

My lord, for once you shall be ruled by  
me;  
Hinder me not, whate'er you hear or see.  
By force or fair means will I cast about  
To find the truth of all this question  
out. 40

Ho, Pedringano!

PED. Signior!

LOR. *Vien qui presto.*<sup>1</sup>

*Enter Pedringano.*

PED. Hath your lordship any service to  
command me?

LOR. Ay, Pedringano, service of import,  
And—not to spend the time in trifling  
words—

Thus stands the case: it is not long, thou  
know'st,

Since I did shield thee from my father's  
wrath,

For thy conveyance<sup>2</sup> in Andrea's love,  
For which thou wert adjudged to punish-  
ment.

I stood betwixt thee and thy punishment,  
And, since, thou knowest how I have  
favored thee. 50

Now to these favors will I add reward,  
Not with fair words, but store of golden  
coin,

And lands and living joined with dig-  
nities,

If thou but satisfy my just demand.

Tell truth, and have me for thy lasting  
friend.

PED. Whate'er it be your lordship shall de-  
mand,

My bounden duty bids me tell the truth,  
If case<sup>3</sup> it lie in me to tell the truth.

LOR. Then, Pedringano, this is my de-  
mand:

Whom loves my sister Bel-imperia? 60  
For she reposeth all her trust in thee.

Speak, man, and gain both friendship and  
reward.

I mean, whom loves she in Andrea's  
place?

PED. Alas, my lord, since Don Andrea's  
death

I have no credit with her as before,  
And therefore know not if she love or no.

LOR. Nay, if thou dally, then I am thy foe,  
[*Draw his sword.*]<sup>4</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Come here quickly.

<sup>2</sup> Trickery.

<sup>3</sup> In case.

<sup>4</sup> From 1602 edn.

And fear shall force what friendship  
cannot win.

Thy death shall bury what thy life con-  
ceals;

Thou diest for more esteeming her than  
me. 7

PED. O, stay, my lord!

LOR. Yet speak the truth, and I will  
guerdon thee,

And shield thee from whatever can  
ensue,

And will conceal whate'er proceeds from  
thee.

But, if thou dally once again, thou diest.

PED. If Madam Bel-imperia be in love—

LOR. What, villain! If's and and's?

[*Offer to kill him.*]

PED. O, stay, my lord! She loves Horatio

*Balthazar starts back*

LOR. What, Don Horatio, our knight  
marshal's son?

PED. Even him, my lord. 8

LOR. Now say but how know'st thou he  
is her love,

And thou shalt find me kind and lib-  
eral.

Stand up, I say, and fearless tell the  
truth.

PED. She sent him letters, which myself  
perused,

Full fraught with lines and arguments of  
love,

Preferring him before Prince Balthazar.

LOR. Swear on this cross<sup>5</sup> that what thou  
sayst is true,

And that thou wilt conceal what thou  
hast told.

PED. I swear to both, by Him that made  
us all.

LOR. In hope thine oath is true, here's thy  
reward; 90

But, if I prove thee perjured and unjust,  
This very sword whereon thou took'st  
thine oath

Shall be the worker of thy tragedy.

PED. What I have said is true, and shall—  
for me—

Be still concealed from Bel-imperia.  
Besides, your honor's liberality

Deserves my duteous service, even till  
death.

LOR. Let this be all that thou shalt do for  
me!

<sup>5</sup> I.e., sword hilt.

Be watchful when and where these lovers  
meet,  
And give me notice in some secret  
sort. 100

PED. I will, my lord.

LOR. Then shalt thou find that I am  
liberal.

'Thou know'st that I can more advance  
thy state

'Than she. Be therefore wise, and fail me  
not.

(Go and attend her, as thy custom is,  
last absence make her think thou dost  
amiss. *Exit Pedringano.*

Why, so: *tam armis quam ingenio.*<sup>1</sup>

Where words prevail not, violence pre-  
vails;

But gold doth more than either of them  
both.

How likes Prince Balthazar this strata-  
gem? 110

BAL. Both well and ill. It makes me glad  
and sad:

(Glad that I know the hinderer of my  
love—

And that I fear she hates me whom I  
love;

(Glad that I know on whom to be re-  
venged—

And that she'll fly me if I take revenge.  
Yet must I take revenge or die myself,  
For love resisted grows impatient.

I think Horatio be my destined plague.  
First, in his hand he brandished a sword,

And with that sword he fiercely waged  
war, 120

And in that war he gave me dangerous  
wounds,

And by those wounds he forced me to  
yield,

And by my yielding I became his slave.  
Now in his mouth he carries pleasing  
words,

Which pleasing words do harbor sweet  
conceits,

Which sweet conceits are limed with sly  
deceits,

Which sly deceits smooth Bel-imperia's  
ours,

And through her ears dive down into her  
heart,

And in her heart set him where I should  
stand.

<sup>1</sup> As much by force as by wisdom.

Thus hath he ta'en my body by his  
force, 130

And now by sleight would captivate my  
soul.

But in his fall I'll tempt the destinies,  
And either lose my life or win my love.

LOR. Let's go, my lord; your staying stays  
revenge.

Do you but follow me, and gain your love.  
Her favor must be won by his remove.

*Exeunt.*

[SCENA SECUNDA.

*The same.*]

*Enter Horatio and Bel-imperia.*

HOR. Now, madam, since by favor of your  
love

Our hidden smoke is turned to open flame,  
And that with looks and words we feed  
our thought

(Two chief contents, where more cannot  
be had),

Thus, in the midst of love's fair blandish-  
ments,

Why show you sign of inward languish-  
ments?

*Pedringano showeth all to the Prince and  
Lorenzo, placing them in secret.*

BEL. My heart, sweet friend, is like a ship  
at sea.

She wisheth port, where, riding all at ease,  
She may repair what stormy times have  
worn, 10

And, leaning on the shore, may sing with  
joy

That pleasure follows pain, and bliss  
annoy.

Possession of thy love is th' only port  
Wherein my heart, with fears and hopes  
long tossed,

Each hour doth wish and long to make  
resort,

There to repair the joys that it hath lost,  
And, sitting safe, to sing in Cupid's choir  
That sweetest bliss is crown of love's  
desire.

*Balthazar [and Lorenzo] above.*

BAL. O, sleep, mine eyes; see not my love  
profaned.

Be deaf, my ears; hear not my discontent.  
Die, heart; another joys what thou de-  
servest. 20