The Spanish Tragedie:
OR,
Hieronimo is mad againe.

Containing the lamentable end of Don Horatio, and Belimperia; with the pitifull death of Hieronimo.

Newly corrected, amended, and enlarged with new additions of the Painter's part, and others, as it hath of late been divers times acted.

LONDON,
Printed by W. White, for I. White and T. Langley, and are to be sold at their Shop ouer against the Sarazens head without New-gate. 1615.
SENECA
HISTORY OF TRAGEDIES, TRANSLATED INTO ENGLISH,

by Mercury nutritus, hona.

IMPRINTED AT LONDON IN Fleetstreet neere unto Sainte Dunstans church by Thomas Marti.

1581
Tamora dressed as Revenge, with her sons as Rape & Murder, in Utah Shakespeare Festival production of *Titus Andronicus* (2012)
Brutus & the Ghost of Caesar, engraving by Scriven after Painting by Richard Westall for Boydell’s Shakespeare Gallery (1802)
Banquo’s ghost: empty chair in 1983 BBC TV version
Ghosts & Posthumus, with vision of Jupiter, in *Cymbeline* (Ninagawa Production) / J H Fuseli, *The Dream of Queen Katherine* (*Henry VIII*), 1781
Richard III – Hogarth’s Garrick, with the ghosts in the imagination (or the position of the viewer) v Blake’s vision (note the Princes from The Tower at the bottom)
Come, poor babe:
I have heard, but not believed,
the spirits o' the dead
May walk again: if such thing be, thy mother
Appear'd to me last night, for ne'er was dream
So like a waking. To me comes a creature,
Sometimes her head on one side, some another;
I never saw a vessel of like sorrow,
So fill'd and so becoming: in pure white robes,
Like very sanctity, she did approach
My cabin where I lay; thrice bow'd before me,
And gasping to begin some speech, her eyes
Became two spouts: the fury spent, anon
Did this break-from her: 'Good Antigonus,
Since fate, against thy better disposition,
Hath made thy person for the thrower-out
Of my poor babe, according to thine oath,
Places remote enough are in Bohemia,
There weep and leave it crying; and, for the babe
Is counted lost for ever, Perdita,
I prithee, call't. For this ungentle business
Put on thee by my lord, thou ne'er shalt see
Thy wife Paulina more.' And so, with shrieks
She melted into air. Affrighted much,
I did in time collect myself and thought
This was so and no slumber. Dreams are toys:
Yet for this once, yea, superstitiously,
I will be squared by this. I do believe
Hermione hath suffer'd death, and that
Apollo would, this being indeed the issue
Of King Polixenes, it should here be laid,
Either for life or death, upon the earth
Of its right father.
Edwin Booth as Hamlet – painting by William Salter Herrick (Folger Shakespeare Library)
Bottom & Puck
(Pacific Northwest Ballet version, Seattle, 2008)

Ferdinand lured by Ariel
John Everett Millais
(1850)
More strange then true. I never may believe
These antique fables, nor these fairy toys.
Lovers and madmen have such seething brains,
Such shaping fantasies, that apprehend more
Than cool reason ever comprehends.
The lunatic, the lover, and the poet
Are of imagination all compact.
One sees more devils then vast hell can hold;
That is the madman. The lover, all as frantic,
Sees Helen's beauty in a brow of Egypt.
The poet's eye, in a fine frenzy rolling, doth glance
From heaven to earth, from earth to heaven,
And as imagination bodies forth the forms of things
Unknown, the poet's pen turns them to shapes,
And gives to airy nothing a local habitation
And a name. Such tricks hath strong imagination,
That if it would but apprehend some joy,
It comprehends some bringer of that joy.