain them to the rest; they come, away.  
 Murder be proud, and tragedy laugh on,  
 I'll seek a stage for thee to jest upon.

*Enter Isabella and Hortenzo, seeing the Moor, turn back.*

**Eleazar:** My Lord, My Lord Hortenzo?

**Hortenzo:** Hah! Is it you?  
 Trust me I saw you not.

**Eleazar:** What makes your grace so sad?

**Hortenzo:** She grieves for the imprisoned Queen, her mother,  
 And for Philip. In the sandy heap,  
 That wait upon an hour, there are not found  
 So many little bodies as those sighs  
 And tears, which she hath every minute spent,  
 Since her loved brother felt Imprisonment.

**Eleazar:** Pity, great pity; would it lay in me  
 To give him liberty.

**Isabel:** It does.

**Eleazar:** In me?

Free him, your Mother Queen, and Cardinal too.  
 In me? Alas! Not me, no, no, in you,  
 Yet, for I'll have my conscience white and pure.  
 Here, madam, take this ring, and if my name  
 Can break down castle walls and open gates,  
 Take it, and do't, fetch them all forth - and yet  
 It is unfit you should go.

**Hortenzo:** That happy office I'll execute myself.

**Eleazar:** Will you? Would I

Stood gracious in their sight. Well, go,  
 Do what you will, Hortenzo, if this charm  
 Unbinds them, here it is. Lady, you and I  
 Aloof will follow him, and when we meet,  
 Speak for me, for I'll kiss Philip's feet.

**Hortenzo:** I shall be proud to see all reconciled.

*Exit.*

**Eleazar:** Alas! My Lord, why true, go, go.

**Isabel:** Make haste, dear love.

**Eleazar:** Hortenzo is a man

Composed of sweet proportion, has a foot,  
 A leg, a hand, a face, an eye, a wit,  
 The best Hortenzo in the Spanish Court.  
 Oh! He's the nonpareil<sup>47</sup>.

**Isabel:** Your tongue had wont

To be more sparing in Hortenzo's praise.

**Eleazar:** Aye, I may curse his praises, rather ban

Mine own nativity. Why did this colour  
 Dart in my flesh so far? Oh, would my face  
 Were of Hortenzo's fashion, else would yours  
 Were as black as mine is.

**Isabel:** Mine like yours, why?

**Eleazar:** Hark! I love you, yes faith, I said this, I love you;

I do; leave him.

**Isabel:** Damnation, vanish from me.

**Eleazar:** Coy? Were you as hard as flint, o, you should yield

Like softened wax; were you as pure as fire,

---

<sup>47</sup> *Nonpareil* - from French: unrivalled or unique.

I'll touch you, yes, I'll taint you, see you this,  
I'll bring you to this lure.

**Isabel:** If I want hands  
To kill myself, before thou dost it, do.

**Eleazar:** I'll cut away your hands; well, my desire  
Is raging as the sea, and mad as fire;  
Will you?

**Isabel:** Torment me not, good devil!

**Eleazar:** Will you?

**Isabel:** I'll tear mine eyes out if they tempt thy lust.

**Eleazar:** Do.

**Isabel:** Touch me not, these knives -

**Eleazar:** Aye, aye, kill yourself!  
Because I jest with you, I wrong Hortenzo?  
Settle your thoughts, 'twas but a trick to try  
That which few women have, true constancy.

**Isabel:** If then, my speeches taste of gall.

**Eleazar:** Nay, faith,  
You are not bitter, no, you should have railed,  
Have spit upon me, spurned me, you are not bitter;  
Why, do you think that I'd nurse a thought,  
To hurt your honour? If that thought had brains,  
I'd beat them out, but come, by this, Hortenzo is fast.

**Isabel:** Hah! Fast?

**Eleazar:** Aye, fast in Philip's arms,  
Wrestling together for the price of love;  
By this, they're on the way; I'll be your guard.  
Come, follow me, I'll lead you in the van<sup>48</sup>,  
Where thou shalt see four chins upon one chain.

*Exit.*

## Scene IV

*Enter Hortenzo, Queen Mother, Cardinal and Philip chained by the necks, Zarack,  
and Baltazar busy about fastening Hortenzo.*

**Hortenzo:** You damned ministers of villainy,  
Sworn to damnation by the book of hell;

---

<sup>48</sup> Van - front line, advance guard

You maps of night, you element of devils,  
Why do you yoke my neck with iron chains?

**Baltazar:** Many do borrow chains, but you have this  
Gratis, for nothing.

**Cardinal:** Slaves, unbind us!

**Both:** No!

*Exit two Moors.*

**Phillip:** I am impatient! Veins, why crack you not  
And tilt your blood into the face of heaven  
To make red clouds like ensigns in the sky,  
Displaying a damned tyrant's cruelty?  
Yet can I laugh in my extremest pangs  
Of blood and spirit to see the Cardinal,  
Keep rank with me and my vile Mother Queen,  
To see herself, where she would have me seen.  
Good fellowship i'faith.

**Hortenzo:** And I can tell,  
True misery, love's a companion well.

**Phillip:** Thou left'st me to the mercy of a Moor,  
That hath damnation dyed upon his flesh;  
It was well; thou, Mother, did'st unmotherly  
Betray thy true son to false bastardy;  
Thou left'st me then, now thou art found, and staid,  
And thou who did'st betray me, art betrayed.  
A plague upon you all!

**Cardinal:** Thou cursest them;  
Whom may I curse? First may I curse myself,  
Too credulous of loyalty and love;  
Next, may I curse the Moor, more than a devil;  
And last thy mother, mother of all evil.

**Queen Mother:** All curses and all crosses light on thee,  
What need I curse myself when all curse me?  
I have been deadly impious, I confess;  
Forgive me and my sin will seem the less;  
This heavy chain, which now my neck assaults,  
Weighs ten times lighter than my heavy faults.

**Phillip:** Hortenzo, I commend myself to thee;  
Thou that art nearest, stand'st furthest off from me.

**Hortenzo:** That mould of hell, that Moor has chained me here.  
It is not myself, but Isabel I fear.

## Scene V

*Enter Eleazar, Zarack and Baltazar.*

**Eleazar:** It's strange! Will not Prince Philip come with Hortenzo?

**Zarack:** He swears he'll live and die there.

**Eleazar:** Marry and shall.

I pray, persuade him you to leave the place;  
A prison, why it's hell. Alas, here they be;  
Hah! They are they i'faith, see, see, see, see.

**All:** Moor, devil, toad, serpent.

**Eleazar:** Oh sweet airs, sweet voices.

**Isabel:** Oh my Hortenzo!

**Eleazar:** Do not these birds sing sweetly, Isabella?  
Oh! How their spirits would leap aloft and spring,  
Had they their throats at liberty to sing.

**Phillip:** Damnation dog thee.

**Cardinal:** Furies follow thee.

**Queen Mother:** Comets confound thee.

**Hortenzo:** And hell swallow thee.

**Eleazar:** Sweeter and sweeter still, oh! Harmony,  
Why there's no music like to misery.

**Isabel:** Hast thou betrayed me thus?

**Eleazar:** Not I, not I.

**Phillip:** Sirrah<sup>49</sup> hedgehog.

**Eleazar:** Hah! I'll hear thee presently.

**Isabel:** Hear me then, hellhound; slaves, unchain my love!  
Or by -

**Eleazar:** By what? Is it not rare walking here?  
Methinks this stage shows like a tennis court,  
Does it not, Isabel? I'll show thee how:  
Suppose that iron chain to be the line,  
The prison doors the hazard and their heads  
Scarce peeping ore the line suppose the balls;  
Had I a racket now of burnished steel,  
How smoothly could I bandy every ball,  
Over this globe of earth, win set and all.

**Phillip:** How brisk the villain jests in villainy!

---

<sup>49</sup> *Sirrah* - archaic for sir

**Eleazar:** Prating? He's proud because he wears a chain  
Take it off Baltazar, and take him hence.

*They unbind him.*

**Phillip:** And whither<sup>50</sup> then you, dog?

**Isabel:** Pity my brother.

**Eleazar:** Pity him? No; away, aye, come, do, come.

**Phillip:** I pray thee, kill me! Come?

**Eleazar:** I hope to see thy own hands do that office;  
Down with him.

**Phillip:** Is there another hell?

**2 Moors:** Try, try, he's gone.

**Eleazar:** So him next, he next and next him; and then?

**All:** Worse than damnation, fiend, monster of men.

**Eleazar:** Why, when? Down, down.

**Cardinal:** Slave, as thou thrusts me down,  
Into this dungeon, so sink thou to hell.

**Queen Mother:** Amen, Amen.

**Eleazar:** Together so and you.

**Isabel:** O pity my Hortenzo!

**Hortenzo:** Farewell, sweet Isabel, my life adieu!

**All:** Mischief and horror let the Moor pursue.

**Eleazar:** A consort, that amain, plays that amain,  
Amain, Amain. Not so soon fallen asleep?  
Nay I'll not lose this music; sirrah! sirrah!  
Take thou a drum, a trumpet thou, and hark;  
Mad them with villainous sounds.

**Zarack:** Rare sport, let's go.

*Exit Zarack and Baltazar.*

**Eleazar:** About it, music will do well in woe;  
How like you this?

**Isabel:** Set my Hortenzo free,  
And I'll like anything.

**Eleazar:** A fool, a fool?  
Hortenzo free, why look you, he free? No!

---

<sup>50</sup> *Whither* - archaic to what place or position

Then must he marry you, you must be Queen,  
 He in a manner King; these dignities  
 Like poison make men swell; this rat's bane honour  
 O 'tis so sweet, they'll lick it till all burst.  
 He will be proud, and pride you know must fall.  
 Come, come, he shall not; no, no; 'tis more meet  
 To keep him down, safe standing on his feet.

**Isabel:** Eleazar -

**Eleazar:** Mark, the imperial chair of Spain,  
 Is now as empty as a miser's alms;  
 Be wise; I yet dare sit in it; it's for you,  
 If you will be for me, there's room for two.  
 Do, meditate, muse on it: it's best for thee  
 To love me, live with me, and lie with me.

**Isabel:** Thou knowst I'll first lie in the arms of death.  
 My meditations are how to revenge,  
 Thy bloody tyrannies; I fear thee not  
 Inhuman slave, but to thy face defy  
 Thy lust, thy love, thy barbarous villainy.

**Eleazar:** Zarack.

*Enter Zarack.*

**Zarack:** My Lord!

**Eleazar:** Where's Baltazar?

**Zarack:** A drumming.

**Eleazar:** I have made them rave and curse, and  
 So, guard her.  
 Your Court shall be this prison; guard her, slaves,  
 With open eyes. Defy me? See my veins  
 Struck out, being over heated with my blood,  
 Boiling in wrath: I'll tame you.

**Isabel:** Do, do.

**Eleazar:** Hah!  
 I will, and once more fill a kingdom's throne.  
 Spain, I'll new-mould thee: I will have a chair  
 Made all of dead men's bones, and the ascents  
 Shall be the heads of Spaniards set in ranks;  
 I will have Philip's head, Hortenzo's head,  
 Mendoza's head, thy mother's head, and this,  
 This head that is so crossed, I'll have it.  
 The scene wants actors, I'll fetch more, and clothe it  
 In rich cothurnal pomp. A tragedy  
 Ought to be grave, graves this shall beautify.

Moor, execute to the life my dread commands;  
Vengeance awake, thou hast much work in hand.

*Exit.*

**Zarack:** I'm weary of this office and this life,  
It is too thirsty and I would your blood  
Might escape the filling out. By heaven I swear,  
I scorn these blows and his rebukes to bear.

**Isabel:** Oh! Zarack, pity me, I love thee well;  
Love deserves pity, pity Isabel.

**Zarack:** What would you have me do?

**Isabel:** To kill this Moor.

**Zarack:** I'll cast an eye of death upon my face.  
I'll be no more his slave; swear to advance me;  
And by yon setting sun, this hand, and this  
Shall rid you of a tyrant.

**Isabel:** By my birth;  
No Spaniard's honoured place shall equal thine.

**Zarack:** I'll kill him then.

**Isabel:** And Baltazar.

**Zarack:** And he.

**Isabel:** I pray thee first, fetch Philip and Hortenzo  
Out of that hell; they two will be most glad  
To aid thee in this execution.

**Zarack:** My Lord Philip and Hortenzo, rise;  
Your hands; so, talk to her; at my return  
This sword shall reek with blood of Baltazar.

*Exit.*

**Phillip:** Three curses, like three commendations  
To their three souls, I send. Thy tortured brother  
Does curse the Cardinal, the Moor and thy Mother.

**Isabel:** Curse not at all, dear souls; revenge is hot,  
And boils in Zarack's brains; the plot is craft,  
Into the mould of hell. You free men are;  
Zarack will kill the Moor and Baltazar.

**Hortenzo:** How can that relish?

**Isabel:** Why? I'll tell you how.  
I did profess I, and protested too,  
I loved him well, what will not sorrow do?  
Then he professed, I, and protested too  
To kill them both, what will not devils do?

**Phillip:** Then I profess; I, and protest it too,  
That here's for him; what will not Philip do?

**Hortenzo:** See where he comes.

*Enter the two Moors.*

**Baltazar:** Zarack, what do I see?  
Hortenzo and Philip, who did this?

**Zarack:** I, Baltazar.

**Baltazar:** Thou art half damned for It, I'll do my Lord.

**Zarack:** I'll stop you on your way, lie there!  
Thy tongue shall tell no tales today.

*Stabs him.*

**Phillip:** Nor thine tomorrow, his revenge was well.

*Stabs him.*

By this time both the slaves shake hands in hell.

**Isabel:** Philip and Hortenzo, stand you still;  
What do you both? Cannot you see your play?  
Well fare a woman then to lead the way.  
Once rob the dead, put the Moors'  
Habits on and paint your faces with the oil of hell,  
So waiting on the Tyrant.

**Phillip:** Come, no more; It is here and here;  
Room there below, stand wide, and bury them  
Well since they so goodly did.

**Hortenzo:** Away then, fate now let revenge be placed.

**Phillip:** Here.

**Hortenzo:** And here, a tyrant's blood does sweetly taste.

*Exit.*

## Scene VI

*Enter Eleazar, Alvero, Roderigo, Christofero and other lords.*

**Eleazar:** Why I imprison? Who?

**All:** Philip and Hortenzo.

**Eleazar:** Philip and Hortenzo, ha, ha, ha.

**Roderigo:** Why laughs the Moor?

**Eleazar:** I laugh because you jest;  
Laugh at a jest. Who I, imprison them?

I prize their lives with weights, their necks with chains,  
 Their hands with manacles. I do all this  
 Because my face is in night's colour dyed.  
 Think you my conscience and my soul is so,  
 Black faces may have hearts as white as snow  
 And 'tis a general rule in moral rules<sup>51</sup>,  
 The whitest faces have the blackest souls.

**Alvero:** But touching my Hortenzo -

**Eleazar:** Good old man, I never touched him,  
 Do not touch me then with thy Hortenzo.

**Christofero:** Where's Philip too?

**Eleazar:** And where's Philip too?  
 I pray, I pray is Philip a tame Spaniard?  
 What can Philip him hither, hither make him fly?  
 First where's Hortenzo, where's Philip too?

**Roderigo:** And where is Isabel? She was with you.

**Eleazar:** And where is Isabel? She was with me,

*Enter Philip and Hortenzo like Moors.*

And so are you, yet are you  
 Well you see but in good time, see where their keepers come.  
 Come hither Zarack,  
 Baltazar, come hither;  
 Zarack, old Lord Alvero asks of thee, where young Hortenzo is.

**Hortenzo:** My lord, set free.

**Eleazar:** Oh! Is he so? Come hither Baltazar,  
 Lord Christofero here would ask of thee  
 Where Prince Philip is.

**Phillip:** My Lord, set free.

**Eleazar:** Oh is he so? Roderigo asks me for Isabel.

**Phillip:** I say my Lord, she's free.

**Eleazar:** Oh! Is she so?

**Phillip:** Believe me, lords.

**Hortenzo:** And me.

**Phillip:** I set Philip –

**Hortenzo:** I set Hortenzo free.

---

<sup>51</sup> The original word in the text was *rowel*, but I decided to change it to *rule* because it seems to make more sense in the context.

**Eleazar:** My lords, because you shall believe me too,  
Go to the Castle, I will follow you.

**Alvero:** Thanks to the mighty Moor and for his fame,  
Be more in honour than thou art in name;  
But let me wish the other prisoners well,  
The Queen and Cardinal, let all have right,  
Let law absolve them or dissolve them quite.

**Eleazar:** Grave man, thy grey hairs paint out gravity,  
Thy counsel's wisdom, thy wit policy.  
There, let us meet and with a general brain,  
Erect the peace of spirit and of Spain.

**Alvero:** Then will Spain flourish?

**Eleazar:** Aye, when it is mine.

**Roderigo:** O heavenly meeting!

**Eleazar:** We must part in hell.

**Christofero:** True peace of joy.

*Exit; manent Eleazar Phillip and Hortenzo.*

**Eleazar:** It is a dissembling knell.  
Farewell my lords, meet there so ha, ha, ha.

*Draws his rapier.*

Now tragedy, thou minion of the night,  
Rhamnusias' pew-fellow, to thee I'll sing  
Upon an harp made of dead Spanish bones,  
The proudest instrument the world affords;  
When thou in crimson jollity shalt bath,  
Thy limbs as black as mine, in springs of blood;  
Still gushing from the conduit head of Spain.  
To thee that never blushed,  
Though thy cheeks are full of blood.  
O, Saint Revenge, to thee  
I consecrate my murders,  
All my stabs, my bloody labours, tortures, stratagems,  
The volume of all wounds that wound from me;  
Mine is the stage, thine is the tragedy.  
Where am I now? O, at the prison?  
True, Zarack and Baltazar, come hither, see,  
Survey my library. I study, whilst you two sleep,  
Marry, it is villainy.  
Here's a good book,  
Zarack, behold it well,  
It's deeply written for 'twas made in hell.  
Now Baltazar, a better book for thee,  
But for myself, this, this,

The best of all;  
 And therefore do I chain it every day,  
 For fear the readers steal the art away.  
 Where thou stand'st now?  
 There must Hortenzo hang,  
 Like Tantalus<sup>52</sup> in a maw<sup>53</sup> -eating pang;  
 There, Baltazar must Prince Philip stand,  
 Like damned Prometheus<sup>54</sup> and, to act his part,  
 Shall have a dagger sticking at his heart.  
 But in my room I'll set the cardinal, and he shall preach  
 Repentance to them all, ha, ha, ha.

**Phillip:** Damnation tickles him, he laughs again.  
 Philip must stand there and bleed to death.  
 Well, villain, I only laugh to see,  
 That we shall live to out laugh him and thee.

**Eleazar:** Oh! Fit, fit, fit, stay a rare jest, rare jest.  
 Zarack, suppose thou art Hortenzo now  
 I pray thee stand in passion of a pang,  
 To see by thee how quaintly he would hang.

**Hortenzo:** I am Hortenzo, tut-tut,  
 Fear not man, thou lookest like Zarack.

**Eleazar:** I Hortenzo; here, he shall hang here,  
 I'faith; come, Zarack, come and Baltazar, take thou Phillip's room.  
 First let me see you placed

**Phillip:** We're placed.

**Eleazar:** Slaves, ha, ha, ha, you are, but players,  
 They must end the play,  
 How like Hortenzo and Philip stand my two slaves,  
 Were they as black as you!  
 Well, Zarack, I'll unfix thee  
 First of all, thou shalt help me to play the Cardinal,  
 This iron engine on his head I'll clap,  
 Like a pope's mitre or a cardinal's cap,  
 Then manacle<sup>55</sup> his hands as thou dost mine.

---

<sup>52</sup> *Tantalus* - a character in Greek mythology who was 'tantalised' by the constant sight of food and drink which he could never reach.

<sup>53</sup> *Maw* - the stomach of an animal; the jaws or throat of a voracious animal; or the stomach of a greedy person

<sup>54</sup> *Prometheus* - this is a reference to Prometheus who stole fire from Zeus and gave it to the mortals. As a punishment, Zeus condemned him to hang from a mountain where each day an eagle would appear and eat a part of his liver.

<sup>55</sup> *To manacle* - to handcuff.

So, so, I pray thee, Zarack, set him free,  
That both of you may stand and laugh at me.

**Phillip:** It is fine i'faith, call in more company:  
Alvero, Roderigo and the rest,  
Who will not laugh at Eleazar's jest?

**Eleazar:** What? Zarack, Baltazar.

**Phillip:** Aye, anon, anon, we have not laughs enough, it's but begun.  
Who knocks?

**Eleazar:** Unmanacle my hands, I say!

**Phillip:** Then shall we mar our mirth and spoil the play?  
Who knocks within?

**Alvero:** Alvero.

**Phillip:** Let Alvero in.

**Eleazar:** And let me out.

*Enter all below.*

**Phillip:** I thank you for that flout,  
To let Alvero in and let you out.

**Eleazar:** Villains, slaves, am I not your lord the Moor and Eleazar?

**Queen Mother:** And the devil of hell,  
And more than that, and Eleazar too.

**Eleazar:** And devil's dam, what do I here with you.

**Queen Mother:** My tongue shall torture thee.

**Eleazar:** I know thee then;  
All women's tongues are tortures unto men.

**Queen Mother:** Spaniards, this was the villain,  
This is he who through enticements of alluring lust  
And glory which makes silly women proud,  
And men malicious, did incense my spirit  
Beyond the limits of a woman's mind,  
To wrong myself and that lord Cardinal;  
And that which sticks more near unto my blood,  
He that was nearest to my blood,  
My son, to dispossess him of his right by wrong;  
Oh! That I might embrace him on these breasts,  
Which did enclose him when he first was born.  
No greater happiness can heaven show upon me  
Than to circle in these arms of mine,  
That son whose royal blood I did defame,  
To crown with honour an ambitious Moor.

**Phillip:** Thus then thy happiness is complete,

*Embraces her.*

Behold thy Philip ransomed from that prison  
In which the Moor had cloistered him.

**Hortenzo:** And here's Hortenzo.

**Eleazar:** Then am I betrayed and cozened in my own designs?  
I did contrive their ruin,  
But their subtle policy hath blasted my ambitious thoughts.  
Villains! Where's Zarack? Where's Baltazar?  
What have you done with them?

**Phillip:** They're gone to Pluto's kingdom<sup>56</sup>  
To provide a place for thee and to attend thee there;  
But least they should be tired with too long expecting hopes.  
Come, brave spirits of Spain,  
This is the Moor, the actor of these evils,  
Thus thrust him down to act amongst the devils.

*Stabs him.*

**Eleazar:** And am I thus dispatched?  
Had I but breathed the space of one hour longer,  
I would have fully acted my revenge.  
But oh! Now pallid death bids me prepare,  
And haste to Charon<sup>57</sup> for to be his fare.  
I come, but ere my glass is run,  
I'll curse you all, and cursing end my life.  
Maist thou, Lascivious Queen whose damned charms,  
Bewitched me to the circle of thy arms,  
Unpitied die, consumed with loathed lust,  
Which thy venomous mind hath basely nurst.  
And for you, Philip, may your days be long,  
But clouded with perpetual misery.  
May thou Hortenzo, and thy Isabel,  
Be fetched alive by furies into hell,  
There to be damned forever!  
Oh! I faint, devils, come claim your right,  
And when I am confined within your kingdom  
Then shall out-act you all in perfect villainy.

*Dies.*

**Phillip:** Take down his body while his blood streams forth,  
His acts are past and our last act is done.

---

<sup>56</sup> *Pluto's kingdom* - Hades or the underworld

<sup>57</sup> *Charon* - in Greek mythology, is the ferryman of the dead

Now do I challenge my hereditary right  
To the royal Spanish throne, usurped by him.  
In which, in all your sights, I thus do plant myself.  
Lord Cardinal and you the Queen, my mother,  
I pardon all those crimes you have committed.

*Queen Mother:* I'll now repose myself in peaceful rest,  
And fly unto some solitary residence;  
Where I'll spin out the remnant of my life,  
In true contrition for my past offences.

*Phillip:* And now, Hortenzo, to close up your wound,  
I here contract my sister unto thee,  
With comic joy to end a tragedy.  
And for this Barbarous Moor, and his black train,  
Let all the Moors be banished from Spain!

*Exit.*

*Back matter*

**FINIS**