A Critical Edition of the Turkish Tragedies

of Thomas Goffe

Volume II

David Carnegie
INTRODUCTION TO THE RAGING TURKE

Critical Introduction

Date

We have very little evidence for deciding when The Raging Turke was written. The quarto title-page says the play was "Acted by the Students of the same house [Christ Church]", and calls Goffe "Master of Arts"; these references suggest, as for The Couragious Turke, a date after the author got his B.A. in 1613 and before he left Oxford in 1622. On Bentley's theory that The Raging Turke is Goffe's first play and Orestes his second (see Introduction to The Couragious Turke), they would both have been written before the performance of The Couragious Turke in February 1618/9, and probably before February 1617/8, when Goffe was playing in Philosophaster. A possible line of thought emerges as follows: if we take Orestes to have been written in 1616-17, and Thomas Iles to have monopolized 1615-16 with his "ij comedies & one tragedie" already mentioned in the Introduction to The Couragious Turke, then The Raging Turke would probably have been written in 1614-15 or 1613-14.

The reasoning above is speculative, however; the play could be dated at almost any time between Goffe's going to Christ Church in 1609 and his move to East Clandon in 1622.
Sources

Knolles' *Generall Historie of the Turkes* is the principal source for *The Couragious Turke*; for *The Raging Turke* it is virtually the sole source. The entire life of Bajazet the Second is squeezed into the play, including most of the principal events of his reign.

Some compression has occurred, of course. In Knolles the important courtiers come and go to the extent that by the end of Bajazet's reign none of the early ones remains alive. Goffe omits many battles and campaigns, not to mention the entire eight-year reign of Selimus. (This emperor committed atrocities enough in that space of time to acquire within Europe the title of Selim the Grim. He was the subject of the play *Selimus* [1594] that was falsely attributed to Goffe in 1638). However, the murder of the poetically-inclined Corcutas and the idea of single combat between Selimus and Aschemates come from Knolles' history of the reign of Selimus.

Goffe has made some of the action more immediate. For instance, Bajazet himself stabs Aschemetes in the play, instead of ordering his death; Zamas flies directly to Rome and is more or less immediately killed, rather than following his historical peregrinations and ending up as a pawn in a series of conflicts between Bajazet, the Papacy, and Charles VIII of France; and it is hinted that the attack on Bajazet by the dervish, a mere incident in Knolles, is the
outcome of the spying activities of the dissatisfied Mahometes.

Almost every major event in the play, with the exception of the multiple ambushes devised by Chereegles and the death of Selymus, is reproduced from Knolles, though tightened to the form of something like a plot, or at least a coherent progression of events.

The book Bajazet reads in V.i.x is, as the marginal note says, Tacitus, and the lives mentioned indicate that Goffe was familiar with both the Annals and the Histories.

The reference to owls at V.x.175 is probably from Ovid (Fasti, 6.135 - 139), and it is altogether possible that much of the mythology of the play may have been drawn from his work.

Structure

The life of Bajazet is the essential structural feature of The Raging Turke. The episodic nature of the plot is not surprising when we consider how closely Goffe followed Knolles; what is more surprising, perhaps, is that there is any structure at all.

One can only view the play in terms of Bajazet and his reign. Of the other major characters, only Isaac and Chereegles play a prominent part from start to finish and even Chereegles is left out of the action for long periods. Bajazet spends most of his time fighting off the threat, real or imagined, of treason on the part of those about him, with Chereegles and Isaac playing good and bad angels. Ashmetes is the first major character killed, early in
Act III; James is disposed of later in the same act. Selymus, who has not really come to the fore until this act, receives most of the attention, with Achomates, from Act IV until their deaths in Act V. These centres of opposition become important successively, each one overlapping the others. Over it all broods the evil genius of Issaack whose predominance is challenged only by occasional opposition from Cheseogles.

The portrayal of Bajazet shifts as the history progresses; whereas at first he appears in a bad light, killing his faithful general and his sons, as his enemies become more real and sinister he appears more sinned against than sinning, and the loyalty of Cheseogles becomes pre-eminently praiseworthy.

The play is from first to last, a chronicle of kingship, of the evils it allows and the dangers that beset it. There is no other structure.

Characterization

This play has a very large cast. Inevitably, many of the characters are sketchily drawn, only a very few being presented in any depth.

As the title suggests, the principal character is indeed a "raging" Turk. The stage-directions indicate his entrance, "in fury" (III.ii.93.1, V.ix.66.1); Selymus sees his father, "furious... and raging hot" (V.v.104); and Bajazet refers to himself as "in
his frenzy" (IV.vii.20) and, "full stuff with choller" (II.viii.173). He twice attempts suicide (an unhistorical elaboration not found in Knolles), and seems distraught when he has no reason for anger, or even has positive reason for happiness. A certain contradictory element is introduced at III.ii.172-5 when Bajazet says in soliloquy that the murders, his attempted suicide, and his repentance in this scene have all been a sham:

straight to please
by friends, I play'd a raging Hercules.
Then to shut up the Scene, neatly put on
A passionate humour, and the worst was done.

Can he be both scheming and raging? At any rate, there is not much doubt that he is never satisfied: either before he comes to the throne, or as emperor, or after he has been deposed.

That Bajazet is cunning is shown by his successful defeat of most of his opposition, but his intelligence does not match the wiles of Ismael. He is easily flattered by his chief bassa and deceived to the extent of mistrusting and ultimately killing one of his two entirely loyal courtiers. Despite the emperor's personal bravery and military leadership, Ismael and Selymus succeed even in the face of his suspicion. Bajazet turns to the loyal Cherecogles too late to save himself from his inevitable doom. This prodigy of "fury" eventually dies, only to be replaced by a greater, Solyman.
The chief bassa has the intelligence and guile necessary for his role. In the first place, he has much better informants than Bajazet: he knows of Zemen's alliance, of the outcome of the battle, and of Achomates' slaying of the ambassador, all long before the emperor. He is always ready to change his tack, or to take advantage of new circumstances, and he is determined enough to carry on in spite of apparent dangers. His ability extends to persuading Bajazet through flattery to mistrust his most loyal soldier, and even to lulling the suspicions of Achmetes himself.

Isaack says repeatedly that his hatred of Achmetes stems from the general's divorcing his daughter (I.vi.1-10, II.v.4-9, 103-13), and Achmetes believes that this is true (I.viii.26-34). However, Isaack has told Mustapha earlier that he hates Achmetes anyway, and that he has refrained from destroying him solely on account of his kinship by marriage (I.iii.8-11). No doubt the divorce is a motive for Isaack's hatred, but the plot would be no different without it. Isaack is a schemer by nature. First he succeeds in getting Coroutus crowned, then concentrates on the downfall of Achmetes and Caigubus, subsequently turns to supporting Selymus, and finally tries to gain the empire for himself. His flattery, his plots, his aims are the product of character rather than of circumstances. He is a born villain; until his death, the play can reach no resolution.

Selymus too is a villain, but less subtle. He does not hide his ambition from anyone, and quarrels with his brothers from the
start. But he is capable of smooth talking when bribing the bussae,
when seemingly giving way to Chereogles about the "Hungarian wars",
and when begging forgiveness of Bajazet. Nevertheless, his nature
in this play justifies his historical name of "Selim the Grim".

Chereogles, steadfastly honest and trustworthy, is a Greek,
and presumably a Christian turned Turk as in Knolles. His origin
is not emphasized in the play, however. His role is necessary to
balance Ismael; and it is interesting to observe that Chereogles
is almost as persuasive a speaker as Ismael, though in almost every
other respect they differ enormously. Chereogles also has the
necessary cunning to lead Ismael (not to mention Achmetes, Selym,
Mustapha, and Mesites) to his doom.

Honesty and trustworthiness are personified by Achmetes also,
but he lacks the political virtue of success. His courage and
military ability cannot save him from court intrigue. In I.viii he
is very suspicious of Ismael; by the end of II.vi he has been entirely
lulled by a few flattering words; by III.ii he is dead.

The other characters are straightforward for the most part.
The play is not essentially one of character, but of incident. Even
the major characters are lightly drawn, and all have their
inconsistencies.

Language and Imagery

"By heaven and earth", exclaims Selym, with one of the
strongest of Moslem oaths, at II.iv.26; and it is indeed from heaven and earth that much of the imagery is drawn. The language is fierce and direct, demanding powerful and explicit images. Even when Bajazet is at his happiest at the beginning of IV.i, his vocabulary consists of such words as, "imprison'd", "smothing windes", "blast", "rip", "rockes", "smash", "piane", and "labouring". When he rages, he invokes all the fiends of hell.

Meteorological disturbances are prominent in speeches throughout. The sea is usually stormy, the land subject to all the fury of the elements: wind, rain, thunder, lightning, comets, and meteors. On occasion the sun is used as a symbol of power and splendour, but more often it is covered with storm clouds. Night and tempest are the predominant themes.

The horror on earth is paralleled in the references to Olympus and Hades. Pluto, Charon, and all the infernal paraphernalia are in evidence, including the famous tortures of the underworld. Above the earth it is Jove, Mars, and Bellona who dominate, with the pre-Olympian Titans. Only Coroutus prays to the Muses and the gentler gods, and little good it does him.

Selymus refers to the imperial crown as "a compleat heaven" (V.v.119), relating the cosmic pattern to the ornaments and trappings of an earthly crown. The fire of ambition inflames many of the characters in the play, leading them far beyond thoughts of mere terrestrial glory, but circumstances soon pull them firmly down to cope with the harsh worldly realities described throughout the play.
Images of wounds, blood, tombs, and death abound, death brought on by violence or poison, undignified, filthy, unexpected, and for the most part, unsung. As there are eighteen violent deaths in the play, the language is not unfitting. Nor are the frequent martial references to the noise of drums and trumpets and the clash of weapons.

The Raging Turk is full of just the language one might expect: vaunting, high flown, grim, and bloody. It is quite in character with almost everyone in the play, and with the title of the play itself.

Production

We have little evidence of the nature of the Christ Church production of the play referred to on the quarto title-page. The stage-directions suggest a very much simpler stage than for The Couragious Turk; there is no upper stage, no inner stage, no special effects. A very large cast is again necessary and there is very little scope for doubling roles. A very small cast member is also necessary to play the dwarf. Perhaps there was a dwarf at Christ Church at the time for whom the role was written.

As Goiffe spoke the prologue to Crestes himself, and probably acted Amurath in The Couragious Turk, it is possible he may have played Bajazet here.

So far as is known nobody has ever presented the play since its Christ Church production.
Textual Introduction

The Raging Turk (A.D.C. 11930, Greg 447) was printed in 1631 by Augustine Mathewes for Richard Meighen. The first entry in the Stationers' Register is dated 7th September 1631, in a double entry with Goffe's The Courageous Turk: "R. Meighen. Entred for his copy under the hands of S.F. Henry Herbert & S.F. Smethwicke warden a books called the Play of Amurath the Turke. / Idem. Entred for his Copy under the same hands a books called The Tragedy of Daisasen the second or the rageing Turke". On 7 November 1646 both plays were entered for their copy by Meighen's widow, Mrs. Mercy Meighen, and Gabriel Bedell. The Raging Turk was published in 1656 in octavo by Gabriel Bedell and Thomas Collins, together with The Courageous Turk and Goffe's Orestes, under the title Three Excellent Tragedies.

The 1656 second edition is a reprint of the quarto, though the statement on the general title-page to all three plays that they have been "carefully corrected by a friend of the Authors" seems plausible. There is no indication of fresh authority, however; at best there are some good guesses. As there have been no further printings, the 1631 quarto is the only substantive edition, and has sole authority.

The printer's copy seems to have been a transcript. In his

1 Throughout the present edition the 1631 quarto is referred to as 4°, and the 1656 octavo as 8°.
epistle dedicatory to Sir Richard Tichborne, Meighen says, "This tragedy, a manuscript, with another of the same authors, came lately to my hands..., and that he is publishing both "by the consent of his [Coffe's] especiall friend." The other manuscript is almost certainly The Couragious Turke, nor is it impossible that The Raging Turke was transcribed by the same person who apologises (in The Couragious Turke, "To the Author") for copying Amurath, though the seeming dissimilarity of copy makes this unlikely.

The nature of the text does not suggest authorial manuscript (there are too many errors in sense, despite the relatively clean text) or prompt copy (stage directions are insufficient, and lapses such as those at I.i.7, V.viii.79, and V.viii.82 would be impossible). There is no evidence contrary to Meighen's statement, and no reason to doubt that the printer's copy was in fact a transcript.

The 1631 quarto, collating A² B⁴ N⁴ O², was printed for the most part on two skeleton forms. One skeleton printed outer C, inner D and E, G, I, L and inner M and N. The other skeleton printed inner C, outer D and E, F, H, K, and outer M and N. The skeletons were combined for B and Q; there is no evidence for A. Copy must have been cast off for signatures F to L at least, as both inner and outer forms are printed with the same skeleton form. It may have been cast off for the other signatures as well, but there is no positive evidence.

A close examination of the text reveals that the printer's measure was the same throughout. The number of lines to a page is
nearly always thirty-eight or thirty-nine. There are many instances of cramped scene – headings and stage – directions but these do not make a consistent pattern by forms. Spelling tests reveal a wide variety of spellings, and several that at first suggest two compositors (e.g., blood/bloud, murder/murther, stroake/stroke); but again no pattern is evident. Examination of speech-prefixes, stage-directions, catchwords, and deformed or broken type is similarly unrewarding. So too has been the attempted optical identification of the first forms to be imposed\(^1\). The commercial version of the collimating lamp, available in the British Museum, was used on five copies of the play (BM\(^1\)-4 and HDP), but the paper is so soft and irregular that the examination was a total failure.

Thus there is virtually no evidence for specific conclusions about the printing of the play, nor any reason to suppose significant abnormality in its preparation. Composition seems to have been reasonably careful. There are thirteen variant forms, one with two stages of press correction, but eight of the forms have only one or two corrections in proof. All the mistakes are of the sort a proof-reader would correct; there is no evidence of reference to fresh authority, or even to copy. The author, of course, was already dead.

The present text is based upon a collation of the thirty-three known extant copies of the quarto, which are listed at the beginning of the table of press-variants.

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\(^1\) See Kenneth Povey, "The Optical Identification of First Forms," S.B., XIII (1960), pp.197-198.
THE RAGING TURKE
OR,
BAIAZET
THE SECOND.
A Tragedie written by THOMAS GOFRE, Master of Arts, and Student of Christ-Church in Oxford, and Acted by the Students of the same house.

Monstra fato, scelera moribus imputes
Det ille veniam facile cui venia est opus.

LONDON:
Printed by AUGVST. MATHEWES, for RICHARD MEIGHEN.
1631.
TO THE NO LESS

INGENIOUS THAN JEALOUS

favourer of ingenuity, Sir RICHARD

TICHBORNE Knight, and Barronet.

SIR:

This Tragedy, a manuscript, with another of the same Authors, came lately to my hands; He that gave them birth, because they were his Nugas, or rather recreations to his more serious and divine studies, out of a nice modesty (as I have learnt) allowed them scarce private fostering. But I, by the consent of his especiall friend, in that they shew him rather Oamius scenarum howe to his glory then disparagement; have published them, and doe tender this to your most safe protection, lest it wander a fatherlesse Orphan, which everyone in that respect will be apt to injure with calumnious censure. Now if you vouchsafe to receive and shelter it, you will not onely preserve unblemish'd the ever- [sic] living fame of the dead Author, but assure me that you kindly accept this humble acknowledgement of

Your most obliged and
ready reall Servant,

RICH. MAICHEN.

* TICHBORNE...and Barronet.] A*; TICHBOURN...&c. A2* [see note and appendix]
1 The body of the dedication is set in italics in A.
<table>
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<th>Character</th>
<th>Description</th>
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<tr>
<td>Cherecgles, Viceroy of Greece</td>
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<tr>
<td>Isaac</td>
<td>Nemesia.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Mestithes</td>
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<tr>
<td>Mustapha</td>
<td>Ambassadours.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Solyman, Selymus sonne</td>
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<td>Caigubus, Achometes sonne</td>
<td>Souldiers.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Alexander, Bishop of Rome</td>
<td>Nuncius.</td>
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</tbody>
</table>

*2 Mahometes] Mahometes Q
*4-5 Aramehamedes./Mahometes followers.] Aramehamedes, Mahometes/ followers. Q
6 Trisham] Trisham Q
*6-7 Jewish./Monke.] /Jewish Monke. Q
14 Caigubus] Caigubus Q
THE RAGING TURK;

Or the Tragedie of BAJAZET,

the second of that name.

Actus Primi, Scena Prima.

Enter Bajazet, Isaac with a Crowne in his hand, Mustapha with a Scepter, Meithen with a Sword, they Crowne Corcutus, youngest sonne to Bajazet.

Isaac. Let the world feel thee, and those Demigods,

Proud with the name of Kings, debase themselves

To honour thee, this Crowne commands as much He crowns him.

Wherewith I doe invest thy happy brow,

Happy indeed if that succeeding times

Shall set up vertue, so to lessen crimes.

Thus from the ashes of dead Mahomet

Is raised another Phoenix, great Corcutus;

Live equally adored; when Princes bend

To better courses, all their subjects mend.

Musta. Crowns make not Kings, nor can that glittering show

Perfect thine honour, take another signe Gives him the Scepter.

Of thy Imperiall dignity, 'tis thine.

That adds a God-like grace unto thy brow,
This binds due honour, prostrates every knee
Before thy throne; then live, and may that arm
Secure thy subjects from all forraigne harms.

Mesith. What seasoned knowledge, learnings prudent queen,
Bath blest thee with, must now initiate thee
In the pathes of warre; all studied Arts
Are but degrees unto some wished end,
And steps of hope whereby we doe ascend
Unto the top; and levell of our thoughts.
But Kings then prove most happy when they are
Watchfull in peace, and provident in warre.
These are their utmost ends, which that they may
O're-take, Art, and the sword, make fairest way.
The Muses mour'd thee up, and thou didst draw
The pleasant juice of learning from their breasts,
In thy first non-age; here then we bestow
The second helpe, to which good Princes owe
Much of their welfare; swords are the first ground
Of peace, and warre; they both defend and wound.
Thus are we vow'd to thee, let thy dread fame
Thunder amusement through the spacious world,
That when thou lifts thine armes, thy foes may say
Not Jove, but great Corcutus rules the day.

Corcut. Which that applause hath crowned, and with it
He'll ever spight of traytors joying sit

15 prostrates] that prostrates •
39 We'll] Will •
As now we doe; nor shall my watchfull care
Be wanting to you, whilst this subtill ayre
Feedes mine industrious spirits, I shall fill
The good with joy, by sutting of the ill
Corrupted ragges of men; Jove let me stand

An object in thine eye, when thy swift hand
Failes in the stroke of Justice; vertue returnes
From thy sad exile, I will purge the walls
From spotted vice, and make this Cittie free
To entertaine so faire a Queene as shee.

Then (Rappeas) I embrace what you have throwne
Upon me, and these signes of honour thus Give them backe.

We re-bestow; their power still stays with us.
Could this vast body of the Common-wealth
Stand fast without a soule, each man should see
I am not greedy of this dignitie,
This burdensome weight which some must undergo;
The gods are busied with diviner things,
And put Earths care into the hands of Kings. [Exeunt.]
Actus Primi, Scena Secunda.

After some clamors of applause, enter Chersogles and Achmetes at several doors.

Achmetes. And is Bajazet arriv'd?

Chersogles. So fame reports,

Yet how he doth digest Corbutus Raigne,
That everie Bird sings not; but sure with paine.

A Turkish Bajazet, and suffer wrong,
May for a time conceal his griefes, not long.

Eagles soare high, and soorne that shorter Plumes
Should reach the cloudes, which their proud wings can touch,
Corbutus must not raigne, to keipe the right
Due to his father, nor will he if he aught,

Later Isaac (and Mustapha).

Hee's learned, therefore just, Arts not allow
To were a Crowne due to anothers brow.

Isaac. Dar'st thou oppose his greatness? is not Greece
Already wrackt enough? have thy proud Towers
Reard up their loftie spires? which steep'd in blood,
Threw a reflex of red backs to the clouds,
And blushing at their owne ruines, are thy rude wounds
Already stopt, and is that day forget,
In which the Turkish Nayers Ottoman.
Yielded a sword of death within thy walls?

Charon grew weary with hurrying soules to hell,
Then threescore thousand Greeks in one day fell.

Chars. We know their force, and sad experience says,
Move not againe, Greece weathers still in blood
And every crackling thunder of the heavens
Speakes the shrill echo of the Turkish drummes,
Then are we drawne by you, so let it bee,
About these great affaires as you decree.

Achmetes. This phrase becomes the Greeks, submissive states
Must bend, the Conqueror must rule the fates.

Chars. And such are you, our vanquisht hearts must bend,
But bad beginnings have a fatall end.

I thinkes I see great Bajazet in armes,
Spreading his fearefull Ensignes in the ayre,
Like some prodigious Comet, wee may feare
Speedy revenge unlesse some quicke advise
Works a prevention of his future hate;
Tis he must sway the Scepter, or wee shall learne
A dreadfull defiance rattled in our eare,
Been strong in friends, and power, wee must descend,
To our just dutie, or our latest end.

Achmetes. Renowned Vice-roy, thy persuading thoughts
Have predevin'd most truely these effects,
And we applaud thy Counsell; let us three
Joyne our best strength, that these ensuing jarres
May be compos'd without the stroke of jarres:

Corwine is wise, and milde, and being so,
He hates the rumour of a publike fee.

Chera. Nobly resolv'd (Greece sings) if the event,
Prove but so happy, as honest the intent.

But stand aside, Bajazet is come.

Enter Bajazet.

Baja. Am I not Emperor? see that breaths a no,
Dummes in that negative sillable his soule;
Durst any god gain-say it, he should feel
The strength of fiercest Gyants in mine armes;
Mine angers at the highest, and I could shake
The firme foundation of the earthly Globe:
Could I but grasp the Poles in these two handes,
I'de plucks the world asunder; droope thou bright Sunne,
From thy transparant Spheare, thy course is done,

Great Bajazet is wrong'd, nor shall thine eye
Be witness to my hatefull misery.

Madnesse and anger makes my tongue betray,
The Chaos of my thoughts: under this brest,
An heape of indigested cares are press.

That is it that I doubt' through every joynt
Daunces a trembling ague, this dull blood,
That courses through my veins devines no good.

**Shouts of joy within.**

Ha, shouts of joy, at dead men's obsequies?
I'me in a maze of woes, what thou wilt throw
On as, Jove, let it come, i.e. stand thy blow.

**Chere.** Live happy Bajazet.

**Baja.** Happy in my fears,
That word sounds sweet in my distracted ears.
Happy in what?

**He turns aside to them.**

**Ashmetes.** In thy friends, that grieve to see thy wrongs.

**Baja.** My wrongs,
There sticks the string my thoughts did harpe upon;
But who hath wrong'd me in this high content?
The fates doe sometime frowne, yet blest th'event,
And sequel of our woes; it cannot be,
I should be thwarted in my jellity.
But if I can, unfold it — for the more
I know them not, the greater is my sore.

**Chere.** In that read all thy woes, take there a briefe,

**He gives him a paper.**

Contrast of all thinge ills, and lines of griefe.

**Baja.** How's this? my youngest sonne advanced to my seate.

**Corvusus Laperator, sure I dreame:**

82 next, 80; - 4, 0
These are but empty apparitions
Pain'd by the god of sleepe to vexe my soule,
Were they not so — ere this, blacke night
Had throwne her sable mantle ore the heavens
To hide me from my shame; but is it so?
I doe but flatter up my selfe, they are true
And reall griefes, my Passion sayes they are,

Isaac, Aehmathe, are they not?

Aehmathe.  Too true

Great Bajazet.

Baja.  Corcutus Imperator.  Reades againe.

Would I had seene thy name writ in the bookes
Of darke damnation, rather then these lines.

Creakt not mine eye-strings when I viewed this text?
See how each letter spreads abroad in pompe,
As if they scorn'd my teares, how I could dwell

On these two words, Corcutus Imperator.

Rither repaire, the watchfull paper worms
That scan old records ever to a line:
Here in two wordes imprinted shall you see,
The modell of a dolefull historic;

Vertue dishonoured, breach of filiall love,
Right shouldered out by wrong, nor can you faine,
A crime, which these two words doe not containe,

But now I rayle, not grieve: O niable ayre,
Let my plaints vanish as they spoken are,
Off with this womanish mildness, I will finde
A shorter tricke then this to ease my mind,
Pluto beware, I come to reign in hell, About to kill himselfe.
Fates bid me rule, and birth-right to exell.

*Chorus.* Stay Bajazet, that Arme can breake a path
Unto thy earthly Monarch, ere thou come
To bless the banke of sweete Elysium,
With thy wishte presence: Mahomet forefend
That thou should'st seale a Kingdome to thy sonne,
By this untimely death; Coroutus raignd,
But at thy better pleasure: when he shall heare
Thou art arrived, then he'll twixt joy and griefe,
Start from his throne, and nimbly runne to meete,
Thy pompe, and throw his scepter at thy feete:
If hee but alackes that duty here are by,
Ashmotes strong and bolds, Issacke and I,
Devoted to your service, yet the world stands
On wavering doubts, ready to clappe their hands.

*Bajazet.* My desires are crowne'd,
And from the gate of Limbo, where I sate
I feel my spirits knockes against the heavens.
Ashmotes? In that name I heare an ease

120 death;...raignes,] -,-,-,-,-, Q; -,-,-,-,- -0
Of all my griefes pronounced, he shall suffice
To banish usurpation from my throne,
Did furies guard it round, hee's able well
To reach my Kingdomes from the gripes of hell.

Achmetes. My sword, and life, both which are vow'd to thee,
Are still at thy command; walke but along,
Corcutus shall resigne, thou have no wrong.

Exeunt Bajazet, Cherecogles, and Achmetes, lanent Isaacck,
and Mustapha.

Actus Primi, Scena Tertia.

Isaacck. Death, and the furies plunge the obsequious slaves,
Would he have joyn'd with us, we would have kept
Corcutus high, and honoured, where he sits
In spight of a whole hoast of Bajazets.

Musta. We thinkes your power might have bin greater farre
Over Achmetes, one adict to you
By no lesse bond of dutie, then the somme
Is to the father.

Isaacck. Mustapha Ile tell you
Had not my daughter beene espoused to him,
I had nam'd his death, and by some plot
Worke't him a quicke destruction long e'r this;
Now let us temporize with Bajazet;
Yet keepe thy nature ever, and be true
To thine owne profit; Fortune may advance
Some other Prince, worth both thy love and mine.

Muste. Woe to thy leasure.
Izaack. See more Harpies gathered to catch a Crowne,
O tis a charming baite. Exit uterque.

Enter Mahometes, Achomates, Selinus.

Mahometes. Me thinkes these City walles smile on our entrance,
As if they knew great Bajazets three sonnes,
Were come to grace their beautie.

Sely. But we should frowne
On them which harbor such blacke treasons, Well,
Were I great Bajazet, I'de ring a noyse
Of nightfull horroure, that should make the ground
Tremble beneath their weight at such a sound:
A younger sonne enthron'd an Emperour.

Achomates. Brother containe your selfe, come lets away,
To see the end that waits on this sad day. Exit.

As they goe Trisham and Mahomet, two other Sonnes of
Bajazet goe to meete them.

S.D. Achomates] Achmetes Q
27 Achomates.] Achm. Q
Sely. What Mahomet?

Achomates. And Tringham? heere a sight

Of one mans issue, Noble Bajaget,

Brothers we have jumpt together?

Sely. All save one,

And hee's a great deale better so alone.

Tris. Corcutus t'is you means, who though he raigne,

Above us now, yet must fall backs againe,

Into our rancke, t'is Bajaget must rise,

And hee descend, such a report there flyes. Exeunt.

Actus Primi, Scena Quarta.

Enter Corcutus, Cheseogles, Mesithes.

Corcut. Did he not frowne, and storne?

Chere. It moved his much,

And wrought strange passions in him, when he read

Your name, and found your name so intituled.

Corcut. Cling to my temples thou blest ornament,

Be ever unremoved, though all the gods

Chide me in thunder for this insolence.

Am I in heaven? in state placed on the sphere

29 Achomates.] Achna. Q
Of eminence, but barely to appears,
With faint, and borrowed luster, then descend,
Hankt with the vulgar heads? first let me feel in,

The Titon vulture, or Ixion wheels;
And the worst torture hell it selfe can bring,
To scourge my soule, oh let me dye a King;
But stay, I must bethinke me at what rate,
I purchase these faire trappings; ha! the curse
Of him that got mee: start my daunted spirits,
Shall I usurpe a throne, and sit above
My father, whilst the gaping pit of hell,
With wide strecht jawes, yawnes for my fall;
O I am straunke with horror, and the slaves of Stix,
Already sting my wounded soule.

Chear. Will you faire Prince reject all future hopes
Of just succession, and affliet your Sire,
By your unjust detainment of his Crowne.

Corout. I am distracted, and I thinke I burne,
Under these robes of state; a boyling heats,
Runnes free then through my veins, Jovea hardy sonne,
When he bewrapt himselfe in Nessus shirt,
Felt not more bitter agonies, then I,
Cloath'd in the trappings of my Majestie.
I am resolved; Nessus, goe meete our father,
Allure him home with this; I am begun
To be no King, but a repentant sonne.

**Exeunt Mater thes and Chressegles.**

**Pallas** I ask thy pardon, I have strayed
A gracelesse treuant from thy happy schooles,
Whither I'le now returne; there is not a ranke,
Place, or degree, can sort us out true bliss.
Without thy Temple, there my dwelling is:
Amongst the Sacred monuments of wit,
Which Classique authors carefully have writ
For our instruction, I will wast my time;
So to wash out the spots of this sad crime.
Court honors, and you shaddowes of true joy
That shine like starres, till but a greater light
Drowne your weake luster, I adjure your sight,
Even from my meditations, and my thoughts
I banish your ensizing vanities,
And closely kept within my studie walles,
As from a cove of rest, henceforth Ile see,
And smile, but never tast your misery.
I but as yet am fleating on the waves,
Of stormy danger, nor am sure to scape
The violent blast of angry Bajazet.

33 S.D. follows 1. 32 in Q.
Blow faire my hopes and when I touch the shoare,
Ile venture forth on this rough surge no more.

Enter Bajazet, Chereogluous, Achmetes, Isaack, Mesithes,
Mustapha, Mahomet, Aathomtes, Selymus, Trisham, Mahometes,
Zenes disguised.

See where he comes, oh how my guiltie blood
Starts to my face, and proves my cause not good.

Our dutie to our father.

Baja. Ours to the Emperor.

Cordut. Why kneeles great Bajaget? I am thy sonne
Thy slave: and if thy wrath but frowne, undone.
Why kneeles great Bajaget, heavens hide thy face,
From these preposterous doings.

Baja. That, not ashamed To circle in thy brow with that bright Crowne,
Yet blush to see mee kneele? though filiall rites,
And morall precepts say the somne must bend
Before the Father, yet your high degree
And powre bide you rise, commands my knee.

Cordut. Those ornaments be thine, Here Bajaget
I Crowne thee Monarch of the spacious West,
Asia, and Africa; if ought be mine,

S.d. Mahometes] Mahomet' Q
Greater then these I here proclaime it thine.

Omnès. Live Bajazet our mighty Prince,
Live, rule, and flourish.

Baja. Is this your zeale? is it? did every voyce
Breath out a willing suffrage? I am crowned,
My joyes are fully perfect, and I feele
My lightned spirits caper in my brest.
Rise thou starre-bright mirroure of thine age,

To Coronutus kneeling.

By thee our iron dayes prove full as good,
As when old Saturne thundred in the clouds.

Be an example to succeeding times,
How sonnes should use their Parents: and I vow
(When I shall faile) this honour to thy brow.
Attend us Bassas, Ile lead on to joy,
Never was Father blest with such a Boy.

Exeunt omnès expect Corout.

Corout. Freed from a Princely burthen, I possess
A Kingly liberty, and am no lease
Princely; observance wayte on him; on me
Thoughts undisturb'd, I shall then happy be. 

exit.
Enter Zemas the brother of Bajazet alone.

Zemas. Scarc'e had I set my foote within these walls
In expectation of a solemne hearsse,
Due to the wandring Ghost of Mahomet;
But lowd alarms of abundant joy
Ring in mine eares, and every servile groome
Congratulates the Coronation

A shewt within.

Of Bajazet: barks how they roar it out.
A cold disturbance like a gelid frost
Settles my blood within me, and I hate
His cheerefull triumphes, more then mine owne fate.
'Tis true indeede, I prov'd not the first fruitez,
An elder off-spring of my Fathers breedes,
Yet was it so that Bajazet and I
Both tumbled in one woobe, perhaps the queene
Of womens labours doted at our birth,
And sent him first abroad, or else I slept,
And he before me stole into the world,
Must I then loose my glory, and be hurl'd
A slave beneath his foote? no, I must be
An Emperor as full as great as he.
Enter Issack alone.

Issack. Devore'd my Daughter? fond and insolent man,
I'll crush thee into nothing; if I can
Endure the noyse of my disgrace I know
How to return it; I am a flame of fire,
A chafing heat distempers all my blood.

Achates thou must soole it; when thy limbes
Are emptied of that moysture they succe in,
And thy stain'd blood imbanted from thy veins.
Then shall I be appeased, meane while I live
Thy mortall foe: But stay, let me containe
Mine anger undiscovered. Friend how is't? 10

Enter Mesithes.

Mesith. Know you not Issack?

Issack. What?

Mesith. The flight of Zemess

Hence to Armenia.

Issack. Of Zemess?

Mesith. Yes he walkt
About the Citie disguis'd, and unseen
Till his escape.

Issack. Tis strange and full of fears.
besith. He meet his frequent in the vulgar mouth.

Isaacok. James is valiant, and Armenia strong,

Here's Bajazet, he must beware the wrong.

Enter Bajazet.

Baja. What is it thou murmurest, Bajazet and wrongd?  
Something it is thou knowest concerning us:
Take thee faire leave, and speake it.

Isaacok. Yes I know

matter of weight, such as concerne thy life.

Baja. Such as concerne my life? Speake out thy tale,
We are so fleast in joy, bad newes proves strange,
And touch my sense too harshly.

Isaacok. But you must heare.

Your brother Zemes, when swift winged Fame
Told him your father Mahomet was dead,
Flye quickly hither first to celebrate
His funerall pompe, then to assume his State,
His Crowne, and Scepter: which he rightly knew,
Unto your hand, and head, both to be due.
But when applausive joyes, and peales of airth,
Sounded loud Musique in his troubled cares,
Of you enthron'd; then he began too late
To brawle at heaven, and wrangle with his Fate.
So he went hence and eried; revenge be mine:

quake thou great Citie of proud Constantine
At my fierce anger, when I next return,
With cloudes of misty powder, I shall choake
Thy breath, and dull thy beauty with it's smoake.
Thus posted he hence to Armeniae King,
There to implore his ayde, which he will bring
To front thy power: nor doth he yet dispaire,
To dispossease, and fright thee from thy shaire.

Bele. First from my body shall he fright my soule,
And push me into dust. **Isaac** make haist
To muster up our forces, strike up our Drummes,
Let them proclaime destruction through the world.
Cleare up your dusty armour, let it cast
Sush an amazing lustre on the Fee,
As if **Bellona** dance'd on every crest.
The bright summe of my glory is eclipsed,
Till **Zeus** be extincte: he must not shine
To dull my beams, since the whole heaven is mine.
Call forth **Asmeotes**, his unconquered armes,
Shall keepe us safe from this intended harme.

**Isaac.** My Liege, you have forget **Asmeotes** oath,
In which he vowed never to draw his sword

---

41 Thus] 8°; This 4
49 Cleare] stat 3; Cleaen [?]
57 Asmeotes] Archmeotes 4
In your defence.

_Baja._ I had forgot it,

But now I remember, such was the vain

Heat of my youth, but I recall again

What ever I protested, tell him so.

Rash words must be dispensed with.

_Ignacek._ Then I goe. _Exit._

_Baja._ My Father once in ordering of a Camps,

Preferr'd me to be Captaine of a wing,

So when the Battailes joyned, and life and death

Were strugling who should winne power of our breath,

Our Armies prov'd the stronger; onely my guide

Fail'd, and a base repulse fell on my side;

At which my Father storm'd, and in my place

Seated _Achmetes_, for which black disgrace,

I vow'd a swift revenge, even by his shame

That were mine honour, to redeem my fame;

Which when _Achmetes_ heard, he deeply swore,

Never with wit and strength to guide me more.

But now he must, see where he comes, and arm'd.

_Enter Achmetes._

What strange device is plotting in his braine?
Honor'd Aohmetes.


Baja. Thine arm must then uphold my Royalty.

Thy lyes thy valour, prostrate at our feetes,
When like fierce lightnings it should runne and meete
My harness like a rooke unmov'd? oppose
The course, and headlong torrent of my foes.

Aohmetes. I am a man of peace, mistake me not.
I made a vow, nor can it be forgot,
Till you revoke your oath.

Baja. Which here I doe,
Great Mahomet be witnesses, that I mean
Sincerely what I speake, Aohmetes now

Gives him his sword agains.

We're friends, and thus I nullifie my vow;
Heavens on this concord lend a gracious smile.

Aohmetes I have plac'd thee in my bosom,
Gave thee an honour'd title in my love;
And of as lasting constancie, as is
The summe which lookes so cheerfully on this.
Goe fit the Janizaries to the warres,
Kindle new fire of valor in their breasts,
Thou art their Genius, even the breath they draw,
Rayse then thy plumes, and keeps thy foes in awe.
Achmetes. Stood there a Pluto at thy citie walles,
And with a band of furies had besiegd Thy people, I would conjure them away,
And send them backe to hell: so thou shalt stand As fast as in the skyes, under mine hand.

Baja. I am Crowned in thee, nor can I fall,
Whilst such a valour breathes within our wall,
Zemes depose me? hee must be more strong,
Then Mars, that can doe Bajaget that wrong. Exeunt.

Actus Primi, Scena Septima.

Enter Zemes, and the King of Armenia.

Arme. Wee hate thy brother, therefore lend thee ayde,
'Tis not our dutie to expostulate
Thy right unto the Crowne, on to your warres,
Thrive in your projects, I shall joy to see
A quarrell fought twixt Bajaget and mee.
Ile second thy encounters, and we two
Like the two Roman thunder-bolts of warre,
Will with the flashes of our fierie swordes
Keeps their compose d rankes, that they shall stand
Agast, to see two Scipios in one band.

Zemes. Thankes great Armenian King, and when I am
Wheel'd to that height, which now my brother holdes,
I shall requite these benefits, and vow
That kindnesse, which I can but promise now.

Arms. Come let's away, our armies are well set,
Ready to march, now tremble Bajazet.

Exeunt.

Actus Primi, Scena Octava.

Enter Aehmetes in his Generalls coate, and Caikubus his
sonne.

Aehmetes. Caikubus, publike dangers call me forth,
And I must leave thee now unto thy selfe
My sonne, thou seest unto what height of fame
we are amended, yet the sumne shnres clesre,
And not one dusky cloud of discontent
Dimmes the unspotted brightnesse of our joyes,
Not Bajazet is more belov'd then I:
Such strict observance is there shew'd to me,
By all that know my worth, and heare me nam'd,
As if I grasp't Jove's thunder in my hands:
By all my hopes, I feare some tragick's sease
Will trouble our calme fortune. Sonne beware,
The top of honour is a narrow plot
Of ground, whither we have already got,
'Tis brittle, and uncertaine, if thou tread
One careless steppe aside, thou fall'st downe dead,
The shute from thence is sleepe, and underneath,
Ruine gapes wide, thy body to receive.
Stand firme Caius: though thou start'st not away
Yet blasts of envy often force aside
The weariest footsteppe: these, where e'r they shall
Blow strong, will make them stagger if not fall.

Caius. I shall forget to sleepe, to breath, to live,
Sooner then these thy precepts, they are fixt,
And printed in my thoughts.

Achmetes. Enough, no more,
That Isaac Bassa trust him not too much:
I have divers'd his daughter from my bed,
For her adulterate loosenesse, hence, hee hides
A masse of fretting ranchor in his brest,
Which he hath varnish't yet, and gilded e're
With coloured shewes of love, but he is false,
And subtle as a Serpent, that will winds
Into thy brest, stinging thee ere thou finde
Or once suspect his hatred; I must away,
Trumpets sound.

Hasty alarms call me hence, thus, and farewell,
Envy grows greater, as our states exroll.

Caius. Father, adieu.

Exit. Exit.
Actus Secundi, Scena Prima.

A dumb show: Enter James, and the Armenian King, Trumpets and Ensignes, Souldiers passe over the stage, and in a solemn march, exeunt.

Actus Secundi, Scena Secunda.

Enter Bajazet, and Trisham and Mahomet, his two sones.

Baja. Already marcht so neere, James makes haste
To death, as if he long'd our wrath to tast.
Trisham, and Mahomet, it concernes you now,
To flie hence niably to your Provinces;
James is come too neere us to escape,
He cannot flye the ground whereso he treads,
But through your countreys; hast then, if the wars
Cracke not his thread of life, his flight will bee
There you may intercept it; if we presume
Only on bold Achemes, and our selves.
In beds of downes supinely sleepe at home,
James may escape the tempest of our wrath.
Then we hope best, when each event we see,
Thwarted with their preventing policies.

0.3 march, exeunt.] march. [space] exeunt. 2
1 makes] make Q
9 there] when Q
Tris. Doubt not our hast and truth, he shall as soone
Breake through the fiery fabrick of the skies,
As through my Provinces.                        Exit.

Mahomet. Through hell as soone as mine.        Exit.

Baja. Goe, I have done my part; Mars and my fate
Give faire successe to my designed plot,
And Zenes is intrapt, already dead;
That hand secures me that strikes off his head.   [Exit.]

Actus Secundi, Scena Tertia.

Enter Achmetes, Cherseogles, Mustapha, Mesithes, drummes
and Trumpets.

Achmetes. The battell will prove great and dangerous,
But were their number double more then ours,
The justice of our cause bids us goe on,
And like a cheerefull drummes strikes panting feare
From every brest. Father, lead you the vangard;
The reare-ward be your charge; the right wing yours;
My selfe will guide the left, this day shall crowne
Your valour in full pride, Zemes must downe.

Enter Zemes, Armenia, two Captaines.

Zemes. Time hath outstript our hast, our foes doe stand,
Waving their golden plumes, as if the gods,
Were come to meete great

Their armies planted, and a distilling cloud,

Hovers above their heads, as if it wept,

At their approaching fate. Armenia's King

Leade you the vanguard; under your command

The reareward shall march on; the Phalanse

Be your care; brave Captaines, as we're inform'd

Achmestes rules the left wing of our foe,

Ile rule the right wing of ours, so when I meete,

Him in his pride Ile prostrate at my feete.

Arms. Our men are ordered, Zemae leads the way,

The skies looks duskie blasse on this sad day. 

Exeunt.

Trumpets sound to the battale; duske shews in skirmishes,

one of Zemes Captaines and Chereagles assest, Zemes

Captaine prevails, his second and Mesithes assest, Mesithes

retires, the King of Armenia and Mustapha assest, Armenia

prevails, and pursues the battale. Enter Achmestes with

his sword.

Achmestes. Great Queen of chance; but do I call on this

Unconstant Stepdame? Do thee propitious Mars,

Rough god of warre: steale up this wearye arms,

And put a ten fold vigor in my bones;

17 care;] - q  Q
20 my] his Q
What shall Achmetes fall, and in his losse,
Great Bajazet be wrong'd? It cannot bee.
Death comes to wound thee Zemas, I am bee.

As he goes out, the King of Armenia meets him, they
fight, Achmetes makes his retire from the stage, and
pursues him in his furie, enters againe at the one dore,
Zemas at the other, they meete, drums and trumpets
sounding.

Achmetes. Zemas?

Zemas. Achmetes? Opportunelee met,
Here staggeres all the fortune of the field,
This hour must bless me, and a single fight
Purchase thee honor, and to see my right:
Honour to thee, to die by Zemas hand,
My right to me, an Empire to command.

Achmetes. Brave Prince, I more lament thy case than can thy
That runnest with such madnessse on the edge
Of desperate ruines: thou art but young and weak,
Manhoomes soft blossomes are not fully spread
Upon thy downy chinne; but ziper yeeres
Have settled the compacture of my joynts,
And they are strongly knit: 'twill vexe my soule
In the cleare mornes of thine up-rising hopes,
To wrap thee in a fatall clouds of death.
Submit thee to thy brother, thou shalt finde
me thy true friend, him mercyfull and kinde.

_Zemes._ Submit? Had I a right to _Jove's_ high Throne,
And stood in opposition of his power,
Should all the gods advise me to submit,
I would reject their counsell; much more thine.
Guard thee _Achmotes_, I thy stroke abide,
I cannot gore thy Prime but through thy side.

_They fight and breath: fight againe._ _Achmotes_ takes away
_Zemes_ sword.

_Zemes._ The day be thine, and _Zemes_ stand thy Fate;
Strike home, I've lost the day, and life I hate.
_Achmotes_. Have at thee then.

_Offers to run at him with both swords._

_Not stirre? Now by my sword_

Thou shalt have fayrer play before thy death:
Take backe thy sword, in that I recommitt
My forfeit to thy charge, thy life with it.

_They fight againe, and Achmotes wounds him on the head._
_Zemes_ falls.

_Zemes._ Oh! held thy conquering hand, and give my soule
A quiet passage to her rest; my blood
Beginnes to wast, and a benuming cold,
Freezes my vitall spirits: Achmetes goe,
Tell Bajazet that thou hast alaine his foe.

Achmetes. Farewell, brave sonne of Mars, thy fame shall stay
With us, although thy soule flit hence away. \[Exit.\]

Zenon. I have not lyed, Achmetes thou hast alaine,
My hopes, and therefore me; my wounds are shallow,
But my state desperate: Ha! what shall I doe?

Arymenia's king is fled backs to his home,
Cold entertainement will attend me there;
The field is emptie, every man retir'd,
Oney a few dead carcasses, and I;
Then whither shall I bend my steps? to Rome?
To Rome then let it bee: Bishop I come,
Th'art a religious thing, and I will trust,
My life to one so innocently just. \[Exit.\]

Actus Secundi, Scena quarta.

Enter Mahometes, Achmetes, Selymus, three of Bajazets sonnes.

Sely. Indeed we may be thought upon in time:
Then there be Countries more then there be men,
We may get some preferment: sit at home
And prove good boyes, and please our father well.
My thoughts are two unbridled, Bajaget, aside.
I neither can, nor will endure thy surfe,
My comprest valor like a strangled fire,
Breakes out in violent flames, and I must rule.

[To them] Triham and Mahomet are alipt in hast
Each to their severall Province, we must stay,
That are their Elders, for another day;
This Court will prove our scaffold, where we stand
Place't in the eye of angry Bajaget:
Who thwarts him in his fury is but dead,
And in that passions heate, off goes his head.
I must not live thus.

Mahometes. I could bee content,
He feares not death, whose thoughts are innocent.

Sely. I thanks you brother, then belike some crimes
Lye heavy on my conscience, and I feare,
Unless I shift my station, 'twill be knowne;
You thinke well of me kind Mahometes.

Mahometes. As well as of a brother I can thinke.
If by a rash applying to your selfe,
My words have beene distastfull, blame not me.

Sely. Can I applie them then unto my selfe?
Am I so loose in manners? By heaven and earth,
Thou shalt repent this deeplie.

Aghometes. Stop that oath,
Brothers agree, or walke hence but along
Into my garden, where each springing hearbe
Smiles on my faire content, there you shall see,
How flowers of one stocks, so twisted are,
One in the others twinings, that they shew,
One stands by th'others helpe, both joyntly grow;
These shall suffice your quarrels to remove,
And dumsb examples teach a lively love.

Mahometes. Come let us goo.

Exit Mahometes, and Achomates.

Sely.

Straight I will follow you.

Away fond wretches, oh that every breast
Were of so dull a temper as you two.
But who came's heere?

Enter Coreutus.

Brother Coreutus whither are you bent,
What from the Court so scene?

Coreutus. My father bids,
I goe to undertake the charge, his love
Bath throwne upon me; That's rich Ionia.

Sely. You goe to rule there?

Coreutus. Yes.

Sely. Heavens speed you well.
Corea. "Farewell Selymus adieu."

Selymus. Brother farewell.

Revenge on you three furious twintees of night,
Ascend up to our theater of ill,
Lunge my black soul twice in your Stygian flood,
That by it's vertus it may be consume'd,
And harder'd against remorse: Pluto enrich
My breast, with a diviner pollicie,
Then every trifling braine can reach unto;
Ile fill the world with Treasons, and my wit
Shall put new traits to death: Charon shall see,
His waftage still in use by companion,
Sent thither by my care, oh 'twill doe well,
To blast the earth with want, and furnish hell. Exit.

Actus Secundi, Scena Quinta.

Enter Isaac Basset.

Isaac. Tush, vertue makes ten fools, Isaac be wise,
Shake off the tender fetters of remorse,
And hugg that chance that opens thee the way

Exit Basset.] Bajazet 0
To ruinate Ashmetes: did he stand
On termes of conscience, neighboor-hood or love,
Then he cashierd ay daughter from his house,
And to the world's broad eye, opened her crime?
No: he was swift and bitter in his hate,
And so will I; he is but now return'd
In Triumph from the field, as full of pride
As I of envy, hence Ile ground my hate.
When fierce Bellona sail'd on Bajazet,
Amidst the fiery tumults of the Warre,
She offered James to Ashmetes hand,
They fought, Ashmetes conquer'd, at his footes
Fell the proud rebell, wounded, but not alaine;
There might Ashmetes with a blow of death
Cut off our feares, continued in his breath:
This shall incense the angry Emperor,
And crush Ashmetes in his fairest hopes.
True polititians worke by others hands,
So I will by the Prince, my plet stands firme:
See where he comes; now sly Mercurius, what
My tongue, to kindle hate in Bajazet.

Enter Bajazet.

Baj. Isaac how thriv'd Ashmetes in his Warres,
Fame is of late growne dumbe of his renowne,
Surely unwelcome newses clogs her swift wings,
else had she now bin frequent in our Court;
And we had fully knowne the chance of all.

Isaac. We had, yet could not the event,
lie so conceal'd, but Isaac found it out,
Which when I first discovered, straight it wrought
Tempeats of passions in me, joy and grieu.
Raign'd at one instant in the selfe same breast.

Bajaz. As how?

Isaac. As thus. I joy'd that Zeus fell,
Was sorry he escap'd.

Bajaz. Fell and yet escap'd?

Isaac. Beneath Achemen feete the traytor fell.

Bajaz. And yet escaped, good Jove how may this bee.

Isaac. Thus it might be, and was so; when sad death
Was glutted with the ruine of each side,
When slaughtring Mars had stain'd the field with blood,
And cast a purple colour o'r the earth,
At length some milder providence desir'd,
An end of those hot tumults that were seen,
To last in Zenes breath; so that their fire
Would be extinct, when Zenes should expire.
Then from the middle skirmish forth were brought
He and Achemen; being met they fought,
Zemes was vanquish't by a violent blow,
Which strucke him trembling lower then his knees;
Now whither flattering, or present gifts
Redeem'd him from his fate I cannot show;
Something they plotted, what, none yet can know.

Baja. Canst thou advise me Issacck how to sound
The depth of all his mischiefe.

Issack. Thus you say,
He being come from Zemes overthrow,
And yet luke-warme in blood, and full of joy,
You say in way of honour and free mind,
Call him this night to banquet: them being set,
When the hot spirits of carried healths,
Have spoyl'd his wit of smooth and painted tales,
And wine unlockt the passage for the truth,
Bid him relate the manner of his warre,
The chances and events; then when he comes
To Zemes, if he erre about his flight,
His ends are bad, his bosome blace as night.

Baja. Thou art my good Angel, Issacck I applaud
Thy faithfull plot; Aghmescoe were thy soule
As darke as hell, and thy enclosed thoughts
As subtill as a winding Laberinth,
By such a guide as can remove each doubt,
And by a quill of threed, I'de tracke them out.
But Issaacke, if we trappe him in this wiles,
How shall we kill the traitor? We have a tricke,  
Already strange to catch him in the nicke.

_Izazz_. Easily thus: our lawes allow a custome,
Not us'd of late, yet firm still in effect,
And thus it is; when there doth breath a man,
Direfully hated of the Emperour,
And he in strictest severitie of right
Cannot proceed against him, then he may
Orew homeless him in a robe of mourning blacke,
Which we have sal'd deaths mantle; that thing done,
The man thus us'd, is forfeitted to fate,
And a devoted sacrifice to him
When he had er'st offended, neither can
Strength or intreatie, wrest him from his death,
Both which are treason, and inexpiable.
Thus then you may proceed, when banquets done,
And all their somicks merriment runne on
To the last scene, and every man expects
A solemn gift, due to Ashmotes worth,
Call for a robe therewith to decke your friend,
And perfect all his glory; let that bee
This robe of fate, in which ready at hand,
You may intoabe the traitor, and bewrappe
His pampered body in a vail of death,
So let him dye, dreams not on the event,
Vice is rewarded in it's punishment.

Baja. I will be fierce and sudden, Isaac invite Achmetes to a feast; he dies this night. Exit Bajazet.

Isaac. I shall: would not a private warning serve
But open penance must correct my child,
And a severe divorsement quite degrade
Her of her honoured Matrimoniall rights?
Were he as strong, as steel-like joynted Mars,
As much applauded through our popular streetes,
As er'st Dictator Fabius was in Rome,
Or great Augustus, yet the slave should feel
The wrath of an inflamed father light
Heavy upon his soule, and that e'r the next sunne
Appeare: Achmetes all thy glorie's done. Exit.

Actus Secundi, Scena Sexta.

Enter Achmetes, and Caigubus his sonne.

Caigus. I fear'd your safety and devoutly prayed
The sword of justice, which your hand did sways,
Might be of conquering force.

Achmetes. Thy prayers were heard
And I am here as safe as I went forth,
Untouch't by the rough hands of desperate warre,
Nor did I once spie danger in the field,
But when I fronted James, then there met
Two streams of valor; sith on us was set
The chance of the whole combat, others stood
Expecting which of us should loose his blood;
But heaven was just, and to compose the strife,
This sword at one sad blow tooke thence his life.

Caius. The heavens were just indeed, but who comes here,
Isaac, Mesithes, and Bajazeta three somes.

Enter Isaac, Mesithes, Mahometes, Achmetes, Selymus.

Achmetes. They come to gratulate my late success,
I see their errand fouled in their smiles,
How cheerfully they looke upon my joyes.

Ommas. All happines attend Achmetes.

Achmetes. Thanks noble friends, how fares the Emperor.

Isaac. Well by your guard, and he hath sent us now,
All to invite your presence to a feast,
We must be frolike, and this following night,
Shall Crowne your joy with revels and delight —
Or else deprive thy soule of that good light.       Aside.

Achmetes. We must be froliks Captaines, thinks not then
On my loud drummes, and staring trumpeters,
Such whose strong lungs roare out a bellowing voyce,

8 valor;] -, Q
Would make a man daunce Antick in the fire,
Wooele have a choicer musique, and my feete,
Shall tread a neater march, then such harsh straines
Can teach them, with more pleasure, and lesse paines.
Since it hath pleas'd the Emperor to grace
Our slender merrits thus: we shall be there,
To taste his bountie.

__Mesith.__  Wooele lead on before.

__Achmetes.__ Ile follow you.

__Iseack.__  We'r to returne more.  __Aside.__

___Exeunt omnes, nanent, Achmetes, and Gaigubus.__

__Achmetes.__ I am happy above envie, and my state,
Not to be thwarted with injurious fate,
I could disburden all my jealous thoughts,
And shake that currish vice suspition, off
From my sincere affection; I have wrong'd
Sure I have wrong'd thee Iseack, thy chaste love,
Cloakes not intended mischief, blanks deceit
Cannot lie hid under so pure a white,
But it would cast a coloured shadow out,
Through such a slender vayle; thy generous thoughts,
Nourish no base detraction; thy free love,
Thy profest actions say, t'were no just fate
That good mens deedes should die by ill mens hate.
Caïn. Pray heaven they doe not.

Achmesta. Fear not, I am guest

To Bajazet, expected at the feast.

Actus Secundi, Scena Septima.

Enter Bajazet, and Chersonesus.

Baja. The day's farre spent, is not Achmesta come?

Chera. Not yet great Emperor.

Baja. Vice-roy of Greece, say now there were a man

Whom my mind honored, and I should command,

To cloath his body in a suite of gold,

Studded with gems, worth all the Indian shore,

Durst any tongue gainsay it?

Chera. Surely no.

Baja. What if I hated him, and should command

To wrappe him in a sable coloured blanke,

And sentence him to death?

Chera. Then he must die.

Baja. My thoughts are troubled.

Chera. What should these questions meane,

Abrupt demands, one to confound the other?

My liege, your guests are come.
Enter Achaeus, Ismaack, Mahometes, Achiomates, Selymus, Mesithes, Caigubus.

Bajza. Blest be the houre in which I see Achaeus safe return'd; Bring in our banquet soouldiers: boyes kneele round,

Enter a banquet, all kneele.

A ring of braver lads more blest the ground, Supplie us here with nectar, give it me; Takes the cup.

Achaeus, noble warriour, beer's to thee, A health to thy blest fortunes, it shall runne A compleate circle ere the course be done.

Achaeus. My dutie bids me pledge it. I returne Good health to Ismaack, and in this we'l drown All conceale'd enmities.

Ismaack. Jove split me with his thunder, if my brest Harbour one bad thought, when this draught is past.

And so I greet thy somme! health to Caigubus. Drinkes.

Caigubus. Mahometes the turne lights next on you. Drinkes.

Mahometes. Ile pledge it freely, Viceroy her's to you. Drinkes.

Chers. Achiomates, to you I must commend The welfare of Achaeus in this cup. Drinkes.

Achiomates. To you Mesithes, thus I prove my love. Drinkes.
Kesim. Yong Prince I doe commit this health to you. Drinks.

Sely. I am the last, be prodigall in wine,

Fill up my bowle with Nectar, let it rise

Above the goblets side, and may it like

A swelling Ocean flow above the banokes,

I will exhaust it greedily, 'tis my due. Drinks.

Omnes. Weele drinke with Bacchus and his roaring crew.

Baja. Already done, so quickly runne about,

One health to me; faith sith you are set too't,

Hear's a carouse to all.

Omnes. Weele pledge it round.

As they drinke round, Bajazet riseth and speaks aside.

Baja. 'Tis the last draught to some, or I shall faile,

In mine intendments. Let a foe escape?

When he was trampled downe beneath his feete,

There must be treason in it; how my blood

Boyles in my breast, with anger; not the wine

Could worke such strong effect; my soule is vext,

A chafing heat distemper all my blood,

Ashmutes thou must coole it: when thy limbes

Areemptied of that moisture they sucke in,

And thy stain'd blood unchannel'd from thy veins,

Then shall I be secure: a quiet rest

Shall rooke my soule asleepe; 'tis thy last howre,
must set a period to my restless fears.

To them] What are you merry friends? drink on your course,

Then all arise: and now to consummate

Our happy meeting, and shut up our joyes,

Discourse Achætes of your finish't warres;

After an age of woes it proves at last

A sweete content to tell of dangers past.

Let's know your whole events.

Achætes. Great Emperor

Scarse had the rosie day-starres through the East,

Display'd her silver colours through the heaven,

But all the watchfull soldierrs ready arm'd,

Dim'd her pale cheeckes, with their transparent steel,

And added lustre to the dull sight mornes;

So stood we in full pride till the bright Sunne

Climing the glassie pavement of the skies,

Rous'd the slow spirits of the backward foe,

And urg'd them to the field; at length stept forth

Homes, in all the trappings of his state;

And like a well-taught Hector, rang'd his troupes,

Into their severall orders; all prepar'd,

Titan being fearfull stept behind a cloud,

Last when he saw our limbs bath'd all in blood,

And purple streames gush from our wounded breasts,

63 through] set] from $8^0$ [possible confusion with line 64]

77 gush] gush't 4
Like water from their springs; he in a feare
Should be eclips'd, or startle from his sphære.
The ayre was thicke and dimme, our armies joyn'd,
The skirmishes grew hot, and angry Mars
Inthron'd upon the battlements of heaven,
Left either side to tugge with their owne strength,
Till their oppressing multitude bore downe,
The justice of our cause, and our whole side,
Not daring to withstand, scorning to flye,
Stood trembling on the utmost brinkes of hope;
Then the propitieus Gods singled me out
Zemes, the life and spirit of our foes:
We met and fought, such was my happy fate,
That at the first encounter Zemes fell,
And I disarmed him; when in proud contempt,
He spit defiance in the face of death,
Open'd his brest, and dard me to the streake,
Whereby I might have sent him hence to hall;
But I in admiration of his worth,
Arm'd his right hand once more and bad him fight;
Chance did direct my sword upon his head,
He fell before me, and cry'd, Ashmotes hold;
I'me wounded to the death, and Captaine gee
Tell Bajazet that thou hast alaine his fee.
I left the dying Prince, our warres were done
And ceased with him, by whom they were begunne.

Isaack. The plot has tooke.  

Aside.

Baja. Treason by Mahomet.

I left the dying Prince.

Isaack. Pursue the project.

Baja. Worthy Ashmataes,

Well we may give, but not reward by gifts; 
And thanks, but not requite thee; I would hate 
That liberality which would abate 
The worth of the receiver; thy true fame, 
Outstrip the length of titles, and a name 
Of weightie honour, is a slender price, 
To grace thy merits with; as for a voice, 
To crown thee after death, thou art the choice, 
Of everliving glory; on thy crest, 
Is her abode, and when the latest rest 
Of nature, hath betrayed thee to thy grave, 
Then shall she print in characters of gold 
How brave a man thou wast, how great, how bold; 
Though we be dumb, yet shall the world uplift, 
Thy name, and thou shalt live without our gift. 
Yet thy blest fates, have not created thee 
So clearly Godlike, but some other chance, 
May crown thy greatness, and thy high renowne 
The envy of some God may shoulder downe,
Then thus weele make thee happy, future events
We'r shall oppresse thy worth: nor envious chance
Blot thy ensuing fame, Aehmetes know,
Death an immortall gift, we thus bestow.

He casts a gowne of blacke velvet upon him, called the
mantle of death.

Gaigu. Treason, treason. O my Father treason,
Helps Janizaries. Excurrit.

Baja. Stop the furious youth. Exeunt Bassaes.

Bring in an Heads-man. Traytor, Zomes dead?
He lives to see this hand untwince thy thread.

Enter seven or eight Janizaries with swords drawne.

What means this outrage?

Janiz. 1. Cruell homicide.
2. Ungratefull wretch.
3. Tyrant.
4. Meeke hils in's guts.

Circle him.

5. First let his owne hands take that Mantle off.

Baja. Helps! Treason! I am slaine.


Is not thy Guard about thee.

Baja. Hean'd in with death? My friends beast me round
Not to preserve my life, but murder me.

Blush you pale heavens at this abhorred fact,

That they may see their crimes, and be ashamed

Of this unheard offence: Valiant Janizaries,

Sheath up these weapons of rebellion,

Print not that ugly sinne upon your brow,

Let my free pardon woe you to submit.

Keeps your allegiance firme.

Oanes. Ha, ha, ha, ha.

1. One word more damnes thee.

2. How pretily he began to talks.

3. Of sinne and pardon. Bajaget behold

Here stands a man milde, honour'd, gracious,

Valiant, and faithfull; gentle in command,

At home belov'd, and fear'd amongst our foes,

Yet hath thy hand of cruelty assay'd

The hated murder of so deare a friend;

Blush you pale heavens at this abhorred fact,

That he may see his crimes, and be ashamed

Of this new bloodinesse. Wicked Bajaget

These admonitions fit the teacher well.

Baja. But heare me speake.

4. First set Achesthon free, then speake thy fill.

Baja. What shall I be compell'd?

5. And quickly too.
6. We cannot brooke to see him stand thus cloth'd.

   Baja. Your anger will have way. ACHMETES goe.

   Takes off the Mantle.

There take him. They have say'd thee from this woe.

   Exeunt showing and leaping.

Pernicious villaines, they have crost my plot;

'Twas intercepted ev'n in the last deeds:

   What should ACHMETES meane thus to ingrosse

The best affections of my Janizaries?

Will he defraud me of my Crowne and life?

My life I weigh not; but to loose my Crowne

Were to be sentenc'd to a hell of woes.

I am full stuff with choller. Slavish Peasants!

Held I a sword of power in mine hand,

I would disjoynt them pesse-meale; can I not?

   Am I not Emperour? men call me so:

A reverend title, empty attributes,

And a long page of words follow my name,

   But no substantiall true prerogative.

   Enter Issac.

   Issac. Good heath to Bajazet.

   Baja. Indeed that's nothing, since your counsell fail'd.

   Issac. Use your best patience it may be regain'd.

Affection in your stubborne multitude
Is a prone torrent not to be withstood.

Were you as sacred as their household gods,

Yet when you thwart the current of their will,

They'll break the bands of duty, and prophan

That holiness to which they bound their thoughts.

Mine eyes are witness with what lively joy

They bore him through the streets upon their necks,

Offering the use of their best strength.

Baja. No more.

I am already gone. Why did not then

His proud ambitious tongue bid them go fetch

My Crowne, and with quick speeds disrobe a wretch?

'Twas in his power: we are distracted Isaac.

Lend us thy wholesome counsell to prevent

My ruine, and their dangerous intent.

Isaac. Mine is a blunt advice, and depe in bloud:

To cut off those base Peasants that withstood

The force of your decree.

Baja. To cut them off?

I do thinkes I see my selfe yet circled in

With their revengefull swords, hal cut them off?

Could I but curse the Trayters from the earth,

Or were my doome pronoun'd but of effect,

I'de rattle such new torments in their ears,

Should stagger their high courage; but my feares
Strangle my furies, and my envious fate
Forceth my tongue to flatter, where I hate.

Isaack. Here lyes the safest course to rid these griefes;
Give out you'll goe to warre, so to enlarge
Your territories; and to this end fetch home,
Those warlike Souldiers plac'd in Garrison.
Let them remaine without the walls; at last,
Then things shall fit your purpose, leade them all
By night into the Citie, and in one stroke
Strike off so many thousand perjur'd heads,
As shall amaze posterity to heare,
How many lives redeem'd thee from thy feare.

Bajaz. The weighth of all mine honour leanes on thee,
That or some neerer course shall quell the pride,
Of strong Achmetes, and confound his side.

Actus Secundi, Scena Octava.

Enter Zemes and Alexander Bishop of Rome.

Bish. If your intents be vertuous, and desire
Of eminent place quite banisht from your thoughts,
My house shall be your Castle; that I denie
My men and Armes to ayde you in your broyles,
Think it kinde usage: shoulde my Holinesse
Feed your ambition, and make strong your hand
Against your brother, 'twere to light a brand
Of flaming hot discretion, and to set
The world in a combustion: all would then
Quarrel by my example: No sweet Prince

Rome, holy Bishop must not so transgress.
If you will dwell within my sacred roosse,
Settle irregular Passions, and begin
A quiet life; repentance wipes out sin.

Zanze. My waxen wings are melted, I will soare
Against the sunne, through such thick cloudes no more.
The middle Region shall contains my flight,
Your counsaile swayes my wishes, my late deedses
Were full of sinnes: now let my brother know
Zanze repents; (and that's the greatest wo.)

Bish. To mans aspiring thoughts, how sweet is hope
Which makes them (like Camelions) live on ayre
And huggs their slender plots: till coole dispayre
Both so bennaume his thoughts, that he falls dead
From his sublime height, and his lofty head
Which leaveld at the skies, doth drop below
His humble feetes; this hath experience taught
In that mans head-long ruine, whose proud thoughts
Aym'd at the Turkish Diadem; but now crosse Fates
Have forc'd his stubborne heart to bow.

Enter a Messenger.

What speakes your entrance?

Messenger. Health to Rome's Bishop.
And Peace from Bajazet, who commendeth his love
With this his Letter, and expects from you
Gives his a letter.
A gracious answer.

He reads the Letter.

Bish. Let Rome's die by an untimely death,
Else for our love you shall provoke our hate.

Hee's not our brother, but our hated foe;
And in his death you shall prevent our woe.

Returne our service back: tell Bajazet
That he hath given in charge — shall by my hand
Be carefully dispatcht.

Messenger. Good peace attend you.

Bish. Imperious Turke,

As I not Gods Vice-gerent here on earth,
And dar'st thou send thy letters of command?

[30 heart] 8°; Fates 2 [likely a confusion with line 29]
34.1 Hee...Letter.] Q prints as part of line 34
40 charge — | —; Q, 8°
Or speaks to me in threatening menaces?
It grates my patience to obey this monster,
Yet must I murder [James]; what do I know
whether my fathers soule did trans-migrate
Into his breast or no? Be dumbbe remorse,
The Turke is great and powerfull, if I winne
His love by this, t'will prove a happy aimse. [Exit.]

Actus Tertii, Scena Prima.

Enter Sylamus alone.

Sely. Am I so poore in worth? still kept so low?
Was I begot only to live and dye,
To fill a place, move idlyly to and fro
Like other naturalls? Unseemly life,
The world shall take more notice of my fame,
Shall I with the venom'd sting of warre,
Deface the beauty, of the universe.
Fosteritie shall know, once there did breath
A Sylamus, a mostall diety,
A man at whose blest birth the planetes wail'd,
And spent their influence to create a boy,
As brave as Greece e'r hatched, or Rome, or Troy.

Enter Isassak.
Heer's Issack Bassa, hee's already mine,
He courts my father, but intends for mee,
And furthers all my counsells; Noble friend,
How stand our hopes?

Issack.   Great Sir, most happily,
The Bassaes murmure at Aohnetes wrong;
Seize on their wavering love, their breasts are ope,
To him that first will enter ther's free scope;
Drop downe thy franke affection in their hands,
To bribe is lawfull, and 'tis strongly prov'd
By good examples: Otho ne'r was lov'd,
Till he had bought the souldiers, that once done,
Galba grew out of fashion; so must wee
Addict them to us by a gaine-full fee:
Give freely, and speake fairely; I'lle be gone,
Stay here, the Bassaes will be here anon.   Exit.

Sely. I shall observe thy precepts,

Enter Mesithes.

Mesithes welcome,

How fare you in these dayes of discontent?
My dutie bido me aske, and wish you well;
I have beene long a barren debtor to you,
At length I say prove thankfull: weare my love,
'Tis yours without refusal, a slight gift, Gives him a ring.
Yet your looks tells me, 'twill help out my drift. Aside.

Mesith. This courtesy exceeds my weak deserts
Sweet Prince, but when occasion calls me forth,
To help you, I'm devoted to your worth.

Sely. Your kind acceptance of that recompence,
Binds me more strictly to you.


Sely. So one hath took, see where another comes:
Enter Mustapha.

All health to Mustapha.

Musta. Thanks gracious Prince,
Your gentle pardon for my boldness Sir.

Sely. Command my pardon, and commend my love
To thy bright daughter: tell her I admire
Her virtuous perfection; let that chaine Gives him a chaine.
Make me remember often in her mind.

Musta. When my weak strength, or wealth shall stretch so far, As to continue —.

Sely. No Cynicke complement, good Mustapha.

Musta. Then I returne you thanks. Exit.

Sely. Health follow you,

And honour me; here is a third at hand.
Enter Asmehemides.

Sely. Continuance to your health Sir.

Asmehem. Thanks gentle Prince,

Please you to use my service?

Sely. Yes, thus farre.

Spend me that purse of gold. 

Asmehem. 

Sely. But to deserve your kindnesse, and avoid The hated censure of ingratitude.

Asmehem. This is your liberall vertue not my deeds, But you shall find me thankesfull.

Sely. So I hope;

Three steps are trod already to a Throne,

And I am rich in friends; these profferd gifts

Conjure observance from their servile breasts:

Oh powerfull gold, whose influence doth winne men with desire for to engender sinne.

Issaack Bassa?

Issaack. Even the man you wisht;

What, did the golden lure worke good effect?

And make the Bassass stoupe unto your minde?

Sely. Words are but empty shadovses, but if deeds Answeres their words, we cannot doubt their faith,

They stoupe beneath my feete, I seeme to be
As true as Jove, but sly as Mercurie,

Enter Mesithes.

Here comes Mesithes muttering backe againe,
But step aside and we shall know his mind.

Mesithes. But he is cruell, bloody, and his pride
Unsufferable great — .

Sely. Ha?

Mesithes. Proud Bajazet,
Thou hast usurped a title, thy descent
Could never reach unto, thou wrongst the world
Since thou detain'st the Crowne, which heavens decree
Due to a better brow, thou art defam'd
With Tyranny and wrong, but Selymus
Is void of blemishes as truth of lies;
Bad stocks must be cut downe, the good must rise. [exit.]

Sely. He daunted me at first, but now I find
The golds bright lustre made his judgement blind,

Mustapha comes.

Enter Mustapha.

Mustapha. Fortune hath wheel'd me up above the starres,
Under a Monarch Ile not sell my hopes:
Bold Selymus Ile second thy designes,
And thou shalt Queene my daughter, that being done
With nine owne splendor Ile eclipse the Sunne. [Exit.]

Sely. I'ist so? A while Ile feede thy ayrie hopes
Then dash thee into nothing. Heer's a third.

Exer Ammehemides.

Ammehem. A purse of gold? I can untie the knot,
The close enigma say's, I would be King.

Brave Selymus I like thy aswering thoughts,
Worke out thy projects, thou canst never need
Or ask my helpe, but thou art sure to speed. Exit.

Sely. What we resolv'd, stands firme, but the event
Be scan'd when pleasure serves; weale now prevent
My brothers hopes, and by a sudden fate
Unto their lives and dayes give equall date,
To compass a blest end: now we beginne:

Jove hath offended if it be a sinne
To throw a father downe; Saturne did dwell
Once in the heavens, Jove threw him downe to hell.

#102 beginnes] - A Q
[Actus Tertii, Scena Secunda.]

Enter Bajazet and Achmetes, hand in hand, Chereogles, Mesithes, Mustapha, Mahometes, Achomates, Trizham, Mahomet, Asaphemides.

But stay. Achmetes, and our fathers friends?

Baja. Achmetes I have injur'd thy deserts, subbornd accusers, wrong'd my credulous ears; And my rash censure undervalued much Thy noble spirits, when it first condemn Them of intended treason; rense thy soule In the dull river of oblivion, We halt beneath the burthen of thy hate, Thinks my mov'd anger made me hot and wild, I cannot sleepe till we be reconcil'd.

Achmetes. The gods neglect my welfare here on earth, And when I shall put off this mortall load, Let me be out-law'd from the Court of heaven, If in this bosome there lye hid one thought That doth not honour Bajazet.

Baja. Wee know — Thy vertues make us happy; valiant Sir,
Thy feete once more must tred a warlike march,
Under our fearefull banner, thou shalt pace
Even to the waules of Rome, there dwells our foe,
Where our halfe Moone rear'd in the middle camp,
Like a distempered meteor in the ayre,
Shall strike amazement in the elciestred monkes
And shake the prelates miter from his head,
Till he yeeld Zemes up alive or dead.
When we have mov'd thee from thy Januaries,
Thou shalt not travell farrer.

Isaac. A subtile tricke

And well pretended, I admire thy wit.

Achmetes. Let us march hence, and Bajaget shall know,
How little I befriend my Prime's foe,
Ile cast a ring of scoulders round about
The waules of Rome, if Zemes scape themse out,
Cut of my breath: he that's deepe in blame,
Must hazard boldly to regaine his fame.

Tib. What means our father, noble Bajaget,
To wrcke untinsely horres through the world;
Demolate ruines, publike discontent
Have printed deepe impressions in our path;
Danger and feare scarce emptied from our towne,
The shaken members of our common wealth,
Yet stagger with their wounds; when discord shall
make but a second breach, they faint and fall.

Mahomet. Short peace hath charm'd your subjects all asleep,
And throwne a quiet slumber o'er their eyes,
Whilest with a sweete restorative she heales
Their Martyr'd jointes, and wipeth out their scarres.
Writ on their bosomes by the band of warre;
Zemes is safely cloystred up at Rome,
The prelate dares not ayde him, all the gods
Saille on the entrance of triumphant peace,
Mar lies fast bound, nor can she works our pains
Unlesse we loose the fury from her chaines.

Baja. Our sonnes instruct us? Must your pregnant wits,
Crosse my command? Beastes prepare for warre,
And since your grave discourse argues a will [To Trinham and Mahomet.]
To stay at home, you shall; weele lay you up,
Where no loud echoing drums shall breake your sleepe;
Even in the bowels of your mother earth
I will intombe you: Put them both to death.

Zemes. What meanes great Baja?

Baja. To murder you,
Unlesse you strangle them.

Ambo. But heare us speake.

Baja. Step up the dammed passage of their throat,
Or you are all but ghosts. What, sure you friends?

Isaac and Selimus, a garter;

Twist me that fatal string about his necks,
And either pull an end, Strangle Trizham.

Neither.

Joyne force with me, by heaven y'were best make hast,
Or thou art shorter liv'd then is that bratte.

Tugge strongly at it. Strangle Mahomet.

So; let the bastard droppe,

We have out-liv'd our tutors: dunghill slaves,

Durst they breath out their Stoicks sentences

In opposition of our strickt command?

Sely. So: things run well along, and now I find

Joye heares my prayers, and the gods grow kind.

Efax. Did not I send these to their Provinces

To hinder Zames flight? and did not they,

Dejected bastards, give him open way?

Mine anger hath become just.

Chyes. None doth deny't;

You may proceed in your edict for warres,

And make Azmotes generall of the campe.

Efax. It is enough; Azmotes goe to hell, Stabs him.

The devils have rung out the passing bell,

And looke for thine arrivall. Shend me slaves. Execute campe.

They fly before my breath like mists of ayre,
And are of lesse resistance, Ile pursuie.

Achmetes. Oh! I am slaine, Tyrant thy violent hand,
Hath done me pleasure, though against thy will;
'Had I as many lives as drops of blood,
I'de not outlive this hours: flye hence vaine soule,
Climbe yonder sacred mount, strive upwards, there;
There where a guard of starres shall hemme thee round,
Build thee a safe tribunall — I am gone —
Oh tragique crueltie — behold — the end
Of two right Noble sommes — one faithfull friend. Moritur.

Re-enter Bajazet in fury.

Baja. Have all forsaken me? and am I left
A pray unto my selfe; did all their breath
Passe through his organs? and in his sad death,
Have I abruptly crackt the vitall thread
Of all my Bessas?

Achmetes groanes.

Nay, where am I now?

In some Gehenna, or some hollow vault,
Where dead mens ghosts sigh out their heavy groanes:
Resolve me Mahomet, and ridde me hence,
Or I will apoyle the fabricke of thy tombe,
And beate away the title of a God.
Do'st thou not move? a trunke? a stocks? to die
Is to put on your nature, so will I.

Offering to stab himself, Chereumus, Deistes, Mustapha,
Mahometes, Achomates, Selymus, Asmohemides, interrupt him.

Otho. Hold, hold, and live.

Baja. How come these bodies dead?

Pilii. Father, it was your selfe.

Baja. Let me revoke

My wandring sense, Oh what a streame of blood

Hath purg'd me of my blacke suspition,

Two sondes, one valiant Captaine hence are wrought

By sines owne hand, to cure one jealous thought,

As 'tis, they are the happier, I out-live

Them whom I wish to fall, onely to grieue:

Beare forth their bodies; Bassetts carry them out.

we were curst in this,

And shall intoabe with them much of our blisses,

Indeed wee had resolv'd to spend this day

In things of more solemnities, lesse wee.

Now our more wished counsell shall begins

And better deeds weigh up the scales of sinne.

Amsias is a province rich and strong.

Achomates it is thime, keeps it as long

105.2 Mahometes] Mahometes Q
113 fall,...grieues] ---grave, Q
119 better] bitter Q
*121 Achomates] Mahometes Q
As I have power to give it; go, provide
For thy conveyance, at the next fayre tide.

Achomates. Farewell deare father. [Exit.]

Baja. Worthy some adiew.
The love my deade sonnes wanted, falls to you,
As an hereditary good.

Sely. Then we

May vail our heads in blacke, no mourners be.

Baja. Mahometes, thy worth
Deserves some trophies of our love,
Which to let slip unmention'd, were to add
To this blacke day, a fourth offence as bad;
Govern Manesia, now the people stand
Disfurnish't of an head, let thy command
Be great amongst them, so; make speedy hast.
Honour stayes for thee.

Sely. Now the stormes are past. [Aside.]

Mahometes. Father adiew. Exit.

Baja. Mahometes, farewell.

Sely. Now to my lot, I thought 'twould me'r a fell. Aside.

Baja. Now Selymug, wee know thy hopes are great,
And thine ambition gapes with open jaws.
To swallow a whole dukedom: but young Sir,

We dare not trust the reins of government

Into the hands of Phaeton. Desire,

Rashly fullfilled, may set the world on fire;

Greene youth, and raw experience are not fit,

To shoulder up a Kingdom's heavie weight,

Mixe wit with stay'd discretion, and spend

Wild yearnes in study; then we doe intend

To settle more preferment on thy head.

Then thou can'st hope for.

Sely. Wilt thou envious dotard [aside.]

Strangle my greatness in a mishing hole?

The world's my study Bajagut, my name

Shall fill each angle of this round-built frame.

Exit.

Baja. I know he grumbled at it; but 'tis good

To calme the rebell heat of youthfull blood

With sharpe rebukes.

Enter a messenger.

Messen. Health to the Empour.

Baja. What will your message?

Messen. Duty first from Rome,

Commanded by the Bishop to your service,

With a firme promise to dispatch your will

What ever it imploied, and would but stay

Till times swift circle should bring forth a day
Secure for the performance. Exit.

Bajaz. 'Tis enough.

Thanks for your care. This was to murder Zeena.
Warre with the Bishop? 'thad beene pretty sport,
I knew my powerfull word was strong enough
To make him doe my pleasure: simple Priest;
Only I us'd it as a trick, to send
Achmetes from the Citty and his friends;
But Fate so smail'd upon me, that I found
A shorter means his life and hopes to wound,
With my sententious sonnes, that when my foe
Fled through their Province, finely let him goe;
Which being wholly finish'd, straight to please
My friends, I play'd a raging Hercules;
Then to shut up the Scene, mostly put on
A passionate humour, and the worst was done.
But who comes here?

A dumb show.

Enter Mahometes with store of Turks, he as taking his
leave, they as ceremoniously with great humblenesse,
taking their leaves, depart at several dores.

I like not this. Mahometes believ'd
So dearly of the Companalty: ha!

177 Mahometes. Mahometes 4
Hec's wise, faire-spoken, gently qualified,
Powerfull of tongue; why hee's the better sonne,
Not to supplant his Father, I dislike
The prodigall affection throwne on him
By all my subjects, I belyed my hopes
When I presum'd this day had freely rid
Me of my worst vexation: I was borne
To be a Jade to Fate, and Fortunes scoffe,
My cares grow double-great by cutting off.

Actus Tertii, Scena Tertia.

Enter Caigubus Aesmaetus sonne.

Caigub. If ever man lov'd sorrow, wisth to grieve,
Father I doe for thee. Could I deprive
My senses of each object, but thy death,
Then should I joy to sigh away my breath:
Be Godhead to my griefe, then shall these eyes
With tributary teares bedeck thy shrine;
And thus I doe invoke thee: niable Ghost
What ever orbe of Heaven, what ever coast
Affords thee present mansion, quickly thence
Flit hither, and present unto my sense
Thy selfe a feeling substance, let me see,
Acknowledge and admire thy Majesty.
Put off that ayry thinnesse which denies
me to behold thee with these duller eyes,
Then shall they sending downs a powerfull floud,
Hence thy colde members from each drop of bloud,
And so returnes thee back, that thou may'st soare
Up to the skies, much purer then before.
Had the just course of nature wrought thee hence,
I would have made the gods know their offence,
And backe restore thy soule: but thou art dead,
And 'twas a fiercer hand that clipt thy thread.
Fiercer, and bolder, which did ever thrive
By mischiefe, and once coffinde thee alive
Up in deaths mantle, but then would not use
Such open violence, nor durst abuse
One of such sacred worth, till fury struck
His reason dead, and made his treacherous hand
Creepingly stab thee, both unseene and foule,
As if he would have stelme away thy soule.

Enter Isaac.

But oh!

Isaac. But oh indeede!

Gaigus. Why what?

Isaac. As bad

A stroke attends thee as thy Father had:
Princes suspition is a flame of fire,
Exhal'd first from our manners, and by desire
Of rule is nourish'd, fed, and rores about
Till the whole matter dye, and then goes out.

Caigu. Unfold a Scene of murders: Fates worke on,
Wes'le make a path to Heaven, and being gone,
Downe from the lofty towers of the skies
Throw thunder at the Tyrant; will he press
The earth with weight of slaught'red carcasses?
Let him grow up in mischiefe, still shall her woes
Gaping, reserve for him an empty toome.

He doe but tread his path; and Basce since
It stands upon thee, now to cure thy Prince
Of his distemper'd lunacie, goe fetch
The instrument of death, whilst I a wretch
Expect thy sad returns.

Isaac. I goe; and could
It stand with mine allegeance, sure I should
Imploy my service to a better end,
Then to disrobe the Court of such a friend.

Caigu. He that is judg'd, downe from a steepy hill
To drop unto his death, and trembling still
EXPECTS one thence to push him, such a slave
Doth not deserve to live, nor's worth a grave.

Then Lachesis, thou that devid'at the thread
Of breath, since this dayes Sun must see me dead,  
Thus I'lle prevent thy paine, thus I'lle out-runne  
My Fate; and in this stroke thy works is done.  

_3tabs himself._  

Eternall mover, thou that whirl'at about  
The skyes in circular motion, hears me out  
What I command, see that without controle  
Thou make Heaven cleare, to entertaine my soule,  
And let the nimble spirits of the ayre  
Print me a passage hence up to thy chaire,  
There will I sit, and from the Asure sky,  
Laugh at obsequious base mortality.  
Vanish my soule, enjoy, embrace thy Fate  

_3tabs himself._  
Thus, thus thou count'st above a Tyrants hate.  

_Dies._

_Enter Isaack with executioners._

_Isaack_. We are prevented; see the fates command  
False deeds must dye, though by the Actors hand.  

_Returns to Bajazet, and hears that corpse._  
So now I am alone, nor need I fear  
To breath my thoughts out to the silent ayre;  
My conscience will not heare me, that being deafe  
I say joy freely: first thy hated breath  

_Achmetes vanisht, next Calycbus fell,  
Thus we slime Thrones, whilst they drop downe to hell._  

The glorious eye of the all-seeing sunne,
Shall not behold (when all our plots are done)

A greater Prince then Selimus; 'tis hee
Must share with Jove an equall Majesty.
But for my selfe his Engineer I'lle stand,
Above mortality, and with a hand
Of power, dash all beneath me into dust,
If they but oourse the current of my lust.
What I but speake, 'tis Oracle and Law,
Thus I will rule and keeps the world in awe.

Enter Selimus, Mesithen, Mustapha, Ammehemodes.

Sel. Noble assistant.

Isaack. Happy Selimus.

Sel. 'Tis thou must make me so, for should I stay
Wainting my Fathers pleasure, I might stand
Gazing with envie at my Brothers pride,
My selfe lying prostrate, even beneath their feets.
Towmes, Cities, Countries, and what ere so ever
Can give high thoughts content, are freely theirs,
I onely like a spend-thrift of my yeares
Idle my time away, as if some god
Had ras'd my name out of the roule of Kings;
Which if he have, then Isaack be thy hand
As great as his, to print it in againe,
Though Bajazet say nay.

Isaac. No more: I will;

An Empire be our hopes; that to obtaine

We'lle watch, plot, fight, sweat, and be solde againe. Exeunt.

Actus Tertii, Scena quarta.

Enter Zemes, and Alexander Bishop of Rome.

Bish. Cannot my words add selace to your thoughts?

Oh! you are gulst too depe in a desire

Of soveraigne pompe, and your high thoughts aspire.

All the unshadowed plainnessse of my life

Doth but contract thick wrinkles of mislike

In your Majestick brow, and you distast

Moral receipts, which I have ministred

To coole Ambitions Feaver.

Zemes. Pardon Sir,

Your Holimesse mistakes my malady,

Another sicknessse grates my tender breast,

And I am ill at heart: alas, I stand

An abject now as well in Natures eye,

As erst I did in Fortunes: is my health

Fled with mine honour? and the common rest

Of man, growne stranger to me in my griefe?
Some unknowne cause hath bred through all my bloud
A colder operation, then the juice
Of Healock can produce: O wretched man!
Looke downe propitious Godheads on my woes:
**Phoebus** infuse into me the sweet breath
Of cheerefull health, or else infectious death.
If there an Angell be whom I have creost
In my tormented boldnesse? and these griefes
Are expiatory punishments of sinne?
Now, now repentance strike quite through my heart,
Enough of paines, enough of bitter smart
Have tyed me te't. I have already bin
Bolted from joy, content can enter in,
Not at the open passage of my heart;
I neither heare, nor see, nor feele, nor touch
With pleasure, my vexation is so much.
My grave can onely quit me of annoy;
That prevents mischiefe, which can bring no joy.

**Bish.** How I could curse what mine owne hand hath done,
And wish that he would vomit out the draught
Of direfull poyson, which infects his bloud.
Ambitious fires? why 'tis as eelence extinct,
As if his heart were set beneath his feet,
Griefe hath boil'd out the humours of vaine pride,
Enter a Messenger.

What's the newes?

Messen. Zemes as now he left you, pale and wan,
Dragging his weake legges after him, did fall
Dead on the stony pavement of the Hall,
Not by unhappy chance, but as he walkt,
Folding his armes up in a pensive knot,
And rayling at his Fate, as if he staged
The wounded Priam, or some falling King,
So he, oft lifting up his closing eye,
Smoke faintly downe, groan'd out, I dye, I dye.

E'aff. It grieues my soule: let Bajazet know this.

[Exeunt Messenger.]

Could our owne shortned life, but lengthen his
By often sighes I would transfuse my breath
Into his breast, and call him back from death.

Exit.

Actus Tertii, Scena Quinta.

Enter Selymaus, Mesithes, Mustapha.

Sely. Let not my absence steale away my love,
Or locall distance weaken the respect
Which you have ever borne me; I must fly
To shake the yoake of bondage from my necke:
My Fathers eyes shall not scan out my life
In every action; then when I am gone,
Our love like precious mettall shall not crack
In the protracion, but be gently fram'd
Into a subtler thinnesse, which shall reach
From either part, not cras'd by any breach.

Mess. Returne with ruine painted in thy brow,
Pale death triumphant in thy horrid crest,
Danger lisse'd out upon thy threatening sword,
The Turkish thrallome pourtrai'd on thy shield,
We'll see thee in thy horror, and unfold
Our arms as wide as heaven to take thee in.

Sely. We trust you: if there lie unspoken love
Hid in your bosomes, we must bury it
In silent Farewell.

Must. Noble Prince adiew,
Since thy franks deeds have printed in our hearts
So true a patterns of thee, we will feed
Our contemplation with thy memory.

When thou art really departed, thus
A better part of thee shall stay with us.

Sely. So the swift wings of flight shall mount me up
Above these walls into the open ayre,
And I will towre above thee Bajazet.
Farewell soft Court; I have beene kept too long
Within thy narrow walls, and an new borne
To golden liberty; now stretch out you heavens,
Spread forth the dewy mantle of the clouds
Thou powerful Sunne of Saturne, and remove
The terminating Poles of the first earth
To entertaine me in my second birth.

Enter Isaac Bassa.

Isaac. Not yet rid from our warre? Faire Prince take heed,
Treason's a Race that must be runne with speed:
Aeolus beckons, and the flattering winde
Joyne all to help our project; quickly hence:
All's full of danger. Did your Father know
Hee'd stop your flight, and breath at one deaths blow. Exit. 40

Sely. Friend I am gone: thou hoary God of seas,
Smoothe the rough bosome of thy wrinkled tide,
That my wing'd Boat may gently on it glide. [Exit.]

Actus Quartus, Scena Prima.

Enter Bajazet solus.

Baja. How the obsequious duty of the world
Hangs shivering on the skirts of Majestie,

*35 warre] stet 8
And smells out all her footstep: I could yet
Never steal leisure to reforme my thoughts,
Since my pale brow was first hoop'd in with gold
Till this blest house: and now great Bajazet
Empty thy breast of her imprison'd joyes,
Which like the smothering windes, could with a blast
Rip up a passage. I am crown'd in bliss;
Plac'd on the rockes of strong security,
Without the reach of Fate. Envie shall gnash
And pine at my full pleasures; the soft feete
Of labouring Ambition, shall quite tire
Ere touch the starry-height on which I stand.
Achmetes and his sonne with my two boyes
Are faine, to cleare the sun-shine of my joyes;
Achmetes I feare not, Selymus
Lives cag'd within the compass of mine eye,
All that I doubt is of Mahometes,
That blazing starre once darkned, I will throw
The lustre of my pompe from me, as cleare
As if three Sunnes were orb'd all in one Spheare.

Enter Isaack Bassa.

What newes brings Isaack?

Isaack. Unwelcome newes.

Mahometes] Mahometes Q
**Baja.** Be quick in the delivery.

**Issack.** Then thus.

Young Selymus is fled.

**Baja.** Fled?

**Issack.** Fled this night

To the Tartarian King.

**Baja.** Would he had sunk.

To the Tartarian deepse. **Issack**, th'art false,
And every haire dependant from thy head
Is a twin'd serpent. **Issack** I say th'art false,
I read it in thy brow.

**Issack.** By heaven I am not.

**Baja.** Come; answers my demands, first, at what time

Left he the Court?

**Issack.** I know not.

**Baja.** Know he is fledde,

And know not when he fledde, how can this be?

**Issack.** After our strickt enquiry, 'twas our chance

To light on one that saw him take a ship,

At the next haven.

**Baja.** On one; bring forth that one, **Exit Issack.**

Ile sound the depth of these villanies.

**Enter Issacke with a dwarf.**

**What's here?**

A barrell rear'd an end upon two feet?
Sirrah, you guts and garbage — did you see

Selymus leave the Court?

Dwarf. So please it your —.

Baja. Please it? thou monster, are you now so pleasing.

Issaek. My Liege hold in your fury: spend not one drop
Of your fierce anger, on so base a worm,
Keeps it entire and whole, within your breast,
That with it's vigor it may crush the bulks
Of him whose treasons move it.

Baja. So it shall,

Neptune reine backe thy swelling Ocean,
Invert the current of thy guilty streames
Which further treacherous plots; mild Aeolus,
(That when a peevish goddess did intreat,
Scattredst a Trojan Navy through the seas)

Now Bajagat a Turkish Emperor

Bids thee send forth thy jarring prisoners,
Into the seas deeps bowels; let them raise
Tempests shall dash against the firmament
Of the vast heavens, and in their stormy rage,
Either confound or force the vessell backe,
In which the traytor sayles; now, now beginne
Or I shall thinke thee conscious of this sinne.

42 Dwarf. exeit at some point between here and line 94.
Enter a monke.

What would this monke?

Monke. Only your blessed almes.

Baja. I'me in a liberal vein —

Monke shoots of a dagge at Bajazet; sesites, and Issack

die the Monke.

Traitor I'me slain,

I feel the bullet run quite through my sides.

Isaac. Great Mahomet hath kept you safe from harm;

It never toucht you.

Baja. Oh — I am slain,

Open the gates of sweet Elysium,

Take in my wounded soule; Bring forth that Monke,

He make his my soules harbinger, he shall

Fore-runne my coming and provide a place

Amongst the gloomy Banks of Acheron,

Then shall he dwell with me in those blacke shades

And it shall be my bliss to torture him.

Issack. He's gone already, I have sent him hence.

Baja. Fly then my soule, and niably follow him,

He must not scape my vengeaunce: Charon stay,

61 S.D. Bajazet:...kill] 80; —,...kile &

Mesithes exits at some point between here and line 95.
One waftage will serve both, I come, away.

Isaack. Let not conceit thus steal away your life.

Baja. Me thinkes I feele no blood ebbre from my heart, My spirits faint but slowly.

Isaack. Heare me Sir, You are not wounded.

Baja. Ha? not wounded.

Isaack. Untouched as yet; His quaking hand deceiv'd him of his aime, And he quite mist your body, here behold The bullet yet unstain'd with blood.

Baja. Now I believe thee; oh the balefull fate Of Princes, and each eminent estate! How every precious jewell in a Crowne, Charms mad ambition, and makes envy doate On the bewitching Beauty of it's shine; Indeede proud Majesty is usher'd in By superstitious awfull reverence, But cursed mischiefs follow; and those are Treasons in peace, blacke stratagems in warre. But wher's the dwarffe? Isaack, goe send him in; Bid bold Mosithes, and sage Mustapha Quickly attend us; goe.

Isaack. I shall. Exit Isaacke.

Baja. This houre, Hath hatcht a richer project in my braine,
Whose wisht event, shall strangle envies breath,
And strike ambition dead in every breast.

Enter dwarfe.

Sirrah, draw hence the body to the ditch,
Whither the filth of the whole Citie runs,
There overwhelm't in blood; goe, quickly doo't;
What dost thou grin thou visage of an ape?  
He strikes him.

Dwarfe. Ile rather hang my selfe then endure this.

Baja. Nay, come; be patient and Ile use thee well,
Why — 'twas a Sceptre strookes thee, and 'twill worke
Diviner operation in thy blood
Then thou canst dreams of.

Dwarfe. I'de rather be strucks across the teeth with a
Then across the backs with a scepter.

Baja. A man would guesss so, that over-views thy dimensions;
But to thy businesss.
He carries out the course.

Enter Bassaan.

Bassaan stand yee round,

Enter Mahomet disguised.

Stay; who comes here? Sure I should know that stature,
Observe him neereely.

**Bassano.** Tis no Courtier

**Mahometes.** Mahometes 'tis time to looke about, [Aside.]

**Selymrus fledde? Ashometes ador'd?**

My name scarce heard of through the popular streets?

Had that unhappy arm of that dam'nd Monke,

Not staggerd from the Marke at which he aym'd,

Who ever sent him hither, I had leapt

Into the emptie throne, and eroped the fruit

Dudding from treasons roots; but He returns

Backe to my Province, this unknowne disguise,

Shall search my Fathers closest policies. [Exit.]

**Isaac.** Mahometes disguis'd.

**Bassano.** By heaven 'twas he

He pryeth into my counsellors; let it bee.

Woe'sle forward in our businesse, which being done,

Woeles seale the hot ambition of each scorne,

As mine already is; quichs moving time

Eathe cast a snowy whitenesse on my haires,

And fresty age hath quael'd the heats of youth;

Mine intellectual eyes, which never yet

Gas'd on the worlds rich gilded vanities,

Are now turn'd inward, and behold within,

Dismall confusion of unpardoned sinne.

E'r since I first was seale'd on this Throne,
My cares have clog'd the swiftness of the hours,
And wrought a tedious irksomeness of life,
Murders have mask'd the forehead of the Sunne
With purple-coloured clouds, and he hath blusht
At the blood-sucking cruelty of state.
There's not one little angle of this Court,
Whose guilty walls have not conceal'd a knot
Of traitors, squaring out some hideous plot,
Against my safety; now at last I spie
The dangers of perplexed Majestie.
And were it not for a religious fears
Of after-harmes, which wretchedly might tease
And spoyle the body of this Monarchy,
Here at this instant would I strike the sayle,
And proud top-gallant of mine eminence,
Hurle up my scepter, dis-inthorne my selfe,
And let the greene heads scramble for the Crowne.
Age hath taught me a stayder providence
Then my rash youth could reach to; I intend
To place this glittering bable, on the head
Of some successor, e't I yet am dead.
So give it out; thereby Ile try the love
And favour of the people; whom they seeme
Most to affect I'le raise to that esteeme;
How do you like the counsell?  

Chers.  

As we could like

A voice of health sent from the careful gods.  
This news will lay the fury of your sonnes,  
And breed low dutie in them all, in hope  
Of the reward propos'd.

Ksreunt Bajaset, Chereoglos, Manent Mustapha, Issacke,  
Menithes, Amehemides.

Issack. Awake precautions eyes, we must not sleepe  
If we would see proud Bajaset displac't,  
And Selymoue cdated to his height.  
Name him the people favours;— hee affects  
Achomatos, and knows the multitude

Wrapt with his heavenly wisedome, cry for him;  
We must be quiske and wary, here are keyes  
Left, and lay'd up by Selymoue; that store  
Shall visit emptic purs-es, and inchaunt  
The needy sort of men, that the ones wealth,  
Shall weigh up 'tothers wisedome in the scale  
Of their light judgement; lend your best endeavors;  
Wee'le crosse thee Bajasat, and thy hopes shall dye  
By thines owne ill-contrived policy.  

Ksreunt.
Actus Quartus, Scena Secunda.

Enter Bajazet, takes Asmehemides by the hand, a Courtier belonging to Mahometes.

Baja. Leave us; we would be private with our friend.

[To Bassaes.]

'Tis thou must do't sweet Asmehemides,
Mahometes and thou are two near friends;
He will suspect in others close deceit,
Thee, for thy generous virtues he will stand
With obvious embracements to receive
Into his bosom; whither when thou art
Wound in, be sure to strike him through the heart.
I am offended; 'tis just piety
To sacrifice his body at the shrine
Of my displeasure: doe it, I am thine.

Asmehem. Were he as dear to mee, as the halfe part
Of mine owne bodie, as the breath I draw;
I'de doe this charge: wee mortalls must obey
When Gods command, and Emperors are they.

Baja. So willing to be damn'd? Had I adjoynd
Some vertuous office, surely he would then
Have said, that good deedses are not deedses of men.

3 Mahometes] Mahometes 4
But let them go; Mahomet must dye,
And for my other boy fierce Selymus
The boysterous hand of warre must snatch him hence;
My other sonne Coroutus lives immur'd
Within Minerva's cloister; thus I cleare,
A path through which Achemates shall runne
Up to my throne when all their hopes are done. Exit.

Actus Quartus, Scena Tertia.

Enter Achemates.

Achemates. The promise was direct and absolute
To bless my Temples with a sacred Crowne,
With protestations of a quicke dispatch
Are his owne right were cancelled by fate,
So to cut off all rivals in my joyes.
What intercedent chance hath made his care
So slackes in the performance? By heaven I feare,
Delayes will prove delusions of my hopes
And that homebred Mercurian Selymus,
Will split the expectation of my blisse;
Forefend it Mahomet, or I shall be
A sad revenger of indignitie.
Enter a Messenger.

How now? what speakes this bold intrusion?

Messen. Health to Acombates from Bajaget.

Acombates. From Bajaget? Unfold thy welcome newes,

How fares our Noble Father?

Messen. In full health;

And why do you thus by mee: to muster up
Your surest forces, and with moderate hast,
Repaire unto the Court, where you shall find
Employments worthy of a valorous mind.

Acombates. To muster armes? Can't thou surmise the cause?

Messen. With confidence I dare not; but the sayd,
Against that haughtie Noble Selymus,
Who of the Tartar King implored sayd
To an uncertaine end; himselfe gives out
To fight with Hungary, and stretch the bounds
Of the old Turkish regiment; but fame
With panting voice, bids Bajaget beware,
And whispers in his ears, he is the foe,

Proud Selymus intends to overthrow.

Acombates. Enough, regret our Father with our love
Tell him wee shall not sleepe to his command;

Fly misibly backe; Exit [Messenger].

dares the audacious boy,
Trouble the world with his tempestuous armes?
I'll chastise him with yron whips of warre;
If either strength or stratagems shall serve,
To spoyle the gawdy plumes of his high crest,
I'le use the strongest violence of both;
I am swolne big with hate, and I could break
Untimely passage with a wholesome stabbe
To vent the monster strangled in my wombe.
Father I come, he that detaines a Crowne
Bequeath'd to me, must thunder-strike me downe. [Exit.]

[Actus Quarti, Scena Quarta.]

Enter Coretus.

Coret. Bussing reports have pierc't my studdy walles,
And sloop'd my meditations ayry wings,
By which I mount above the moving spheres
And search the hidden closets of the heaven;
I cannot live retir'd, but I must heare
Mine owne wrongs sounded in my troubled eare:
What? will my father falsifie that oath;
In which he vow'd successions right to mee?
When I resign'd my honors up to him,
He deeply swore, when the uprising Sunne
Of his bright-shining royallty had runne
It's compleat course through the whole heaven of state,
And fainting dropt into the Western lapse;
My brightnesse next should throw it's golden beams,
Upon the worlds wide face, and over-peeze
The dusskie cloudes of hidden privacie;
And shall Aegomates succeed? Shall hee
Shine in the spangled robes of Majesty?
Then Bajazet is false; let it be so,
I am accus'd from a huge masse of woe.
Yet Ile toth' Court, that when Aegomates
Shall spic see, and remember but my due
'Twill staine his lustre with a blushing hue. 20

[[Actus Quarti, Scena Quinta.]

Enter Bajazet, Cherecogles.

Baja. My cares are gowme to great to be compriz'd,
Within the narrow compass of my breast,
Vice-roy of Greece, Ile powre into thy heart
Part of my secrets; which being entred in,
Leake them as close up, as thou wouldst a sinne
Committed, yet not knowne: I must impart
Things worth thy faithfull silence.

Chere. Worthy Sir,
By the inclosure of my soule I swear —.
Raja. Ile not heare out thine oth, in briefe 'tis thus,
The Passages are all falso and love not us;
Nor doth my brain-sicke fury prompt me thus,
I read it in their gestures, conventicles,
Actions, and counsell, my suspitious eye
Hath found a great breach in their loyalty.
Chera. Surely this cannot bee.
Raja. By heaven 'tis true,
Each man that guards mine honour is my foe;
Ile shake these splendent robes of Majesty
From my ore-burden'd shoulders, and to ease
My selfe, bequeath them to Aschomates.
Chera. Aschomates?
Raja. Even he, unless the voyse
Of the whole Citie interdict my choice.

Enter Isaacke, Mesithes, Mustapha.

Chera. Heere comes the Passages, sure I see bad newes
Pourtrait'd on the Index of their fronts.
Raja. Bad newes? We have cut-liv'd good dayses too long,
We can expect no other, some unclaspe
Volumes of mischiefes, and make dense my cares
With an infused multitude of cares.

Passages. Young Solymus hath cross Danubius floud,
And seis'd upon the Provinces of Thrace.
And with a Navie plow'd the Luxone Sea.

Baja. Peace, bellowing night-ravens; with how cheerfull
Their puffing lungs broke out the balefull note;
Are these the warres 'gainst Hungary? You powers
Of heaven, brush off your bloody patience,
If you but winke at these notorious crimes,
I'll say you dare not check our stubborne times.
Well as yet, I'll make use of his pretense:
Vice-roy of Greece, beare you this Embassie
To that suspected Traytor Selymag,
Tell him the warres 'gainst th' Hungarian foe,
Are full of dangers and approved harmes,
Never attempted by our Ancestors,
Without repulse or damage; bid him disimise
His rough Tartarian youth; then if he stand
Unmov'd and stiffe, feigne vengeame is at hand.
Make thy best speed.

Chere. I shall, 'twill be well done
To reconcile a Father and a Sonne.

Baja. Thought he tumultuous uprorses could deserve
The favour of his Prince: h'as trood awry,
And mist the path that leads to Majestic.
These bright Imperious ornaments shall grace
No rebell-monster, nor base runne-away.
My resolution's firm, it shall not be;
Bassae, this day an Herald shall proclaim
In the world's ear, my great successor's name.
Are you content?

Bassae. We are.

Bassae. Call forth an Herald.

Exit Mustapha, calls in an Herald.

Isaac. As our allegiance binds us we'll obey. But what we grant, the Soldiers will gainsay. Aside.
Thou shalt not thrive in this: I dare be bold My golden hooks have ta'ne a faster hold.

Bassae. Herald,
Be my loud echo, ratifie my deeds,
And say Ashomates shall next succeed.

Herald. Bassae: the second by the appointment of our great Prophet Mahomet, the only Monarch of the World, a mighty God on earth, an invincible Caesar, King of all Kings, from the East unto the West, Governor of Greece, Sultan of Babylon, Sovereign of Persia and Armenia, triumphant Tutor of Jerusalem, Lord possessor of the Sepulcher of the Crucified God, subverter and sworn enemy of the Christians, and of all that call upon Christ; proclaims Ashomates his second sonne next and immediate successor.

An adrum of Trumpets.

56.1 Exit...Herald. A prints after content? With exit a separate direction.
Within. None but Bajazet, none but Bajazet.

Bajazet. By heaven they are corrupted; none but I?
'Tis no love borne to me that moves this cry.

Mosith. Great Bajazet the cause why they deny
This just proposal, riseth from an use
And customary license long observ'd;
To wit, when their crown'd Emperor is dead,
The interpos'd vacation is a time
Of lawlesse freeddome: then they dare to spoile
The Jewish Merchants of their traffick wares,
And prey upon all strangers: so that should
Your Honour be confferr'd upon your sonne
Whilst you your selfe yet breath, then should they loose
The long expected gainses; therefore refuse
What you propos'd.

Bajazet. If that be all the cause,
Wee'lle give them such a Kingly demative,
As doubly shall buy out those ill-got spoiles,
Five hundred thousand Duckets, if they please
With my free choice to crowne Aghomates,
Proclaim'd to be their due.

A flourish of Trumpets.

Heralde. Bajazet the second by appointment of our great
Prophet Mahomet, as proclaimeth that hee'lle attribute 500.
Thousand Duckets if you yeeld allegiance to Aghomates his
successour.
Within. None but Bajazet, none but Bajazet.

Baja. Ahomates I sent for, how hee'le disgest These grosse illusions, I may justly feare;
By this I had discourag'd Selymus,
And kill'd his hopes; by this I had cut off The growth of hate, and choked discords seed. Exit.

Enter Mustapha with a Messenger to the other Bassaes.

Musta. Beare this to Selymus with thy best care.

Menith. And this. Give him Letters.

Izaack. And this: fly, let thy winged speed Returns a suddaine answer, else we bleed. Exeunt.

Actus Quarti, Scene Sexta.

Enter Selymus, Tartarian King. Attendants.

Tartar. Goe on brave Prince; Lead on thy marshal'd troupes, Degrade the Turkish Monarch, let him faint At the depe wounds, which thy revengefull hand Shall print upon the bosome of his land. Goe on; Me thinks I see Victoria sit

Scene Sexta] Scene Quinta q
Triumphant on thy steely Burganet.  

Exit Tartarian King.

Sely. Farewell; now I will meet thee Bajazet
With a career on as free as if Heavens Jove
Had bid me go: bespeak the stoutest gods
To take thy part; tell them thou must meete
A Selimus, who when the warres are done,
Will scale the Forts and Castles of the Sunne,
Breake up the brassen gates of Acheron,
And bury Nature with the world together.
Captaines loade on; How shall the sword and fire
By publique ruines crowne my just desire.
Sleepe Hungary; I'le not brake off thy rest
With the unwelcome Musick of my Drummes;
I'le turns the edge of my revengefull sword
Upon the bosome of my native soyle;
There dwelle the motive of my Tragick warres,
Whose ruthlesse and Catastrophe shall wound
Posternity in us: Infants shall mornse
Over their Fathers tombs as yet unborne.
But who comes here? I'le meete him.

Enter Cherecgles.

Noble Vise-roy.

Chere. Peace and health to Selimus.

Sely. Health, but not peace, whilst yonder light can see
Mortals, whom Turkish force could we're subdue.

Chere. Yet what if Bajazet our honour'd Lord

Did you roule up those flaxen signes of warre,

And sheath the sword drawne forth against his foe?

When duty sayes obey, what shall say no.

Sely. My courage and a proud contempt of all

Corrivall Nations, could send back a no,

Able to frigt a Parliament of gods.

It could so; but if Bajazet gainsay

My plumy valour flags, my thoughts give way.

Chere. Then thus: he wills you to discard your force,

And send the black Tartarians to their home,

Withall averring the Hungarian foe

(Against whose power, you have summon'd Armes)

Is full of strength and power, we're oppos'd

Without the bitter downfall of our side.

Nor would the worlds great Monarch Bajazet

Empaire his fame so much, as to be sayd,

He tam'd a Pope by Tartars borrowed ayd.

Sely. Ha! I am vilely non-plust. Courteous Vice-Roy

Returns our duty back to Bajazet,

Even in the humblest termes wit can invent,

37 give ] 8o; gave q
Tell him he hath a sonne of that high spirit,
As doth detest a bawdly retreat.
Were all the dead Heroes of our foes
All that are now, and all that are to come,
Met in one age, I'de face then drum to drum.
Bid our deare Father be secure of me
And my proceedings: then true valour shines
Most bright, when busied in the great'est designes.
Is not this answer faire?

Chere. Most true; and yet
'Twill prove distastfull.

Sely. No, it cannot be:
If there be too much valour in this breast,
Blame him that plac't it there, even Dajagst.
My vertues and my bloud, are both deriv'd
From his first influence, and I must either hate
Disgracefull calumn's, or degenerate.

Chere. All this I'l tell your Father, yet bee'le rest
As much unsatisfied as at the first,
He will expect the head-strong pride of youth
Should strike low sayle to his grave providence.

Sely. And so it shal; sage Vise-roy I obey,
And reverence his counsell more, than fear
An host of armed foes; tell him I'le come
To his Court gates with neither man nor drum.
There. I'll tell it him with joy, which when he heares,
He'll be disburden'd of a thousand feares. [Exit.]

Sely. Remember my just duty: 'tis no matter,
I will retaine that till I come my selfe.
I am not out-reach'd yet by all these trickses,
My hopes are farther strong, I'll to the Court
With a close march, in no submissive sort,
And steale upon them: Instantly I goe
To meete my Father, but a subtille foe.

As he goes out, a Messenger meetes him, gives him the
Letters.

Messenger. Good health to Selymus.
Sely. Good health: From whom?

Messenger. Issack, Mosithes, Mustapha salute you.
Sely. Those good Triumvirs, what is't they speake?

Open the letters [read the first].

To feede on hopes is but a slender diet.
'Tis short, but full of weight: to feede on hope
Deserts.
Is but a slender diet. Let it be.
I'll mend my table though none feast with me.

Page opportunity is hold behind.
'Tis true indeede Mosithes. Never feares,

88 none] no q
I'lle twist my fingers in her golden hair.

What speaks the third? This writes more at large,
And comments on the prefixt principalls.

3 Your Father did proclaime who should succeed, — Reads.
Publique denially nullified his deeds;
Your hast will be convenient, things concurre
To please your hopes, Fate bide you not desurve.
Yours Isaac Bassa.

Isaac I am thine,
And come to finish up our great designs. — Kreunt.

Actus Quarti, Scena Septima.

Enter Achemates solus.

Achemates. Unquiet anguishments and jealous feare
Fly from my thoughts, like night before the Sunne:
I'me lifted to the highest Spheres of joy,
My top involopt in the azure cloud,
And starry rich habiliments: my feete
Set rampant on the face of Natures pride;
The rarest works weav'd by her handmayd Art
Cloathes my soft pleasures, I'me as great as Jove,
Only I rule below, he reignes above.

Oh! the unspoken beauty of a Crowne,

Whose empty speculation mounts my soule

Up to an heavenly Paradise of thoughts.

Father, I come that thou may'st crowne my head,

Whilst apprehensive reason stands amaz'd,

Amidst the blisfull shades of sweet conceit.

Then I'le call back my wandring intellect

From dreames, and those imaginary joyes;

I'le teach my soule to twine about a Crowne,

To sweat in raptures, to fill up a Throne

With the bigge-swelling lookes of Majestie;

I'le amble through a pleasures Labyrinth,

And wander in the path of happinesse,

As the true object of that faculty.

Great Bajazet I come. Thou must descend

From Honours high Throne, and put off thy right,

To build me up an heaven of choyse delight.

Actus Quart, Scena Octava.

Enter Mesithes, Mustapha, Isaacck.

Mesith. The Emperour begins to smell deceit.

Scena Octava | Scena Septima
I know by his ill looks and sparkling eye
That he affects us not.

Musta. I doubt as much.

Young Selimus ha's wrong'd our loyalty
In his so slack proceedings; we were rash
And indiscreetly-forward in consent,

When we joyn'd on to raise his government.

Isaack. Peace, 'tis too late to chide at what is done,
We have so deeply waded in the streames
Of those procellous plots; nor can revoke
Repentant footsteps, or securely creepe
Back to the Throne of safety; 'tis now good
To venture on, and swim quite through the flood.
Here comes the Emperor.

Enter Bajazet and Asmehemedes.

Baja. Attend us Bassaes.

Are't sure hee's dead?

Asmehem. Mahometes is dead.

There's nothing moving of him but his soule,
And that robd of his body by this hand.

Baja. Enough. That soule revives, to see him dead
That wrong'd the body; Oh! my bloody heart,
Must in his frenzy act an horrid part,
Follow thy Prince to hell. Stabs him.
Ammonem. To death! Oh devillish ingratitude:
I'me slaine. I dye.

Baja. And justly: would each foe
And Traytor to my state were thwarted so.
Bassaes convey this hated body hence,
The sight of that damn'd villaine moves offence:
They carry him out.

Now pause a while my soule, and reckon up
That obstacles are yet to be remov'd?
Achomates must stay the peoples pleasure;
Corcutus dally with Minervaes Nymphes;
The last and worst, proud Selymus shall dye.
Thus I'lle compose a firme securitie.

Enter Bassaes with Chersseogles.
Arriv'd already noble Chersseogles?
You'r carefull in our cause: but speake the newes
From our pert Soullier. What means Selymus?

Chers. To track the path backward from whence he came,
To strip himselfe of martall ornaments,
And to fill up the duty of a Sonne,
Come visite you in low submission.

Baja. These are too fairely promis'd, to be meant,
Ambition hath already chain'd his soule
Too surely in the captive bonds of pride,
Then that he now should cloath his stately hopes
In the plaine sordid weedes of penitence;
he doth but varnish o're some treacherous spot
In this smooth answer: come, we'll leade along.
To our Imperial seat of Constantine,
That strongly fortified, we need not feare.
The weake attempts an home-bred foe can dare.

[Mount Bajazet and Chereogles.]

Mesith. Hal! we are sweetly plung'd, if cold despaire
Panunme his youthfull courage, and he faint.

Musta. Would I were fairly rid of all these cares.

Issaack. Dejected Cowards: are you not ashamed
Thus to give up the goale of dignity
To heartlessse feare? Here comes the Messenger.

[Enter Messenger.]

What newes from Selimus?

Messen. Even nothing certaine: ambiguously
He promis'd to be here as soone as I.

Mesith. I'st even so?

Musta. We are quite dash't — undone.

Issaack. Liet up your downe-cast spirits — who comes here?

Mesith. Who? Selimus?

[Enter Selimus.

57 ambiguously]
Musa. Where? Sweets Isaac do not tell him, that we were sending forth faith's latest breath.

Isaac. Enough, I will not — happy Selimus.

Bassas. Long live great Selimus.

Selim. We thanks you friends,

Your care hath fostered up our infant hopes
Beyond the pitch of expectation.

We heare that Bajaget is going now
From hence to Constantinople; my men
Lie closely ambusht in the middle way,
Close by a ruinous city, there expect
A sudden on-set, but till then farewell.

when we meete next, our ensignes waw'd on high,
Shall shine like meteors blazing in the skie.  

Isaac. Fortunes best care goe with thee.

Meeth. Brave boy ye faith.

Musa. I shall adore him whilst I breath for this.

Isaac. Againe in heart?

Let's follow Bajaget, come lade away,

The sunne of all his glory sets this day.  

[Actus quarti, Scena Nona.]

Enter Selimus with soldiers.

Selim. Come on the honored youth of Tartary,
My brothers and joynt sharers of my woe,
Draw forth the weapons of inflam'd revenge,
Against this horrid monsters Tyranny;
With Pompeys gratinge malice he led forth
His noble French-men through the snowy Alpes;
I have my Curio Isaacke in the Court,
And Cheseogles like grim Catoes ghost,
Soothes the rough humour of fierce Bajazet;
These mens examples, were we faint and loath,
Would set sharpe spurs unto our slow pac'd wrath,
And what our dull-eged angers but I see
In your smooth brow perfect alasrity;
We stand to thwart the passage of a feind,
Through whose wide yawning throat hath coasted downe,
The blood of Princes, in continuall streames;
Ha's fed and pampered up his appetite
With the abhor'd destruction of his owne,
And glutted on the blood of innocents.
Steod wee like marble statues in his way,
And had no use of policy and wit,
Our Irefull Prophet Mahomet would send
Sence, life, and valour through our stony joynts,

13 dull-eged] Q(o); dull-eyed Q(u)
15 feind] Q(o); friend Q(u)
That we might ruinate this gastly bore,
Made by some hellish fury to confound
The order of this wondred Universe.
Ile grapple with the monster, hee's at hand,
If you stand firme, the Common Wealth may bee
A slave to Bajazet, but Ile live free. [They withdraw.]

Enter Bajazet, Cherieoglea, Issaack, Mesithes, Mustapha.

Baja. No Drumme nor Trumpet hath disturb'd the ayre,
ithin the reach of mine attention.

Issaack. And I admire it, 'twere a miracle
If that ambitious boy intend no harme.

Cames. What noyse is that?

A confused noyse of exclamation within. Arme, arme, arme.

[Enter soldiers]

Soldiers. Helpe Bajazet, the vauntgard's almost slaine,
The Tartars lay in embush.

Baja. What? so neere?
Set up our standard, Ile give battell here,
Hang out defiance, scorne, and proud contempt,
Write in the blood-red colours of your plumes,

Enter a drum.

Summon our Army from these skirmishes,
Spake out the traitors doome in thine alarum.

Thought he to daunt our courage?

Drum sounds. Enter soldiers severally, dropping in sweating, as from fight.

Valiant soldiers;

When I behold the manner of this warre,
When treason copest with awfull Majestie,
A gracesse sonne, with his owne aged Sire,
He thinks to bid you fight, were full as vaine
As to bid heavy clouds fall downe in raines;
But when I view the Chaos of the field,
And wild confusion striking valour dead—
I calld you, not (as Captaines doe to boyes)
To read a lecture of encouragement,
But that your auncient vertue may be shoune
In this my last defence; I wish to dye
Reveng'd, that death sorts best with Majestie.

[Exeunt omnes.] Drums sounding, a confused noyse, with slasing of armour. Exeunt Bajazet, and Selymus.

Baje. Selymus?

Sely. Bajazet?

*46 When]8°: Then Q
*51 dead —] ~, Q [See IV.ix.46 note]
DaJa. Jove lend me but a minutes patience.

Unnatural sonne.

Sely. Uncharitable Father.

DaJa. Father? My sword shall hew that title off, And cut in twaine kindreds continued line, By which thou canst derive thy blood from mine. Abortive monster — thou first breath of sinne, We had but slender shadowes of of anse, Till thou crept forth to the offended light, The very masse, and stocks of villanies.

Crimes in all others, are but thy influence.

Nature ha's planted viprous crueltie,
In thy darke breast, the assindall of her warke,
Her error, and extract perfection
Of vices; the first well-head of bad things
From whence the world of ill draw their weak springs.

Sely. Then heare me speaks too; you have bin to me No Father, but a sourre Pedanticks wretch,
One that with frosty precepts, striv'd to kill
The flaming heate of my ambitious youth,
As vainely as to strangly fire with straw;
You sit so dayly beozzing on your Throne,
As if you'd hatch new Monarchies to feed
The hungry gulf of your unbridled pride;
Y'ave surfeotted on titles, y'ave ingrost
Honour, you are the moth of eminence,
And liberal fortunes answered your desires;
You had deflow'd th'infinite of Crownes,
With your adulterate ambition;
Y'are Sovereignties horse-leach, and have spild
The blood of State to have your own veins filld.

Baja. Hold, hold thy venom'd tongue, if there be hid
More of this kind un-uttered, let rip up
Thy full fraught bosome, and to save mine care
Mine eyes shall overview what I'le not heare.

Durst thou fight Traitor?

Selye. Dare I be cal'd a King?
Dare I unsheath my sword, or gather might?
If I dare ought of these, I dare to fight.

Baja. Guard thee, I'd not omit the sweete desire
And pleasure of revenge, were heaven my byre.

They fight, Selymus is beaten off, Bajanet pursues,
re-enters at another doore.

The slave has asapt the power of my wrath;
midst the dissover'd troupes of scattered foes
I lost him in a smoky cloud of dust,
So thicke as if the tender Queens of love,
Had wrapt her brat Aeneas from my sight.

Enter Ismaeel, Mesites, Mustapha.
Isaac. Joy to my Liege, of his last victory.

Mesith. The bold Tartarians flew like fearfull harts before the hunters rage.

Baja. So let them fly;

Heaven raine downe vengeance on their cursed heads;

It is our honour that the frighted slaves

Owe their lives dearest safeties to their heeles.

Enter a dwarfe.

How now, whence come you?

Dwarffe. From yonder hayricke Sir.

Baja. Didst thou see Selymuse when he fled the field?

Dwarffe. No indeed, I was two farre crept in.

Baja. O you are brave attendants.

Let's forward in our journey; these affaires

Ashomates must know; his golden wish,

The people have delayed, perhaps heelee frowne,

And trample filiall duty under feete

As this hath done; but let them storme their fill,

Vertu's not shipwrackt in a sea of ill. [Exeunt.]

Actus quinti, Scena Prima.

Enter Ashomates alone, with a bloody sword in his hand.

Ashomates. An honour'd Legate? an Ambassadour?
As if that title like Medea's charm
Could stay the untam'd spirit of my wrath;
Had he bin sent a messenger from heaven,
And spoke in thunder to the slavish world;
If he had roar'd one voice, one syllable
Crosse to my humour, I'd a searc'ht the depth
Of his unhallowed bosome, and turns out
His heart, the prophane seat of sav'ry pride.
Slaine an Ambassador! no lesse: 'tis done,
And 'twas a noble slaughter: I conceive
A joy ineffable to see my sword
Bath'd in a blood so rare, so precious,
As an Ambassador's; must we to telle
Of times delays, and opportunities?
That the base soldier hath gaine-sayd our blisse?
Thought Bajazet, his son so cold, so dull,
So innocently blockish, as to heare
An Embassie most harsh and grossely bad,
The people to deny me? We contemne
With stronge defiance Bajazet, and them. [Exit.]

Actus Quinti, Scena Secunda.

Enter Isaacke, Meithens, Mustapha.

Meith. Misch'fe on mish'fe, all our hopes are dead,

21 stronge] strange Q
Slaine in the hapless fall of Selymus.

Muste. I think the devil's fought for Bajazet
And all the infernal hags; how could he else
With a confused army, and halfe slaine,
Breae the well-ordered ranks of a strong foe?

Meath. And unexpected to — now Issack! what,
Sadly repenting for thy last misdeeds.
Plots and conspiracies against thy Prince?
Faith we must hang together —

Issack. Good Meathes.

'Tis nothing so: they say Achemates
Disdaining to be mockt out of his hopes,
And most desired possession of the Crowne,
Ha's in contempt of Bajazet and all,
Slaine the Ambassador, and vowes revenge
On every guilty agent in his wrong.

Muste. I lookt for that; and therefore first shranke back,
Then Bajazet made choyce of one to send
On such a thanklesse errand as that was.

Meath. Grant the report be true; what's that to us?

Issack. Fame in mine ears more blab'd a sweeter tale,
This shall redeem our low dejected hopes,
To their full height. No more; be it my charge,
To chase out the event — what this comes here?

Muste. Upon my life, the body of the slaine
Enter the Ambassadors followers with the dead body.

Mesith. 'Tis so.

Isack. We greet you friends,
And your sad spectacle.

Followers. Tis sad enough
To banish peace and patience, from each breast
That owes true loyalty to Bajazet.

Isack. And so it shall; lay down the injur'd corps.

Achomates ha's wrong'd his Fathers love,
To grossly, in the murder even of him
That bore his sacred person, and should stand
Inviolably honor'd by the law
Of men and nations,
But here comes Bajazet.

Enter Bajazet and Cheseogles.

Bajaz. A tragicks spectacle! Whose trunks is this?

Followers. The body of your slain Ambassador.

Bajaz. Slaine? By what cursed violence? What slave
Durst touch the man that represented me?
Followers. Achomates.

Baja. Achomates?

Followers. The same

Highly displeas'd with the unexpected newes
Of a deniall from the peoples mouth,
His reason elipt in fury, and contempt,
Hath thus abus'd your gracious majesty.
Within, he threatened to maintaine this sinne
With force of arms, and so resolvd to winne
Your Crowne, without such tarriance —

Baja. Oh! no more,

I am unfortunate in all my blood.

Hath he thus guerdon'd my faire promises,
My dayly sweat and care, to further him,
And fix him in the paradise of joy?

Nations cry out for vengeance of this fact,
I'le scourge this blacke impiety to hell.

Muster our forces to the utmost man,
Once more I'le bury this my aged corps
In steely armour, and my coloured crest
Like a bright starre shall sparkle out revenge
Before the rebels faint amazed eyes.

41 Achomates?] Achomates? Q
Loose not a minute, Bassam hence, be gone,
Xuster our men, stay not; that from the tide
Of our fierce wrath, no drop may ebbt away
By causelesse lingering.

Desta: Whom speake you Generali?

Baja. Than but my selfe? whom doth the cause concern.
More nearly then myself?

Issaack. My honored Ledge,
Bear your best care about you; 'tis a time
Of double danger, but remove the one,
The other straight eald forward; Selimus
Great in the favour of Tartaria's King,
Is man'd afresh with scoulders; his assault
Threatnes as much as fierce Archonatus,
And must be borne off with your ablest forces;
Then if you leave the Citie to subdue
One of these two, expect e're you returns
Father possess, and seated on your throne.

Baja. Distraction rends my soule: what shall I do?

Issaack. Force out one mable with tother of these two,
Chuse him you most affect, and best dare trust,
Allure him fairely home, winke at his crimes,
And then create him your high Generali,
To leads against his brother; since your selfe
Cannot at once oppresse two foes so stout,
Trye if one heate can drive another out.
Baja. Issaek we like thy counsell; but of these

Which can we pardon? Either so deboyst,
So guiltie of rebellion, so divorc'd
From pious loyalty, that my soule even both
With bitter hatred equally may loath.

Issaek. First weight their faults, the one a brain-sick youth,
Endeavor'd to supplant your Majestie,
The other in defiance, and contempt,
Of God and man prophan'd the holy rights
Of an Ambassador.

Wesith For which dire fact,
Should it slip up unpunished, the name,
The fearefull name of Bajaget would prove
The subject of each libell, and the scoife
Of petty Princes.

Baja. Enough, we have decreed
Achomates shall quake beneath the stroke
Of our fierce anger. Issaek speed away
To Selymus, he shall confront the slave,
The best of two so bad, goe — stay — yet goe,
'Tis hard when we begge succour of a fee;
Begge? stay againe — first will I drop before
The sword of proud Achomates — goe — tell him,
Upon his low submission we will daigne
To make him Champion to his Soveraigne.
Enter Coroutus to his Father.   Exit Isaac.

My deare Coroutus welcome.


Baja. Arise thou onely solace of mine age, It was a night of harmless innocence, Of peace and rest, in which kinde nature laid Thes in thy mothers wombe: Right vertuous boy, How hast thou liv'd untainted with the breath Of that infectious vice Rebellion.

Corout. Right noble Father, 'tis a faithfull rule In morall rites, that who desires a good, And most suspects his right to it, is bold And turbulent, and eager in pursuit; Whereas the man to whom this good is due, Rests happily contented, till time fit Crowne him in the possession of his wish. 120

Baja. Well moralis'd: I understand thee Boy, My grant shall melt thy prayers in full joy. Exeunt.

Actus Quinti, Scena Tertia.

Enter Selymus and souldiers.

Sely. Once more (in hope to gaine, and feare to lose A Crowne and Kingdome) we have march'd thus neere
The seat of a dread Emperour, to try
The chance of warre, or resolutely die.
Fears no crossse blow, for with this hand I move
The wheels of Fate: and each success shall runnes
Even with our pleasures, till our hopes are spun
Up to their full perfection; this dayes light
That looks so cheerfully, shall see as bright
As it, my crowne and glory.

Makes a stand. As they march on, enter Isaac Bassa.

What stranger's this? my blessed Genius haunts me.

Isaac I take thee in with open love.

What speaks thy Presence?

Isaac. Good newes to Selymus.

Sely. From whom?

Isaac. From Bajaget.

Sely. 'Tis strange if good.

Isaac. And full as good as strange. March quickly hence.

I'lle tell you as we walks; if constant Chance
Smile on our project, o're this Sunne goo downe
We may salute you with a glorious Crowne.

Sely. I follow even to death. Grand Mars to thee
I'lle build an Altar if thou prosper me.  

Exeunt.  20

17 project,...downe,] ·· ·· ...  4
Actus Quinti, Scene Quarta.

Enter Aehomates and Souldiers.

Aehomates. Revenge my black impiety; each brow
Seemes with a scornful laughter to deride
Those empty Menaces of Bajasset.
And Bajasset is not our Father now,
Sith he hath wrong'd the duty of a Sonne,
But a scorn'd Enemy whose prostrate soule
Shall make a step by which I will ascend
Up to the heavenly throne of heavenly state,
If you but lend your helpe and free consent.

Souldiers. Leade us along the misty bankes of hell,
Through Seas of danger, and the house of death,
We are resolv'd to follow, and by one
To second each step of Aehomates.

Aehomates. This resolution is as great as just,
Continue it brave spirits: he's a slave
That having sinn'd, dares not defend his sinne;
The world shall know I dare: For though our cause
Be wrong, yet we'll make good the breach of lawes.  Exeunt.
Actus Quinti, Scena Quinta.

Enter Bajazet and Corutus.

Corutus. Would I had slept with Trizham, and that hand
That strangled Mahomet, had stopt my breath,
Rather then live to see my selfe thus wrong'd.

Baja. Despair not sweet Corutus, what I promis'd
I'le keepe most true, and here againe I vow
When I am dead, this honour to thy brow.
I have call'd home that rebell Selymus,
Onely to tame a Traytor: And that done,
We have no other heire, no other sonne
Beside Corutus, to whose free command
We doe bequeath the duty of this land.

Enter Mesithes and Mustapha.

Is Isaac not return'd?

Mesith. My Liege he is.

Mustapha. And Selymus with him.

Baja. Let them approach.

Enter Selymus and Isaac. As they enter speaks.

Isaac. Let your high spirit shrink below it selfe
In a dissembled shew of penitence.
Sely. Tush I can bow, as if my joynts were old,
And tumble at his feet.

Isaac. Practise your skill.

Selymus falls at Bajazet's feet.

Baja. Less show, and more good meaning Selymus.
Arise, these crouching feates, give slender prooves
Of inward loyalty.

Sely. Right noble Father,
Mine expedition to avenge your cause
Upon the head of proud Ashomates,
Be my just trial.

Baja. Hast then: May thy arme
By breathlesse treason raise up a full joy,
And turns that monster back unto the earth
From whence it leapt, a most prodigious birth.

Sely. We flie to the performance, who both dare
And will correct his boldnesse. [Aside] Now we tread
The path to honour, and me thinks I heare
The peoples flowt, Escoho in mine ear.

Exit Selymus with the Bessaes.

Baja. New insolence: The Bessaes slippt away,
How the obsequious villains honour him

[16 old] stat Q
[32 honour him] 89; om. Q
As if he were their Godhead.

Chere. I suspect

Some plotted mischief, else they durst not leave
Your person thus unguarded.

Baja. Plot and hang.

We weigh not all their treasons at a straw,
One must not rule too long, 'tis subjects law. \textit{Exeunt.}

\textit{Passage over the stage Bassage and Souldiers carrying}

Selwyns aloft, and crying outs

Long live Selwyns, Vivat Selwyns,

Magnificent Emperour of the Turkes. \textit{Exeunt.}

Enter Bajazet and Cherecogles.

Baja. Hell and the furies vex their damned soules.

What people? Hah! what Nation is't we live in?

Isn't our State and Monarchy? God gods

Two Emperours at once. Live Selwyns?

Can alevish vassailors thus supplant their Prince?

What's this enshrines my head? a type for fools

To fleare at; a divided ornament;

Faile not my sense and courage, let me live

To finde my selfe againe. Vise-roye of Greece,

Didst thou not see a Bajazet withdraw

And vanish hence? Tell thou most faithfull man,
What is become of that forgetful name?
Or who hath stole it from me? Selimous!
Oh that damn'd villain with his treacherous plot,
Hath rob'd me of that glory. Death o' sense!
I have a soul of Adamant or Steele,
else had that hated noise reft it in twain:

Enter Mesithes.

That art thou? or whence com'st thou?

Mesith. From a Prince.

Baja. Yet I beleve thee.

Mesith. From thine enimie.

Baja. Yet I beleve thee.

Mesith. From the Emperor.

Baja. And I beleve thee still; yet slave thou liest,

These parts must know ne Emperor but me,

Unless base usurpation hath stept up

Unto my chaire of honour. Right, 'tis so;
'Tis so indeede. Well then, what will your Emperor?

Mesith. That by my hand you yeold him up his crowne.

Baja. Traytor his crowne? so; now I am resolv'd.

I have forgone my selfe, else had this hand

54 o' sense! a sense, Q
55 I have] Q(e); If t'have Q(u)
Tore out thy spotted heart, and that one word
Of yeelding had bene cause enough to spoyle
Thee and thy generation. Heartlesse slave,

Why sneak’st thou from our presence? Stay, behold
Here I commend this gorgeous ornament,
These trappings to thy Emperor, as full
Bystead with curses as my heart with woes,
That it may clogge his ears, and vex his head
With daily terrorous. Hence thy Prince is sped. _Exit_ Mesithes.
Vise-roy of Greece, to thee our last farewell,
Thou worthiest truest best deserving man,
That ever made us happy: if thy faith
Respect me, not my fortune, Doe this charge,
Fly to Achemates, and rather ayde
Him then this faithlesse Bastard Selimus,
The scandall of our race, the marke for heaven
To shoote revenge. But all in vaine,
I strive to word away my inward paine.

_Cheers._ Nor this nor that I’le favour, may I speed
Bajazet shall live to see both bleed. _Exit._
_Bajaz._ Make up thy brightness_ Phoebus_, lonely night,
Burle thy thick mantle over all the heavens,
Let this black day for ever be forgot

88 lonely] lovely & [i.e., lonely]
In the eternall registres of time:

Which of you sacred powers are not ashamed
To see a Prince so sinfully abus'd
By his owne issue and unrevenge'd.

Enter Selym and Bassasas.

But stand we, who comes here? a face of brass.
Else would it blush: now thou Saturnine Jove,
Thou God of great men, thunder that the world
Drench'd all in sinne, may shake and fear the noyse,
That horrid scourge of villanies.

Sely. Father?

Bass. Slave

Ant. I feel a strong Antipathy

T'wixt thee and me, thy sight makes my dead heart
Distill fresh drops of blood, and works new smart.

Sely. What furious Bassasas, and raging hot?

Iuggle the amorous pleasure that I feel

Creeps through my joynte: observe our Father,
Else by some wilfull murder hee'le prevent

My purpose'd project, I'de not loose the guilt
Of his destruction for a crown: heaven knowes

I love him better then to let him digge

Himselfe a grave, whilst I may take the paines.

Now mount my soule, and let my soaring plumes
Brush the smooth surface of the Azure skie.

Crowns in his hand.

With this I charm obeisance from the world:
Thou golden counterfeit of all the heavens;
See how the shining starres in careless ranks
Grace the composure; and the beauteous Moone
Holdes her irregular motion at the height
Of the foure poles; this is a compleat heaven,
And thus I weare it: but me thinks 'tis first
But weakely on my brow, whilst there yet breath
Any whose envie once reflect on it,
And those are three: the angry Bajazet,
Fuling Corsutus, proud Aghomates:
One of these three is car'd for, that's Corsutus,
Who ere the blushing mornes salutes the Sunne,
Shall be dispatcht by two most hideous slaves,
Whom I have bred a purpose to the fact;
The other rivall, wise Aghomates,
I'te beare aside by force of men and armes,
Which ready Mustred, but attend the stroke:
Then attend our Fathers.

Enter Hamon

125 One] 2(c); Once 4(u) [LV catchword is Once in all copies]
Here's one deal for him, [Aside.]

Shall send him quick to hell. It is decreed.

He that makes lesser greatness soone shall bleed;

[To him] Hamon draw neere, most welcome my deare Hamon,

What guesse of your patient Rajasct?

Is he all healthfull?

Hamon. No my gracious Prince.

Neither his body nor his minde is free

From miserable anguish.

Sely. A sad case.

Hamon I love him, and would rid him from't,

Were I so skill'd in naturalls as you.

Hamon. All that my art can works to sure his grieves

Sely. Unapprehending foole; [Aside.]

I must speake broder. Hamon is he ill

In minde and body both?

Hamon. Exceeding ill.

Sely. Then should I thinks him happier in his death,

Then in so hatefull life and so weake breath.

Hamon. And that's the readier way to cure his ill.

Sely. (E'as found me now) but Hamon can thy Art

Reach to the sure?

Hamon. With censis diligence.
Sely. Then let it.

Hamon. I'me yours. Exit Hamon.

Sely. Walke, and thy paines,

Shall be rewarded highly, with the like
As thou bestowest on Bajazet: the Court
Makes it a fashion now first to bring the event
about, and then hang up the instrument. [Exit.]

Actus Quinti, Scena Sexta.

Enter Chereugles above disguise like a common Sooldier.

Chere. Thus Chereugles hast thou wound thy selfe,
Out of thy selfe to act some fearfull plot,
By which the Authors of this publique woe,
Shall skip into their graves; it is confirm'd
A deede of lawfull valour to defeat
Those of their lives, that rob'd the world of peace.
On this side the false hearted Solymus
With his confederate Bassaes lie incompt
Just opposite the proud Achemates;
The Sunne now sunke into the Westerne lap,
Bids either part, unlace their warlike helmes
Untill to morrow light, where both intend
The hazard of a battell: but you powers
That with propitious cares, tender the world
  And us frail mortals, helps me to prevent
A general enemy by the fall of some;
Assist my spirits in a deed of blood,
Cruell, yet honest and austereely good.


Enter Selymus.

Sely. 
What?
A soildier thus licentious in his walkes,
A stranger? Ha? What art thou?

Chere.  A sworne friend, a servant to thy greatnesse.

Sely. Then returns
Backs into thy rankes and orders, no edict
From me hath ratified this liberty,
To scout at randome from the standing campe.

Chere. 'Tis true my honour'd Lord, nor have I dared
For some poore trivial prey thus to remove
My selfe, but for a cause of greater weight,
The ruine of our enemies.

Sely. How's that?

The ruine of our enemies?

Chere. No lesse;
The quicke fall of great Achomates
Can works it.

Sely. Soldier as thou hop'st to live,

Moake not my thoughts with false and painted tales,

Of a supposed stratagem.

Chors. I swear—

Sely. What wilt thou swear?

Chors. By all the heavenly powers

I speak the truth, and if I faile in ought,

Grind mine accursed bodie into dust.

Sely. Enough, unfold the meaning and the way

By which this happy project must be wrought.

Chors. 'Tis thus; at the twelfth hour of this blacke night,

Achometes I have indu'd to walkes

Fourth to this valley weapon'd, but unman'd,

In expectation of your presence there,

Where being met, heele urge a single sight,

Twixt you and him; after a stroake or two,

I have ingag'd my selfe closely to start

From ambush, and against you take his part.

Sely. Then thou art a trayter?

Chors. Worse then a devill, should my heart

Have made that promise with my tongue;

But heaven heare witnesses that my inward thoughts

Labour his welfare only, when you poweres

Have prov'd most worthy, therefore onely yours.
Meets but this foe, whom I have flattered thus,
To his destruction: and great Selyamus
Shall see my strength imploed to offend
Achomates, and stand thy faithfull friend.

Sely. Oh wert thou faithfull —.

Chere. If I shrinke in ought
That I profess, death shall strike me to the grave.
So thrive all falsehood, and each perjur'd slave.

Sely. Th'ast wonne our eredit, beare a noble mind
About thee, then to find me forward trust;
This night when asleepe triumphant hath subdu'd
Her wakemfull subjects, and the midnight clocke
Sounded full twelve, in this appointed place,
Expect my presence, and till then adiew,
Our next shall be a tragicke enterview. [Exit.]

Enter Achomates.

Chere. The first is ear'd for — here a second comes,
Assist me thou quicke issue of joyes braine,
And this one night shall make their labors vain.

Achomates. It shal be so, my feares are too to great,
To joyne all in one en-sett: a strong band
Shall with a circle have the traytor round,
And intercept the passage of their flight;
How now? From whence com'st thou? What art thou?

Chere. A Lieg-man to Achemates.

Achemates. To me?

Chere. Yes noble Prince, and one whose life is vowed
To further your desert, and therefore yours.

Achemates. We thank you, and pray you leave us.

Chere. I can unfold an easie stratagem,
Would crowne the hopes of great Achemates.

Achemates. What means the fellow?

Chere. To secure your state

By Selymus his fall.

Achemates. What i'st thou breath'ist?
Speake it againe, for many carefull thoughts
Possesse my soule, that every blessed voice,
Steales in the passage twixt my eare and hart;

By Selymus his fall, to secure my state?

Chere. I can.

Achemates. Delude me not, and I will raine
Such an unmeasured plenty in thy lap,
Heape such continuall honors on thy head
That thou shouldst shrinke, and stagger with the weight.

Chere. Judge of the meanes; this night I have induc'd

75 art] 80; at Q
86 hart;] hast, Q
Young Selymus to walke forth in this grove,
At the twelve hours, in hope to meete you here,
Where having urg'd a combat, and both met
In eager conflict, I have pawn'd my vow,
To rush from yonder thicket, and with him
Joyne against you.

Achomates. Villaine.
Chere. And devil, had

My heart made promise with my tongue,
But heaven beare witnesse that my soule affects
None but Achomates; try but my faith,
And meets this foe, whom I have bayted thus
With golden hopes, and you will find my deed
In your defence all promise shall succeed.

Achomates. I'm resolv'd scouldier, when day is past,
And the full fancies of mortalitie
Busie in dreams and playing visions,
At the sad melancholly houre of twelve,
Ile meete thee in this plains.

Chere. And you shall find
Me here before you.

Achomates. Be so; Who denies

98 devil, had, \( \times \) 80; devil, had, \( \times \)
To strike in time, can seldom hope to rise.  

Chers. These two will meete, and I must take both parts.

Now for a triseke to send them both to hell,

In the full growth of expectation;

Heavens know they have deserv'd it; then 'twould be

An happy murder; and behold the men


Enter Bassaes.

Whom I have decreed should doe it; once againe

I must betake me to my former note;

Health to the friends of our great Imperor,

The three strong pillars that uphold true worth.

Issak. Sir, your intrusion is unseasonable.

Musae. And your salute, impardonably bold.

Chres. Perhaps the newes I bring, may frame excuse

For both these faults.

Mesith. Speak out thy mind in briefe.

Chers. Then thus: to night here present on this plaine,

You may encounter two fierce enemies,

Ashomates, and Chersesgles, both at the full stroke of twelve.

Issak. Now (Mesithes) we're blest.

Musae. This night at twelve of the clockes?

Chres. Upon my life --.

Oamies. What shall we doe?

Chres. But meete me on this plaine
At the appointed houre, and I will place
You three aside, from whence you shall oppresse
Your foes at unawares.

Mesith. Is it a match?

Isaac. 'Tis done at twelve a clocke.

Musta. See thou prove faithfull.

Chere. If I shrink in ought
That I profess, death strike me to the grave.
So thrive all falsehood and each perjur'd slave.

kneunt Bassaes.

How easily base minds are drawne to strike
Their foes at least advantage — beauteous moone,
Pale witness to a thousand deeds of sinne

Vaile up thy light, that darknesse may helpe on
These blacke stratagems, and unhallowed hands
Strike in mistaken bodies even the soule
Themselves adore, and cheerfully defend;
But time growes fast upon me, hit all right
Two Princes, and three Bassaes dye this night.

*139 moone] 30; morne 4
Enter Corcutus with his Lute.

Corcut. Heaven whither run these projects? Is the thought
Of man so senselesse, void of wit, yet fraught
With threatening ambition? To what end
Doth this distempered madness headlong bend?
Blesse me my Genius from these hated toyles
Of murdering warfare, and these sweating broyles,
Of watchfull policy; Phoebus let it be
That I may know no other god but thee.
Learned experience sayes, ambiguous fates
Vexe eminent fortunes, and he onely stands
Without the beams of envy, whom the hands
Of some propitious power, hath ranekt below
Those short delights that troubled thoughts doe know;
A Crown's a golden marke, which being hit,
Falls not alone, but oft the head with it;
Honors are smokeie, nothing, then let the Queene
Of learning, great Minerva, and the nine
Chast sisters, that adorne the Grecian hill,
Devote me to themselves, but let me still

15 ofq] 8o; off q
Within Apollos sacred Temple sit,
And spend my body to encrease my wit;
Raigne Selyumus, for I shall never hate,
Thy supreme power, nor envy thy state;
Coroutus stands divorced from a life,
Engag'd to vaine ambition, factious state,
And empty power of Kings; His's great in fame
Not who seekes after, but neglects the same.
Since thou hast griev'd me Phoebus, free my wit,
That I may ease my grieves by speaking it;
If thou deny'st fond god, twill be in vaine,
Sorrow can sing, though thou not tune the straine.

Sings to his Lute:
Then thou sweetes Muse from whence there flowes,
words able to express our ill,
Teach me to warble out my woes,
and with a sigh each ascent fill;
Infuse my breast with dolefull straines,
Whose heavy note may speake my paines,
O let me sigh, and sighing wepe,
Till night deprive my woes with sleepe.

22 never] ne're thee Q
32 Song is set in italio.
The pleasing murmurers of the ayre,
that gently fanne each moving thing,
I having heard, straight doe repayre,
and beare a burden whilst I sing,
An heavy burden, dolefull song,
The fathers grieves, the subjects wrong,
0 let me sigh, and sighing wepe,
Till night beguiiles my woes with sleepe.

The grieved Flora hangs the head
of every youthfull plant and tree.
And flowry pleasures are starke dead,
at my lamenting melody,
Then all you Muses helpe my straine
To reach the depth of bitter paine.
Oh let me sigh, and sighing wepe,
Till night beguiiles my woes with sleepe.

Me thinkes I heare the singing spheres,
tune their melodious straines to mine,
The dewie clouds dissolve in teares,
as if they griev'd to see me pine;

40 murmurers | stet w; murmure 8°
42 having | 8°; being w
Thus each thing joynes to helpe my moane,
Thus seldome come true sighs alone;
Then let me sigh, and sighing wepe,
Tilli night beguile my woes with sleepe.

He sleepe: then enter two wurtherers who slaying him,
bear him away. Exeunt.

Actus Quinti, Scena Octava.

Enter Cheseogles.

Chere. A darke and heavy night, as if the gods
Winckt at our projects, and had clad the heavens
In a propitious blanke, to blesse my plot;
Revenge, to thee I dedicate this worke,
And I will pamper thy wild appetite
With blood and wurther; thy dull slow pace't feet
Shall caper to behold our fearfull oceanes
Drencht in a scarlet Ocean. Tis full twelve --
I heare a quiet foot pace, and it beetes
Directly towards. 'Tis Selymus,
Joy of expectation.

[Withdraws.] 10

Enter Selymus.

Selv. Thou Queene of shades;
Bright Cynthia, and you starry lampes of heaven,
What sphere hath told you? Oh y'are envious all,
And therefore hate to grace the time, in which
I rainate my latest foe; this is the sand
On which I am to wrestle for a Crowne,
And I am entred full of greedie lust,
To meete my adverse champion; here's my god,
Whom I adore with greater confidence
Then all those beauties, Sunne, or Moone, or Starres
That with malicious absence have disrob'd,
This gracious hours of its due respect.
Oh thou the silent darkness of the night,
Arms me with desperate courage and contempt,
Of gods -- lov'd men, now I applaud the guile
Of our brave rearers, which select this time
To drink and swagger, and spurne at all the powers
Of either world; blest mortals, had that mother
Strangled her other infant, white fac't day,
And brought forth Early night. My limbs are stiffe,
And I must bath these in my brothers blood;
Ile steepes this grasse in a red purple goare,
Scatter the carcasse prosecuable, and that done
Ile rear a lasting monument, Ile signs
A trophie, which inscrib'd, shall speake my deeds
To after ages, that's my chiefe intent,
Hec's coldly prays'd that's written innocent;
Whose there? my soul's a'.

Chere. Bouldier and slave, great Prince

At your command.

Saly. I will inoble thee,

Place thee my second selfe in all my power

For thy rare faith. Where's our Aehomates?

Chere. I heard one softly tracks full hitherwards,
And thinks this he; 'tis needfull that I meete him,
And give some profe that I continue his,
Else jealous of my faith, he will returne,
And we be both deluded; when y'are met,
Farley before you fight, till I prepare
My selfe to runne upon him unawares,
Means while he goe to meete him. Exit.

Saly. Goe, make hast; But if this base raskall should deceive
My trust? a trifle — my nerves are plumped up
And fill'd with vigor, strong enough to fright,
A million of such big basset, drowsie slaves;
I hear the both approach.

Enter Chereologes and Aehomates.

Chere. See where, he stands, I shall not be slow
To second your encounter; being met,
Parley before ye fight, till I prepare
My selfe, to runne upon him unaware,

Meane while I'le withdraw — [aside] now for my Bassas. Exit. 60

Achometes. A time of dismall blacknes, and my soule
Is dull and heavy, as if envious night,
Striv'd to subdue my fatall watchfullnesse.

But I have rush'd upon my foe: whose there?

Sely. Answer me Prince first I say, what art thou?
Achometes. He that usurp's the title is a villaine.
Sely. But he that weares it is a Saint, and such as I.
Achometes. Th'art a treacherous slave.
Sely. Achometes thou lyest, this night shall proue
I shrinke not to unmaske what I have done.

Achometes. Oh heavens, so impudentely bad?
Sely. Good brother we know your vertues, one that
gaine country, gods, and men,
Slew an Ambassadour which here we must revenge.

Achometes. Hearke in thine ear,
Ile whisper forth thy mischieves, lest the heavens
Should teare and snatch them hence from my revenge,
In greediness of wrath. 70

They whisper.

Enter Chereasogles, Ismaeke, Mesithes, Mustapha.

Chere.

See where they stand.

66 is] of 6
70 unmaske] 80; unmake 75
75 S.D. They whisper. Q prints in Roman as end of line 75, following
each after wrath.
Isaack. Aathomates and Chereogles?

Chere. Both:

They are two, we foure, lets runne upon them,
'Tis very darke, be certaine in your aime,
And all strike home.

Omnes. A match.

Chere. Isaack, and I

Will take the neerest.

Musta. And we the other.

Chere. Strike home, and sure, and here's at them.

Sely. I have the Crowne, and I will, Oh, oh, oh. Stab him.

Aathomates. Oh, oh, oh, O villaine I am slaine. Stab him.

Uterque moritur.

Chere. It is not Chereogles we have slaine.

Isaack. Not Chereogles villaine, whom then? Speak.

They confer.

Chere. Aathomates and Selymus.

Isaack. No.

Chere. None other.

Isaack. Hast thou betray'd us so?

Chere. Be silent, heare me.

There lie the Captaines of both Armies dead.

Breathlesse? and so stupid to neglect

The use of opportunities?

Isaack. What use?
Ohara. Are you not rich, wealthie in powerful gold?

Goe whilst the Souldiers lye thus destitute

Of any Leader, frankly bribe both parts,

Buy their unsetled love at any rate,

And creepe into their bosome, then in this

Dead want and dearth of Princes, they will

Cleave to Isaaack, and at length salute ---.

Isaaack. Me Emperour?

Chers. You apprehend it right.

Isaaack. What blessed angell art thou?

Chers. 'Tis no time to your.

For idle complement.

Isaaack. Thy counsel's good.

I would not let slip this sweet occasion,

For all the precious plenty of the world.

Come let's away.

Chers. First make some quick dispatch with now rivalls.

Isaaack. True, they'll not endure my Soveraignty.

Hast no suddaine wits how to remove them both?

Chers. No will but strength; are not we two?

They are no more; we must encounter them, 'tis man to man:

The match no whit unequall.

Isaaack. I am thine:

I hate to have co-partners in my state.
There shall not breath a man whose envious eye
Dares looke a squint on my dread Majestie.

Mesith. They that bring newes first, are still most welcome.

Musta. Experience speaks it true.

Mesith. Let us hast,

Now Selymus we come to gratulate.

Isaack. Stay —

Chers. Stand.

Mesith. How?

Musta. What means this?

Isaack. You look behind, I feel the blood

By slow degrees off, from my wounding thrust;

I Musta. Sweet doings.

Isaack. 'Tis no lesse, Sir witnesse this,

Treaytor I 'me slaine.

Chers. That if I fail, Cross fortune, wicked chance:

But I must make the best of it. [To them] Is he dead?

Mesith. Villaine he is, and thy bad turne is next:

What devill did incite thee, to incite

Isaack 'gainst friends? Injurious slave.

Musta. Urge him to no confession, till the rack

Force from his closest thought unwilling truth;

He shall be doom'd for this notorious fact

[They fight.]

120. They fight, Isaack is slaine. Q
Unto continuall paines,
Hunger, oppression, want and slavery. [Moritur.]
[Chesegles stabs Mesithes.]

Mesith. That struck me full.--- Have at thee:

[Stabs Chereegles.]

Hold thou art victor. I have met the price
Of treason, death; and as I hop'd to raise
By blood, I fall, so have I mist my scope,
Delusion is the end of lawlesse hope. Moritur.

Chers. Mesithes stay one moment, art thou gone,
I am not farre behinde, I feel the blood
By slow degrees ebb, from my fainting breast,
I am heart struck, and wounded even to death;
A Scene of slaughter this. --- O just heavens
Still I plighted faith to each of these,
I wisht that if I fail'd in one, I vow'd
Death would thus strike me, I have gain'd my wish,
Then you imperiall Fates that intercept
The brittle courses of fraile mortality,
Continue this firme justice, and enact
A constant law, that all false meaning hearts
That thinks of oathes as of a pufle of winde,
May as I doe, thus sinke into the grave;
My dying wish: so thrive each perjur'd knave. Moritur.
Enter Soldiers.

Sold. 1. The night overblowne, and five a clocke,
I wonder at their absence; what are these?
Our Generalls murdered, our deere Selimus,
With his three Bassaes, and Achomates;
Whose bloody hand is guilty of this fact?

Sold. 2. A trembling shakes me, 'twas some power
That frown'd at our proceedings.

Sold. 3. Bajazet is new borne to his Soveraignty.

Sold. 4. Let's take their bodies, bear them hence in pomp 160
Unto their greatness, and advise the foe
Of their slain Generall sterne Achomates;
Sound peacefull rumours; we must resubmit
To Bajazet, so heaven hath thought it fit.

Exit. 

Actus Quinti, Scena Nona.

Enter Bajazet and Haman with a Book and Candle.

Bajaz. Set downe the Book and Candle, goe and provide
The POTION to prevent my Fever-fit,
Till when I meane to study: goe make hast. Exit Haman.

Fortune I thankes thee, thou'ret a gracious Whore.

Thy happy anger hath immur'd a Prince
Within the walls of base security.

Farewell thou swelling sea of Government,

On whose bright christall bosom floats along

The gravelled vessell of proud Majestie.

Ambition empty all thy bagge of breath,

Send forth thy blast among the quiet waves,

And works huge tempeststo confound the Art

Of the usurping Pilate Selimus,

Treason and envie, like to bickering windes,

Shake the unsettled Fabrick of his State,

That from my study windowes I may laugh,

To see his broken fortune swallowed up

In the quick sands of danger, and the sayle,

Pufft with the calme breath of flattering Chance,

By furious whirle-windes rended into ragges,

And peace-meale scattered through the Ocean;

But peace my chiding spirit; Come thou man

Of rare instinct, blest Author of a booke. Takes the booke.

Worthy the studies of a reading God,

Thou dost present before my wearied eyes,

Enter yeume Musick, the Ghost of Socrates, Shakespeare,

Tiberius sweating in his policies,

Tristan, Mahomet, Agamemnon, Calibus, Scyllamidas, with

Dull Claudius gaged by dull flattery,

With a sword, they encompass Antest in his pal.

Nero unbowelling Nobility,

Galba undone by servants hardly good,
Otho o're-whelm'd in love, and drencht in blood,

Vittellius sleeping in the chayre of State,

Vespasian call'd to government by Fate,

Still as thy Muse doth travell o're their age,

A Princes care is writ in every Page.

Thus I unfold the volume of thy wit,

The chiefest solace of my moving wit,

Caedes eo fuit notabilior, quia filius

He reads.

Patrem interfecit. +

Amsunt thou damn'd wizard, did thy god

Apollo teach thee to divine my fall?

What, hath thy cursed Genius tract my steps

Through the Meanders of darke Privacie,

And will he dwell with me in these close shades

One after another strife at Bajazet with their swords.

To vex my banish't soule, banish't from joy,

Removed from the worlds eye? I am accurs'd,

And hated by the Synode of the gods;

A knot of envious deceites: the day will be

When they shall smart for this indignity; [Sleeps.]

Enter solemn Musicke, the Ghost of Mahometes, Zemes,

To the last scene, thy tragick part is come,

Trizhan, Mahomet, Achmetes, Caiubus, Assemhemides, with

each a sword and burning Tapers, led in by Nemesis, with

a sword, they encompass Bajazet in his bed.
Nemesis. Triumph my Plantifes, Nemesis your Queene
Is Pierced quite through with your Continuall groanes.
See, see, the prostrate body of a King,
Glad in the weedes of pining discontent,
Lyeth open to your wrath, and dolefull hate:
But I conjure you not to touch his skinne,
Nor hurt his sacred person; those three Fates
(Those frightfull sisters) told me they decree
For Bajazet another destinie;
But vex his soule with your deluding blowes,
And let him dreams of direfull anguishments,
Each in the proper order of his Fate,
Vent the comprest confusion of his hate.

Nemesis puts by their blowes. Exeunt in a solemne dance.

Nemesis. Awake, awake thou tortured Emperour,
Looke with the eye of fury on the heavens,
Threaten a downfall to this mortall stage,
And let it cracke with thee, thy life is runne
To the last Scene, thy Tragick part is done.,

Bajazet awakes in fury, ariseth.

Baja. You meager devils, and infernall hagges,
Where are you? Ha! What vanisht? Am I sound?
Did I not feel the tears and rack my flesh,
And scramble it amongst them? Heaven and earth!
I am deluded, what thin airy shapes
Durst fright my soul? I'll hunt about the world,
Search the remotest angles of the earth,
Till I've found out the climate holds these fiends;
Or build a bridge by Geometrick skill,
Whose lineall extension shall reach forth
To the declining borders of the skies,
On which I'll lead mortality along,
And break a passage through those brazen walls,
From whence Jove triumphs o'er this lower world:
Then having got beyond the utmost sphere,
Besiege the concave of this universe:
And hunger-starve the gods till they confess
What furies did my sleeping soul oppress.
Ha! did it lighten? or what nimble flame
Ha's crept into my blood? He thinkes it steals
Through my distemper'd joynts, as if it fear'd
To urge me to impatience.

Eamon, accursed Eamon; stand my soul
Above the power of these invemom'd drugges:
Am I in hell alive? The Stygian flames
Could not produce an heat so violent at
As burns within my body: Oh I feel
My heart drop into cinders, I am dust;

Jove for thine owne sake Jove, confine my soule
Within these walls of earth: for in the skie

When I am there, none shall be Jove but I.

Still, still I boyle, and the continued flames
Are aggravated: He is done, subdu'd

(By the base Art of a damn'd Emperick)
Whose empty name sent terror through the world:

Is not the heaven bespangled all with starres,
Is not the golden Sunne

My solemn Hearse? What, doth the golden Sunne

Ride with it's wonted motion? Are the waves

Bridled within their narrow Continent?

At such a burden? Can he support the Gibe

An Emperour, a Bajazet decease

Crackt with his weight? Doe not the heavens prepare

And make no breach in nature? fright the world

For Jove? I'll make thy Funerall Papes:

With no prodigious birth? Are you asleepe

You thundring beggar'ds that so awe the world?

I'll hasten to revenge this strong neglect

Or I'll make torches of the universe

Of my deceasing spirits; mount my soule,

In stead of Candles: flaring Countries, Cities

So Jove I come, exorcsporate, divine,

9 following lines 'tis has an extra line: Command the heavens that the pristine gaudy aspect

159
Immortal as they selfe, I must contest
With thee proud god, with thee to armes my minde,
Onely my soule ascends, earth stayses behinde.

Enter the Ghosts as before, and beare him out.

Actus Quinti, Scena Decima.

Enter Solyman as newly Crowned. Souldiers, Attendants, warlike Musick.

Solym. Is Selymus deceased?
Sould. He is my Lord.
Solym. Who Selymus? What Fate durst be so bold:

Oh, I could act an holy frenzy now.
Selymus deceased? What, did not Atlas tremble
At such a burden? Can he support the Orbe
That holds up Selymus? Is not yet the Pole
Crackt with his weight? Doe not the heavens prepare
His funerall Exequies? Jove I invoke thee now,
Command that idle Phoebus, that he exhale
Matter from earth to make thy Funerall Tapers:
Or I'll make Torches of the universe
In stead of Comets; flaming Countries, Cities

9 Following line 9 Q has an extra line: Command the heavens that the prone Chandler shops
Shall be thy ceremonial Tapers:
Or if not this: I'le ransack Christendome,
Kings Daughters I'le embowell for a Sacrifice,
Their fat with vestall fire will I refine,
And offer virgins ware unto thy shrine.
Start back bright Phoebus, let thy firie Steedes
Keepe Holiday for Selymus. Tell thy host
Proud Neptune now expects anothers deluge,
That all the earth may weep for Selymus.
What, do you smile you Heavens? are ye conscious,
And guilty of this execrable treason?
What, dare the fields to laugh when I doe mourn?
I'le dye your motly colour'd weeds in scarlet,
And cloath the world in black destruction.
Nemesis, I'le naile thee to my greedy sword,
Destruction shall serve under me a Pretiship.
Courage brave Selmie, with thy Princely boat
Through Styx even all mortality shall float;
I'le leavie Souldiers through the Universe,
With which thou shalt beguirt Elizeum;
Thus barren Nature shall repent thy fall,
Grieving that shee did not the event fore-stall;
Death I will hate thee: the world shall weare
Thy sable liverie embrodered with feare:
Thy Trophies every where the world shall gaze on:
Thy Armes in sable and in gules I blazon.

Sould. My Lord this Crowne entreates you leave off these

Ground-creeping meditations, and to thinke

Of Majestie, wherefore we invest your browe

With this rich robe of glory, and doe vowe

To it our due alleageance: thus you shall

Mount up aloft above your Fathers fall.

Sould. Live then, and raigne most mighty Emperour,

For which so lately thou hast sweat in blood,

Thou wearest upon my shoulders in thy stead:

Thus are we crown'd, and thus thy labours bee

Made gaineful unto thines, though not to thee.

Thou hast upon my shoulders in thy stead:

Thus we are crown'd, and thus thy labours bee

Sould. Thus our deare Father, those bright robes of state,

For which so lately thou hast sweat in blood,

Thou wearest upon my shoulders in thy stead:

Thus are we crown'd, and thus thy labours bee

Made gaineful unto thine, though not to thee.

Sould. Live then, and raigne most mighty Emperour,

Whilst that our care and watchfull providence,

Shall fence thy safety, and keepe Sentinell

Hatcht in the Center of the darkest earth;

The massie element should be prospective

For all our piercing eyes; should Plato send

His black Apparator to summon thee

To appeare before him, by that Mahomet

Our greedy swords which erst stak't in blood,

We would confront him boldly, and excuse

His absence unto Pluto, by our presence;

49 thy] our Q

49 thy] our Q
Death we'le disarme thee, if thou dar' st arrest
Thy fury on our Solymon, or we'le
Bale his person with our imprisonm't.

By our death thou shalt live; our Citie walls
May with warlike ruine be battered,
But our alleageance, that European Bull,
Shall never push from us, with his golden horses;
Nor shall his guilded showers quench our loves:

No golden Engineer shall undermine
The Castles of our faith, nor blow them up
With blasts of hop'd preferment; were thy walls
Or more Constantin'ly, be more thy selfe,
But paper, were they made of brittle glasse,
Singe when, and burn the more that they may at once
Our faiths should make them marble, and as firme
Rester in yeares, as much as now thou dost
As Adamant: not walls, but subjects love,
In discorse and in valour, were it possible
Doe to a Prince the strongest Castle prove.
So the world his titles, and let stiffen'd face
Behold great Prince alleageance mixt with love
Second thy trumpet.

Look'd in our breasts: thou art the living key
Beneath, how live Solymon, &c.

To shut, and to unlock them at thy pleasure:

No golden pick-lock shall e' re scour it selfe
Our patience hath at length tird out the gods;
Into these faithfull looks, whose onely springs
Our envy hath beene reckt enough with treasons,
Can be no other then our owne heart strings.

And black seductions, as if we Christians
Our greedy swords which erst imbru'd in blood,
Were left to conquer: we yield our furnish'd blades
Did seems to blush at their owne Masters acts,

84 their] Q(o); your Q(u)
105 conquer] Q(o); while Q(u)
And upbraid us with our bloody facts:

Though peace hath now condemn'd to pleasing rust,
Yet at thy beck we'le sheath them in the breast
Of daring Christians; thus in warre we'le fight
For thee, whilst thou dost strive for victory:

Here to describe such Princely vertues, which
Should more adorne thy Crowne then Orient pearles,
Were but to shew a glasse, and to commend
Thy selfe unto thy selfe. Be gracious,
Magnificent, courageous, or milde,
Or more compendiously, be more thy selfe,
Raigne then, and Mahomet grant that thou may'st passe
Nestor in yeares, as much as now thou dost
In wisedome and in valour; Herald proclaime
To the world his title, and let swift-winged Fame
Second thy trumpet.

Heralds: Long live Solyman, &c.

Solyman. We thank you friendly Actors of our blisse,

Our patience hath at length tired out the gods;
Our Empire hath beene rackt enough with treasons,
And black seditions, as if no Christians
Were left to conquer; we yield our Turkish blades
Against our selves, imbowelling the State

105 conquer; } $^9$; -, Q
wee} Q(c); we'le Q(u)
With bloody discord; by our strength we fall,
A scorne to Christians; with our hands we shed
That bloud which might have conquered Christendome;
Thus while we hate our selves we love our enemies,
And heale them with our sores, whil'st we lye weltring
In bloody peace: the dy of the publique safety
Hath beeene already cast by th'hand of warre,
Treasons have made a blot, which may provoke
The enemie to enter, and beare our men
To darke Avernus; Enwie might have blusht,
Though always pale, at all our projects: now
This bloody deluge is quite past, returne
Sweet Peace with th'Olive branch, enough of warres,
'Tis thou must powre oyle into our scarres.
Fly hence Hereditary hate, discords dead;
Let not succeeding emities and hatred live,
Let none presume to cover private sores
With publique ruines, nor let black discord
Make an Anatomie of our too leane
Empire, let it wax fat againe; when peace
Hath knit her knots, then shall the wanton sounds
Of Bells give place to thundring Bombardes,
Thunderbolts, and in stead of making warres.

107 discord;...fall,] ~A~ Q(u); ~A~ Q(c)

Tulcan I've tax thee, exercises thy Forge,
And blood wash out the smoothing yyle of Peace;

Every Souldier I'le ordaine a Priest

To ring a fatall knell to Christians,

And every minute unto earths wide wombe,

Shall sacrifice a Christians Hecatombe:

Then shall we make a league with Aeolus,

The windes shall strive to further our proceedings,

Then will we loade the Seas, and fetter Neptune

With chaines that hold our Anchors; he shall quake

Lest he to Pan resigne his watry Empire,

And three-fork'd mace unto my awfull Scepter;

The Whales and Dolphins shall amazed stand,

That they shall yeeld their place to Beares and Lyons,

Sylla shall howle for feare when she shall see

The Sea become a Forrest, and her selfe

Mountaine; then let Syrens quake.

For feare of Satyres, then let the Christians thinke,

Not that our Navie, but the Country it selfe

Is come to move them from the growing earth;

Comets, fiery swords shall be my Heraluds,

Threatning to th'world suddaine combustion:

Let our armes be steely bowes, our arrowes

Thunderbolts, and in stead of warlike Drummes,

Thunder shall proclaime black destruction;

Vulcan I'le tax thee, exercise thy Forge,
Prepare to me for all the world a scourgé,
The Fates to me their powers shall resigne,
Which with this hand will rend the strongest twine
Of humane breath; first for the Ile of Rhodes,
Destruction there shall keep his mournfull Stage:
Th'inhabitants shall act a bloody Tragedy,
And personate themselves: Then for Naxos Ille,
Death there shall keepe her Court, then I will make
Vienna all a Shambles; yea gaping Famine,
Ever devouring, alwayes wanting foode,
Shall gnaw their bowels, and shall leave them nothing
Besides themselves to feede on; their dead corpes
Shall be entombed in their neighbours bellies.
There every one shall be a living Sepulcher,
An unhallowed Churchyard; famine shall feede it selfe,
Then shall they envie beasts, and wish to be
Our Jades, our Mules; Matrons shall strive to bring
Into the hatefull light abortive Brats;
The Infants shall returne, and the leane wombe
Shall be unto the Babes a suddaine tombe.
Then shall they hoard carcasses, and strive
Onely to be rich in Funerals; I'de rejoice,
To see them stand like Screech-Owles, gaping when
Their Parents should expire, and bequeath
To hell their wretched soules, to them their death.
All. Long live great Solomon our noble Emperor.

Solym. All this, and more than this I'll do, when peace Hath glutted our new greedy appetites,
When it hath fill'd the veins of the Empire full With vigour; then lest too much blood should cause Armies of vices, not of men to kill us;
And strength breed weakness in our too great Empire,
Then, then, and onely then we shall thinke good,
With warre to let the body politick blood;
Meane time we'le thinke on our Fathers Funerall:
Oh, I could be an holy Epicurus,
In teares, and pleasing sighes, Oh I could now Refresh my selfe with sorrow, I could embalm
Thy corpes with holy groanes from putrifaction:
Oh, I could powder up thy thirsty corpes
With brinish teares, and wipe them off with kisses,
And that I might more freely speake my griefes,
These eyes should be still silent Orators,
Till blindnesse shut them up, were I a woman:
But I am Solomon, Emperor, the Turke,
Blood shall be my teares, I'll thine thee slaine
Amongst the Christians, and translate my griefe
To fury; every member of my body

179 Long...Emperour.] Q prints in italic.
Shall execute the office of a weeping sonne.

Thus in my teares an Argus will I bee,

My head, heart, hands, and all shall weep for thee.

Oh, that the cruel Fates were halfe so milde

As to drive streames of teares from forth the springs;

Great sorrowes have no leasure to complaine;

Least ills wont forth, great griefes within remaine:

See Selymus, sometimes a fore-string instrument

Feeding his Souldiers with sweet Harmony,

Both now tune nought to us but Lacrymy;

Could n'Aesculapius be found to tune

His disagreeing elements, treasons crackt

The string which else an headach would untune.

Every disease is a ragged fort

To weare these strings asunder, treason did lend

Death, which both age, and sickness did intend;

What then remainses, but that his Funerall rites

With our Grandfather, Uncles, be solemnized,

That so black discord may be with them buried;

But noble Selymus, what Tombe shall I prepare

For thy memoriall? Shall a heavy stone

Presse thy innocent ashes? Shall I confine

Thy wandring ghost in some high marble prison?
Or shall I hither fetch the flying Tombe
Of proud Mausolus the rich Carian King?
No! Religion shall cloake no such injurie,
No hired Rhethoric shall adorne thy coarse,
No pratling stone shall trumpet forth thy praise,
The world's thy tombe, thy Epitaph I'lle carve
In Funerals, destruction is the booke
In which we'le write thy annalls, blood's the Inke,
Our sword the Pen; A Tragedy I intend,
Which with a Plangity, no Plaudity, shall end.

FINIS.

[Amaseades: Mehoastes followers.] 4 prints, "Amaseades, Amaseas/ Followers." "Mehoastes" must evidently be amended to "Amaseades". It may be that the "n" in "followers" is a mistake, and that Amaseades is merely being described. Moreover in III.1 he is more than a follower of Mehoastes, for he is bribed by Sylymus with the two Basams; and he appears regularly in the court scenes from then on. More important, though, is evidence of obvious confusion of line division in the next line down, dealing with Basam,
Dedication

A* seems to have been a correction of the form of address and spelling of A2, over which it was found pasted in the Harvard copy.

The Actors

2 Mahometes] The names Mahometes, Achomates, Mahomet, and Achomates have, to avoid confusion, been spelled in full throughout, and the spelling has been made consistent. The change is normally silent for speech prefixes; in all other cases the change is foot-noted (including cases in which the speech-prefix gives the wrong name).

4-5 Asmehemedes. [Mahometes followers] Q prints, "Asmehemedes, Mahomet/ followers." "Mahometes" must evidently be emended to "Mahometes". It may be that the "s" in "followers" is a mistake, and that Asmehemedes is merely being described. However in III.1 he is more than a follower of Mahometes, for he is bribed by Selymus with the two Bessaes; and he appears regularly in the court scenes from then on. More important, though, is evidence of obvious confusion of line division in the next line down, dealing with Haman.
Thus I have treated "Mahometes followers" as the Turks referred to in III.ii as taking leave of Mahometes.

6-7 [Jewish./ Monke.] Q prints:

Hamon Bajazets Physician,

Jewish Monke.

Hamon is a Jewish name, and Knolles mentions him as Bajazet's physician (p.495); the monk is the man who tries to kill Bajazet, referred to by Knolles as "a Dervislar [dervish] (which is a phantastical and beggarly kind of Turkish monks)." Obviously "Jewish" identifies Hamon, and "Monke" should stand on its own.

102 beginne:] Q's lack of punctuation after "beginne" leads to take it as a verb governing the infinitive "To throw" in line 103, and to put parentheses around line 102; but the elaboration of the Jove-Saturn example in lines 103-4 makes it unlikely that line 102 is merely a parenthetical interjection of a case in point. Therefore punctuation must be added after "beginne".

This sentence is not enough, however, unless "vise" is made past tense, "sald" made present tense, or the clauses separated. The break affected by the dash does not detract
121 Achomates] Q reads "Mahomates", and line 124 is spoken by him also. There has been confusion with Bajazet's conversation with Mahomates, lines 128-36. 3o changed the second lot of references to Achomates, leaving Mahomates in lines 121 and 124. The author's source, however, is quite definite about the division of the provinces (Knolles p.477).

III.v

35 warrs] 3o's emendation to "wals" makes better sense than the Q reading, but the composer had already set the word "wails" in a near line. These two words have been supplied in 3o to fill twice on the page (lines 26 and 29). A misreading to "warrs" is incompatible in line. They are probably no more than a seems unlikely. Isaacack is perhaps referring to the inter-groom, but something is certainly needed.

IV.ix

46-51 When...dead —] 3o went half-way towards making sense of the complicated and unsatisfactory Q passage by changing the following day, but that the night should be "very darks" "Then" to "When". In this way treason coping with majesty (V.viii.6) to further his plot. Further references to and son with father are concomitant with Bajazet beholding his dance and heavy night" (V.viii.1), the absence of "Cynthia, the manner of the war, rather than later. Further, "he and the stately lamps of heaven" (V.viii.12), and the thinks" can follow logically from both "when" clauses. "small blackness...of evensight night" (V.viii.61-2) confirm this change is not enough, however, unless "view" is made the issue, past tense, "cald" made present tense, or the clauses separated. The break effected by the dash does not detract
from the rhetoric of the speech.

V.v

[16 old] 8°'s emendation to "oyld" is attractive. Not only would oiled joints bow more easily, but the connotations of the word "oil" are in keeping with Selymus' hypocritical sycophancy in this scene. Nevertheless "old" has been retained as an altogether possible reading: bowing may be more difficult for old joints, but tumbling is certainly not.

[32 honour him] These two words have been supplied in 8° to fill the incomplete Q line. They are probably no more than a guess, but something is certainly needed.

V.vi

[139 moone] There is strong thematic support for 8°'s emendation from "morne". These examples are not at this point worried about the following day, but that the night should be "very darke" (V.viii.61) to further his plot. Further references to "a darke and heavy night" (V.viii.1), the absence of "Cynthia, and you starry lampes of heaven" (V.viii.12), and the "dismall blackness...of envious night" (V.viii.61-2) confirm the image.
82 Chers.] Q assigns the speech to Mesithes, but the actions following make this virtually impossible: Cheregeles tells Issaok that they have just killed Selymus by mistake; the two of them plan to kill Mustapha and Mesithes; and the latter return together in conversation. Clearly it must be Cheregeles directing the ambush, by dividing the bassaes, in the line in question.
PRESS-VARIANTS IN Q (1631)

[Copies collated (all known extant): BM1 (British Museum Ashley 794), BM2 (British Museum Ashley 795), BM3 (British Museum 162. c.55), BM4 (British Museum 644.e.18), BMU (Birmingham University), Bod (Bodleian Library Mal.177[6]), Bute (National Library of Scotland Bute 253), CSMH (Henry E. Huntington Library), CtY (Yale University), DFO ( Folger Shakespeare Library), DLC (Library of Congress), Dyce (Victoria and Albert Museum), ENC (Eton College), HDP (Hampstead Public Library), ICN (Newberry Library), ICU (University of Chicago), InU (Indiana University), IU (Illinois University), LSU (Leeds University), MB (Boston Public Library), MH1 (Harvard University copy 1), MH2 (Harvard University copy 2), MIU (Michigan University) MRR (John Rylands Library), MWelC (Wellesley College), NNP (Pierpont Morgan Library), PU (University of Pennsylvania), Scot1 (National Library of Scotland H3.c.10), Scot2 (National Library of Scotland H3.d.50), SUDP (Sunderland Public Library), TxAU (University of Texas), Wad (Wadham College, Oxford), Worc (Worcester College, Oxford).]
1. SHEET A (outer form)

**Corrected:** Ba₁, Ba₃-4, BMU, Bod, Bute, CSMH, CTY, DFO, DLC, Dyce, ENC, HTP, ICN, ICU, Inu, IU, LSU, MB, MHL-2, MIU, MRR, MWelC, NRP, PU, Sect1-2, SUDP, TXU, WAD, Norc.

**Uncorrected:** Bi².

2. Sig. Alr.

Title RAINING RAINING

3. SHEET B (inner form)

**Corrected:** Ba₁², Ba₄, Bod, Bute, CSMH, DFO, DLC, ENC, ICN, Inu, LSU, MH², MIU, MRR, MWelC, PU, Sect1-2, SUDP, TXU, WAD, Norc.

**Uncorrected:** Ba₁, BM₃, EMU, CTY, Dyce, HTP, ICU, IU, MB, MH¹, NRP.

**Sig. Bj².**

I.11.125 here] here

4. SHEET C (inner form)

**Corrected:** Ba₁-4, BMU, Bod, Bute, CSMH, CTY, DFO, DLC, Dyce, ENC, HTP, ICN, ICU, Inu, IU, LSU, MB, MHL-2, MIU, MRR, MWelC, NRP, PU, Sect1-2, SUDP, WAD, Norc.

**Uncorrected:** TXU.
Sig. C2r.

I.vi.18 Baiazet] Baiazet

18.1 Baiazet] Baiazet

19 Baiazet] Baiazet

Sig. C4r.

I.viii.28 her adulterate] her adulterate

31 he is] his

37 Envie] Time

38 Caigu.] Cai gu.

II.i.i Al already] Alarady

SHEET F (inner forme)

Corrected: BM^1^2^, BM^4^, BMU, Bod, Bute, CSMH, Cty, DFM, DLC, Dyce, ENC, HDP, ICN, ICU, InU, IU, LSU, MH^2^, MIU, MRR, MWelC, NNP, PU, Scot^i^2^, SUJP, TXU, Wad, Wor.


Sig. F2r.

III.i.75 usurp'd] usurp'd

85 me up] meup

SHEET G (inner forme)

Corrected: BM^1^4^, BMU, Bod, Bute, CSMH, Cty, DFM, DLC, Dyce, ENC, HDP, ICN, ICU, InU, IU, LSU, ME, MH^1^2^, MIU, MRR, MWelC, NNP, PU, Scot^i^2^, SUJP, TXU, Wad.

Uncorrected: Wor.


sig. 02^r.

III.iii.56 Lachesis] Lachesis

Sig. 04^r.

III.v.15 bosomen,] bosomen?

Sheet II (outer forme)

Corrected: RM^1-4, BoI, Bute, CSmH, DFo, DLC, ENC, HDP, ICN, ICU, InU, IU, LSU, MB, MH^1-2, MIu, MRR, MWelC, NNP, P, Soct^1-2, SUDP, TXU, Wad, Wors.

Uncorrected: BMU, C^T, DyeC.

Sig. H^2^v.

IV.i.137 hours,] hours?

Sig. H^4^v.

IV.iv.17 succeed?] succeed?

Sheet I (outer forme)


Uncorrected: DyeC, ICU.

Sig. H^v.

IV.i.53 be,] be,

57 obey] obey
IV.vi.13 Drunnes;] Drunnes.
20 soyle;] soyle.

IV.vi.73 ioy] ioyes
82 Selymus] Silymus

IV.viii.54 goale] goole

SHEET K (inner forme)

1st stage corrected: BM², CtY, ICU.
Uncorrected: BM¹, IU.

IV.ix.13 dull-eged] dull-eyed
15 feind] friend
35 thart] that,

IV.ix.55 defence;...dye,] defence;...dye;

V.ii.60 gone,] gone,
2nd stare corrected: BM\(^{3-4}\), BMU, Bod, Bute, CSMH, 
DFO, DLC, Dye., ENG, HDP, ICN, 
InU, LSU, MB, MH\(^{1-2}\), MIU, MRR, 
KwelC, NNP, PU, Scott\(^{1-2}\), UDP, 
TxU, Wad, Wor.

Sig. L2\(^{F}\).

catchword Sely.] Then

note: Sig. K3\(^{V}\) catch ord s in Followers moves considerably throughout printing.

Sheet L (outer form)

Corrected: BM\(^{1-2}\), BMU, Bod, Bute, CSMH, Cy, DFO, 
DLC, Dye., ENG, HDP, ICN, LSU, InU, IU, 
LSU, MB, MH\(^{1-2}\), MIU, MRR, KwelC, NNP, 
PU, Scott\(^{1-2}\), UDP, TxU, Wad.

Uncorrected: BM\(^{4}\), Wor.

Sig. L1\(^{F}\).

V.ii.117 pursuit; ] pursuit,
119 contented, ] contented;

Sig. L2\(^{V}\).

V.v.30 Vivat; ] Vivat.
30 live Salve\(\text{nus}\); ] live Salve\(\text{nus}\).

Sig. L3\(^{F}\).

V.v.55 I have; ] If t'have

Sig. L4\(^{V}\).

V.vi.12 light; ] light.
SHEET L (inner forme)

Corrected: BM$^{1-4}$, BMU, Bod, Bute, C$^{3}$mH, CtY, DVo, DLC, Dyce, £NC, HDP, ICN, ICU, IU, LSU, MB, MR$^{1-2}$, MlU, MRR, M$^{5}$WelC, NNP, PU, Scot$^{12}$, SUDP, TxU, Wad. Worc.

Uncorrected: InU, Scot$^{1}$.

Sig. L$^{4r}$.

V.v.125 Once

SHEET N (inner forme)

Corrected: BM$^{1-4}$, BMU, Bod, Bute, C$^{3}$mH, CtY, DVo, DLC, Dyce, £NC, HDP, ICN, ICU, InU, IU, LSU, MB, MR$^{1-2}$, MlU, MRR, M$^{5}$WelC, NNP, PU, Scot$^{12}$, SUDP, TxU, Wad.

Uncorrected: Worc.

Sig. N$^{4r}$.

V.x.37 gaze on] gazon

SHEET O (outer forme)

Corrected: BM$^{4}$, Bod, Bute, C$^{3}$mH, DVo, DLC, £NC, ICN, ICU, InU, LSU, MB, MR$^{1}$, MlU, MRR, M$^{5}$WelC, NNP, PU, Scot$^{2}$, SUDP, TxU, Wad. Worc.

Uncorrected: BM$^{-13}$, BMU, CtY, Dyce, HDP, IU, MR$^{2}$, Scot$^{1}$. 
Sig. 01r.

Vx. 83 their] your
84 facts,] facts:
90 Crowne, ...pearles,] Crowne, ...pearles,
104 wee] we're
106 discord, ...fall,] discord, ...fall,

Sig. 02v.

Vx. 207 Least] Least

SHEET I (inner form)

Corrected:  Bn1-2, BM4, BMU, Bod, Bute, CSmah, Cty,
Bfo, DLC, Dyce, ENC, Hdp, Ick, ICU,
INU, IU, LSU, MB, MRh1-2, MiU, MRR, MwelC,
MHP, Pu, Soot1-2, Sulp, TXU, Wad. Worc.

Uncorrected:  BM3.

Sig. 02r.

Vx. 174 Funerals;] Funerals,

Vx. 207 Least] Least
EMENDATIONS OF ACCIDENTALS

[The final reading is that of the quarto.]

I.i

0.1 Enter Bassaes.] 80; ~, ~
0.2 Corcutus.] ~
9 adored;] 80; ~
16 throne;] ~
18 queen;] ~
20 warre;] ~
54 soule;] 80; ~
55 dignity;] 80; ~
56 undergo;] 80; ~

I.ii

0.1 applause, enter Cheseogles, ] applause Enter Cheseogles,
1 reports,] ~
9.1 Enter ] Enter
34 Comet;] ~
43 Counsell;] ~
52 soule;] ~
54 armes;] ~
73-75 Happy...what?/ In... wrongs./ My wrongs,] Happy...friends,/ That...My wrongs,
79 woes;] 8°; ~,
81 can;] ~
more;] 8°; ~,
89 this;] ~
126 I;] 8°; ~.

I.iii

2 us;] ~?
21 more...frowne] Q lines: Were...beautie./ But...frowne
31-32 one line in Q

I.iv

1 Did...much;] Q lines: Did...storme?/ It...much,
6 insolence;] 8°; ~,
10 heads?] ~,
17-18 above/ My...whilst] above my father,/ Whilst
19 fall;] 8°; ~,
20 Stix] stix
26 state;] ~,
58 Our...Emperour;] Q lines: Our...father./ Ours...Emperour.
88 him;] ~,
I. vi

2 nothing;] ~
4 it;] ~

I. viii

21-22 these, ... shall A / Blow strong,] 3° ; -A ... / - ... [final punctuation uncertain]

II. ii

0.1 Bazard, and Trizham, and Mahomet,] ~ - ~ - ~
4 Provinces;] ~
7 countreys;] ~
10 selves;] ~
11 supinely;] ~

II. iii

5 vanguard;] ~
6 charge; ... yours;] ~ ... ~
8 must downe] must downe
11 field;] 8° ; ~
15 vanguard;] ~
16 on;] ~
22.4 the;] 8° ; she
24 Stepdame] 8°; St pdame

23 Bajazet,] 8°; -,

bee. [8°; -

33 ruine:] 8°; -,

55 [have...sword] & lines: Have...then. / Not...sword

53.1 againe,] comma does not ink in most copies

67 me;] 8°; -,

68 desperate:] 8°; -,

72 I;] 8°; -,

II.iv

0.1 Selimus,] -

1 time:] 8°; -,

11 Elders,] 8°; -

12 scaffold,] 8°; -

36 Come...you.] & lines: Come...goe. / Straight...you.

44-45 one line in]

48 you,] -,

II.v

9 I;] -

15 conquered,...foote A] 8°; -...-

16 slaine;] 8°; -

23 comes;] -,

47 expire,] -
49 Aehmetes: 8°; ~,
53 show; 8°; ~
60 banquet; 8°; ~,
69 plot; ~,
70 thoughts; 8°; ~,
73 thread; ~
84 mantle; ~,
95 glory; ~,
113 appears; ~,

II.vi

23 delight —] 8°; ~,
35.1 manent] Manent
37 injurious] 8°; injurious
39 suspicion] 8°; supition
40 affection; ~,
41 Isaac; 8°; ~
45 vayle; 8°; ~,
46 love; ~
47 actions, say; 8°; ~, ~

II.vii

7 it?] 8°; ~
15 return'd; ~
18 me;} ~,
27 sonne[ ] ~?
41 me[ ] ~,
47 anger[ ] ~,
50 it[ ] 8°; ~
53 secure[ ] 8°; ~,
54 asleep[ ] 8°; ~,
67 morn[ ] 8°; ~,
74 orders[...prepar'd,] 8°; ~,...~
79 spheare[ ] 8°; ~,
87 hope[ ] 8°; ~,
92 him[ ] 8°; ~,
95 hell[ ] ~,
97 fight[ ] ~,
100 death[ ] 8°; ~,
104 The[...Mahomet,] Q lines: The...tooke./ Treason...Mahomet.
108 thee[ ] ~,
110 receiver[ ] ~,
113 with[ ] ~,
115 glory[ ] ~,
131 Helpe[...youth.] Q lines: Helpe Ianizaries./ Stop...youth.
134 What[...homicide.] Q lines: What...outrage?/ Cruell homicide.
135 Ungratefull...guts.] Q lines: Ungratefull wretch./ Tyrant./

Meete...guts.
137 Helpe[...whom?] Q lines: Helpe!...slaine./ Helpe?...whom?
147 Keepe...ha. Q lines: Keepe...firms./ Ha...ha.
155 dear] a does not ink in most copies
162 What...too.] Q lines: what...compell'd?/ And...too.
173 Peasants!] α
191 Offering...more.] Q lines: Offering...strength./ No more.
198 bloud:] α
200 The...off?] Q lines: The...decrese./ To...off?
210 out,] 8º; ~,
210–11 enlarge/ Your territories;] ~ ~,/

II.viii

7 brother,] α
12 rooFe,] 8º; ~
14 life;] ~,
27 feete;] ~,
31 What...Bishop.] Q lines: What...entrance?/ Health...Bishop.
35–38 Q prints letter in roman
41–42 Be...dispatcht./ Good...Turke,] Q lines: Be...you./

Imperious Turke,

47 Zemes;] ~,

III.i

16 How...happily,] Q lines: How...hopes?/ Great...happily,
22 examples:] 8º; ~,
26 fairely;] α
36 Prince,] α
39 Binds...farewell.] Q lines: Binds...you./ Sir, farewell.
40.1 Enter] and enter Q [following Exit. 1.39]
50 Then...you.] Q lines: Then...thankes./ Health...you.
54 Please...farre] Q lines: Please...service?/ Yes...farre
59 Spend...Highnesser?] Q lines: Spend...gold./ What...Highnesser?
59 But...hope;] Q lines: But...thankesfull./ So I hope;
61 friends;] 8°; ~,
65 Isaacke...wisht;] Q lines: Isaacke Bassa?/ ...wont...wisht;
66 hat,] 8°; ~,
74 lure] r hardly inks in many copies
92 Then...third.] Q lines: Then...nothing./ Here's a third.
94 aenigma] 8°; aenigma
99 serves;] ~,

III.i

3 eares;] ~,
15 That...know—] Q lines: That...Baiazet./ Wee know —
26 Thou...tricke] Q lines: Thou...farre./ A...tricke
35 world;] ~,
37 path;] ~,
40 wounds;] 8°; ~,
46 warres;] ~,
54 will,] 8°; ~,
56 sleepe;] ~,
59-60 What...you,/ Unlesse...speake.] Q lines: What...Baiazet/
To...them./ But...speake.
65 And...come] Q lines: And...end,/ Mesithes come
63 Tugge...droppes,] Q lines: Tugge...it./ So...droppe,
75 they,] -A
76 bastards,] 8°; -A
77 Mine...deny't;] Q lines: Mine...just./ None...deny't;
32 And...slaves.] Q lines: And...arrivall./ Shend...slaves.
80 will;] -,
98 Of...now?] Q lines: Of...Bassaes?/ Fa!...now?
104 die,] 8°; -,
106 Hold...dead?] Q lines: Hold...live./ How...dead?
107 Father...revoke] Q lines: Father...selfe./ Let...revoke
112 out-live,] 8°; -,
114 Beare...this,] Q lines: Beare...bodies;/ We...this,
124 Farewell...adiew.] Q lines: Farewell...father./ Worthy...adiew.
126 As...we] Q lines: As...good./ Then we
135 Honour...past.] Q lines: Honour...thee./ Now...past
136 Father...farewell.] Q lines: Father adiew./ Mahometes, farewell.
147 study;] -,
149 Then...dotard] Q lines: Then...for./ Wilt...dotard
151 name,] 8°; -,
155 With...Emperour.] Q lines: With...rebukes./ Health...Emperour.
156 What...Rome,] Q lines: What...message?/ Duty...Rome,
161 Secure...enough.] Q lines: Secure...performance./ 'Tis enough.
165 Priest;] -,
169 wound,] -A
III.iii

1 sorrow,...grieve,] 8°; ~A...~A
31 But...bad] Q lines: But oh! / But...indeed! / Why what? / As bad
38 gone,] 8°; ~A
48 Expect...could] Q lines: Expect...returne. / I...could
61 motion,] 8°; ~A
71 deedes...dye,] 8°; ~A...~A
89 Noble...Selymus.] Q lines: Noble assistant. / Happly Selymus.
98 Kings;] ~,
100 againe,] 8°; ~A
101 Though...will;] Q lines: Though...nay. / No...will;

III.iv

8 To...Sir,] Q lines: To...Feaver. / Pardon Sir,
29 heart;] ~,
31 pleasure;] ~;
40 And...newes?] Q lines: And...contrition. / What's...newes?
50 this.] ~A

III.v

19 In...adiew,] Q lines: In...Farewells. / Noble...adiew,
IV. i

16 joyes;] ~,

24 Be...thus.] Q lines: Be...delivery./ Then thus.

26-27 Young...night/ T...sunke] Q lines: Young...fled./ Fled?/

Fled...king./ Would...sunke

31 I...not.] Q lines: I...brow./ By...not.

33 Left...fledde;] Q lines: Left...Court?/ I...not./ Know...fledde,

37 At...one] Q lines: At...haven./ On...one,

38 Ille...here?] Q lines: Ille...villanies./ What's here?

41 Selymus...your —-] Q lines: Selymus...Court?/ So...your —-

47 Of...shall;] Q lines: Of...it./ So it shall,

50 plots;] —,

55 bowels;] —,

61 What...almes.] Q lines: What...monke?/ Only...almes.

62 I'me...slaine;] Q lines: I'me...vaine ——/ Traitor...slaine,

65 It...slaine;] Q lines: It...you./ Oh...slaine,

79 My...Sir;] Q lines: My...slowly,/ Heare me Sir,

81 Ha?...yet;] Q lines: Ha? ...wounded./ Untouched as yet;

94 Isaac,] punctuation uncertain

96 Quickly...hours,] Q lines: Quickly...goe./ I shall./ This

hourse,

99.1 S.D. follows line 100 in Q

111 dimensions;] —

112 But...round,] Q lines: But...businesse./ Passaes...round,

s.D. out] 8°; aut

112.1 S.D. follows neerely in line 114 in Q
observe...courtier.]

mahometes...he] 

into] °; into

is;] ~
youth;] °; ~,
sinne.] point only a speck in many copies

dead;] ~,
esteeme;] ~,
how...like] 

him;] ~,
selwynus;] ~,
endeavors;] ~

friend;] ~,
offended;] ~,
displeasure;] °; ~,
hence;] ~,
cloister;] ~,

absolute;] ~,
dispatch;] ~,
blisse;] ~,

s.d. follows line 13 in q
15 Bajazet] 3°; Bajazet
16 How...health;] lines: How...Father;/ In...health;
24 ayd,] ~,
35 warm;] ~,

IV.iv

4 heaven;] ~,
8 mee?] 3°; ~,
16 privacy;] ~,
19 false;...so,] ~,...~

IV.v

7 Things...Sir,] ~ lines: Things...silence;/ Worthy Sir,
9 thus,] ~
15 Surely...true,] ~ lines: Surely...bee;/ By...true,
16 foe;] ~,
20 Achomates?...voyce] ~ lines: Achomates;/ Even...voyce
22 Hears...newes] ~ lines: Hears...Basses;/ Sure...newes
31 Peace,] ~
   night-ravens;] 8°; ~,
32 note;] ~,
37 pretence;] ~
43 damage;] 8°; ~,
44 youth;] ~,
46 Make...done] ~ lines: Make...speed;/ I...done
56 are...Herrauld] Q lines: Are...content?/ We are./ Call...Herrauld.

68 of Persia] of Persia

87 That...cause,] Q lines: that...propos'd./ If...cause,

89 spoiles,] ~

104 And...speed] Q lines: And this./ And...speed.

IV.vi

0.1 Tartarian] Tartarian

25.1 S.D. follows line 26 in Q

26 Noble...Selymus.] Q lines: Noble Vize-roy./ Peace...Selymus.

38 thus:] ~

43 side;] ~

53 come,] ~

58 Is...yet] Q lines: Is...faire?/ Most...yet

59 'Twill...be: Q lines: 'Twill...distastfull./ No...be:

77 out-reached] hyphen only a dot

82 Good...whom?] Q lines: Good... Selymus./ Good...whom?

84 Triumviri:] Trina vii

86 S.D. follows line 87 in Q

89 behind.] ~

90 fears,] 8°; ~

94 sucede,] ~

95 deede;] 8°; ~

98 Yours Isaack Bassa] Yours Isaack Bassa
IV.vii

6 pride; } 30; -,
13 joyes; } 30; -,
13 Crowne; } 30; -
10 Majestie; } 30; -,
1 right; } -

IV.viii

3 That...much.] q lines: That...not./ I...much
10 plots; ] -,
12 safety; ] -,
14 Here...Bassae.] q lines: Here...Emperour./ Attend us Bassaes.
15 Ar't...dead.] q lines: Ar't...dead?/ Mahometes is dead.
18 revives,] -
23 I'me...foe] q lines: I'me...dye./ And...foe
29 leasure; ] -.
30 Nimphes; ] -
33 Arriv'd] Baja. Arriv'd
44 penitence; ] 30; -,
57-58 Even...ambiguously/ He...I.] q lines: Even...certaine:
[ow Ambitiously]/ Ambiguously...here/ As...I.
59 I'st...undone.] q lines: I'st...so?/ We...undone.
65 Long...friends;] q lines: Long...Selymus./ We...friends;
IV.ix

7 Alpes;] ~,
10 Bajazet;] ~,
11 loath;] S°; ~
17 streames;] S°; ~,
29 bee;] S°; ~,
35 that;] S°; ~, Q(u); that Q(o)
35.1 Arne, arme, arme;] arme, arme, arme.
37 The...neere?; Q lines: The...ambush./ What? so neere?
41 Summon...skirmishes;] Q lines: Summon...Army/ From...
   skirmishes,
45 warre;] S°; ~
60 Unnaturall...Father;] Q lines: Unnaturall sonne./ Uncharitable
   Father.
70 workes;] S°; ~
81 pride;] S°; ~
86 ambition;] S°; ~,
93 Darst...King?; Q lines: Darst...Traitor?/ Dare...King?
97.1 Biazet] Baziazet [i not modernised to j in note]
98 wrath;] S°; ~,
105 Before...fly;] Q lines: Before...rage./ So...fly;
108.1 S.D. follows line 107 in Q
109 How...Sir;] Q lines: How...you?/ From...Sir.
114 know;] S°; ~,
117 fill,] ~
V.i

3 wrath;] -,
11 slaughter;] -,
14 Ambassador's] Ambassador's
19 bad;] -

V.ii

7 what;] -
10 Faith...Mesithes] Q lines: Faith...together ---/ Good Mesithes
26 Ambassador...friends,] Q lines: Ambassador/ 'Tis so./

We...friends,
27 And...enough] Q lines: And...spectacle/ Tis...enough
37 spectacle] -?
41 Achromates...same] Q lines: Achromates/ Achromates/ The same
44 contempt,] 8°; -
48 Your...more,] Q lines: Your...tarriance ---/ Oh! no more,
60 gone,] Q(u), 8°; - Q(o)
63 By...Generall?] Q lines: By...lingering/ Whom...Generally
65 More...Lidge,] Q lines: More...selfe?/ My...Lidge,
68 forward;] 8°; -,
72 forces;] 8°; -,
73 subdue,] 8°; -,
81 brother;] -,
82 stout,] 3°; -
93 Of...fact,] Q lines: Of an Ambassador./ For...fact,
97 Of...decreed] Q lines: Of...Princes./ Enough...decreed
100 slave,] 8°; -A
107 My...Father.] Q lines: My...welcome./ Royall Father.

V.iii

8 perfection;] -,
13 What... Selymus.] Q lines: What...Presence?/ Good...Selymus.
14 From...good.] Q lines: From whom?/ From Bajazet./ 'Tis...good.
15 strange.] point only a speck in most copies.

V.iv

10 hell,] 8°; -A
16 sinne;] -,

V.v

12 Is...is.] Q lines: Is...return'd?/ My...is.
13 And...approach.] Q lines: And...him./ Let...approach.
17 And...skill.] Q lines: And...feet./ Pratise...skill.
20 Of...Father,] Q lines: Of...loyalty./ Right...Father,
23 Be...arne] Q lines: Be...triall./ Mast...arne
27 performance,] -;
28 boldnesse.] -:
As...suspect] Q lines: As...Godhead;/ I suspect

Your...hang.] Q lines: Your...unguarded;/ Plot...hang.

2 out:] ~

indented in Q

at:] ~A

That...Prince.] Q lines: That...thou;/ From a Prince.

Yet...enemie.] Q lines: Yet...thee;/ From...enemie.

Yet...Emperor.] Q lines: Yet...thee;/ From...Emperor.

Phoebus;] 8°; ~,

noyse;] 8°; ~A

That...Father?] Q lines: That...villanies;/ Father?

Corcutus;] 3°, ~A

stroke:] 8°; ~,

bleed;] ~,

Is...Prince.] Q lines: Is...healthfull;/ No...Prince.

From...case.] Q lines: From...anguish;/ A...case.

from't,] 8°; ~.

Shall...foole:] Q lines: Shall be applied;/ Unapprehending
foole:

In...ill.] Q lines: In...both;/ Exceeding ill.

Reach...diligence.] Q lines: Reach...sure;/ With...diligence.

Then...puines,] Q lines: Then...it;/ I'me yours;/ Walke...puines,
V.vi

4 graves;] ~,
19 Who?...that.] q lines: Who?...expected./ That?
29 weight,] 8°; ~
30 The...that?] q lines: The...enemies./ How's that?
31 The...lesse;] q lines: The...enemies?/ No lesse;
33 Can...live,] q lines: Can...it./ Soldier...live,
35 Of...swaree —] q lines: Of...s ratagem./ I sware —
36 What...powers] q lines: What...swaree?/ By...powers
58 Oh...ought] q lines: Oh...faithfull —/ If...ought
62 trust;] 8°; ~
66 adiew,] 8°; ~
76 A...mee?] q lines: A...Achomates./ To mee?
    mee?] 8°; mee?
82 what...state] q lines: What...fellow?/ To...state
83 By...breath'st?] q lines: By...fall./ What...br ath'st?
88 I...raine] q lines: I can./ Delude...raine
96 conflict,] 8°; ~
98 Joyn...had] q lines: Joyn...you./ Villaine...had
101 Achomates;] ~,
102 thus,] 8°; ~,
109 Ile...find] q lines: Ile...plaine./ And...find
110 Me...denyse] q lines: Me...you./ Be...denyse
115 it;] 8°; ~
117 it;] ~,
124 For...briefe.] q lines: For...faults./ Speake...briefe.
129 This...life —] Q lines: This...clocke?/ Upon my life —
130 what...plaine] Q lines: what...doe?/ But...plaine
134 Is...clocke.] Q lines: Is...match?/ 'Tis...clocke
135 See...ought] Q lines: See...faithfull./ If...ought
143 bodies,] ~,
144 defend;] ~,

V.vii

23 state;] ~,
25 ambition,] S°; ~
44 burden,] S°; ~
45 griefe,] S°; ~
49 of] of

V.viii

6 murther;] ~,
7 fearfull] r hardly inke in most copies
3 Drencht...twelve —] Q lines: Drencht...Ocean./ 'Tis...twelve —

Ocean.] 8°; ~,
11 Joy...shades;] Q lines: Joy of expectation./ Thou...shades;
12 its;] i'/',
25 guile,] S°; ~,
26 roaring...time,] S°; ~
28 world;] ~,
30 night;] ~,
31 blood;] S°; ~,
33-41 Whose...Achomates?] Q lines: Whose...souldier?/ Souldier...
    command. / I...selfe / In...faith. / Where's...Achomates?
39 thee, ] ~
50 hast; ] ~,
57 encounter; ] So; ~
71 heavens, ] So; ~
75 in...stand. ] Q lines: In...wrath. / See...stand.
76 Achomates...Both; ] Q lines: Achomates...Selymuy/ Both:
82-83 And...other. ] Q lines: And...home. / A match. / Issaok...
    nearest. / And...other.
85 S.D. follows line 84 in Q
86 S.D. follows line 85 in Q
90 Ha...so?] Q lines: Ha. / None...so?
95 gold?] So; ~,
97 parts, ] So; ~
101 salute — ] So; ~
102 Me...right. ] Q lines: Me Empour?/ You...right.
103-104 That...good. ] Q lines: That...thou? / 'Tis...complement./
    Thy...good.
113 The...thine:] Q lines: The...unequall. / I am thine:
113-119 Experience...gratulate.] Q lines: Experience...true./
    Let...gratulate.
120 Stay...lives.] Q lines: Stay — Stand. / How?...this? / Fate...
    lives.
121 Sweet...this, ] Q lines: Sweet doings. / 'Tis...this,
122 Traytor...chance:]

128 truth;] ~,

134 treason, death;] 8°; ~,

140 death;] ~,

150 grave;] ~

153 these?] 8°; ~

155 Achoromates;] ~,

162 Achoromates;] ~,

V. ix

14 envie,] ~

15 Fabrick] F faintly inked in some copies

13 sayle,] ~

37 notabilior] nobilior

41 what,] ~

47 deceites;] 8°; ~,

55 person;] ~,

59 anguishments;] ~,

70 earth!] ~

72 souley] 8°; ~,

74 holds these] 8°; hold sthese

fiends;] ~,

105 what,] 8°; ~

107 Continent?] 8°; ~
109 Bajazet] 8°; Datazet
114 spirits;] ~,
119 ascends;] 8°; ~A
119.1 before] 8°; ~ him

V. x

1 Is...Lord.] Q lines: Is...deceased?/ He...Lord.
3 now.] 8°; ~A
4 what;] ~A
7 prepare] 8°; prepar
22 what;] ~A
24 what;] ~A
43 bee;] 8°; ~,
53 person;] 8° ~,
62-63 Thy...imprisonment.] Q lines: Thy...person/ With...imprison-

ment
71 preferment;] ~,
83 strings;] 8°; ~A
84 facts;] Q(u); ~A Q(o)
87 Christians;] ~,
107 Christians;] ~,
115 Avernus;] ~,
116 pale;] 8°; ~A
120 dead;] ~,
121 amnities] amnities
128 Peace; [8°; ~,
138 three-fork'd mace] three fork'd-mace
143 Mountainie;] 8°; ~,
156 breath;...Ile of Rhodes,] breath,...I'le of Rhodes.
159 Ile,] 8°; ~
161 Famine,] ~
169 Mules;] 8°; ~,
182 vigour;] 8°; ~,
186 blood;] ~
196 up;] 8°; ~
200 fury;] 8°; ~
205 springs;] ~
210 Lacrymy;] ~
212 elements;] ~
233 Plaudity;] ~
Commentary Notes

p.1 Title page

Monstra...opus.] a confused passage:
"Demonstrate by fate, may you ascribe
the crimes to death, may that [man]
give kindness easily, which kindness
is necessary."

p.2 Dedication

Sir RICHARD TICHBORNE] First son of
Sir Benjamin de Tichborne, first baronet,
by Amphilia Weston (daughter of
Richard Weston, Judge of the Court of
Common Pleas), he was knighted 11 May
1603, was a zealous Royalist during the
Civil War, and died in 1657. Evidently
Meighen thought it prudent to ensure
that the form of dedication was correct,
as the alternative dedication attests.
Meighen dedicated The Courious Turke
to Richard's brother Walter.

p.2 Dedication 1.1

another of the same Authors] The
Courious Turke.

p.2 Dedication 1.3

Nugae] trifles.

p.2 Dedication 1.4-5

out...fostering] This matter is dealt
with more fully in the preliminaries to
The Courious Turke.

p.2 Dedication 1.6

Omnium scenarum homo] a man of all
talents.

p.3 The Actors 1.15

Alexander] Pope Alexander VI.

p.5 I,i.23

levell] aim, purpose (cf. O.E.D., 9).

p.6 I,i.41

subtill] rarified, pervasive (cf. O.E.D.,
1).

p.6 I,i.41-2

you,...spirits.] Note the ambiguity of
the punctuation.

p.6 I,i.43

ill] wicked (cf. O.E.D., 1).

p.6 I,i.44

ragge] a contemptuous term (cf. O.E.D.,
3 b).
something which excites a particular emotion, as disdain, etc. (cf. O.E.D., 3 b).

everie...not] probably proverbial, a variant of, "I heard a bird sing" (Tilley B 374).

Hee's learned] cf. I.iv.34 ff.

is...enough] during the reign of Bajazet's father Constantinople, Serbia, and Greece had all fallen to the Turks.

Turkish Mavors Ottoman] Mavors is an old form of Mars; thus the meaning must be, "Ottoman, the Turkish Mars", referring to Bajazet's grandfather, the Emperor Ottoman, founder of the Empire.

Charon] the ferryman of Hades.

When...fell.] possibly a reference to the capture of Luboea by Mahomet the Great in 1470; although it was the Turks who lost 50,000 men (Joseph von Hammer, Geschichte des Osmanischen Reiches [ Pest, 1828], p.99), most of the population of Negroponte was put to death in retaliation (cf. Knolles, p.406).

drawn] influenced (cf. O.E.D., 26).

advise] resolve (cf. O.E.D., 6).

latest end] death.

jarres] discord (cf. O.E.D., 6).

rumour] report (cf. O.E.D., 1).

Am...Emperor?] It is not clear why Bajazet is worried. Clearly he has not yet heard of Coroutus' enthronement, but he seems to have strong forebodings that something is amiss. Cf. 11.60, 65, 67, 75-6.
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<tr>
<td>p.9</td>
<td>I.ii.54</td>
<td>Giants] The Giants offered a very serious challenge to the Olympian gods, only being finally defeated at Phlegra.</td>
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<td>p.9</td>
<td>I.ii.53-61</td>
<td>dropped...misery] The sun was reputed to see everything that happened on earth.</td>
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<td>p.10</td>
<td>I.ii.80</td>
<td>jollity] pleasure; magnificence (cf. O.E.D., 3, 7).</td>
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<td>p.11</td>
<td>I.ii.94</td>
<td>Isaac] Isaac is conspicuous by his silence here. Cf. the scene following.</td>
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<tr>
<td>p.11</td>
<td>I.ii.99-100</td>
<td>See...tears] Bajazet may mean that the imperious style of the letter ignores his position, or he may literally be weeping, causing the ink to spread.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>p.12</td>
<td>I.ii.113</td>
<td>Pluto] god of the underworld.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>p.12</td>
<td>I.ii.117</td>
<td>Elysium] the mythological paradise, the Islands of the Blessed.</td>
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<tr>
<td>p.12</td>
<td>I.ii.130</td>
<td>Limbo] used here as a synonym for hell.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>p.13</td>
<td>I.iii.9</td>
<td>espoused] married.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>p.15</td>
<td>I.iii.31</td>
<td>jump] acted (cf. O.E.D., 5a).</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>p.15</td>
<td>I.iv.1</td>
<td>he] Bajazet.</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
two of the most famous tortures of Tartaro's. Typhon, one of the Titans, was tied to the ground while two vultures tore at his liver; Ixion was bound to an eternally revolving wheel.

Jove's...shirt] Herakles was driven to his death by the burning poison mixed with blood on the robe bequeathed him by the dying centaur Nessus.

Pallas] Athena was goddess of learning and wisdom.

waste] spend (cf. O.E.D., 8).

Those ornaments] the crown, which Coroetus has been wearing (cf. 1.5), and probably the sceptre as well (cf. I.1.12 ff).

L...Africa] Cf. IV.v.64-71 and note.

our iron ages] this debased age.

Saturn's] the father of Jove. This recurrent image is ominous, as Saturn was displaced by his son.

Beyond...foe] this is the real motive for Isaac's hatred in Knolles, though here it seems somewhat insubstantial.

flesht in] habituated to (cf. O.E.D., 2).

brawle] scold, revile (cf. O.E.D., 1b).

Bellona] goddess of war.

This entire incident about Achmetes' refusal to fight, although it provides a motive for Bajazet's later distrust, is inconsistent with Achmetes' expressions of loyalty in I.ii, which could hardly have been more than a few days earlier. In production the praise of Achmetes in the earlier scene might be transferred to Chersones.
two Scipios] 1) a double image of the famous Roman general, Scipio Africanus, or 2) Scipio Africanus and his brother Scipio Asiaticus. If (2), it may refer back to 1.7.

A standard discourse on the mutability of the human lot.

That...hatred] Cf. I.vi.1-10.

Father] presumably a respectful form of address to one of the older Bassaes, perhaps Mustapha.

stagger] wavers (cf. O.E.D., 2, 3).

abide] await defiantly (cf. O.E.D., 14).

by heaven and earth] a very strong Muslim oath.

Plunge...remorse] Achilles' invulnerability came from his post-natal dip in Styx.

cashier] dismissed (cf. O.E.D., 1).

When...breath] This is the first of four times that this incident, which has already been seen on stage, is recounted. Aeschylus tells it to Caigubas (II.vi.6-12) and to Bajazet at the banquet (II.vii.63-103) as he thought it happened, based on his assumption that Zmes was mortally wounded. Issaack here knows that Zmes was wounded but escaped.

Mar] god of war.

aly Mercurius] Cunning was one of his best known characteristics. Cf. III.i.71 IV.iii.9.

yst...out] As might be suspected, Issaack has more immediate sources of information than the emperor.
II. v. 61-3
Zeuse...know] Isaac says that Zeus
was struck down, but not that he was
wounded; and the suggestions of flattery,
gifts, and plots have been added since
11.12-18.

II. v. 70-3
When...truth] Cf. II. vili.15-21 note.

II. v. 74
thou...out] The reference is to Theseus,
who killed the Minotaur in the Labyrinth,
and found his way out with a thread
given him by Ariadne.

II. v. 76
this wiles] this stratagem (Cf. O.E.D.,
1). The singular would be preferable.

II. v. 82-9
be...inexpiable] Cf. Knolles, p.443,
"upon Aschmetes was cast a gowne of
blacke velvet, which amongst the Turks
may well be called the mantle of death;
being so sure a token of the emperors
heavy indignation, as that it is death
for any man once to open his mouth or to
intreat for him upon whom it is by the
emperours commandement so cast."

II. v. 100
Vice...punishment] proverbial (cf.
Tilley V 48).

II. v. 109
Dictator Fabius] Quintus Fabius Maximus,
made dictator against Hannibal.

II. vi. 12
This...life.] Cf. II. vi.12-18 note.

II. vi. 30
neater] more elegant; more cleverly
contrived (cf. O.E.D., 7, 8).

II. vi. 42
blacke...vayle] standard neo-Platonism.
Cf. Spenser's Hymn to Beauty 11.127-129,
"So every spirit, as it is most pure,
And hath in it the more of heavenly
light, So it the fairest bodie doth
procure".

II. vii. 8
What...die.] Cf. II. vi.32-9 and note.
Mustapha's absence is unexplained.

Supplies...done] Cf. Knolles, p. 443, "[Bajazet] to make his guests the merrier, drunk wine plentifully himself, causing them also to drink in like manner, so that they were full of wine: a thing utterly forbidden by their law, yet daily more and more used, especially by their great men in their feasts."

Bacchus] god of wine and revelry.

Period] end (cf. O.E.D., 5).


Transparent] probably, by transference, referring to the penetrating light reflected from the steel (cf. O.E.D., 1e).

Sight] [?] sighted.

Titan] the sun.

Startle] start, be frightened (cf. O.E.D., 3).

He...begun] Cf. II. vi. 12 and II. v. 12-18 note.

Worthy...bestow] The punctuation and lineation make what should be a straightforward speech of praise full of doubt and sinister suggestions. Many of the lines seem end-stopped, in fact continuing, but the ambiguity remains.

Affection] inclination (cf. O.E.D., 5).


Those...Garrison] "Aansizj, who are amongst the Turks reputed for the best sort of common soldiers." (Knolles, p. 445).

In...heads] Cf. Knolles, p. 445, "he secretly purposed...to kill and destroie all the Janizaries."
p.56  II.viii.15-16  My...more.]  Icarus, flying with wings his father Daedalus had made, flew too close to the sun, and the wax melted.

p.56  II.viii.22  Which...aye.] the common seventeenth-century view. Cf. Hamlet III.ii.98.

p.57  II.viii.43  Vice...servant] the Pope as God's representative (cf. O.E.D., 2b).

p.58  II.viii.47-9  what...no?] Cf. Twelfth Night IV.ii.48ff, Merchant of Venice IV.i.131-3, As You Like it III.ii.164-5. The Pope is being made to look ridiculous (cf. III.iv.50-3).

p.58  II.viii.51  happy...sinne] culpa felix!

p.58  III.i.4  naturalls] Several senses of the word are meant here: natives of the country, or of the world, people of the natural (as opposed to supernatural) world, and half-witted persons (cf. O.E.D., 1, 6, 2).

p.59  III.ii.22-4  Otho...fashion] Otho overthrew Galba as emperor of Rome by enlisting the support of the legions. Cf. Tacitus, Historiae I.24-25.

p.60  III.i.44  bright] fair (cf. O.E.D., 3).

p.62  III.i.71  sly...Mercurie] Cf. II.v.23, IV.iii.9.

p.63  III.i.103-5  Jove...hell.] Cf. I.iv.80 and note.

p.64  III.i.11.7  dull...oblivion] Lethe.

p.64  III.i.11.8  halt] limp (cf. O.E.D., 1).

p.65  II.ii.20-21  Where...avre] For a similar reference to the Ottoman Crescent in a different context, cf. Fletcher The Knight of Malta II.i, "And all their silver Crescents then I saw/like falling meteors spent, and set forever...."

p.65  II.ii.25-6  As...wise] it was, of course, Isaack's idea (cf. II.vii.210 ff.).

p.67  III.ii.76  Dejected] lowly (cf. O.E.D., 2).
Neither the normal meaning, "overcome" or "defeat" (cf. O.E.D., v₁), nor the rare meaning, "shield" (cf. O.E.D., v₂) seems to apply. The meaning is not clear from context.

Gehenna] hell; or a place of torture (cf. O.E.D., 1, 2).

Amasia] The town is in northern Asia Minor, on a river that flows into the Black Sea more or less half-way along its length. Cf. Knolles, p.437, "The jealous Turkish kings never suffer their sons to live in court nere unto them, after they be grown to yeares of discretion; but send them to governe their provinces farre off."

Magnesia] Magnesia is a town and province in western Asia Minor.

Phaeton] his mis-management of the chariot of the sun is well-known.

stay'd] i.e., stayed.

misch'ing] skulking (cf. O.E.D.).

passionate humour] i.e., dominated by the passions.

Cf. Knolles, pp.476–7, "[Mahometes was] of such a lively spirit, sharpe wit, bountiful disposition, and princely carriage of himselfe, that in the judgement of most men, he seemed alreadie worthie of a kingdome. Which immoderat favour of the people, caused...Bajazet himselfe to have him in no small jealousy, as if he had affected the empire; and was in short time the cause of his untimely death."

counting off] Cf. II.vii.199 note.

present...substance] let me see you in the flesh.
but...worth] This seems to ignore the fact that Bajazet was forced to give up Achmetes. The inconsistency is explained by reference to Knolles, where Bajazet defers the murder before the Janissaries rescue Achmetes.

flame...out] Both comets and meteors were most unpropitious. Meteors, which are probably referred to here, are thus described in a contemporary source: "Torches or fyer brandes, are thus generated: when the matter of the exhalation is...kyndled...it burneth lyke a torche...and so continueth till all the matter be burned up, and then goeth out..." (S.K. Heninger, Jr., A Handbook of Renaissance Meteorology [Durham, North Carolina, 1960], p.93). Cf. V.x.10-13 and note.

Lachesis...breath] Actually, Lachesis, whose name means "the Apportioner", span the thread; it was her sister Fate (or fatal sister) Atropos who cut the thread of life.

Eternall mover] God, the primum mobile.

Print] to mark with footsteps (cf. O.E.D., 1).

Engineer] one who contrives or plots (cf. O.E.D., 1).

lust] pleasure, inclination (cf. O.E.D., 1, 2).

Brothers] the following line makes it clear this is a possessive plural.

receipts] surens (cf. O.E.D., 1).

Phoebus] Apollo was god of medicine.

as...Priam] Cf. Hamlet II.ii.425 ff.
It...death] The Pope's instructions to the messenger undercut any seriousness that could be postulated, and make the prelate a figure of fun (cf. II.viii. 47-9).
craz'd] broken (cf. O.E.D., 1).
limm'd] painted (cf. O.E.D., limm, 3).
Aeolus] ruler of the winds.
as...Spheres] as far away as if three suns appeared together. Multiple suns were taken as a dire omen of political strife.
Tartarian depe] Tartarus, hell. There is a word play on Tartarian, the land of the Tartars (north of the Caucasus), a people renowned for their cruelty. Cf. IV. vii.39 and note.
That...seas] The Trojan survivors, particularly Aeneas, were followed by Juno's wrath. Cf. Aeneid 1.29 ff.
Enter a monke.] Cf. The Actors 1.7 textual note (p.172), and Knolles, p.463, "[The monk] drawing neere unto Hajeset, as if he would of him have receiv'd an almes, desperately assailed him..."
S.D. dagge] i.e., dag, a kind of pistol.
Acheron] a river of Hades.
conceit] fancy (cf. O.E.D., 7).
top-gallant] one of the highest sails on a fully-rigged ship.
greene] young, inexperienced (cf. O.E.D., 7, 8).
lay] put a stop to (cf. O.E.D., 3).

p.93 IV.iii.9 Mercurian] Cf. II.v.23 and note, and III.i.71.

p.93 IV.iii.12 sad] steadfast, valiant (cf. O.E.D., 2, 3).

p.94 IV.iii.27 regiment] rule (cf. O.E.D., 1).

p.95 IV.iii.43 thunder-strike] strike (as) with thunder (cf. O.E.D., 1, 2).

p.95 IV.iv.2 olog'd] impeded (cf. O.E.D., 3b).

p.95 IV.iv.4 closets] small inner chamber, particularly for study or speculation (cf. O.E.D., 1c).

p.96 IV.iv.13 lapse] the meaning may be a somewhat confused mixture of "a gentle downward motion", or "passage of life" (cf. O.E.D., 6), with the phrase "fall into the laps of", meaning "come within reach of" (cf. O.E.D., lap, sb.1, 6). More likely it is a bad form of "lap" (cf. V.vi.10). The parallel between the setting sun and the end of Bajazet's reign and life is clear.

p.97 IV.v.12 conventioles] clandestine or illegal meetings (cf. O.E.D., 3).

p.97 IV.v.28-30 Young...Sea.] Cf. Knolles, p.479, "Selymus...came at length to Danubius, and with his [fifteen thousand Tartarian] horsemen passed that famous river at the city of CHELLIA; His fleet he commanded to meet him at the port of the City of Varna...in the confines of BULGARIA and THRACIA; he himself...gave it out as if he had purposed to have invaded HUNGARIA...With his army by land, he had seized upon the places nearest unto THRACIA, and with a strong navie kept the Euxine sea."
But...gaine-say.] Cf. Knolles, p.480, "it was forthwith gainsaid by those martial men, crying aloud with one voice, That they would know no other emperor but Bajazet..." Cf. 1.73.

Bajazet...Christ] Bajazet is a little ahead of himself in some of the titles he claims: Greece had been subdued by the Turks (and Chersoglos, of course, is viceroy), but Persia (in which we can include Babylon, which had ceased to exist a thousand years earlier), Armenia, and Jerusalem all came under Turkish domination in the decade after Bajazet's death. Cf. the titles of Bajazeth in I Tamburlaine III.i, and of Amurak in Greene's Alphonsus, King of Aragon III.ii. These are quite close to the titles claimed by Sultan Achmet (or Ahmad) in the Letters from the Great Turkç (1606) and The Great Turkçs Defiance (1613).

Armenia] country to the east of Asia Minor, bordering on the Caspian Sea.

Tutor] guardian, defender (cf. O.E.D., 1).

None...Bajazet] Cf. 1.58 and note.

corrupted] Cf. IV.i.172 ff., IV.v.60, and Knolles, p.481, "The soildiers thus before instructed by the friends and favourites of Selymus, who with money and large promises had corrupted their captains and sixes officers, spake these things frankly to have deterred the old emperor from his purpose."

Cf. Knolles, p.481.

Five...Achomates] Cf. Knolles, p.481, "[Bajazet] promised to give them five hundred thousand dukats, if they would stand favourable to Achomates, and accept him for their soveraigne."

Ca.] Cf. 1.65 ff.
Il] deceptions, delusions; mockery (cf. O.E.D., 2, 1).

p.101 IV.vi.5
Victoria] goddess of victory.

p.102 IV.vi.6
Bursagrat] steel helmet with visor, a most unlikely piece of equipment for a Turk.

p.102 IV.vi.13
Acheron] here used as a general term for the entrance to Hades.

p.103 IV.vi.30
flaxen...warre] flags or battle standards.

p.103 IV.vi.39
black Tartarians] Tartars were known to be not only swarthy, but heartlessly cruel. Cf. IV.1.28 and note.

p.104 IV.vi.64
column's] This spelling of "columnny" is not listed in O.E.D.

p.104 IV.vi.68
strike...sayle] lower the topsail in salute.

p.104 IV.vi.68
providence] government (cf. O.E.D., 2).

glose] secret.

p.105 IV.vi.79
To...dyret.] proverbial (cf. Tilley III.598).

p.105 IV.vi.85
S.D. Descants] comments.

p.105 IV.vi.86
that faculty] intellect (1.16).

p.107 IV.vii.23
sparkling eye] Cf. I Henry VI I.1.12, "His sparkling Eyes, replete with wrathfull fire."

p.108 IV.viii.9-13
W...flood] Cf. Macbeth III.iv.136-8, "I am in blood/Stepp'd in so far that, should I wade no more, Returning were as tedious as go o'er."

p.108 IV.viii.10
procellous] stormy.
was...Constantine] Cf. Knolles, p. 482, 'Thereupon Bajazet fearing least in staying at HADRIANOPEL, hes might loose the imperial citie of CONSTANTINOPLE, early in the morning by breake of the day departed...''

plunged] overwhelmed (cf. O.E.D., 3).

ambiguously] Either this or the catchword, "ambitiously", makes sense in view of the absence of Seleucus.

latest] last (cf. O.E.D., 1).


my...city] Cf. Knolles, p. 482, "CHIURULUS, or rather TZURULUM, an antient ruincous citie almost u on the mid way betwixt HADRIANOPEL and CONSTANTINOPLE"; modern Curlu.

Curio] Gaius Scribonius Curio went over from Pompey to Caesar in 50 BC, but remained in Rome as an ostensible neutral; in fact, he consistently aided Caesar in the political confusion preceding the Civil War.

like...ghost] Marcus Porcius Cato was a man of uncomprising fairness and rectitude. During the years immediately preceding the Civil War he favoured neither one side nor the other, but attempted to act for peace and the general good. When the war came, however, he supported Pompey wholeheartedly. Cf. 1.8 note.

ruinate] overthrow (cf. O.E.D., 2).

gastly] terrible (cf. O.E.D., 1).

bore] i.e., bore of a river.

And...harm] This speech is either an aside or a supreme example of Isaack's skilful hypocrisy.
blood-red colours] Cf. Knolles, p.435, "Sajazet commanded...a red ensigne in token of battall to be displayed."

stocks] the original and progenitor (cf. O.E.D., Ja, b).

extract] i.e., extracted.

first...springs.] the origin of evil, whence all subsidiary sources flow to the world.

dayly hovering] continually brooding [as a hen] (cf. O.E.D., hover, 5).

moth of eminence] referring either to the moth's destructive appetite, or to its fatal attraction to candles (cf. O.E.D., 1, 2).

horse-leach] i.e., horse-leech: (1) an aquatic sucking worm, which would fill itself with blood; (2) a horse-doctor. (Cf. O.E.D., 1).

I'de...hyre] Cf. V.v.103-11.

Midst...sight] Cf. Iliad V.314-17.

Medea charm] Medea charmed the dragon guarding the Golden Fleece, allowing Jason to capture it.

hang] i.e., be hanged (cf. 1.11

gnerdon'd] rewarded (cf. O.E.D., 1).

coloured crest] Cf. IV.ix.40 and note.

the City] Constantinople.

Force...brother] Cf. Knolles, pp.490-1, "drive out one naile with another... Craunt unto one of them pardon, and in shew take him into your grace and favor, imploy him against the other..."
p.122 V.i.77 Force...tother] proverbial (cf. Tilley N 17).

p.122 V.i.83 one...out] proverbial (cf. Tilley F 277).

p.123 V.i.85 debossed] (i.e., debossed).

p.125 V.iii.11 Genius] attendant spirit (cf. O.E.D. 1).

p.126 V.iv.12 by one] one by one (cf. O.E.D., one, 29 c).

p.128 V.v.17.1 Selym...feet.] Cf. Knolles, p.493. "Selym...fell prostrat before him and kissed his feet, and with the greatest shew of humilitie possible, crave of him pardon for his disloialtie."

p.129 V.v.45 type] distinguishing mark (cf. O.E.D., 3).

p.129 V.v.46 fleare] jeer (cf. O.E.D., 4).

p.129 V.v.50 thou...man] Cf. Knolles, p.491, "Cherseogles Bassa...the onely faithfull counsellour then about him...", and IV.ix.9 and note.

p.130 V.v.61 parts] region (cf. O.E.D., 13).

p.131 V.v.69 spoyle] kill (cf. O.E.D., 10).

p.131 V.v.70 generation] progeny (cf. O.E.D., 3).

p.131 V.v.74 Bastead] beset (cf. O.E.D., 4).

p.131 V.v.88 Phosbus] the sun.

p.132 V.v.95 brasse] insensibility (cf. O.E.D., 10).

p.132 V.v.96 Saturnine Jove] Jove was son of Saturn.

Cf. I.iv.80 and note.

p.132 V.v.103 smart] physical or mental pain (cf. O.E.D., 1, 2).

p.132 V.v.106-11 I'de...paines] Cf. IV.ix.96-7.


p.133 V.v.132 Then...Fathers] So, now I should prepare my father's fate.
naturally] the necessary meaning, "medicines", is not given in O.E.D.

Welka...instrument.] Cf. Bajazet's treatment of Asmehemades IV.viii.15 ff.

enemy] The sense required by context seems to be "battle", but such use is not noted in O.E.D.

austere] grimly, severely (cf. O.E.D., 3b, 4).

disregarding] disregarding rules (cf. O.E.D., 1, 2).

Selymus' reaction to Chereogles is more disciplined and more cautious than that of Achomates (1.76 ff).

standing camp] a camp that is not moved (cf. O.E.D., standing, 11).

closely] secretly (cf. O.E.D., 3).

Athena, a suitably stern and warlike goddess, sprang fully grown from the head of Jove.

carefully] anxious (cf. O.E.D., 2).

twelve...clocks] For regular scansion, the pronunciation "twelve o'clock" would be required.

oppress] take by surprise (cf. O.E.D., 6).

Genius] Cf. V.iii.11 and note.

unsubstantial (cf. O.E.D., 4).

nine...hill] the muses, generally said to inhabit Mount Helicon.

deprive] carry off (cf. O.E.D., 5).
Flora] goddess of flowering plants.

Cynthia] the moon.

adverse] opposing, hostile (cf. O.E.D., 1).

here's my god] probably a reference to his crown; cf. V.vi.14 ff.

Chresogles and Isaac are obviously apart from Mustapha and Mesithes until l.117.

They...welcome] Cf. proverb "He that brings good news knocks boldly" (Tilley N 140).

S.D. Moritur] Unless Mustapha dies here he is entirely unaccounted for throughout the rest of the scene.

Booke and Candle] A bell might be appropriate.

gravelled] stranded (cf. O.E.D., 2b).

Pilate] an Elizabethan form of "pilot", but probably not without its echo of Pontius Pilate.

The book is Tacitus, both the *Annals* and the *Histories*, recounting the decadent history of Imperial Rome. Tiberius had a morbid fear of assassination; Claudius was largely controlled by his wives and freedmen; Nero executed an enormous number of nobles; Calba was betrayed by the soldiers (cf. III.i.22-4 and note); Otho lost his wife to Nero, and ended a suicide; Vitellius' indolence was notorious. It was Vespasian who unexpectedly became emperor in 69 A.D., and ended the strife that had gone on since the death of Augustus.
Caedes...interfect.} "The slaughter was remarkable in that a son killed his own father." (Tacitus, Histories III.25.) The quotation here has altered the word-order, mis-read a word, and given an impossible reference. The reference has been taken out of context, except for its occurrence in civil war.

Apollo] traditionally associated with prophecy.

Meanders] winding paths (cf. O.E.D., 2).

Synode] Cf. Coriolanus V.ii.74, "The glorious gods sit in hourly synod..."

Meager] emaciated (cf. O.E.D., 1).

Scramble] seize rapaciously (cf. O.E.D., 2b).

Then...sphere] At that stage Bajazet would be side by side with God.

Concave] the vault of the sky, or of heaven (cf. O.E.D., 2).

Emperick] quack doctor (cf. O.E.D., 2a).

Beggars] presumably, "beggars", as a term of abuse for the gods.

But now forsworne with trembling age, and civile discord new,
Thrust from his empire by his sonne, died poisoned by a Jew.

(Okayles, p.436.)

Atlas] the Titan who supported the world on his shoulders.

Exhale] draw up (cf. O.E.D., 4).
Command...Comets] "Command the lazy sun to draw up vapours from the earth to make funeral candles in the sky, or I shall set the world alight instead."
This is based on the Renaissance and Aristolelean belief that comets were thus formed. Cf. III.iii.33-6 and note.

vestall fire] the eternal flame guarded by the Vestal Virgins in Rome.

ware] possibly "goods" (cf. O.E.D., sb.3, 1), referring to the fat, or "the female privy parts" (cf. O.E.D., sb.3, 40).

weedea] a possible pun on plant growth.

sable] black.

rules] red.

blazon] 1) depict heraldically (cf. O.E.D. 2). 2) proclaim (cf. O.E.D., 6).

prospective] affording a view (cf. O.E.D., 3).

Apparator] an attendant officer of a court, or more generally, a herald or usher (cf. O.E.D., 1, 2).

European Bull] This reference is obscure; it might refer to papal encouragement of Bajazet's war against Venice.

springs] both the mechanical device, and the motive for all action.

Nestor] Cf. Iliad I.250-2, "Two generations of mortal men had [Nestor] ere now seen pass away...and he was king among the third."

As.] Cf. IV.v.64-71 and note.

Our...gods] and perhaps the audience, after 3,213 lines!
Avernum] this mephitic lake was a reputed entrance to Hades.

Let...ruines] a neat description of Isaac's treatment of Achmetes.

Anatomie] a skeleton, or a "walking skeleton" (cf. O.E.D., 4, 6).

Hecatombe] sacrifice of many victims (cf. O.E.D., 2).

Pan] a god chiefly associated with rural and pastoral life.

three-fork'd mace] trident.

Sylla] a sea-monster, sometimes considered to have become a rock. Both senses apply here.

Syrena] particularly reputed for their attempts to charm sailors.

Satyres] partly bestial woodland creatures.

Comets, fiery swords] usually omens of dire events. Cf. III.iii.33-6 note.

Vulcan] the smith-god.

scurge] This suggests, by transference, the idea of Solyman as a scourge of God.

twine] the thread spun by the Fates.

first...Shambles] Solyman carried the Turkish expansion in Europe and elsewhere to its greatest height, capturing Rhodes after a bloody six-month siege in 1522, and besieging Vienna itself in 1529. Cf. Introduction, and Knolles, pp.574-614.

Naxos Ian] the largest island of the Cyclades in the Aegean, and the source of Rhodes' news of the approach of the Turkish fleet (Knolles, p.574).
Jades] a contemptuous term for both horses and women (cf. O.E.D., 1, 2).

Screach-Owles] Ovid described owls as sucking children's blood like vampires.

powder up] sprinkle with salt, as for preserving (cf. O.E.D., 2).

Argus] a many-eyed monster.

sometimes...untune] a difficult passage.
The reference to Aesculapius suggests that the "fore-stringed instrument" may refer to the human voice. Thus(?):

Sometimes a voice that pleased the soldiers can make us sad; even if medicine could restore it, treason has destroyed the string that otherwise a headache might put out of tune."

Lacrymy] not noted in O.E.D., but obviously refers to sorrowful music.

Aesculapius] hero and god of healing.

Every...fort] (?) Every disease constitutes a rough strong-point. Or perhaps "fort" should read "sort", though the passage would still remain unclear.

Grandfather, Uncles] Bajazet, Achemates; perhaps Corcutus alone, or all Selimus' other brothers are to have funerals too.

Shall...prison?] Cf. Dekker's Old Fortunatus (ed. Bowers) II.ii.373-6, "Indeed in the old time, when men were buried in soft Church-yardes... their Ghosts might rise...but, brother, now they are imprisoned in strong Brick and Marble, they are fast..."

flying...King] the famous marble tomb of King Mausolus, straph of Carla, thought to have stood about 134 feet high.
Three Excellent Tragedies.

Viz.

THE RAGING TURK,
OR,
Bajazet the Second.

THE COURAGEOUS TURK,
OR,
AMURATH the First.

AND
THE TRAGODEIE

OF
ORESTES.

Written,

By Tho. Goff, Master of Arts,
and Student of Christ-Church in Oxford;
and Acted by the Students of
the same House.


LONDON. J[une] 1656.
Printed for G. Bennet and T. Collins, at the
middle Temple Gate Fleet-street. 1656.
THE RANING TURKE,
OR,
BAIAZET
THE SECOND.

A Tragedie written by THOMAS GOFFE, Master of Arts, and Student of Christ-Church in oxford, and Acted by the Students of the same house.

Monstra fato, sceleramoribus imputes
Det illen veniam facile cui venia est opus.

LONDON:
Printed by AVGVST. MATHEWES, for RICHARD MEIGHEN.
1631.
TO THE NO LESSE INGENIOUS THEN ZEALOUS
faouerer of ingenuity, Sir Richard
Tichbourn Knight, &c.

SIR:

His Tragedy, a manuscript, with another of
the same Authors, came lately to my hands.
He that gave them birth, because they were
his Nugs, or rasher recreations to his more
serious and divine studies, or of a nice mo-
desty (as I have learnt) allowed them scarce
private fostering. But I, by the consent of his
especiall friend, in that they shew him rather Omnium scena-
rum homo to his glory than disparagement: have published
them, and doe tender this to your most safe protection, lest it wan-
der a fatherlesse Orphan, which everyone in that respect will be
apt to misure with calumnious censure. Now if you vouchsafe
to receive and better it, you will not onely preserve unblemish'd
the ever-living fame of the dead Author, but assure me that you
kindly accept this humble acknowledgement of

Your most obliged and
ready reall Seruant,
RICH. MEIGHEN.

The Regular dedication to The Raving Turke
[EM Asley 794]
TO
THE NO LSEE IN-
GENIOUS, THEN ZEA-
lous fauourer of ingenuit,y, SIR
RICHARD TICHBORNE
Knight, and Baroote.

SIR:

His Tragedy, a manuscript, with another of
the same Authors, came lately to my hands;
He that gave them birth, because they were
his Nugas, or rather recreations to his more
serious and divine studys, out of a nice mo-
destly (as I have learn'd) allowed them scarce
private fostering. But I, by the consent of his
especial friend; in that they show him rather Omnium Scena-
rum homot his glory then disparagement: have published
them, and doe tender this to your most safe protection, lest it wa-
der a fatherlcss Orphan, which everyone in that respect will be
apt to insuire with calumnious censure. Now if you vouchsafe
to receive and shelter it, you will not onely preferue unblemish'd
the ever-living fame of the dead Author, but assure me that you
kindly accept this humble acknowledgment of.

Your most obliged and
ready reall Servant,

RICH MEIGHEN.
Song, "Drop golden showers"
from Christ Church Music MS. 87.
Appendix 4(b).

Death's now true image for twill prove to her that she's been there or

Now grav is made thr bed of four now when she lesser her
Epilogue and Elegy from Tabeley M.S.
Appendix 5(b).

Characters why should I burst into tears? 
Their mouths dry and their gaze 
shriek or shudder. 
Words for more thrilling than those. 
When did they step a ladder? 
Who swift on pleasing to detest? 
To oppose whose with elseface 
blazed the light of truths' defence. 
When did a wish overrown 
and grow poppy the tongue with all. 
What if he say that but truths 
that move on words, and turns to prove 
The most bold now wins over most 
with such affections thus perpet 
but when a concourse of falsehoods. 
As if to know how to speak and when 
They should judicious silence find. 
To hear a dead peacock of this kind. 
Then with an end to the look 
My aids all by and thought the knock. 
Fell and all hearts inside. 
Let me this barren aids devise. 
May our desire of cannot write 
by words or purchase the by point price 
then midwife to my brain. 
For with all this all of but pains 
All prove absent of phonetic can. 
So many hours must be lost 
Dead the most done. 
On the Lucina that can. 
Fertile of birth with or than come 
To go out whilst speech is dumb. 
But of complexions and may seem 
Some foolish ways for to esteem. 
But of that nothing can obtain 
So some of favor, thing with joyous 
The moral lose and from words erase 
It is a great thing to know in peace.
Amurath

Act. primus, Scen. prima

For drink these now hast not, ?our sober shall never be acquainted to such sports. Devils our grand Captains, set here 4m.

That one would have confronted Mayes of his action held for a bitter Distis.

Out of ambition binding, and des hate.

Through curious intent to make a happy which by his sword, may flake to Aclaron.

Wrinkled Africa, no more could take for a scar to be made by fortune, in order to cut those throats, 

which if they have been

Eating is of firer in clikh.

Yet my peace Am, handle those swords

They have out of our啮 off such a pied.

As had those her's whose strength full among

Such Man, a brave pretty pretty. at

Eve, strong and wicked, hands hand sic in the

With such an imp.  

ddo, my saynt

They would not have meant his to fight

But bin most humble, others to God.
Appendix 7

A Transcription of the part of Amurath in Harvard MS. Thr 10.1.

Amurath

Act. primus, scæen: prima

Am: Bee dumbe those now harsh notes, our softer ears
Shall never be acquayted with such sounds:
Peace our grand Captayne, see heere Am
That once would have confronted Mars himself
Acknowledgd for a better Deitie,
Puts of ambitious burdens, and doe hate
Through bloudie rivers to make passages
Whereby his soule, may floate to Acheron:
Wrinkle ye brows, no more sterne Fates, for wee
Soorne to be made ye servile minister
To cut those thredds, at which ye selves have trembled
Esteeming us y° fiercer Destinie.
Yet must greate Am; thankes those sacred powers
They have enricht our soule wth such a prize
As had those Hero's whose revngefull armes
Servd Mars a ten years prentiship at Troy
Ee're dreampt succeedinge tyme showde bee enricht
With such an unprizde Bewtie as my Saynt
They woulde not have prevented so y^e^ ire bliss
But bin most humble autors to y^e^ Gods
To have protracted y^e^ire y^e^n fond spent lives
But to behold y^is^ object, which outshines
There Helena as much, as do's y^e^ ey
Of all y^e^ worlde dazle y^e^ lesser fyers:
Love ile outbrave thee, melt thy self in Lust
Embrace at once all starr made Concubines,
Ile not envye thee, know I have to spare
Bewtie enough to make another Venus
And for fond Gods, y' have no reward in store
To make me happier, heere will I place my heavne
And for thy sake, this shall my motto bee
I conquerd Greece, one Graecian conquer mee

Eumorph: --------- which seemeth most extreame

Am:
Can this rich pece of Nature, sumptuous Iem
Give entertainement to suspectinge guests?
Come, come thesee arms are curious chaynes of love
With which thou linkest my soule eternally
Thy cheek's lyke royall paper enterlinde

Am: with Loves perswasion; Natures Rhetorique
Stands theare perswadinge my still gazinge eyes:
This y^on^ ile reade, and heere now will fayne
That all those antique fables of y^e^ Gods
Are writt in flowinge numbers, first y^is^ lipp
Was fayre Europa's, which they say made love
Turne a wilde heyfer, yen ys sparcklinge eye
Was ys Aemonian Io's, next ys hand
Laeda's, fayre mother to those swann bred twins
Thus, thus lye comment, on ys gowlden booke
Nature, nor hart hath taught mee how to fayne
Fayrest, twas you, first brought mee to ys veyne
In loyinge Combats, ile now valiant prove
Let others warr, great Am: shall love

Lal: ——— Least it infect ys sound

Am: Schachin our, Tutor, wee command ys night
Bee solenni'de with all delightfull sport
Thy learn'd Invention best can thinck upon
Praespare a Maske which lively represents
How once ys Gods did love, they shall not teach
Us by example but weel smile to thincke
How poore, and weeke ysire idle fayninge was
To our affection, Schachin bee free in witt
And suddayne too; come now my Kingdome's pride
Hymen would wedd himselfe, to such a Bride

Exeunt

Act 1 us, Scaena 3 is

Am: Shine heere my Bewtie, and expell ys night

1 The marginalia following "ascendit" is illegible.
Eum. 

Anu SarTI; 1108ra then a thousand stars, that gild ye Heavens
Mee thinks, I see ye Gods inventinge shapes
In which they meanes to Court ye, Iuno frowns
And feares ye, with moare iealous a suspect
Then all those paynted trulls, whose eye bedeck
Th' enameld firmament

Eum: --------- To linok my lord, and mee

Am: Art thou but woman, Goddess wee adore
And idolize, what wee but lovd befoare
What Divells have men bin, whose furious brayns
Have so much wrongd ye Deitie, wee call woman
Dippinge yeire raysn quills, in ye Stigian inoke
To blott such heavenly paper, as ye faces
Weare all ye enticynge lusts, damned pollicies
Prodigious fascinations, unsearck't thoughts
Dissembled tears, broake vowz, loath'd appetites
Luxurious, and unsatiate desyres
Weare all thesse of all weomen, aequall wayghd
Theare's vertue in thy breast t'out ballance all
And recompence ye crimes of all thy sex

Serv: --------- with his maske

Am: Tell him w'are wholy bent for expectation
Sit, sit my Queene, musique exceed ye spharees
Thincke wee are Iove, and Godlyke please our eares
Cupid ———— thowlt sleepe thy last  

A m: Schachin thy art is exquisite, but say  
Doe Gods fall out for love amongst themselves

Lal: ———— grace mee to behoulde

A m: Our worthie Tutor shall obtayne a night  
A night of us in any grace wee can.

Lal: ———— But now are free from:

A m: Tis best of all, with greodiness wee'll seete  
O how y° soule do's gratulate it selfe  
When safely it behoulds y° dangerous state  
Of others, and it selfe securely free  
Gladd are wee still\(^1\), to stand upon y° shore  
And see a farr of others tost ith sea  
Or in a gallerie at a fencers stage  
Wee laugh, when each one mutually takes wounds  
Sit still Eumorphe, Schachin thy show in hast  
Tis best delight to thincke of troubles past

Fame ———— All men must commend

A m: Schachin, the Macedon's behouldinge to you  
troubled: And historie shall pay yu thanoks for yis  
Which wee rest debtors for:

Lal: ———— hee amply doth requight

A m: Eumorphe, Love, Queene, wife, lets hast to bedd  
And may wee wish yis night aeternall tyme

\(^1\)"still" supplied from q; illegible in h.
Schechin good night, good night kinde Gentlemen
Thus, when wee are deade, shall wee revive ath stage
One houer can præsent a kings whole age

Actus 2 us, scenæ 3 ia

Am: in his night gowne, a taper, disturb'd:

Menthe: ———— tyme helps suspicious feares

Am: Turoke, Am, slave, nay somethings baser yet
Kinges, for of all ayrie titles, which yᵉ Gods
Have blasted man withall, to make him burst
With puckfoyst honoure, and ambitious winde
This name of Kings, houlds great'st antipathie
With manly government, if wee truly way
Tis subjectes, and not Kings beare all yᵉ away
Each whisper'd murmure frome yeire idle breath
Condemnes a K to infamie; and deathe.
Were theare a metempsucesis of soules
And Nature should a free election grant
What thinge they afterwards would reform
The vayne, and hawtiest minde, yᵉ sun ee're saw
Would choose its cottage in some shepherds flesh
May be confinde with in some dogg, or ratt
Then antique lyke, pranoke in a Kings gay cloaths

1The last half of the word illegible.
Weare I no K, and had no maiestie
I had moare then all K² blest libertie
And without rumor might enjoy my choyse
Not fearinge censurse, of each popular voyce
Poore men may love, and none yeares will correct
But all turne Satyrs if a K affect.
O my base greatness, what disastrous starr
Profeest it self a midwife at my birth
And shap't mee into such prodigious state
But hence regard of tongues, weare each a saynt
Some envious toothes, our names would dare to taynt
And he frome slander is at securest rest
Not yt hath none, but who regards it least
Open you envious curtailnes, heer's a sight
draws
ye curt:
That might commend ye Act of Lust for chaist.
Weare now ye chariott guider of ye sunn
Weary one taske, and would entreat a day
Of heavne to rest in; heere's a radiant looke
That might bee fixt ith midst o' th axeltree
And in despight of daroke consipiringe cloudes
Shee would outshine, Sun, moone, and all ye starrs
O I could court thee now my sweete a fresh
[60v]
Mixinge a kiss with every period:
Tellinge ye Lillies, how they are but wan
Earthe in ye vernant springe is dull, and darck
Compar'd wth this aspect, the eastern ayre
Fann'd wth the winges of Mercurie or Love
Infectious but compar'd wth yis perfume.
Hence the ambition of yt furious youth
Who knew not, what a crime his valour was,
I might ore some dominions, slave moare Ks
Enthrone my selfe an Emperor o'th worlde
I might, I might, O Am, thou mightst.
The Christians now will scoffe at Mahomet:
Perchaunce they sent yis witch thus to enchac<1 mee
O my perplexed thoughts; tush ile to bed
Shoulde the comandinge thunder of ye Gods
Prohibite mee, or strike mee in ye Act
Talks on wayne rumors, Fame I dare thy worst
Call mee a lustfull, wanton, lasie coward
Should I win all ye world, my breath once fledd
My badd would still survive, all goode bee deceade
Eumorphe, sweet, I come; ye sacred powers
Who have bestowd some happiness of man
To helpe to pass away this tedious lyfe
Graunt mee a youthfull vigor, for a while
Full waynes, free strength, compleat, and manly sense
To know, and tast, a bewtie most immense:

1The end of the word is missing or illegible. Q reads "inchant."
Lal: ---- Amurathe, Am:

Am: Devill, Devill, what?
Dar'st thou appeare befoare an Angell fiend!

Lal: ------- Deade mens showlde take moare

Am: What art thou vanisht, know yon carefull sprite
Thou shalt not sooner pearce yon wandringe cloudes
With unperceaved flight, yon my resolve
Shall expiate my former vanitie
Looke on thy sonn thou ayrie intellect
And see him sacrifice to thy command.
Now Titan turne thy breathinge coursers backe
Start hence bright day, a sable cloude invade
This universall globe, breake every prop
And axel tree, y't doth sustayne y' Heavnes
For strayght must die a woman; I ha name
A crime y't may accuse all Nature guiltie;
The sex wisely considerd of, deserves a death:
For think this Am; this woman may
Prostrate her delicate, and ivory limms
To some base page, or scull, or shrunck up dwarfe
Or let some groome by feedinge on her lipps
Shee may devise some new mishapen tricks
To satiate her goatish Amaret
And frome her bended knees at meditation
Bee taken by some slave t'oth act of Hell
Th'art a brave creature, weart thou not a woman
Tutor, come thou shalt see my well kept vow
And know my hate, which saw mee doate but now
Schaehin, Buren, Captaynes ho

Scaena sexta; intra A<

Our Tutor, Buren; Captaynes, wellcome
Gallants I call you to a spectacle
My breast's to narrow, to hoard up my icy
May gaze heere Gentle; give nature thancks
For framinge such an excellent sense as sight
Whereby such objects are enjoyned as this
Which of you all, imprison not y' thoughts
In envious, and silent politic

Chas: And mine:

[Am:] Which of y' then dares challenge to himselfe
So a pathetique a praerogative
So stoically secur'd from affection
That had hee such a creature, as lyes heere
One at whome Nature stoode her selve amase
One whome those loftie extasies of poets
Shoulde they decipher, they must not basely iump
Theire dull invention wth similitudes
Taken from Sun, Moone, roses, violets:

[What follows "A" is illegible.]
But when there rapture at a period stands
A silent admiration must supplye
Only name her, and shee is all describ'de
Hyperbole of women, colour it selfe
Is not more pure, uncontaminate
Sleepe doats on her, and grasps her eyelids close
The skie it selfe hath onely so much blew
As y° azure in her vaynes, lends by reflex
Heere's breath that would yose vapors purifie
Which from Avernus choaks y° flyinge birds
Heere heats, would tempt y° numb'd Athenian
Though all his bloude wth age weare congeald ice
Now which of you is so all temperance
That did hee finde y° iowell to's desyre
Dunghill bird lyke, hee still would leav't ith mire
Speake freely all:

Lal: ----------- I sure should doe no less [62v]
Am: What says burenoose?
Sur: ----------- from betwixt such armes
Am: Your sentence Chas: Illbegg.
Chas: ----------- Least subjects hate
Am: Well spoake 3° milksops, Chas: y° sword
Now, now bee valour in y° manly arm
To cutt downe troups of thoughts y° doe invade mee

---

1 The entire line is squeezed between the proceeding and following lines.
Thinke \( y^u \) my mynde is waxie, to bee wraught
For any fashion; Orphanes thy strength.
Here doe I wish, as did \( y^t \) Imperour
That all \( ye \) heads of this enticinge sex
Weare upon hers, thus \( ye \) shoulde one stroake
Now \( ye \) all of

Here hee coute of her heade

Theare Kiss now captaynes doe, and clap her cheeks
This was \( ye \) face \( y^t \) did so captive mee
These weare \( ye \) lookes, \( y^t \) did bewitch my eys
Here bee those lips, \( y^t \) I but for to touch
Gave over, Fortunes, victorie, Fame, all
These weare the two false glasses, where I lookt
And thought I saw a world of happiness
Now Tutor shall our sword be exercisde
In rippinke up \( ye \) breates of Christians
Generalls whether first

All: ________ For Thracia

[Am:]
On \( ye \) for Thracia, for hee surely shall
The conquers first himselfe, soone conquer all

Exit:
Actus tertius; Scaen: 2a:

Amurath: in Armor:

Am: 
Rise soule, enjoy the prize, of thy brave worth
Sachain ye present yt ye so profest
Showlde from ye citty of Crestias
Make proud our eyes; then tell mee hast ye slaved
A thousand superstitious Christian soules
Made ye stoope to us; o I would bath my hands
In theire warme bloude, to make 'em supple Sachain
That they may wield moare speares of hands are dull
Our Furie's patient, now will I bee a Turoke
And to ye prophets Deitie I vow
That to his yoake, I will all necks subdue
Or in theare throates my bloudie sword embraw

Lal: presents dead heads

Lal: ------- Into ye ocean:

Am: So I am Am, ye greate K of Turks
It glads mee, glads mee thus to pash theose brayns
To rend thease lockes, to teare thease Infidells.
Who thundred when thease heades wear stricken of.
Starrs I could reach you, wth my loftie hand
For now I sitt in Orshanes greate throne
And sacrifice due rites to Mahomett
Tis well, enough, enough now Am.
Yet why enough? ile on, and dung ye earth
with Christians rotted truncks, yt from yt soyle
May springe moare Cadmean Monsters to ore com you
Captaynes, what countrie next shall wee make flow
with channell of their bloudes.

Chas. ------- Tweare goode wee hasted
Am: Why they doe well, wee lyke of their desyre
To make ye flame, whearin ym selves must fyer
Ruin, destruction, Famin, and ye sword
Shall all invade them, Sun stay thy light
And see those snakes in their owne rivers drencht
Whilst with their bloude, our furious thirst is quench't

Exit:

Act 3: S quint:

Am: wth embass: for ye marriage

Am:

How lykes our captaynes our last victorie
If man can prophacie of future state
Mee thought I did devine of yis blest happ
How Fortune did involve 'em in their slaughter
And flight frome danger, brought 'em into danger
Each one astonish wth some greater feare
Knew not ye slaughter, yt was yen most neare
Bass: Bassa, wee thancke yee, let 'em be lead hence
For wee must now, treat of a marriage lords
The German Ogly, whose scepter sways
The Phrygian confines in stronge Asia
By Embassie entreates, hee may conioyne
His daughter Matun to our Baiazet
Embassador, heere to our councell speake:

Lal: they would firmly stand

Am: Yes Schach, wee accept of thy advise
And frome us Carrie ye great Asian prince
This kindest greetings
Tell him ye gates of Prusa shall stand ope
And ye glad ayre shall echo notes of joy
To entertaine her, who shall bless our land,
With hopefull issue, greedie thoughts expect
Her soone arrival, and so embassador
Inform ye princess, when shee shall appeare
A lastinge starr, shall shine with in our spheres

Exit

Actus 4 tus, Scæen: 2 das

Am gives Baiazet in mariage

Son: Io to Hymen
You Gods of Marriage, sacred protectoress
Of lawfull propagation, and blest love
Bee most propitious, to thease grafted stems
Dropp dewinge shouers of generation on y\textsuperscript{e}m
Thinck Sonn y\textsuperscript{i} is day hath blest y\textsuperscript{e} wth y\textsuperscript{t} happ
For which had Iuno taskt y\textsuperscript{e} lyke Alcides
To graple wth Stymphalides, or cleanse
Augeas stable, or lyke y\textsuperscript{e} Troian boy
Sit lyke a shepheard on Dardania's hill
Such a reward, as y\textsuperscript{i} is fayr Q repayes it,
O thou hop't future offpringe, spare thy parent
Hurt not this tender wombe, thease sylver worlds
In which a prettie people you shall live
When y\textsuperscript{u} are borne, o bee within y\textsuperscript{r} limmas
Y\textsuperscript{r} grand sire Amuraths, and Fathers strength
Lima theare face Nature, wth y\textsuperscript{e} ire Mothers die
And let the destinies maroke y\textsuperscript{i} s ensuinge night
In y\textsuperscript{e}ire aeternall books, wth notes most white

\textit{All:} \textit{----------- Mahomet}

Now Lords, who will daunces:
A Turkish measure, Ladie, of\textsuperscript{r} nerves are shruncke
And y\textsuperscript{u} now fix y\textsuperscript{e} signe of age on us
Y\textsuperscript{u} who have bloude y\textsuperscript{t} leapes wthin y\textsuperscript{r} vaynes
Bee nimble, as an hart, caper t'oth sphoers
O y\textsuperscript{u} are lyte, y\textsuperscript{t} want y\textsuperscript{e} weyght of years

\textbf{[65$^\text{r}$]}
Am: ascends his throne, at ye end of ye d
hee begins an health, kneeling:

An health to our Bride, and to her Father
O nobles would yeis wine weare Christians bloude
But yt it would phrenetique vapors breede
And so infect our braynes wh superstition

Eur: ———— ye darok cave of death.

Am: Describe goode Captayne, how ye dogs wear woried

Eur: ———— In yeire stench lay buried:

Am: Goode executor of our most iust wrath

Eur: ———— I heere am bould to yeilde

Am takes ye cups

Am: Nor shall yeis praesent be unrecompesent;
For thy true service, heere I doe bestow
On thee these gifts, which all ye Asian Lds
Brought to adorne yeas happie nuptials
On ye fayre Bride, great princess, and our Daughter
Doe wee: bestow thesee virgins, daughters to Ks
For ye attendance

Hat: ———— our Princely Father

Am: No daughter, wee doe hope, thou art ye springe
From whence shall flow to all ye world a X
Captaynes, and Lords to morrow wee must meet
To thinke of or rebellious Sonne in Law

But this tyme all for comfort, and delight,

Short weddinge days, makes it seeme longe till night

Exeunt:

Actus quintus, Scaen: prima

Am: Our hate must not part thus, I tell yee prince
Thast kindled violent AEtna in our breasts
And such a flame is quencht wth naught but bloode
His bloude, whose headie, and rebellious blast
Gave lyfe unto y* fyer; Heavne should it threatne mee
Knows I dare menace it; are wee not Am
So powrfull as wee are, so trembled at
So often dar'd by pygmee Christians
Which wee will crush to ayre, what haughtie thought
Buzd y* præsumptuous ears, with such vayne breathe
To puff y* into such impetuous Acts?
Or what durst prompt y* wth a thought so frayle
As make y* covetous of so brave a Death
That our knowne hand shoulde cause the ( ) throat
Shali seele a stranglinge, by some slave traynd up
To naught, but bee an hangman, thy last breath

Illegible.
Torne frome y° by an hand yts worse y°n deathe

Alad: ------------ Carmanias name

Am: Yeilde yu then thus, is yis y° truce yu begg
Sprinkl'd befoare thy face, those rebell bratts
Shall leave theire brayns and ye°re dissected limns
Burld for a pray to Kites, for Lords tis fitt
No sparoke, of such a threatninge mountinge fyer
Remayne as unextinguisht, least it devour
And prove moare hott t'oth Turkish Empirie
Then y° Promethean blaze doth trouble Jove
First sacrifice those bratts

Wife: ------------ fearest yu thy daughters sayth?

Am: I feare, for after husbands perjurie
All lawes of Nature shall distastfull bee
Nor will I trust thy children, or thy selfe

Wife: ------------ weare planted

Am: True, and when sproutes doe robb y° tree of sapp
They must bee prund:

Wife: ------------ and my infants now

Am: Yes to have y°m collect a manly strength
And the first lesson, y° theire dad shall teach em
Shall be to reade my mischeife

Alad: ------------ Thou mayst turn to love

Am: No sp wee must root oue mallicious seede
Nothing sprouts faster, y°n an envious weeeds
Wee see a little heuyghfer mongst an heard
Whose horns are yet scarce crept from forth his front
Crows on a suddayn talle, and in ye fisilde
Froliques, and sometymes makes his Father yeilde
A litle twigg left budding on an elme
Ungratefull bars his Mother sight of heavne;
I love no future Aladins:

Wife: ———— that any eere can feare us

Am: Rise my dear childe, as marble agaynst rayne
So I at thesee obedient showres melt
Thus doe I rayse thy husband, thus thy Babes
Freely admitterge yu to former state
But Aladin, wake not our wrath agayne
Patience grows furye, that is often stird
And when ye conqueror lays asyde his hate
The conquer'd shoulde not dare reiterate
Bee now our Sonn, and Freindes:

Aladin: ———— I vow't;

Am: Then for to sett a seale unto our Love
Ye selfe shall leade a winge in Servia
For our immediate warrs, wee are to meate
The Christians in Cossova's playnes wth speede
For Amur: neer had tym to breath himselfe
So much as to have warnings of new foes
No day securely on my scepter shone
But one wars end, still brought another on:

Exeunt:
Actus quintus: Scænel 3 ia

The heavns seeme a fyer, comets

Am: Who sett y\textsuperscript{e} world a fyer? how now y\textsuperscript{u} heavns?
Grow y\textsuperscript{u} so pride, y\textsuperscript{u} must put on curld locks?
And cloath y\textsuperscript{e} scalpes in fierie periwiggs?
Mahom: say not, but I invok't thee now?
Commande y\textsuperscript{e} punie Christians, demi God
Put out those flaminge sparcks, those ignes fatui
Or ile unseat him, and wth my lookes so shake
The staggringe props of his weake fixed throne
That hee shall finde, hee shall have noare to doe
To quell one Am, y\textsuperscript{e}n all y\textsuperscript{e} Giant broode
Of those same sons of Earth, y\textsuperscript{e}n ten Lycaons
Doe y\textsuperscript{e} poore snakes so love there miserie
That they would see it, by these threatninge lights
Dare y\textsuperscript{u} blaze still, Ile tose up bucketts full
Of Christians bloude to quench y\textsuperscript{u}, by those hayres
Dragg y\textsuperscript{u} beneath y\textsuperscript{e} center, and y\textsuperscript{e}ire quench
All y\textsuperscript{e} præssaginge flames in Phlegethon
Can y\textsuperscript{u} outbrave mee wth y\textsuperscript{e} burninge cressits?
Yawn earth wth chasmes, wide as Hell it selfe
Burn heavn as ardant as y\textsuperscript{e} Lemnian flames
Wake pale Timiphone, spend all thy snakes
Be æneas, and Minos as seveare
As if the iayle delivery of us all
Weare ye next session, I would pull Radamant
By's flaminge furra, frome out his iron chayre

The fiends arise: daunce, vanish

Now who ye Divell sent my grand sires heather
Had Pluto no taske else, to set 'em too
Hee should have bound 'em to Ixions wheele
Or bid 'em rowle ye stone for Sisiphus:
Bee shrow mee, but their daunces did not pleas mee
Have they not so bin drunk wth Lethe yet?
As to forgett mee? ye can portend no ill
For shouldye Fates bee twininge my last thredd
Yet none durst come from hell to tell mee so
Shall I bee scar'd wth a night walkinge ghost
Why I can looke moare terrible ye'n night
Or what my workinge fancy shall praeent
And command darknesse in th'umwillinge day
Make Hecat start, and draw back her heade
To wrappe it in a swarthie vayle of clowdes
Dropp sheetes of sulphure ye' prodigious cloudes

---

1. The entire line is squeezed between the preceding and following lines.

2. This line, which in Q follows the line noted above, is also squeezed between the preceding and following lines.
Cyclops ramn all thy bulletts into Altna
Then vomitt y^m at once, hyde y^p followers
Behinde Avernum, or Cytheron, couch
Couch to y^e bottomless abyss of styx
Myn arme shall fetch y^m out, day must perform
What now I thinck, wrath rayns a bloudie storm
And now gynns rise y^o sun, which yet not knows
The miserie hee shall see on Amurathes foes
Lords, leader, Captaynes: ho^l

Schach: ------- y^p highness up so soone

Am: Hee smalle rest takes
That dreames on battayles, Lords, and firie workes

Lal: ----------- with an unwonted paleness:

Am: Why doe y^u not see, y^e Hearns are turnd court Ladies
And put on other hayre besides theire owne?
What may those flames praemuniate, can y^u guess

Lal: ----------- Heavns destinie:

Am: Doth it not boade a conquest?

Lal: ----------- Moare y^en ours:

Am: Well coragde Scach; y^en w^th speed preepare
Praevent y^e sluggard Sun, if wee want light
Strike syer frome our swords, and force back bright
My armoure theare: [69^p]

---

The line is squeezed between the preceding and following lines.
Now Mahomet I invoke, t
Thy awfull ayde for ys auspicious day
Toss mee aloft, and let mee ride on cloudes
Showlde my horse fayle, those fyre breathinge iades
Which ye boy Phaethon, knew not how to guide
Woulde I pull out, from forth ys flaminge teems
And whirle my selfe, agaynst ys condensat spheres
On which Ile sett, and stay theire turninge orbs
The whole vertiginous circle shall stand still
To shoulde mee, my armour:

Puts on his armor:

So helpe on
Here lyke Alcides doe I gird my selfe
With well knitt sinnews, able to stagger earth
And threaten Nature with a second Chaos
If one impetuous broyle remayne to come
In future ages, sett it a foote ys hower:
How well ys weygth of steele befits my strengthe
Mee thinks ys Gods stand quivering, and doe feare
When I am armd a second Phlaegress neere
Chiron shall see his Pindus at my feete
And on Ile climbe to Heavne, or pull yt downe
And hurle ys weygthie burden of ys worlde
Frome of yᵉ Babies shoulders that supports it:
Now am I safer buckld gaynset my foe
Then all ye enchaunted charmes Medea gave
When yᵗ her love enconstr'd fyerie bulls
And a prize fair moare glorious, many a fleece
Dide depe in tincture of yᵉ Christians bloude
Shall bee my spoyle, for should they hide yeire heads
In theire Gods bosome, heere's a speare can reach em
And they shall know no place is free from wrath
When eere hot bloude is stird in Amurath:
Exit:

Actus quintus Seen: quart:
enter aloft to see yᵉ slaughter

Lal: ---------- unto such slaves a toombe
Am: Where are becom those ominous comets now?
What are yᵒ se pissinge candles quite put out?
Leave yeire disastrous snuffs no stench behind yᵉ
Tis sometings yet, yᵗ theyre God sees yeire slaughter
Guide us with sulphurie meteors to beholde
The blest destruction of thy parasytes
I knew yᵉ elements would first untie
The nerves o' th universe yᵉ let mee die
Sur: ----------- this hand crasht downe

Am: By Mahomet, and wee are weary now
Some mercy shall lay victorie asleepe
It will a laureat prove to yis greate strife
Mongst all these wounded to give one his lyfe

But wee'le descend:¹
Poore slave wouldst live?

Cobel: ----------- Impie Morti

Am: My spirit makes mee not to feels thy sword
Howld yu orakt organs of my shattered life
I am not touched yet, can I not, mock my death
And thinck tis butt a dreame tells me I me hurt
Darst thou yen leave mee blood, canst be so base
As to forsake these waynes to flow on earth?
And must I lyke y unhappe Roman die
By a slaves hand

Cobel: ----------- that scornes his owne

Am: Then lyke a masy pyramide ile falle
And strive to shrinkske all ye whole fabrique with mee
Art yu dull Fate, and durst not over spreade
Cimmerian wings of death throughout ye world
I yt scarce ere're asleep, can I sere die

¹The line is squeezed between the preceding and following lines.
²Illegible marginatra, probably stage-directions.
And will none feare my name when I am deade

Tortures, and torments for ye murderer

Cobel: ----------- the lagg end of my lyfe

Am:   Villayn thy laagh wounds worse yon doth thy sword
      Are yu lethargique Lords in crueltie?

Cobel: ----------- Moare willingly

Am:   Feare yr deaths Gods, for I have lost my selfe
      And what I last complayne my crueltie

Cobel: ----------- fly without weyght of crime:

Am:   O now have I, and Fortune tride it out
      Withall her best of favors was I crownde
      And sufferd her worst threats, when most shee frownde
      Stay Soule, a K, a T commands ye stay
      Sure I'me but an Actor, and must strive
      To personate ye tragique end of Kings
      And so to win applayse unto ye scene
      Wth fayned passion, must thus graspe at death
      O but I see pale Nemesis at hand:
      What not one Earthquake, not one blazing comet
      To accompanie my soule to's funerall
      Is not yis houer ye generall period
      To mee're returninge tyme, last breath commande

A new Dewcoalions deluge, yt with mee

The world may swim to its asternall grave

Crack hindge that houlds this globe, and welcome death
Wilt thou not stay soole, Feind, not stay with Kings
Sink y'en, and sink beneath ye Thracian mount
Sink, beneath Athos, bee ye brackish waves
Of Acheron thy toombe, and let mee want a grave
Whilst all lands feare, which first my corps shall have
And in my grave, Ile bee ye Christians foe
Quake Pluto, for I come a greater shade
A Turck, a tyrant, and a conqueror
And with yis groane lyke thunder will I cleeve
The timorous earth, whilst yis my last I breathe

Moritur.
Petition by Thomas Goffe in Christ Church sub-dean's book [Archives liii b. 2].
Memorandum: we, the Rector, and churchwardens of East Clandon, have received a certificate from the Curate of St. Faith in London, of Robert Smith and Elizabeth Rogers, who were married in the Church of St. Faith, August viceimo quarto Anno Domini 1626.

Chas. Strow
Rector

Memorandum in East Clandon parish register
[Guildford Museum PS3/CL.5/1/1]