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A Critical Edition of the Turkish Tragedies  
of Thomas Goffe

Volume II

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INTRODUCTION TO THE RAGING TURKECritical IntroductionDate

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 Hles to have monopolized 1615-16 with his "1j 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 Courageous 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 Selymus. (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 Selinus [1594] that was falsely attributed to Goffe in 1638). However, the murder of the poetically-inclined Corcutus and the idea of single combat between Selymus and Achmetes come from Knolles' history of the reign of Selymus.

Goffe has made some of the action more immediate. For instance, Bajazet himself stabs Achmetes in the play, instead of ordering his death; Zemes 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 Cherseogles 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.ix 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 Isaack and Cherseogles play a prominent part from start to finish and even Cherseogles 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 Cherseogles and Isaack playing good and bad angels. Ahmetes is the first major character killed, early in

Act III; Zenas 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 Isaack whose predominance is challenged only by occasional opposition from Cherseogles.

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 Cherseogles 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  
 My 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 Isaack. 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, Isaack and Selymus succeed even in the face of his suspicion. Bajazet turns to the loyal Chereogles too late to save himself from his inevitable doom. This prodigy of "fury" eventually dies, only to be replaced by a greater, Selyman.

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 Zemes' 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 Corcutus 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 bassaes, when seemingly giving way to Cherseogles about the "Hungarian wars", and when begging forgiveness of Bajazet. Nevertheless, his nature in this play justifies his historical name of "Selim the Grim".

Cherseogles, 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 Isaack; and it is interesting to observe that Cherseogles is almost as persuasive a speaker as Isaack, though in almost every other respect they differ enormously. Cherseogles also has the necessary cunning to lead Isaack (not to mention Achmetes, Selymus, Mustapha, and Mesithes) 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 Isaack; 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 Selymus, 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", "smothering windes", "blast", "rip", "rockes", "gnash", "pine", 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 Corcutus 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 Turke 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 Courageous Turke; 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 Goffe spoke the prologue to Crestes himself, and probably acted Amurath in The Courageous Turke, 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 Turke (B.T.C. 11930, Greg 447) was printed in 1631  
 b 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 Turke: "M<sup>r</sup>. Meighen. Entred for his copy under the hands of S<sup>r</sup>. Henry Herbert & m<sup>r</sup>. Smethwicke warden a booke called the Play of Amurath the Turke./ Idem. entred for his Copy under the same hands a booke called The Tragedy of Baiaset the second or the raging 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,<sup>1</sup> 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

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<sup>1</sup> Throughout the present edition the 1631 quarto is referred to as Q, 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 [Goffe's] especiall friend." The other manuscript is almost certainly The Courageous Turke, nor is it impossible that The Raging Turke was transcribed by the same person who apologises (in The Courageous 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 A<sup>2</sup> B<sup>4</sup> - N<sup>4</sup> O<sup>2</sup>, was printed for the most part on two skeleton formes. 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 O; there is no evidence for A. Copy must have been cast off for signatures F to L at least, as both inner and outer formes are printed with the same skeleton forme. 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 formes. 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 formes to be imposed<sup>1</sup>. The commercial version of the collimating lamp, available in the British Museum, was used on five copies of the play (BM<sup>1-4</sup> 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 formes, one with two stages of press correction, but eight of the formes 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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<sup>1</sup> See Kenneth Povey, "The Optical Identification of First Formes," S.B., XIII (1960), pp.197-198.

1

THE  
RAGING  
TURKE,  
OR,  
BAIAZET  
THE SECOND.

A Tragedie vvrritten by THOMAS  
GOFFE, Master of Arts, and Student of  
Christ-Church in *Oxford*, and Acted by the  
Students of the same house.

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

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LONDON:  
Printed by AVGVST. MATHEVVES, for  
RICHARD MEIGHEN,  
1631.

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TO THE NO LESSE  
INGENIOUS THEN ZEALOUS  
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 Nugae, 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 Omnium scenarum homo 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 10 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. MEEGHEN.

\* TICHBORNE...and Barronet.] A\*<sup>F</sup>; TICHBOURNE...&c. A2<sup>F</sup> [see note and appendix]

1 The body of the dedication is set in italics in Q.



The Names of the Actors.

Bajazet, <u>Emperour.</u>	Zemes, Bajazets <u>brother.</u>	
Mahometes	Tartarian <u>King.</u>	
Achomates	Armenian <u>King.</u>	
Corcutus	Amehemedes.	
Selymus	Mahometes <u>followers.</u>	5
Trisham	Hamon, Bajazets <u>Physitian, Jewish.</u>	
Mahomet	Monke.	
Achmetes, a <u>Generall.</u>	Herauld.	
Cherseebles, <u>Viceroy of Greece.</u>	Dwarfe.	
Isaack	Nemesis.	10
Mesithes	Captaines.	
Mustapha	Ambassadors.	
Solyman, Selymus <u>sonne.</u>	Janizaries.	
Caigubus, Achmetes <u>sonne.</u>	Souldiers.	
Alexander, <u>Bishop of Rome.</u>	Nuncius.	15

\*2 Mahometes] Mahomates Q

\*4-5 Amehemedes./Mahometes followers.] Amehemedes, Mahomets/  
followers. Q

6 Trisham] Thrisham Q

\*6-7 Jewish./ Monke.] /Jewish Monke. Q

14 Caigubus] Caiubus Q

THE RAGING TURKE,  
Or the Tragedie of BAJAZET,  
the second of that name.

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Actus Primi, Scena Prima.

Enter Bassaes, Isaack with a Crowne in his hand, Mustapha with a Scepter, Mesithes with a Sword, they Crowne Corcutus, youngest sonne to Bajazet.

Isaack. Let the world feele 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. 10

Musta. Crowns make not Kings, nor can that glittering shew  
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 arme  
 Secure thy subjects from all forraigne harme.

Meith. What seasoned knowledge, learnings prudent Queen,  
 Hath 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 leuell 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 nour'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 amagement through the spacious world,  
 That when thou lifts thine arme, thy foes may say Showts 3.  
 Not Jove, but great Corcutus rules the day.

20

30

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

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 cutting 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 returne  
 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.

40

Then (~~Exeunt~~) I embrace what you have throwne  
 Upon me, and these signes of honour thus Gives them backe.  
 We re-bestow; their power still staves 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 dignity,  
 This burdenous waight which some must undergoe:  
 The gods are busied with diviner things,  
 And put Earths care into the hands of Kings. [Exeunt.]

50

46 Justice;] -, Q

Actus Primi, Scena Secunda.

After some clamors of applause, enter Chersogles and Achmetes at severall doores.

Achmetes. And is Bajaget arriv'd?

Chers.

So fame reports,

Yet how he doth digest Coreutus Raigne,  
That everie Bird sings not; but sure with paine.  
A Turkish Bajaget, and suffer wrong,  
May for a time conceale his grieffe, not long.  
Eagles soare high, and scorne that shorter Plumes  
Should reach the cloudes, which their proud wings can touch,  
Coreutus must not raigne, to keepe the right  
Due to his father, nor will he if he might,

Enter Isaack [and Mustapha].

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

Isaack. 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 blush't at their owne ruines, are thy crude wounds  
Already stopt, and is that day forgot,  
In which the Turkish Mavers Ottoman,

Wielded a sword of death within thy Waller?

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

20

Chers. We know their force, and sad experience sayes,  
Move not againe, Greece welters 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.

Achmeteg. This phrase becomes the Greekes, submissive states  
Must bend, the Conqueror must rule the fates.

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

30

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

40

Achmeteg. Renowned Vice-roy, thy perswading 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 Warres:

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

Chers. Nobly resolv'd (Greece sings) if the event,  
Prove but so happy, as honest the intent.  
But stand aside, Bajazet is come.

50

Enter Bajazet.

Baja. Am I not Emperor? hee that breaths a no,  
Dannes in that negative sillable his soule;  
Durst any god gain-say it, he should feele  
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 graspe the Poles in these two handes,  
I'de plucke the world asunder; droppe thou bright Sunne,  
From thy transparant Spheare, thy course is done,  
Great Bajazet is wrong'd, nor shall thine eye  
Be witnessse to my hatefull misery.

60

Madnesse and anger makes my tongue betray,  
The Chaos of my thoughts: under this brest,  
An heape of indigested cares are prest.  
What is it that I doubt? through every joynt  
Daunces a trembling ague, this dull blood,

That courses through my veines devines no good.

Shouts of joy within.

Ha, shouts of joy, at dead mens obsequies?

I'me in a maze of woes, what thou wilt throw

On us, Jove, let it come, ile stand thy blow.

70

Chers. Live happy Bajanet.

Baja. Happy in my feare,

That word sounds sweet in my distracted care.

Happy in what?

He turnes 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 blesse th'event,

And sequell of our woes; it cannot be,

I should be thwarted in my jellity.

80

But if I can, unfold it — for the more

I know them not, the greater is my sore.

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

He gives him a paper.

Contract of all thine ills, sad lines of griefe.

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

Corcutus Imperator, sure I dreame:



These are but empty apparitions  
 Fain'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,  
Issack, Achmetes, are they not?

90

Achmetes.

Too true

Great Bajaget.

Baja.

Corcutus Imperator,

Reader againe.

Would I had seene thy name writ in the booke  
 Of darke damnation, rather then these lines.  
 Crackt 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.  
 Hither repaire, the watchfull paper wormes  
 That scan old recorderes ever to a line:  
 Here in two wordes imprinted shall you see,  
 The modell of a dolefull historie;  
 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 nimble ayre,

100

110

Let my plaints vanish as they spoken are,  
 Off with this womanish mildnesse, I will finde  
 A shorter trickes then this to ease my mind,  
Pluto beware, I come to raigne in hell, About to kill himselfe.  
 Fates bid me rule, and birth-right to excell.

Cherg. Stay Bajaget, that arme can breake a path  
 Unto thy earthly Monarch, ere thou come  
 To blesse the bankes of sweete Elysium,  
 With thy wisht presence: Mahomet forefend  
 That thou should'st seale a Kingdome to thy sonne,  
 By this untimely death; Corcutus raignes,  
 But at thy better pleasure; when he shall heere  
 Thou art arrived, then hee'l twixt joy and grieffe,  
 Start from his throne, and nimbly runne to meete,  
 Thy pompe, and throw his scepter at thy feete:  
 If hee but slacke that duty here are by,  
Achmetes strong and bolde, Isaacke and I,  
 Devoted to your service, yet the world stands  
 On wavering doubts, ready to clappe their hands.

120

Bajs. My desires are crown'd,  
 And from the gate of Limbo, where I sate  
 I feele my spirits knecke against the heavens.  
Achmetes? In that name I heare an ease

130

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 Kingdome from the gripes of hell.

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

Exeunt Bajazet, Cherseogles, and Achmetes, Manent Isaack,  
and Mustapha.

Actus Primi, Scena Tertia.

Isaack. Death, and the furies plunge the obsequious slaves,  
 Would he have joynd with us, we would have kept  
Corcutus high, and honoured, where he sits  
 In spite of a whole host of Bajazets.

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

Isaack. Mustapha Ile tell you  
 Had not my daughter beene espoused to him,  
 I had nam'd his death, and by some plot  
 Work'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.

Musta. Weele stay her leasure.

Isaack. See more Harpies gathered to catch a Crowne,  
 O tis a charming baite. Exit uterque.

Enter Mahometes, Achomates, Selinus.

Mahometes. Me thinks these City walles smile on our entrance,  
 As if they knew great Bajazets three sonnes, 20  
 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 spightfull horrour, 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. Exeunt.

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 Trigham? heers a sight

Of one mans issue, Noble Bajaget,

30

Brothers we have jumpt together?

Sely. All save one,

And hee's a great deale better so alone.

Trig. Corcutus t'is you meane, who though he raigne,

Above us now, yet must fall backs againe,

Into our ranke, t'is Bajaget must rise,

And hee descend, such a report there flyes.

Exeunt.

Actus Primi, Scena Quarta.

Enter Corcutus, Cherseogles, Mesithes.

Corcut. Did he not frowne, and sterne?

Chers.

It mooved him 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 spheare

29 Achomates.] Acha. Q

Of eminence, but barely to appeare,  
 With faint, and borrowed luster, then descend,  
 Rankt with the vulgar heads? first let me feele, 10  
 The Tition vulture, or Ixions 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 struoke with horror, and the slaves of Stix, 20  
 Already sting my wounded soule.

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

Corout. I am distracted, and me thinkes I burne,  
 Under these robes of state; a boyling heate,  
 Runnes from then through my veines, Joves hardy sonne,  
 When he bewrapt himselfe in Neptuns shirt,  
 Felt not more bitter agonies, then I,  
 Cleath'd in the trappings of my Majestie. 30  
 I am resolved; Bagaces, goe meeets our father,

Allure him home with this: I am begun  
To be no King, but a repentant sonne.

Exeunt Mesithes and Cherseogles.

Pallas I aske thy pardon, I have straid  
A gracelesse trewant from thy happy schooles,  
Whither I'le now returns; theres not a ranke,  
Place, or degree, can sort us out true blisse  
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 shaddows of true joy  
That shine like starres, till but a greater light  
Drowne your weake luster, I <sup>b</sup>adjure your sight,  
Even from my meditations, and my thoughts  
I banish your enticing vanities,  
And closely kept within my studie walles,  
As from a cave of rest, henceforth Ile see,  
And smile, but never tast your misery.  
I but as yet am floating on the waves,  
Of stormy danger, nor am sure to scape  
The violent blast of angry Bajaget.

40

50

Blow faire my hopes and when I touch the shoare,  
 Ile venture forth on this rough surge no more.

Enter Bajazet, Cherseogles, Achmetes, Isaack, Meaites,  
 Mustapha, Mahomet, Achonates, Selymus, Trishan, Mahometes,  
 Zenas 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.

Kneeles.

Baja. Ours to the Emperer.

Kneeles.

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

60

Baja. What, not asham'd  
 To circle in thy brow with that bright Crowne,  
 Yet blush to see mee kneele? though filiall rites,  
 And morrall precepts say the some must bend  
 Before the Father, yet your high degree  
 And powre bids you rise, commands my knee.

Corcut. Those ornaments be thine, Here Bajazet  
 I Crowne thee Monarch of the spacious West,  
Asia, and Affrica: if ought be mine,

70



Greater then these I here proclaime it thine.

Omes. Live Bajaget 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 Corcutus kneeling.

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

80

Exeunt omnes manet Corcut.

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

## Actus Primi, Scena quinta.

Enter Zemes the brother of Bajazet alone.

Zemes. Scarce had I set my foote within these walls

In expectation of a solemne hearse,

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 shout within.

Of Bajazet: hark how they roare 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. 10

'Tis true indeede, I prov'd not the first fruites,

An elder off-spring of my Fathers breede,

Yet was it so that Bajazet and I

Both tumbled in one wombe, 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 foete? no, I must be

An Emperour as full as great as he.

Exit.

## Actus Primi, Scena Sexta.

Enter Isaack alone.

Isaack. Devore'd my Daughter? fond and insolent man,  
 Ile crush thee into nothing; if I can  
 Endure the noyse of my disgrace I know  
 How to returne it; I am a flame of fire,  
 A chafing heat distempers all my blood.  
Achastes thou must coole it; when thy limbes  
 Are emptied of that moysture they sucke in,  
 And thy stain'd blood imhanted from thy veines,  
 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 Isaack?

Isaack. What?

Mesith. The flight of Zemes

Hence to Armenia.

Isaack. Of Zemes?

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

Isaack. Tis strange and full of feare.

Meshith. We meet him frequent in the vulgar mouth.

Isaack. Zemes is valiant, and Armenia strong,  
Here's Bajazet, he must beware the wrong.

Enter Bajazet.

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

20

Isaack. Yes I know  
Matter of weight, such as concerne thy life.

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

Isaack. But you must heare.  
Your brother Zemes, when swift winged Fame  
Tolde him your father Mahomet was dead,  
Flew 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 mirth,  
Sounded loud Musique in his troubled eares,  
Of you enthron'd; then he began too late  
To brawle at heaven, and wrangle with his Fate.  
So he went hence and cried; revenge be mine:  
Quake thou great Citie of proud Constantine

30

At my fierce anger, when I next returne,  
 With cloudes of misty powder, I shall choake  
 Thy breath, and dull thy beauty with it's smoake.

40

Thus posted he hence to Armenias King,  
 There to implore his ayde, which he will bring  
 To front thy power: nor doth he yet dispaire,  
 To dispossesse, and fright thee from thy chaire.

Raja. First from my body shall he fright my soule,  
 And push me into dust. Isaack make hast  
 To muster up our forces, strike up our Drummes,  
 Let them proclaime destruction through the world.

Cleare up your dusty armour, let it cast  
 Such an amazing lustre on the Foe,

50

As if Bellona dane'd on every crest.

The bright sunne of my glory is eclipsed,  
 Till Zams be extinct; he must not shine  
 To dull my beames, since the whole heaven is mine.

Call forth Achmetes, his unconquered arme,  
 Shall keepe us safe from this intended harme.

Isaack. My Liege, you have forget Achmetes oath,  
 In which he vowed never to draw his sword

41 Thus] S<sup>o</sup>; This Q

49 Cleare] stet Q; Cleane [?]

57 Achmetes] Archmetes Q

In your defence.

Baja. I had forgot it,  
But now I remember, such was the vaine  
Heat of my youth, but I recall againe  
What ever I protested, tell him so.  
Rash words must be dispensed with.

60

Isaack. Then Ile goe.

Exit.

Baja. My Father once in ordering of a Campe,  
Preferr'd me to be Captaine of a wing,  
So when the Battailles joyned, and life and death  
Were struggling who should winne power of our breath,  
Our Armes 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 redeeme my fame;  
Which when Achmetes heard, he deeply swore,  
Never with wit and strength to guide me more.  
But now he wast, see where he comes, and arm'd.

70

Enter Achmetes.

What strange device is plotting in his braine?

S.D. Achmetes.] Achm. Q

Honored Achmetes.

Achmetes.            Royall Emperor.            Gives him a sword.

Baja.    Thine arme must then uphold my Royalty.

Why lyes thy valour, prostrate at our feete,  
 When like fierce lightnings it should runne and meeke  
 My harmes like a rocke unmov'd? oppose  
 The course, and headlong torrent of my foes.

80

Achmetes.    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 witness, that I meane  
 Sincerely what I speake, Achmetes now

Gives him his sword againe.

We're friends, and thus I nullifie my vow;  
 Heavens on this concord lend a gracious smile.  
Achmetes I have plas'd thee in my bosome,  
 Gave thee an honour'd title in my love;  
 And of as lasting constancie, as is  
 The sunne which lookes so cheerefully 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 keepe thy foes in awe.

90

Achmetes. Stood there a Pluto at thy citie walles,  
 And with a band of furies had besieg'd  
 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.

100

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

Exeunt.

Actus Primi, Scena Septima.

Enter Zemes, and the King of Armenia.

Aras. 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 swords  
 Keepe their composed ranks, that they shall stand  
 Agast, to see two Scipioes in one band.

10

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.

Arme. Come let's away, our armes are well set,  
 Ready to march, now tremble Bajaget.

Exeunt.

Actus Primi, Scena Octava.

Enter Achmetes in his Generalls coate, and Caigubus his  
 sonne.

Achmetes. Caigubus, 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 ascended, yet the sunne shines cleare,  
 And not one dusky cloude of discontent  
 Dimmes the unspotted brightnesse of our joyes,  
 Not Bajaget is more belov'd then I:  
 Such strict observance is there shew'd to mee,  
 By all that know my worth, and heare me nam'd,  
 As if I grasp't Joves thunder in my hands:  
 By all my hopes, I feare some tragicke scenes  
 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 carelesse steppe aside, thou fall'st downe dead,  
 The shute from thence is deepe, and underneath,  
 Ruine gapes wide, thy body to receive.

Stand firme Caigubus: though thou start'st not away  
 Yet blasts of envie often force aside

20

The weariest footsteppe: these, where e'r they shall  
 Blow strong, will make them stagger if not fall.

Caigu. 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 Issack Bassa trust him not too much:  
 I have divorc'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 subtile as a Serpent, that will winde  
 Into thy brest, stinging thee ere thou finde  
 Or once suspect his hatred; I must away,  
 Hasty alarms call me hence, thus, and farewell,  
 Envie growes greater, as our states excell.

30

Trumpets sound.

Exit.

Caigu. Father, adiew.

Exit.

## Actus Secundi, Scena Prima.

A dumbe shew: Enter Zemes, and the Armenian King, Trumpets and Ensignes, Souldiers passe over the stage, and in a soleame march, exeunt.

## Actus Secundi, Scena Secunda.

Enter Bajaget, and Trizham and Mahomet, his two sonnes.

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

10

0.3 march, exeunt.] march. [space] Exeunt. 2  
1 makes] make 2  
9 Where] When 2

Triz. 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, 20  
And Zemes 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 drumme 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, 10

Were come to meete great Zemes in the field;  
 Their armes 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 Phalance  
 Be your care; brave Captaines, as we're inform'd  
Achmetes 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.

20

Arme. Our men are ordered, Zemes leade the way,  
 The skies looke duskie blaeke on this sad day.

Exeunt.

Trumpets sound to the battaile, dumbe shewes in skirmishes,  
one of Zemes Captaines and Cherseogles meete, Zemes  
Captaine prevailes, his second and Mesithes meete, Mesithes  
retires, the King of Armenia and Mustapha meete, Armenia  
prevailes, and pursues the battaile. Enter Achmetes with  
his sword.

Achmetes. Great Queen of chance; but do I call on this  
 Unconstant Stepdame? Be thou propitious Mars,  
 Rough god of warre: steele up this wearie arme,  
 And put a ten fold vigor in my bones;

17 care;] ~ 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 Zemes, I am hee.

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

Achmetes. Zemes?

Zemes. Achmetes? Opportunelie met,  
 Here staggers all the fortune of the field,  
 This hour must blesse me, and a single fight  
 Purchase thee honor, and to mee my right:  
 Honour to thee, to die by Zemes hand,  
 My right to me, an Empire to command.

30

Achmetes. Brave Prince, I more lament thy case then can thy  
 That runnest with such madnesse on the edge  
 Of desperate ruine: thou art but young and weak,  
 Manhoods soft blossomes are not fully spread  
 Upon thy downy chinne; but riper yeeres  
 Have settled the compacture of my joynts,  
 And they are strongly knit: 'twill vex my soule  
 In the cleare morne of thine up-rising hopes,  
 To wrap thee in a fatall cloude of death.

40

Submit thee to thy brother, thou shalt finde  
Me thy true friend, him mercifull and kinde.

Zenes. Submit? Had I a right to Joves 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. 50  
Guard thee Achmetes, I thy stroke abide,  
I cannot gore thy Prince but through thy side.

They fight and breath: fight againe. Achmetes takes away  
Zenes sword.

Zenes. The day be thine, and Zenes stand thy Fate;  
Strike home, I've lost the day, and life I hate.

Achmetes. 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 baske thy sword, in that I recommit  
My forfeit to thy charge, thy life with it.

They fight againe, and Achmetes wounds him on the head.  
Zenes falls.

Zenes. Oh! hold thy conquring hand, and give my soule  
A quiet passage to her rest; my blood

Begunnes to wast, and a benumbing cold,  
 Freezes my vitall spirits: Achmetes goe,  
 Tell Bajazet that thou hast slaine his foe.

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

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

Armenia's King is fled backe to his home,  
 Cold entertainment will attend me there;  
 The field is emptie, every man retir'd,  
 Onely a few dead carcases, 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.

70

[Exit.]

Actus Secundi, Scena Quarta.

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

Sely. Indeed we may be thought upon in time:  
 When 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 curbe,

My comprest valor like a strangled fire,

Breakes out in violent flames, and I must rule.

[To them] Trisham and Mahomet are aript in hast

Each to their severall Province, we must stay, 10

That are their Elders, for another day;

This Court will prove our scaffold, where we stand

Plac't in the eye of angry Bajagets:

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 thanke you brother, then belike some crimes

Lye heavy on my conscience, and I feare,

Unlesse I shift my station, 'twill be knowne; 20

You thinke well of me kind Mahometes.

Mahometes. As well as of a brether 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?

As I so loose in manners? By heaven and earth,

Thou shalt repent this deeplie.

Ashometes. 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 stocke, 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 dumbe examples teach a lively love.

30

Mahometes. Come let us goe.

Exeunt 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 comē's heere?

Enter Corcutus.

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

40

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

Sely. You goe to rule there?

Corcut. Yes.

Sely. Heavens speede you well.

Corcut. Hears Selysus adieu.

Exit Corcutus.

Sely.

Brother farewell.

Revenge and you three furious twinnes of night,  
 Ascend up to our theater of ill,  
 Plunge my black soule twice in your Stygian flood,  
 That by it's vertue it may be congeal'd,  
 And harden'd against remorse: Pluto enrich  
 My breast, with a diviner pollicie,  
 Then every trifling braine can reach unto;  
 He fill the world with Treasons, and my wit  
 Shall put new trusts to death: Charon shall see,  
 His waftage still in use by companie,  
 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 Bass.

Isaac. Tush, vertue makes men fooles, Isaac be wise,  
 Shake off the tender fetters of remorse,  
 And hugge that chance that opens thee the way

0.1 Bass.] Bajaset Q

To ruinate Achmetes: did he stand  
 On termes of conscience, neighbor-hood or love,  
 Then he cashier'd my daughter from his house,  
 And to the worlds broad eye, opened her crimes?  
 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 Bajaset,  
 Amidst the fiery tumults of the Warre,  
 She offered Zones to Achmetes hand,  
 They fought, Achmetes conquered, at his foote  
 Fell the proud rebell, wounded, but not alaine;  
 There might Achmetes with a blow of death  
 Cut off our feares, continued in his breath:  
 This shall incense the angry Emperor,  
 And crush Achmetes in his fairest hopes.  
 True polititions worke by others hands,  
 So I will by the Prince, my plot stands firme:  
 See where he comes; now sly Mercurius, what  
 My tongue, to kindle hate in Bajaset.

10

20

Enter Bajaset.

Baja. Isaac how thriv'd Achmetes in his Warres,  
 Fame is of late growne dumbe of his renoume,

Surely unwelcome news clogs her swift wings,  
 Else had she now bin frequent in our Court;  
 And we had fully knowne the chance of all.

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

Baja. As how?

Isaack. As thus. I joy'd that Zenes fell,  
 Was sorry he escap'd.

Baja. Fell and yet escap'd?

Isaack. Beneath Achmetes feete the traytor fell.

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

Isaack. 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 tumalts that were scene,  
 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 Achmetes; being met they fought,

30

40

Zemes was vanquish't by a violent blow,  
 Which strucke him trebling 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 Isaack how to sound  
 The depth of all his mischiefe.

Isaack. Thus you say,  
 He being come from Zemes overthrow,  
 And yet luke-warme in blood, and full of joy,  
 You may in way of honour and free mind,  
 Call him this night to banquet: then being set,  
 When the hot spirits of carroused 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 besome blacke as night.

Baja. Thou art my good Angel, Isaack I applaud  
 Thy faithfull plot; Achmetes were thy soule  
 As darke as hell, and thy enclosed thoughts  
 As subtile 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 Isaacks, if we trappe him in this wiles,

How shall we kill the traytor? We have a trickes,  
 Already strange to catch him in the nicke.

Isaack. Easily thus: our lawes allow a custome,  
 Not us'd of late, yet firme still in effect,  
 And thus it is; when there doth breath a man,  
 Direfully hated of the Emperour, 80  
 And he in strickt severitie of right  
 Cannot proceed against him, then he may  
 Orewhelme him in a robe of mourning blacks,  
 Which we have cal'd deaths mantle; that thing done,  
 The man thus us'd, is forfeited to fate,  
 And a devoted sacrifice to him  
 Whom 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 proceede, when banquets done, 90  
 And all their comicke merriment runne on  
 To the last sceane, and every man expects  
 A soleame gift, due to Achmetes worth,  
 Call for a robe therewith to deeke your friend,  
 And perfect all his glory; let that bee  
 This robe of fate, in which ready at hand,  
 You may intombe the traytor, and bewrappe  
 His pampered body in a vaille of death,  
 So let him dye, dreaume not on the event,

Vice is rewarded in it's punishment.

100

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

Isaack. I shall: would not a private warning serve  
But open penance must correct my child,  
And a severe divorcement quite degrade  
Her of her honoured Matrimoniall rights?  
Were he as strong, as steele-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 feele 110  
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.

Caigu. I fear'd your safety and devoutly prayed  
The sword of justice, which your hand did swaye,  
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 see danger in the field,  
 But when I fronted Rames, then there met  
 Two streames 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.

10

Caïru. The heavens were just indeed, but who comes heere,  
Isaack, Mesithes, and Bajazets three somes.

Enter Isaack, Mesithes, Mahometes, Achomates, Selymus.

Achmetes. They come to gratulate my late successe,  
 I see their errand foulded in their sailes,  
 How cheerfully they looke upon my joyes.

Omnes. All happines attend Achmetes.

Achmetes. Thankes Noble friends, how fares the Emperor.

Isaack. 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.

20

Aside.

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

Would make a man daunce Antick in the fire,  
 Weele 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 Eaperor to grace  
 Our slender meritts thus: we shall be there,  
 To taste his bountie.

30

Megith. Weele lead on before.

Achmetes. Ile follow you.

Isaack. He'r to returne more.

Aside.

Exeunt omnes, ~~Isaack~~, Achmetes, and Caligulus.

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 Isaack, thy chast love,  
 Cloakes not intended mischiefe, blacks 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.

40

Caïus. Pray heaven they doe not.

Achætes.

Fears not, I am guest

To Bajazet, expected at the feast.

Exeunt.

50

Actus Secundi, Scena Septima.

Enter Bajazet, and Chermogles.

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

Cherm. Not yet great Emperer.

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?

Cherm.

Surely no.

Baja. What if I hated him, and should command  
To wrappe him in a sable coloured blaake,  
And sentence him to death?

Cherm.

Then he must die.

10

Baja. My thoughts are troubled.

Cherm. What should these questions meane,

Abrupt demands, one to confound the other?

My liege, your guests are come.

Enter Achmetes, Isaack, Mahometes, Achomates, Selymus,  
Mesithes, Caigubus.

Baja. Blest be the houre in which I see Achmetes safe return'd;  
Bring in our banquet souldiers: boyes kneele round,

Enter a banquet, all kneele.

A ring of braver lads nere blest the ground,

Supplie us here with nectar, give it us; Takes the cup.

Achmetes, noble warrior, heer's to thee,

A health to thy blest fortunes, it shall runne

20

A complete circle ere the course be done.

Achmetes. My dutie bids me pledge it. I returne

Good health to Isaack, and in this wee'l drown

All conceal'd enmities.

Drinke.

Isaack. Jove split me with his thunder, if my brest

Harbour one bad thought, when this draught is past.

And so I greet thy some! health to Caigubus.

Drinke.

Caigu. Mahometes the turne lights next on you.

Drinke.

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

Drinke.

Chers. Achomates, to you I must commend

30

The welfare of Achmetes in this cup.

Drinke.

Achomates. To you Mesithes, thus I prove my love.

Drinke.

Mesith. 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.

Ornes. 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,  
Heer's a carouse to all.

40

Ornes. Weele pledge it round.

As they drinke round, Bajazet riseth and speakes 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 distempers all my blood,

Achmetes thou must coole it: when thy limbes  
Are emptied of that moisture they sucke in,  
And thy stain'd blood unchannel'd from thy veines,  
Then shall I be secure: a quiet rest  
Shall rooke my soule asleepe; 'tis thy last howre,

50

Must set a period to my restlesse feares.

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

Then all arise: and now to consummate

Our happy meeting, and shut up our joyes,

Discourse Achaetes of your finish't warres;

After an age of woes it proves at last

60

A sweete content to tell of dangers past.

Let's know your whole events.

Achaetes.

Great Emperor

Scaree had the rosie day-starre through the East,

Display'd her silver colours through the heaven,

But all the watchfull souldiers ready ara'd,

Dim'd her pale cheekes, with their transparent Steele,

And added lustre to the dull sight morne;

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,

70

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

Zenes, 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 fearefull stept behind a cloud,

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

And purple streames gush from our wounded breasts,

63 through] stet 4; from 8° [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 spheare.  
 The ayre was thicke and dimage, our armies joyn'd,  
 The skirmishes grew hot, and angry Mars  
 Inthron'd upon the battlements of heaven,  
 Left either side to tuggle 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,  
 Steod trembling on the utmost brinke of hope;  
 Then the propitious 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 disera'd him; when in proud conceapt,  
 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 hell;  
 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, Achmetes hold;  
 I'me wounded to the death; and Captaine gee  
 Tell Bajaget that thou hast alaine his foe.  
 I left the dying Prince, our warres were done

80

90

100

And ceas'd with him, by whom they were begunne.

Issack. The plot has tooke.

Aside.

Baja.

Treason by Mahomet.

I left the dying Princee.

Issack. Pursue the project.

Baja.

Worthy Ashmetes,

Well we may give, but not reward by gifts,

And thanke, but not requite thee; I would hate

That liberality which would abate

The worth of the receiver; thy true fame,

110

Outstrips the length of titles, and a name

Of weightie honour, is a slender price,

To grace thy merits with; as for a voice,

To crowne thee after death, thou art the choice,

Of everliving glory; on thy crest,

Is her abode, and when the latest rest

Of nature, hath betrayd 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,

120

Thy name, and thou shalt live without our gift.

Yet thy blest fates, have not created thee

So clearely Godlike, but some other chance,

May crosse thy greatness, and thy high renowne

The envie of some God may shoulder downe,



Then thus weele make thee happy, future events  
 Ne'r shall oppresse thy worth: nor envious chance  
 Blot thy ensuing fame, Achmetes know,  
 Death an immortall gift, we thus bestow.

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

Caigu. Treason, treason. O my Father treason, 130  
 Helpe Janizaries. Exsurrit.

Baja. Stop the furious youth. Exeunt Bassaes.  
 Bring in an Heads-man. Traytor, Zemes dead?  
 He lives to see this hand untwine thy thread.

Enter seven or eight Janizaries with swords drawne.

What meanes this outrage?

Janiza. 1. Cruell homicide.

2. Ungratefull wretch.

3. Tyrant.

4. Meete hilts in's guts.

Circle him.

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

Baja. Helpe! Treason! I am slaine.

6. Helpe? why? From whom?

Is not thy Guard about thee.

Baja. Hean'd in with death? My friends beset me round

Not to preserve my life, but murder me.

140

Blush you pale heavens at this abhorred fact,  
That they may see their crimes, and be asham'd  
Of this unheard offence: Valiant Janizaries,  
Sheath up these weapons of rebellion,  
Print not that ugly sinne upon your brow,  
Let my free pardon wee you to submit.  
Keepe your alleagiance 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

150

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 asham'd  
Of this new bloudinesse. Wicked Bajaget  
These admonitions fit the teacher well.

Baja. But heare me speake.

160

4. First set Achmetes 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 cloath'd.

Baja. Your anger will have way. Achmetes goe.

Takes off the Mantle.

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

Exeunt showing and leaping.

Pernicious villaines, they have crost my plot,

'Twas intercepted ev'n in the last deede:

What should Achmetes meane thus to ingrosse

The best affections of my Janizaries?

Will he defraud me of my Crowne and life?

170

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 peece-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 Isaack.

Isaack. Good heath to Bajaset.

180

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

Isaack. 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 profane  
 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.

190

Baja. No more.

I am already gone. Why did not then  
 His proud ambitious tongue bid them goe fetch  
 My Crowne, and with quick speede disrobe a wretch?  
 'Twas in his power: we are distracted Izaak,  
 Lend us thy wholesome counsell to prevent  
 My ruine, and their dangerous intent.

Izaak. Mine is a blunt advice, and deepe in blood:  
 To cut off those base Peasants that withstood  
 The force of your decree.

Baja. To cut them off?

200

As thinkes I see my selfe yet circled in  
 With their revengefull swords, ha! cut them off?  
 Could I but curse the Traytors from the earth,  
 Or were my doome pronounc'd but of effect,  
 I'de rattle such new torments in their eares,  
 Should stagger their high courage; but my feares

Strangle my furies, and my envious fate  
 Forceth my tongue to flatter, where I hate.

Issack. Here lyes the safest course to rid these griefes;  
 Give out you'll goe to warre, so to enlarge 210  
 Your territories; and to this end fetch home,  
 Those warlike Souldiers plac'd in Garrison.  
 Let them remaine without the walls; at last,  
 When 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.

Baja. The waight of all mine honour leanes on thee,  
 That or some neerer course shall quell the pride, 220  
 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,

Thinke it kinde usage: should my Holinesse  
 Feede your ambition, and make strong your hand  
 Against your brother, 'twere to light a brand  
 Of flaming hot discention, and to set  
 The world in a combustion: all would then  
 Quarrell by my example: No sweet Prince  
Rome holy Bishop must not so transgresse.  
 If you will dwell within my sacred rooffe,  
 Settle irregular Passions, and begin  
 A quiet life; repentance wipes out sin.

10

Zenas. My waxen wings are melted, I will soare  
 Against the sunne, through such thiek cloudes no more.  
 The middle Region shall containe my flight,  
 Your counsaile swayes my wishes, my late deedes  
 Were full of sinne: now let my brother know  
Zenas repents; (and that's the greatest woe.)

Exit.

20

Bish. To mans aspiring thoughts, how sweet is hope  
 Which makes them (like Camelions) live on ayre  
 And hugge their slender plots: till coole dispayre  
 Doth so benume his thoughts, that he falls dead  
 From his sublime height, and his lofty head  
 Which leveld at the skies, doth drop below  
 His humble feete; this hath experience taught

In that mans head-long ruine, whose proud thoughts  
 Aym'd at the Turkish Diademe; but now crosse Fates  
 Have forc'd his stubborne heart to bow.

30

Enter a Messenger.

What speakes your entrance?

Messen.

Health to Rome's Bishop.

And Peace from Bajaget, who commends his love

With this his Letter, and expects from you Gives him a letter.

A gracious answers.

He reads the Letter.

Bish. Let Rome 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 wee.

Returne our service back: tell Bajaget

What he hath given in charge — shall by my hand

40

Be carefully dispatcht.

Messen. Good peace attend you.

Exit.

Bish.

Imperious Turke,

Am I not Gods Vice-gerent here on earth,

And dar'est thou send thy letters of command?

30 heart] 8°; Fates Q [likely a confusion with line 29]  
 34.1 He...Letter.] Q prints as part of line 34  
 40 charge — ] -; Q; ~, 8°

Or speake to me in threatenng menaces?  
 It grates my patience to obey this monster,  
 Yet must I murder Zenas; what doe I know  
 Whether my fathers soule did trans-migrate  
 Into his breast or no? Be dumbe remorse,  
 The Turke is great and powerfull, if I winne  
 His love by this, t'will prove a happy sinne.

50

[Exit.]

Actus Tertii, Scena Prima.

Enter Selynaus 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 idley to and fro  
 Like other naturalls? Unmanly life,  
 The world shall take more notice of my fame,  
 Els will I with the venom'd sting of warre,  
 Deface the beauty, of the universe.  
 Posteritie shall know, once there did breath  
 A Selynaus, a mortall diety,  
 A man at whose blest birth the planets sail'd,  
 And spent their influence to create a boy,  
 As brave as Greece e'r hatcht, or Rome, or Troy.

10

Enter Isaack.



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

Isaack. Great Sir, most happily,  
 The Bassas murmure at Achmetes 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, 20  
 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'll be gone,  
 Stay here, the Bassas 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 bids me aske, and wish you well; 30  
 I have beene long a barren debtor to you,  
 At length I say prove thankfull: weare my love,

'Tis yours without refusal, a sleight gift, Gives him a ring.  
 Yet your lookes tels me, 'twill helpe out my drift. Aside.

Mesith. This courtesie exceeds my weake deserts  
 Sweet Prince, but when occasion calls me forth,  
 To helpe you, I'ue devoted to your worth.

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

Mesith. Sir, farewell. Exit.

Sely. So one hath tooke, see where another comes: 40

Enter Mustapha.

All health to Mustapha.

Musta. Thankes gracious Prince,  
 Your gentle pardon for my boldnesse Sir.

Sely. Command my pardon, and commend my love  
 To thy bright daughter: tell her I admire  
 Her vertuous perfection; let that chaine Gives him a chaine.  
 Make me remembred 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 thankes. Exit.

Sely. Health follow you, 50  
 And honour me; here is a third at hand.

Enter Amsehemides.

Sely. Continuance to your health Sir.

Amsehem. Thankes gentle Prince,

Please you to use my service?

Sely. Yes, thus farre

Spend me that purse of gold.

Gives him a purse.

Amsehem. What meanes your Highnesse?

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

Amsehem. This is your liberall vertue not my deeds,  
But you shall find me thankfull.

Exit.

Sely. So I hope;

Three steps are trod already to a Throne,

60

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.

Isaacke Bassea?

[Enter Isaack.]

Isaack. Even the man you wisht;

What, did the golden lure worke good effect?

And make the Basseas stoupe unto your minde?

Sely. Words are but empty shaddowes, but if deeds  
Answer their words, we cannot doubt their faith,

They stoupe beneath my feete, I seeme to be

70

As true as Jove, but slye as Mercurie,

Enter Mesithes.

Here comes Mesithes muttering backe againe,

But step aside and we shall know his mind.

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

Sely. Ha?

Mesith. Proud Bajazet,

Thou hast usurp'd 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 voyd of blemishes as truth of lyes;

Bad stocks must be cut downe, the good must rise.

[Exit.]

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

Mustapha comes.

Enter Mustapha.

Musta. Fortune hath wheel'd me up above the starres,

Under a Monarch Ile not sell my hopes:

Bold Selymus Ile second thy designs,

And thou shalt Queene my daughter, that being done

With mine owne splendor Ile eclipse the Sunne.

[Exit.]

90

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

Enter Amchemides.

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

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

[Exit.]

Sely. What we resolv'd, stands firme, but the event  
Be scan'd when leasure serves; weele now prevent  
My brothers hopes, and by a sudden fate  
Unto their lives and dayes give equall date,  
To compasse 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.

100

\*102 beginne:] ~, Q

## [Actus Tertii, Scena Secunda.]

Enter Bajazet and Achmetes, hand in hand, Cherseogles, Mesithes, Mustapha, Mahometes, Achomates, Trizham, Mahomet, Amehemides.

But stay. Achmetes, and our fathers friends?

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

10

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 tread a warlike march,  
 Under our fearefull banner, thou shalt pace  
 Even to the walles of Rome, there dwels our foe,  
 Where our halfe Moone rear'd in the middle camp,  
 Like a distempred meteor in the ayre,  
 Shall strike amazement in the cloistred monkes  
 And shake the prelates Miter from his head,  
 Till he yeeld Zemeg up alive or dead.

20

When we have mov'd thee from thy Januaries,  
 Thou shalt not travell farre.

Aside.Isaack.

A subtile tricke

Aside.

And well pretended, I admire thy wit.

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

30

Trig. What meanes our father, noble Bajaget,  
 To worke untimely horrors through the world;  
 Desolate ruine, 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  
40  
make but a second breach, they faint and fall.

Mahomet. Short peace hath charm'd your subjects all asleepe,  
And throwes a quiet slumber ore their eyes,  
Whilost with a sweete restorative she heales  
Their Martyr'd joynts, and wipeth out their scarres  
Writ on their bosomes by the hand of warres;  
Zenes is safely cloystred up at Rome,  
The prelate dares not ayde him, all the gods  
Saille on the entrance of triumphant peace,  
Far lies fast bound, nor can she worke our paines  
50  
Unlessse we loose the fury from her chaines.

Baja. Our sonnes instruct us? Must your pregnant wits,  
Crosse my command? Bassanes prepare for warre,  
And since your grave discourse argues a will [To Trisham 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.

Onnes. What meanes great Bajaset?

Baja. To murder you,  
Unlessse you strangle them.

Ambo. But heare us speake. 60

Baja. Stop up the damned passage of their throat,



Or you are all but ghosts. What; stare you friends?

Isaack and Selymus, a garter;

Twist me that fatall string about his necke,

And either pull an end,

Strangle Trizham.

Mesithes come

Joyne force with me, by heaven y'were best make haast,

Or thou art shorter liv'd then is that bratte.

Tugge strongly at it.

Strangle Mahomet.

So; let the bastard droppe,

We have out-livd our tutors: dunghill slaves,

Durst they breath out their Stoicke sentences

In opposition of our strickt command?

70

Sely. So: things run well along, and now I find  
Jove heares my prayers, and the gods grew kind.

Baja. Did not I send these to their Provinces  
To hinder Zenas flight? and did not they,  
Dejected bastards, give him open way?  
Mine anger hath beene just.

Chers. None doth deny't;  
You may proceed in your edict for warres,  
And make Achmetes generall of the campe.

Baja. It is enough: Achmetes goe to hell,  
The devils have rung out the passing bell,  
And looke for thine arrivall. Shend me slaves.  
They fly before my breath like mists of ayre,

Stabs him. 80

Exeunt comes.

And are of lesse resistance, Ile pursue.

Exit.

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 houre: 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 cruelty — behold — the end  
 Of two right Noble sonnes — one faithfull friend.

90

Moritur.

Re-enter Bajaset 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 threed  
 Of all my Bassaes?

Achmetes groanes.

Ha! 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 spoyle the fabrieke of thy tombe,  
 And beate away the title of a God.  
 Do'st thou not move? a trunkes? a stockes? to die

100

Is to put on your nature, so will I.

Offering to stab himself, Cherseogles, Mesithes, Mustapha,  
Mahometes, Achomates, Selymus, Amchemides, interrupt him.

Omnes. Hold, hold, and live.

Baja. How come these bodies dead?

Filii. 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 sonnes, one valiant Captaine hence are wrought

110

By mine owne hand, to cure one jealous thought,

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

Them whom I wisht to fall, onely to grieve:

Bearc fourth their bodies;

Bassaes carry them out.

we were curst in this,

And shall intombe with them much of our blisse,

Indeed wee had resolv'd to spend this day

In things of more solemnitie, lesse wee.

Now our more wished councell shall beginne

And better decedes waigh up the scales of sinne.

Amasia is a province rich and strong,

120

Achomates it is thine, keeps it as long

105.2 Mahometes] Mahometes Q

113 fall,...grieves] -:...grave, Q

119 better] bitter Q

\*121 Achomates] Mahomates 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 dead sonnes wanted, fals to you,  
As an hereditary good.

Sely. Then we [Aside.]

May vaile 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 adde 130  
To this blacke day, a fourth offence as bad;  
Governes Manesia, now the people stand  
Disfurnight 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 ne'r a fell. [Aside.]

Baja. Now Selymus, wee know thy hopes are great,  
And thine ambition gapes with open jawes,

\*124 Achomates.] Mahom. Q [see III.ii.121 note]  
128 Mahometes] Mahometes Q  
135 stayes] 8<sup>o</sup>; [space]ayes Q  
136 Mahometes] Mahometes Q

To swallow a whole Dukedome: but young Sir,  
 We dare not trust the reins of government  
 Into the hands of Phaeton. Desire,  
 Rashly fulfill'd, may set the world on fire;  
 Greene youth, and raw experience are not fit,  
 To shoulder up a Kingdoms heavie weight,  
 Mixe wit with stay'd discretion, and spend  
 Wild yeares in study; then we doe intend  
 To settle more preferment on thy head  
 Then thou can'st hope for.

140

Sely.

Wilt thou envious dotard

[Aside.]

Strangle my greatnesse in a niching hole?

150

The world's my study Bajaget, 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 Emperour.

Baja. What will your message?

Messen.

Duty first from Rome,

Commended by the Bishop to your service,

With a firme promise to dispatch your will

What ever it impleyd, and would but stay

Till Times swift circle should bring forth a day

160

Secure for the performance.

Exit.

Baja.

'Tis enough.

Thanks for your care. This was to murder Zenes.  
 Warre with the Bishop? 'thad beene pretty sport,  
 I knew my powerfull word was strong enough  
 To make him doe my pleasure: simple Priest;  
 Onely I us'd it as a trick, to send  
Achmetes from the Citie and his friends;  
 But Fate so smil'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, neatly put on  
 A passionate humour, and the worst was done.  
 But who comes here?

170

A dumbe show.

Enter Mahometes with store of Turks, he as taking his  
 leave, they as ceremoniously with great humbleness,  
 taking their leaves, depart at severall doores.

I like not this. Mahometes believ'd  
 So dearely of the Geminality: ha!

177 Mahometes] Mahometes Q

Hee's wise, faire-spoken, gently qualified,  
 Powerfull of tongue; why hee's the better some,  
 Not to supplant his Father. I mislike  
 The prodigall affection throwne on him  
 By all my subjects. I belyed my hopes  
 When I presu'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.

180

Exit.

Actus Tertii, Scena Tertia.

Enter Caigubus Achmetes some.

Caigu. If ever man lov'd sorrow, wight 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 grieffe, then shall these eyes  
 With tributary teares bedeck thy shrine:  
 And thus I doe invoke thee: miable 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.

10

Put off that ayry thinnesse which denies  
 Me to behold thee with these duller eyes,  
 Then shall they sending downe a powerfull floud,  
 Hence thy colde members from each drop of bloud,  
 And so returne 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, 20  
 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 mischief, 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 stelne away thy soule. 30

Enter Isaack.

But oh!

Isaack. But oh indeed!

Caigu. Why what?

Isaack. As bad

A stroke attends thee as thy Father had:



Princes suspicion 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,  
 Wee'll make a path to Heaven, and being gone,  
 Downe from the lofty towers of the skies  
 Throw thunder at the Tyrant; will he presse  
 The earth with waight of slaught'ed carcasses?  
 Let him grow up in mischief, still shall her wombe  
 Gaping, reserve for him an empty tombe.  
 He doe but tread his path; and Bassa 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.

Isaack. I goe; and could  
 It stand with mine alleageance, sure I should  
 Empley 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'st the threed

40

50

Exit.

Of breath, since this dayes Sun must see me dead,  
 Thus I'll prevent thy paine, thus I'll out-runne  
 My Fate; and in this stroke thy worke is done.     Stabs himselfe.  
 Eternall mover, thou that whirl'st about  
 The skies in circular motion, heare me out  
 What I command, see that without contreoule  
 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 Azure sky,  
 Laugh at obsequious base mortality.  
 Vanish my soule, enjoy, embrace thy Fate     Stabs himselfe.  
 Thus, thus thou count'st above a Tyrants hate.     Dyes.

60

Enter Isaack with executioners.

Isaack. We are prevented; see the fates command  
 False deedes must dye, though by the Asters hand.  
 Returne to Bajaget, and beare that corpes.     Exeunt.  
 So now I am alone, nor need I feare  
 To breath my thoughts out to the silent ayre;  
 My conscience will not heare me, that being deafe  
 I may joy freely: first thy hated breath  
Achmetes vanisht, next Caigubus fell,  
 Thus we elime Thrones, whilst they drop downe to hell.  
 The glorious eye of the all-seeing sunne,

70

Shall not behold (when all our plots are done)

80

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

Enter Selymus, Mesithes, Mustapha, Asmehemedes.

Sely. Noble assistant.

Isaack. Happy Selymus.

Sely. 'Tis thou must make me so, for should I stay  
 Wayting my Fathers pleasure, I might stand  
 Gazing with envie at my Brethers pride,  
 My selfe lying prostrate, even beneath their feete.  
 Townes, Citie, 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 rag'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,

90

100

Though Bajaset say nay.

Isauck.                                      No more: I will;  
 An Empire be our hopes; that to obtaine  
 Wee'le watch, plot, fight, sweat, and be colde againe.      Exeunt.

Actus Tertii, Scena Quarta.

Enter Zemes, and Alexander Bishop of Rome.

Bish.    Cannot my words add solace to your thoughts?  
 Oh! you are gulft too deepe in a desire  
 Of soveraigne pompe, and your high thoughts aspire.  
 All the unshadowed plainnesse of my life  
 Doth but contract thick wrinkles of dislike  
 In your Majestick brow, and you distast  
 Merall receipts, which I have ministred  
 To coole Ambitions Feaver.

Zemes.                                      Pardon Sir,  
 Your Holinesse mistakes my malady,  
 Another sicknesses grates my tender breast,  
 And I am ill at heart: alas, I stand  
 An subject 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 grieffe?

Some unknowne cause hath bred through all my blood  
 A colder operation, then the juice  
 Of Hemlock can produce: O wretched man!  
 Looke downe propitious Godheads on my woes:

Phoebus infuse into me the sweet breath

20

Of cheerefull health, or else infectious death.

If there an Angell be whom I have crost

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

30

With pleasure, my vexation is so much.

My grave can onely quit me of annoy;

That prevents mischief, which can bring no joy.

Exit.

Bish. Now I could curse what mine owne hand hath done,

And wish that he would vomit out the draught

Of direfull poyson, which infects his blood.

Ambitious fire? why 'tis as cleane extinct,

As if his heart were set beneath his feet,

Griefe hath boill'd out the humours of vaine pride,

And he was meere contrition.

Enter a Messenger.

What's the newes?

40

Messen. Zenas 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 Prian, or some falling King,  
 So he, oft lifting up his closing eye,  
 Sunke faintly downe, groan'd out, I dye, I dye.

Bish. It grieves my soule: let Bajaget know this.

50

[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 Selyus, 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 yooke 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 pretious mettall shall not cracke  
 In the protraction, but be gently fram'd  
 Into a subtler thinnesse, which shall reach  
 From either part, not cras'd by any breach.

10

Meath. Returne with ruine painted in thy brow,  
 Pale death triumphant in thy horrid crest,  
 Danger lim'd out upon thy threatning sword,  
 The Turkish thraldome pourtrai'd on thy shield,  
 Wee'le meete thee in thy horror, and unfold  
 Our armes 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 Farewells.

Musta. Noble Prince adiew,  
 Since thy franke deeds have printed in our hearts  
 So true a patterne 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.

20

Exeunt.

Sely. So the swift wings of flight shall count me up  
 Above these walls into the open ayre,  
 And I will towre above thee Bajaset.  
 Farewell soft Court; I have bene kept too long  
 Within thy narrow walls, and as new borne

To golden liberty; now stretch out you heavens,  
 Spread forth the dewy mantle of the cloudes  
 Thou powerfull Sunne of Saturne, and remove  
 The terminating Poles of the fixt earth  
 To entertaine me in my second birth.

30

Enter Isaack Bassa .

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

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

Actus Quartus, Scena Prima.

Enter Bajaset solus.

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

\*35 warrs] stet Q



And smells out all her footsteps: I could yet  
 Never steale leasure to reforme my thoughts,  
 Since my pale brow was first hoop'd in with gold  
 Till this blest houre: and now great Bajazet  
 Empt 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 bliasse,  
 Plac'd on the rockes of strong security, 10  
 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 false, to cleare the sun-shine of my joyes;  
Achmetes I feare not, Selymus  
 Lives cag'd within the compasse of mine eye,  
 All that I doubt is of Mahometes, 20  
 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.

19 Mahometes] Mahometes Q

Baja. Be quick in the delivery.

Isaack. Then thus.

Young Selymus is fled.

Baja. Fled?

Isaack. Fled this night

To the Tartarian King.

Baja. Would he had sunke

To the Tartarian deepe. Isaack, th'art false,

And every haire dependant from thy head

Is a twin'd serpent. Isaack I say th'art false,

I read it in thy brow.

Isaack. By heaven I am not.

Baja. Come; answers my demands, first, at what time  
Left he the Court?

Isaack. I know not.

Baja. Know he is fledde,  
And know not when he fledde, how can this be?

Isaack. 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 fourth that one, Exit Isaack.  
He sound the depth of these villanies.

Enter Isaacke with a dwarffe.

What's here?

A barrell rear'd an end upon two feete?

Sirrah, you guts and garbage — did you see

40

Selymus leave the Court?

Dwarffe. So please it your — .

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

Issack. My Liege hold in your fury: spend not one drop  
Of your fierce anger, on so base a worme,  
Keepe it entire and whole, within your breast,  
That with it's vigor it may crush the bulke  
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 trecherous plots; mild Aeolus,

50

(That when a peevisish goddesse did intreat,  
Scattredst a Trojan Navy through the seas)

Now Bajaget a Turkish Emperour

Bids thee send forth thy jarring prisoners,

Into the seas deepe 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.

60

42 Dwarffe exits 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 liberall vaine —

Monke shootes of a dagge at Bajaset; Mesithes, and Isaack  
kill the Monke.

Traitor I'me slaine,

I feele the bullet run quite through my sides.

Isaack. Great Mahomet hath kept you safe from harme,  
It never toucht you.

Baja. Oh — I am slaine,  
Open the gates of sweet Elysium,  
Take in my wounded soule: Bring foorth that Monke,  
He make him 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 blisse to torture him.

Isaack. Hee's gone already, I have sent him hence.

Baja. Fly then my soule, and nimbly follow him,  
He must not scape my vengeance: Charon stay,

61 S.D. Bajaset;...kill] 8<sup>o</sup>; -,...kils 2  
Mesithes exits at some point between here and line 95.

One waftage will serve both, I come, away.

Isaack. Let not conceit thus steale away your life.

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

Isaack. Heare me Sir,

You are not wounded.

80

Baja. Ha? not wounded.

Isaack. Untoucht 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 beleave thee: oh the balefull fate  
Of Princes, and each eminent estate!  
How every precious Jewell in a Crowne,  
Charmes 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 Mesithes, and sage Mustapha  
Quickly attend us; goe.

90

Isaack. I shall.

Exit Isaacks.

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 dwarfie.

Sirrah, draw hence the body to the ditch, 100  
Whither the filth of the whole Citie runs,  
There overwhelm't in blood; goe, quickly doo't;  
What doost thou grin thou visage of an ape? He strikes him.

Dwarfie. Ile rather hang my selfe then endure this.

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

Dwarfie. I'de rather be strooke crosse the teeth with a [pudding  
Then crosse the backe with a scepter. 110

Baja. A man <sup>w</sup>ould guesse so, that over-views thy dimensions;  
But to thy businesse. He carries out the coorse.

Enter Bassaes.

Bassaes stand yee round,

Enter Mahometes disguised.

Stay: who comes here? Sure I should know that stature,

112 thy] the u

Observe him neerely.

Bassano. 'Tis no Courtier

Mahometes. Mahometes 'tis time to looke about, [Aside.]  
Selymus fledde? Achomates ador'd?

My name scarce heard of through the popular streets?

Had that unhappy arme of that dam'nd Monke,

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

Who ever sent him hither, I had leapt

120

Into the empty throne, and crop't the fruit

Budding from treasens roots; but Ile returne

Backe to my Province, this unknowne disguise,

Shall search my Fathers closest policies.

[Exit.]

Isaac. Mahometes disguis'd.

Raja. By heaven 'twas he

He pryed into my counsell: let it bee.

Wee'le forward in our businesses, which beeing done,

Weele scold the hot ambition of each some,

As mine already is; quicks moving time

Hath cast a snowy whitenesse on my haire,

130

And frosty age hath quel'd the heats of youth;

Mine intellectuall 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 seald on this Throne,

My cares have clog'd the swiftness of the hours,  
 And wrought a tedious irksomnesse 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.

140

Ther's not one little angle of this Court,  
 Whose guiltie 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 feare  
 Of after-harmes, which wretchedly might teare  
 And spoyle the body of this Monarchie,

Here at this instant would I strike the sayle,  
 And proud top-gallant of mine eminence,

150

Harle up my scepter, dis-inthrone 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 successour, e'r 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;

160



How doe you like the counsell?

Chera. As we could like  
A voice of health sent from the carefull gods.  
This newes will lay the fury of your sonnes,  
And breed low dutie in them all, in hope  
Of the reward propos'd.

Exeunt Bajaset, Cherseogles, Manent Mustapha, Isaacks,  
Mesithes, Asmehemides.

Isaack. Awake preventions eyes, we must not sleepe  
If we would see proud Bajaset displac't,  
And Selymus exalted to his height.  
Name him the people favours;— hee affects  
Achemates; and knowes the multitude  
Wrapt with his heavenly wisdoms, cry for him;  
We must be quicke and wary, here are keyes  
Left, and lay'd up by Selymus; that store  
Shall visit emptie purses, and inchaunt  
The needy sort of men, that the ones wealth,  
Shall weigh up 'tothers wisdoms in the scale  
Of their light judgement; lend your best endeavors;  
Wee'le crosse thee Bajaset, and thy hopes shall dye  
By thine owne ill-contrived policy.

170

Exeunt.

## Actus Quartus, Scena Secunda.

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

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

[To Bassaes.]

'Tis thou must doo't sweet Asmehemides,  
Mahometes and thou are two neere friends;  
 He will suspect in others close deceit,  
 Thee, for thy generous vertues he will stand  
 With obvious embracements to receive  
 Into his bosome; 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.

10

Asmehem. Were he as deare 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.

Exit.

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

] Mahometes] Mahometes Q

But let them goe; Mahometes must dye,  
 And for my other boy fierce Selymus 20  
 The boysterous hand of warre must snatch him hence;  
 My other sonne Coreutus lives immur'd  
 Within Minerva's cloister; thus I cleare,  
 A path through which Achemates shall runne  
 Up to my thrones when all their hopes are done. Exit.

Actus Quarti, Scena Tertii.

Enter Achemates.

Achemates. The promise was direct and absolute  
 To blesse my Temples with a sacred Crowne,  
 With protestations of a quicke dispatch  
 Ere his owne right were cancelled by fate,  
 So to cut off all rivals in my joyes.  
 What intercedent chance hath made his care  
 So slacke in the performance? By heaven I feare,  
 Delays will prove delusions of my hopes  
 And that homebred Mercurian Selymus,  
 Will split the expectation of my blisse; 10  
 Forefend it Mahomet, or I shall be  
 A sad revenger of indignitie.

Enter a Messenger.

How now? what speaks this bold intrusion?

Messen. Health to Achomates from Bajaget.

Achomates. From Bajaget? Unfold thy welcome newes,  
How fares our Noble Father?

Messen. In full health;  
And wils 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.

20

Achomates. To muster armes? Can'st thou surmise the cause?

Messen. With confidence I dare not; but tis sayd,  
Against that haughtie Noble Selymus,  
Who of the Tartar King implored ayd  
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 eare, he is the foe,  
Proud Selymus intends to overthrow.

30

Achomates. Enough, regret our Father with our love  
Tell him wee shall not sleepe to his command;  
Fly nimbly backe: Exit [Messenger].

dares the audacious boy,  
Trouble the world with his tempestuous armes?

Ile chastise him with yron whips of warre;  
 If either strength or stratagem shall serve,  
 To spoyle the gawdy plumes of his high crest,  
 I'll use the strongest violence of both;  
 I am swolne big with hate, and I could breake  
 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.

40

[Exit.]

[Actus Quarti, Scena Quarta.]

Enter Corcutus.

Corcut. Bussing reports have pierc't my study walles,  
 And elog'd my meditations ayry wings,  
 By which I mount above the moving spheares  
 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 falsifye that oath;  
 In which he vowd 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

10

It's compleat course through the whole heaven of state,  
 And fainting dropt into the Westerne lapse;  
 My brightnesse next should throw it's golden beames,  
 Upon the worlds wide face, and over-peere  
 The duskie cloudes of hidden privacie;  
 And shall Achomates succeed? Shall hee  
 Shine in the spangled robes of Majesty?  
 Then Bajaset is false; let it be so,  
 I am secur'd from a huge masse of woe.  
 Yet Ile toth' Court, that when Achomates  
 Shall spie mee, and remember but my due  
 'Twill staine his lustre with a blushing hue.

20

[Exit.]

[Actus Quarti, Scena Quinta.]

Enter Bajaset, Cherseogles.

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

Chers.

Worthy Sir,

By the inclosure of my soule I swear --.

Baja. He not heare out thine oth, in briefe 'tis thus,  
 The Bassas are all false and love not us;  
 Nor doth my brain-sicke fury prompt me thus,  
 I read it in their gestures, conventicles,  
 Actions, and counsells, my suspitious eye  
 Hath found a great breach in their loyalty.

10

Chers. Surely this cannot bee.

Baja. By heaven 'tis true,  
 Each man that guards mine honour is my foe;  
 He shake these splendant robes of Majesty  
 From my ore-burden'd shoulders, and to ease  
 My selfe, bequeath them to Achomates.

Chers. Achomates?

Baja. Even he, unlesse the voyce  
 Of the whole Citie interdiet my choice.

20

Enter Isaacks, Mesithes, Mustapha.

Chers. Heere comes the Bassas, sure I see bad newes  
 Pourtrai'd on the Index of their fronts.

Baja. Bad newes? We have out-liv'd good dayes too long,  
 We can expect no other, come unclasse  
 Volumes of mischieves, and make deafe my eares  
 With an infused multitude of cares.

Bassas. Young Solyms hath crost Danubius floud,  
 And seiz'd upon the Provinces of Thrace,

And with a Navie plow'd the Euxine Sea.

30

Baja. Peace, bellowing night-ravens; with how cheerefull

[noise

Their puffing lungs croke out the balefull note;

Are these the warres 'gainst Hungary? You powers

Of heaven, brush off your sloddy 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 pretence:

Vize-roy of Greece, beare you this Ambassie

To that suspected Traytor Selymus,

Tell him the warres 'gainst th'Hungarian foe,

40

Are full of dangers and approved harmes,

Never attempted by our Ancestors,

Without repulse or damage; bid him dismisse

His rough Tartarian youth; then if he stand

Unmov'd and stiffe, feigne vengeance is at hand.

Make thy best speed.

Chers.

I shall, 'twill be well done

To reconcile a Father and a Sonne.

[Exit.]

Baja. Thought he tumultuous uprores could deserve

The favour of his Prince; h'as trod awry,

And mist the path that leades to Majestie.

50

These bright Imperious ornaments shall grace

No rebell-monster, nor base runne-away.

My resolution's firme, it shall not be;



Bassas, this day an Herald shall proclaime  
 In the worlds eare, my great successours name.  
 Are you content?

Bassas. We are.

Baja. Call forth an Herrauld.

Exit Mustapha, calls in an Herald.

Issack. As our alleageance bindes us wee'le obey.  
 But what we graunt, the Souldiers will gaine-say. Aside.  
 Thou shalt not thrive in this: I dare be bold  
 My golden hookes have ta'ne a faster hold. 60

Baja. Herald,  
 Be my loud Echo, ratifie my deeds,  
 And say Achomates shall next succede.

Herald. Bajaset the second by the appointment of our great  
 Prophet Mahomet, the onely Monarch of the World, a mighty God  
 on earth, an invincible Caesar, King of all Kings, from the  
 East unto the West, Governour of Greece, Sultan of Babylon,  
 Sovereigne of Persia and Armenia, triumphant Tutor of Jerusa-  
lem, Lord possessor of the Sepulcher of the Crucified God,  
 subverter and sworne enemy of the Christians, and of all that 70  
 call upon Christ; proclaimeth Achomates his second sonne next  
 and immediate successour.

An apparum of Trumpets.

56.1 Exit...Herald.] & prints after content? with Exit a  
separate direction.

Within. None but Bajazet, none but Bajazet.

Baja. By heaven they are corrupted: none but I?

'Tis no love borne to me that moves this cry.

Mesith. Great Bajazet the cause why they deny

This just proposall, riseth from an use

And customary license long observ'd;

To wit, when their crown'd Emperour is dead,

The interpos'd vacation is a time

Of lawlesse freedom: then they dare to spoile

The Jewish Marchants of their traffick wares,

And prey upon all strangers: so that should

Your Honour be conferr'd upon your sonne

Whilst you your selfe yet breath, then should they loose

The long expected gaine; therefore refuse

What you propos'd.

Baja. If that be all the cause,

Wee'le give them such a Kingly denative,

As doubly shall buy out those ill-got spoiles,

Five hundred thousand Duckets, if they please

With my free choice to crowne Achomates,

Proclain'd to be their due.

A flourish+of Trumpets.

Herauld. Bajazet the second by appointment of our great Prophet Mahomet, &c. proclaimeth that hee'le attribute 500. Thousand Duckats if you yeeld alleageance to Achomates his successour.

Trumpets sound againe.

Within. None but Bajazet, none but Bajazet.

Baja. Achomates I sent for, how hee 'le diagest  
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.

100

Enter Mustapha with a Messenger to the other Bassaes.

Musta. Beare this to Selymus with thy best care.

Mesith. And this.

Give him Letters.

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

Actus Quarti, Scena 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 deepe wounds, which thy revengefull hand  
Shall print upon the bosome of his land.  
Goe on; Me thinks I see Victoria sit

Scena Sexta] Scena Quinta q

Triumphant on thy steely Burganet. Exit Tartarian King.

Sely. Farewell; now I will meete thee Bajasat  
 With a carriere as free as if Heavens Jove  
 Had bid me goe; bespeaks the stoutest gods  
 To take thy part; tell them that thou must meete 10  
 A Selymus, who when the warres are done,  
 Will scale the Forts and Castles of the Sunne,  
 Breake up the brazen gates of Acheron,  
 And bury Nature with the world together.  
 Captaines leade on; Now shall the sword and fire  
 By publique ruines crowne my just desire.  
 Sleepe Hungary, I'le not breake off thy rest  
 With the unwelcome Musick of my Drummes;  
 I'le turne the edge of my revengefull sword  
 Upon the bosome of my native soyle; 20  
 There dwels the motive of my Tragick warres,  
 Whose ruthlesse sad Catastrophe shall wound  
 Posterity in us: Infants shall mourne  
 Over their Fathers tombe as yet unborne.  
 But who comes here? I'le meete him.

Enter Cherecogles.

Noble Vice-roy.

Chere. Peace and health to Selymus.

Sely. Health, but not peace, whilst yonder light can see

Mortalls, whom Turkish force could ne're subdue.

Chers. Yet what if Bajaget our honour'd Lord  
 Bid 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.

30

Sely. My courage and a proud contempt of all  
 Corrivall Nations, could send back a no,  
 Able to fright a Parliament of gods.  
 It could so: but if Bajaget gaine-say  
 My plummy valour flags, my thoughts give way.

Chers. Then thus: he wills you to dissard 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, ne're oppos'd  
 Without the bitter downefall of our side.  
 Nor would the worlds great Monarch Bajaget  
 Empaire his fame so much, as to be sayd,  
 He tan'd a Foe by Tartars borrowed ayd.

40

Sely. Ha; I am vilely non-plust. Courteous Vice-Roy  
 Returne our duty back to Bajaget,  
 Even in the humblest termes wit can invent,

Tell him he hath a sonne of that high spirit,  
As doth detest a bewardly retreat.

50

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 them 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'st designs.  
Is not this answere faire?

Cher.

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 Bajazet.  
My vertues and my bloud, are both deriv'd  
From his first influence, and I must either hate  
Disgracefull calumn's, or degenerate.

60

Cher. All this I'le tell your Father, yet hee'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 shall: sage Vice-roy I obey,  
And reverence his counsell more, then feare  
An host of armed foes: tell him I'le come  
To his Court gates with neither man nor drum.

70

Chers. I'll tell it him with joy, which when he heares,  
Hee'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 trickes,  
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 meeete my Father, but a subtile foe.

80

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

Messen. Good health to Selymus.

Sely. Good health: From whom?

Messen. Isaack, Mesithes, Mustapha salute you.

Sely. Those good Triumviri; what is't they speake?

Opens the Letters [reads the first].

1 To feede on hopes is but a slender dyet.

'Tis short, but full of weight: to feede on hope Descants.  
Is but a slender diet. Let it be.

I'll mend my table though none feast with me.

2 Faire oportunity is bald behind. Reader second.

'Tis true indeede Mesithes. Never feare,

90

88 none] no q

I'll twist my fingers in her golden haire.

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

3 Your Father did proclaime who should succede, Reads.

Publique denials nullified his deeds;

Your hast will be convenient; things concurre

To blesse your hopes, Fate bids you not demurre.

Yours Isaack Bassa.

Isaack I am thine,

And come to finish up our great designs.

Exeunt.

Actus Quarti, Scena Septima.

Enter Achomates solus.

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

94 3] ex. Q

99 Exeunt.] Exit. Q

Scena Septima] Scena Sexta Q



Onely I rule below, he raignes above.

Oh! the unspoken beauty of a Crowne,

10

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'll call back my wandring intellect

From dreames, and those imaginary joyes;

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

To sweat in raptures, to fill up a Throne

With the bigge-swelling lookes of Majestie;

20

I'll 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.

Exit.

Actus Quarti, Scena Octava.

Enter Mesithes, Mustapha, Isaack.

Mesith. The Emperour begins to smell deceit.

Scena Octava ] Scena Septima Q

I know by his ill lookes and sparkling eye  
That he affects us not.

Musta. I doubt as much.

Young Selymus ha's wrong'd our loyalty  
In his so slack proceedings; we were rash  
And indiscreetly-forward in consent,  
When we joynd 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 these 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 Emperour.

10

Enter Bajazet and Amehemedes.

Baja. Attend us Bassaes.

Ar't sure hee's dead?

Amehem. 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:

20

Follow thy Prince to hell.

Stabs him.

Asmehem. To death! Oh devillish ingratitude:

I'me slaine. I dye.

Moritur.

Baja. And justly: would each foe

And Traytor to my state were thwarted so.

Bassaes convay 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

What obstacles are yet to be remov'd?

Achomates must stay the peoples leasure;

Corcutus dally with Minervaes Nimphes;

The last and worst, proud Selymus shall dye.

Thus I'll compose a firme security.

Enter Bassaes with Cherseogles.

Arriv'd already noble Cherseogles?

You'r carefull in our cause: but speake the newes

From our pert Souldier. What meanes Selymus?

Chers. To track the path backward from whence he came,

To strip himselfe of martiall 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 plot  
 In this smooth answer: come, wee'll leade along  
 To our Imperiall seat of Constantine,  
 That strongly fortified, we need not feare  
 The weake attempts an home-bred foe can dare.

Skeunt Bajazet and Chereogles.

Mesith. Ha! we are sweetly plung'd, if cold despaire 50  
 Benumme his youthfull courage, and he faint.

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

Isaack. Dejected Cowards: are you not asham'd  
 Thus to give up the goale of dignity  
 To heartlesse feare? Here comes the Messenger.

[Enter Messenger.]

What newes from Selymus?

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.

Isaack. Lift up your downe-cast spirits — who comes here? 60

Mesith. Who? Selymus?

Enter Selymus.

Musta. Where? Sweete Isaack doe not tell him,  
That we were sending forth faith's latest breath.

Isaack. Enough, I will not — happy Selymus.

Bassaaq. Long live great Selymus.

Sely.

We thanke 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 wav'd on high,

Shall shine like Meteors blazing in the skie.

Exit.

Isaack. Fortunes best care goe with thee.

Mesith. Brave boy y'faith.

Musta. I shall adore him whilest I breath for this.

Isaack. Againe in heart?

Let's follow Bajaget, come lads away,

The sunne of all his glory sets this day.

Exeunt. 80

[Actus quarti, Scena Nona.]

Enter Selymus with souldiers.

Sely. 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 grating malice he led forth  
 His noble French-men through the snowy Alpes;  
 I have my Curio Isaacke in the Court,  
 And Cherseogles like grim Catoes ghost,  
 Soothes the rough humour of fierce Bajazet; 10  
 These mens examples, were we faint and loath,  
 Would set sharpe spurs unto our slow pac'd wrath,  
 And whet our dull-eged anger: but I see  
 In your smooth brow perfect alaerity;  
 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. 20  
 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)



Speake out the traitors doome in thine alarmes.

Thought he to daunt our courage?

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

Valiant souldiers;

When I behold the manner of this warre,

When treason copes with awfull Majestie,

A gracesse sonne, with his owne aged Sire,

Me thinks to bid you fight, were full as vaine

As to bid heavy clouds fall downe in raine:

But when I view the Chaos of the field,

And wild confusion striking valour dead —

I cald you, not (as Captaines doe to boyes)

To read a lecture of encouragement,

But that your aunient vertue may be showne

In this my last defense: I wish to dye

Reveng'd, that death sorts best with Majesty..

[Exeunt omnes.] Drumes sounding, a confused noyse, with clashing of armour. Exourrunt Bajaset, and Selymus.

Baja. Selymus?

Sely. Bajaset?

\*46 When]8<sup>o</sup>; Then Q

\*51 dead —] -, Q [See IV.ix.46 note]



Raja. Jove lend me but a minutes patience.

Unnaturall sonne.

Sely. Uncharitable Father.

60

Raja. 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 mine,  
 We had but slender shaddowes of of ance,  
 Till thou crept forth to the offended light,  
 The very masse, and stocks of villanie.  
 Crimes in all others, are but thy influence.  
 Nature ha's planted viprous crueltie,  
 In thy darke breast, the scandall of her werkes,  
 Her error, and extract perfection  
 Of vices; the first well-head of bad things  
 From whence the world of illis draw their weake springs.

70

Sely. Then heare me speake too: you have bin to me  
 No Father, but a sowre Pedantiske wretch,  
 One that with frosty precepts, striv'd to kill  
 The flaming heate of my ambitious youth,  
 As vainely as to strangle fire with straw:  
 You sit so dayly hovering on your Throne,  
 As if you'd hatch new Monarchies to feed  
 The hungry gulfe of your unbridled pride;  
 Y'ave surfetted on titles, y'ave ingrost

80

Honor, you are the moth of eminence,  
 And liberall fortunes answered your desires;  
 You had deflow'rd th'infinite of Crownes,  
 With your adulterate ambition;  
 Y'are Sovereignties horse-leach, and have spild  
 The blood of State to have your owne veines fild.

Baja. Hold, hold thy venom'd tongue, if there be hid  
 more of this kind un-uttred, Ile rip up  
 Thy full fraught bosome, and to save mine eare  
 Mine eyes shall overview what I'll not heare.  
 Darst thou fight Traitor?

90

Sely. 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'de not omit the sweete desire  
 And pleasure of revenge, were heaven my hyre.

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

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

100

Enter Isaacks, Mesithes, Mustapha.

Issack. Joy to my Liege, of his last victory.

meath. The bold Tartarians flew like fearefull 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 dwarffe.

How now, whence come you?

Dwarffe. From yonder hayricke Sir.

Baja. Didst thou see Selymus when he fled the field? 110

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

Baja. O you are brave attendants.

Let's forward in our journey; these affaires  
Achomates must know; his golden wish,  
The people have delayd, perhaps heele frowne,  
And trample filiall duty under feete  
As this hath done: but let them storme their fill,  
Vertu's not shipwreckt in a sea of ill. [Exeunt.]

Actus Quinti, Scena Prima.

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

Achomates. An honour'd Legate? an Ambassadour?

As if that title like Medaean charme  
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 sillable  
Crosse to my humour, I'de a searcht the depth  
Of his unhallowed bosome, and turne out  
His heart, the prophane seats of sawey 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 Ambassadour's; must we be tolde  
Of times delays, and oppertunities?  
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 contemme  
With stronge defiance Bajazet, and them.

10

20

[Exit.]

Actus Quinti, Scena Secunda.

Enter Isaacke, Mesithes, Mustapha.

Mesith. Mischiefe on mischiefe, all our hopes are dead,

Slaine in the haplesse fall of Selymus.

Musta. I thinke the devill's fought for Bajazet  
And all the infernall hagg; how could he else  
With a confused army, and halfe slaine,  
Breake the well-ordered ranks of a strong foe?

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

Isaack.

Good Megithes.

10

'Tis nothing so: they say Achomates  
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.

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

Megith. Grant the report be true: what's that to us?

20

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

Musta. Upon my life, the body of the slaine

Ambassador.

Enter the Ambassadors followers with the dead body.

Mesith. 'Tis so.

Issack. 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.

Issack. And so it shall; lay downe the injur'd corps. 30  
Achomates ha's wrong'd his Fathers love,  
So 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 Cherseogles.

Baja. A tragick spectacle! Whose trunk is this?

Followers. The body of your slaine Ambassador.

Baja. Slaine? By what cursed violence? What slave  
Durst touch the man that represented me? 40

Followers. Achomates.

Baja. Achomates?

Followers. The same

Highly displeas'd with the unexpected newes  
Of a deniall from the peoples mouth,  
His reason slipt in fury, and contempt,  
Hath thus abus'd your gracious Majesty.  
Withall, he threatned to maintaine this sinne  
With force of armes, and so resolv'd 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'll scourge this blacke impiety to hell.  
Muster our forces to the utmost man,  
Once more I'll 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.

50

41 Achomates?] Achomates? Q

Loose not a minute, Bassas hence, be gone,  
 Muster our men, stay not; that from the tide  
 Of our fierce wrath, no drop may ebbe away  
 By causelesse lingering.

60

Austa. Whom speake you Generall?

Baja. Whom but my selfe? whom doth the cause concerne  
 More neerely then my selfe?

Issack. My honored Lledge,  
 Beare your best care about you; 'tis a time  
 Of double danger, but remove the one,  
 The other straight cald forward; Selymus  
 Great in the favour of Tartaria's King,  
 Is man'd afresh with souldiers; his assault  
 Threatnes as much as fierce Achonates,  
 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  
 Tother possesst, and seated on your throne.

70

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

Issack. Force out one nayle with tother of these two,  
 Chuse him you most affect, and best dare trust,  
 Allure him fairely home, winks at his crimes,  
 And then create him your high Generall,  
 To leade against his brother; since your selfe  
 Cannot at once oppresse two foes so stout,  
 Trie if one heate can drive another out.

80



Baja. Isaack we like thy counsell: but of these  
 Which can we pardon? Either so deboyst,  
 So guiltie of rebellion, so divorce'd  
 From pious loyalty, that my soule even both  
 With bitter hatred equally may loath.

Isaack. First weight their faults, the one a brain-sick youth,  
 Endeavor'd to supplant your Majestie, 90  
 The other in defiance, and contempt,  
 Of God and man prophan'd the holy rights  
 Of an Ambassador.

Mesith 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 scoffe  
 Of petty Princes.

Baja. Enough, we have decreed  
Achomates shall quake beneath the stroke  
 Of our fierce anger. Isaack speed away  
 To Selynus, he shall confront the slave, 100  
 The best of two so bad, goe — stay — yet goe,  
 'Tis hard when we begge succour of a foe:  
 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 Sovereigne.

Enter Corcutus to his Father.

Exit Isaack.

My deare Corcutus welcome.

Corcut.

Myall Father.

Kneeles.

Baja. Arise thou onely solace of mine age,

It was a night of harmless innocence,

Of peace and rest, in which kinde nature laid

110

Thee in thy mothers wombe: Right vertuous boy,

How hast thou liv'd untainted with the breath

Of that infectious vice Rebellion.

Corcut. 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.  
 Feare no crosse blow, for with this hand I move  
 The wheele of Fate: and each successe shall runne  
 Even with our pleasures, till our hopes are spun  
 Up to their full perfection; this dayes light  
 That lookes so cheerefully, shall see as bright  
 As it, my crowne and glory.

10

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

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

Isaack I take thee in with open love.

What speaks thy Presence?

Isaack. Good newes to Selymus.

Sely. From whom?

Isaack. From Bajazet.

Sely. 'Tis strange if good.

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

I'll tell you as we walke; if constant Chance  
 Smile on our project, e're this Sunne goe downe  
 We may salute you with a glorious Crowne.

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

Exeunt. 20

## Actus Quinti, Scene Quarta.

Enter Achromates and Souldiers.

Achromates. Revenge my black impiety; each brow  
Seemes with a scornful laughter to deride  
Those empty Menaces of Bajaset.  
And Bajaset 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 Achromates.

10

Achromates. 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 Corcutus.

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

Baja. Despaire not sweet Corcutus, what I promis'd  
I'll 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 Corcutus, to whose free command  
We doe bequeath the duty of this land.

10

Enter Mesithes and Mustapha.

Is Isaack not return'd?

Mesith. My Liege he is.

Musta. And Selymus with him.

Baja. Let them approach.

Enter Selymus and Isaack, as they enter speaks.

Isaack. 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.

Issack. Practise your skill.

Selymus falls at Bajazets feet.

Baja. Lesse shew, and more good meaning Selymus.  
Arise: these crouching feates, give slender proofes  
Of inward loyalty.

Sely. Right noble Father, 20  
Mine expedition to avenge your cause  
Upon the head of proud Achomates,  
Be my just triall.

Baja. Hast then: May thy arme  
By breathlesse treason raise up a full joy,  
And turne 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 thinkes I heare  
The peoples Vivat, Echoe in mine eare. 30

Exit Selymus with the Bassaes.

Baja. New insolence: The Bassaes alipt away,  
How the obsequious villaines honour him

\*16 old] stet Q

\*32 honour him] 8<sup>o</sup>; om. Q

As if he were their Godhead.

Chers.

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.

Exeunt.

Passé over the stage Bassaes and Souldiers carrying  
Selymus aloft, and crying out:

Long live Selymus, Vivat Selymus,

Magnificent Emperour of the Turkes.

Exeunt.

Enter Bajazet and Cherseogles.

Baja. Hell and the furies vex their damned soules.

40

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

Is't our State and Monarchy? Good gods

Two Emperours at once. Live Selymus?

Can slavish vassalles thus supplant their Prince?

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

To fleare at: a divided ornament:

Faille not my sense and courage, let me live

To finde my selfe againe. Vice-roy of Greece,

Didst thou not see a Bajazet withdraw

And vanish hence? Tell thou most faithfull man,

50

What is become of that forgetfull name?

Or who hath stole it from me? Selymus!

Oh that damn'd villaine with his treacherous plot,

Hath rob'd me of that glory. Death o' sense!

I have a soule of Adamant or Steele,

Else had that hated noise reft it in twaine:

Enter Mesithes.

What art thou? or whence com'st thou?

Mesith.

From a Prince.

Baja. Yet I beleevv thee.

Mesith.

From thine enemie.

Baja. Yet I beleevv thee.

Mesith.

From the Emperour.

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

60

These parts must know no Emperour but me,

Unlesse base usurpation hath stept up

Unte my chaire of honour. Right, 'tis so:

'Tis so indeede. Well then, what will your Emperour?

Mesith. That by my hand you yeeld 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(c); If t'have Q(u)



Tore out thy spotted heart, and that one word  
 Of yeelding had beene cause enough to spoyle  
 Thee and thy generation. Heartlesse slave, 70  
 Why sneak'st thou from our presence? Stay, behold  
 Here I commend this gorgeous ornament,  
 These trappings to thy Emperour, as full  
 Bestead with curses as my heart with woes,  
 That it may clogge his eares, and vex his head  
 With daily terrours. Hence thy Prince is sped. Exit Mesithes.  
 Vice-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, 80  
 Fly to Achonates, and rather ayde  
 Him then this faithlesse Bastard Selymus,  
 The scandall of our race, the marke for heaven  
 To shoote revenge. But all in vaine,  
 I strive to word away my inward paine.

Chera. Nor this nor that I'le favour, say I speed  
Bajaset shall live to see both bleed. Exit.

Baja. Maske up thy brightness Phoebus, lonely night,  
 Hurle thy thick mantle over all the heavens,  
 Let this black day for ever be forget 90

In the eternall registers of time:  
 Which of you sacred powers are not asham'd  
 To see a Prince so sinfully abus'd  
 By his owne issue and unreveng'd.

Enter Selymus and Bassaes.

But stand we, who comes here? a face of brasse.  
 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 feare the noyse,  
 That horrid scourge of villanies.

Sely.

Father?

Baja. Slave

100

Avaunt: I feele a strong Antipathy  
 T'wixt thee and me, thy sight makes my dead heart  
 Distill fresh drops of bloud, and worke new smart.

Exit.

Sely. What furious Bajaset, and raging hot?

I hugge the amereus pleasure that I feele  
 Creeps through my joynts: observe our Father,  
 Else by some wilfull murder hee'll prevent  
 My purpos'd project, I'de not loose the guilt  
 Of his destruction for a crowne: 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

Avaunt

Bassaes.

110

Brush the smooth surface of the Azure skie.

Crowne in his hand.

With this I charme obeysance from the world:

Thou golden counterfeit of all the heavens;

See how the shining starres in carelesse ranks

Grace the composure; and the beauteous Moone

Holds her irregular motion at the height

Of the foure poles; this is a compleat heaven,

And thus I weare it: but me thinks 'tis fixt

120

But weakely on my brow, whilst there yet breath

Any whose envie once reflect on it,

And those are three: the angry Bajaset,

Puling Corcutus, proud Aghomates:

One of these three is car'd for, that's Corcutus,

Who ere the blushing morne 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'll beare aside by force of men and armes,

130

Which ready Mustred, but attend the stroke:

Then attend our Fathers.

Enter Hamon

125 One] Q(o); Once Q(u) [L3<sup>v</sup> catchword is Once in all copies]

Here's one deales 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 Bajazet?

Is he all healthfull?

Hamon.

No my gracious Princee.

Neither his body nor his minde is free

From miserable anguish.

Sely.

A sad case.

140

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 worke to cure his grieffe

Shall ~~/~~ applied.

Sely.

Unapprehending foole:

[Aside.]

I must speake broader. Hamon is he ill

In minde and body both?

Hamon.

Exceeding ill.

Sely. Then should I thinke 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. (H'as found me now) but Hamon can thy Art

150

Reach to the cure?

Hamon.

With easie 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 Bajaset: the Court

Makes it a fashion now first to bring the event

About, and then hang up the instrument.

[Exit.]

Actus Quinti, Soena Sexta.

Enter Cherseogles above disguised like a common Souldier.

Chers. Thus Cherseogles hast thou wound thy selfe,

Out of thy selfe to act some fearefull 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 Selymus

With his confederate Bassaes lie incamp

Just opposite the proud Achomates;

The Sunne now sunke into the Westerne lap,

Bids either part, unlase 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 fraile mortals, helps me to prevent  
 A generall enemie by the fall of some;  
 Assist my spirits in a deed of blood,  
 Cruell, yet honest and austeerely good.  
 Who? Selymus? as I expected.

Enter Selymus.

Sely. What?

A souldier thus licentious in his walkes, 20  
 A stranger? Ha? What art thou?

Chers. A sworne friend, a servant to hy greatnesse. /t

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

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

Sely. How's that? 30

The ruine of our enemies?

Chers. No lesse;

The quicke fall of great Aghomates

Can worke it.

Sely. Soldier as thou hop'st to live,  
Hooke not my thoughts with false and painted tales,  
Of a supposed stratagem.

Chers. I sweare --.

Sely. What wilt thou sweare?

Chers. By all the heavenly powers  
I speake the trueth, 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. 40

Chers. 'Tis thus; at the twelfth houre of this blacke night,  
Achomates I have induc'd to walke  
Foorth to this valley weapen'd, but unmand,  
In expectation of your presence there,  
Where being met, heele urge a single fight,  
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 traytor?

Chers. Worse then a devill, should my heart 50  
Have made that promise with my tongue;  
But heaven beare witness that my inward thoughts  
Labour his welfare only, whom you powers  
Have prov'd most worthy, therefore onely yours.

Meete but this foe, whom I have flattered thus,  
 To his destructions; and great Selyaus  
 Shall see my strength imployed to offend  
Aehomates, and stand thy faithfull friend.

Sely. Oh wert thou faithfull —.

Cherg. If I shrinke in ought  
 That I professe, death shall strike me to the grave.  
 So thrive all falshood, and each perjar'd slave. 60

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

Enter Aehomates.

Cherg. The first is car'd for — here a second comes,  
 Assist me thou quicke issue of Joyes braine,  
 And this one night shall make their labers vaine. 70

Aehomates. It shal be so, my feares are too to great,  
 To jayne all in one on-set: a strong band  
 Shall with a circle hem the traytor round,  
 And intercept the passage of their flight;



How now? From whence com'st thou? What art thou?

Chers. A Lieg-man to Achomates.

Achomates. To mee?

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

Achomates. We thanke you, and pray you leave us.

Chers. I can unfold an easie stratagem,  
Would crowne the hopes of great Achomates.

80

Achomates. What means the fellow?

Chers. To secure your state  
By Selymus his fall.

Achomates. What i'st thou breath'st?  
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?

Chers. I can.

Achomates. 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.

90

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

Young Selymus to walke fourth in this grove,  
 At the twelke houre, 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.

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

100

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

Chers. And you shall find  
 Me here before you.

Achomates. Be so; Who denyes

110

To strike in time, can seldome hope to rise. Exit.

Chers. These two will meete, and I must take both parts.  
Now for a tricke 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 Emperor,  
The three strong pillars that uphold true worth.

120

Isaack. Sir, your intrusion is unseasonable.

Musta. And your salute, impardonably bold.

Chers. Perhaps the newes I bring, may frame excuse  
For both these faults.

Mesith. Speake out thy mind in briefe.

Chers. Then thus: to night here present on this plaine,  
You may encounter two fierce enemies,  
Achomates, and Cherseogles, both at the full stroake of twelve.

Isaack. How (Mesithes) we're blest.

Musta. This night at twelve of the clocke?

Chers. Upon my life --,

Canes. What shall we doe?

Chers. But meete mee on this plaine 130

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?

Isaack. 'Tis done at twelve a clocke.

Musta. See thou prove faithfull.

Chers. If I shrinke in ought  
 That I professe, death strike me to the grave.  
 So thrive all falshood and each perjur'd slave.

Exeunt 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 stratagem, 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.

140

\*139 moone] 8<sup>o</sup>; morne q

## Actus Quinti, Scena Septima.

Enter Corcutus with his Lute.

Corcut. Heaven whither run these projects? Is the thought  
 Of man so sencelesse, void of wit, yet fraught  
 With threatning ambition? To what end  
 Doth this distemper'd madnesse headlong bend?  
 Bless 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 beames 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 smoakie, 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

10

Within Apollo's sacred Temple sit,  
 And spend my body to encrease my wit;  
 Raigne Selymus, 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 emptie power of Kings; Hee's great in fame  
 Not who seeks after, but neglects the same.  
 Since thou hast griev'd me Phoebus, free my wit,  
 That I may ease my grieffe by speaking it;  
 If thou deny'st fond god, twill be in vaine,  
 Sorrow can sing, though thou not tune the straine.

20

30

Sings to his Lute.

Then thou sweete Muse from whence there flowes,  
 words able to expresse our ill,  
 Teach me to warble out my woes,  
 and with a sigh each accent fill:  
 Infuse my breast with dolefull straines,  
 Whose heavy note may speake my paines,  
 O let me sigh, and sighing weepe,  
 Till night deprive my woes with sleepe.

22 never] ne're thee Q  
 32 song is set in italic.

The pleasing murmurers of the ayre, 40  
 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 grieffe, the subjects wrong,  
 O let me sigh, and sighing weepe,  
 Till night beguiles my woes with sleepe.

The grieved Flora hangs the head  
 of every youthfull plant and tree  
 And flowry pleasures are starke dead, 50  
 at my lamenting melody,  
 Then all you Muses helpe my straine  
 To reach the depth of bitter paine.  
 Oh let me sigh, and sighing weepe,  
 Till night beguiles my woes with sleepe.

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

40 murmurers] stet Q; murmurs 8°  
 42 having] 8°; being Q

Thus each thing joynes to helpe my moane,

60

Thus seldom come true sighs alone;

Then let me sigh, and sighing weepe,

Till night beguile my woes with sleepe.

He sleepe: then enter two murtherers who slaying him,

bears him away. Exeunt.

Actus Quinti, Scena Octava.

Enter Cherseogles.

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

10

[Withdraws.]

Enter Selymus.

Sely.

Thou Queene of shades;



Bright Cynthia, and you starry lampes of heaven,  
 What speare hath told you? Oh y'are envious all,  
 And therefore hate to grace the time, in which  
 I ruinate 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 meeete my adverse champion; here's my god,  
 Whom I adore with greater confidence  
 Then all those beauties, Sunne, or Moone, or Starres 20  
 That with malicious absence have disrob'd,  
 This gracious houre of its due respect.  
 Oh thou the silent darkness of the night,  
 Arme me with desperate courage and contempt,  
 Of gods -- lov'd men, now I applaud the guile  
 Of our brave roarers, 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 onely night. My limbs are stiffe, 30  
 And I must bath them in my brothers blood;  
 Ile steepe this grasse in a red purple goare,  
 Scatter the carcasse peecesale, and that done  
 Ile reare a lasting monument, Ile signe  
 A trophis, which inscrib'd, shall speake my deedes  
 To after ages, that's my chiefe intent,  
 Hee's coldly prays'd that's written innocent;

Whose there? my souldier? [Cherseogles advances.]

Chers. Souldier and slave, great Prince  
At your command.

Sely. I will inoble thee,  
Place thee my second selfe in all my power 40  
For thy rare faith. Where's our Achomates?

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

Sely. Goe, make hast; 50  
But if this base raskall should deceive  
My trust? a trifle — my nerves are plumped up  
And fil'd with vigor, strong enough to fright,  
A million of such big backt, drowais slaves;  
I heare them both approach.

Enter Cherseogles and Achomates.

Chers. 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'll withdraw — [aside] now for my Bassaes. Exit. 60

Achomates. 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 thy Prince first I say, what artthou?

Achomates. He that usurp's the title is a villaine.

Sely. But he that weares it is a Saint, and such an I.

Achomates. Th'art a treacherous slave.

Sely. Achomates thou lyest, this night shall prove  
I shrinke not to unmaske what I have done. 70

Achomates. Oh heavens, so impudently bad?

Sely. Good brother we know your vertues, one that  
Gaye country, gods, and men,  
Slew an Ambassadour which here we must revenge.

Achomates. Hearke in thine eare,  
Ile whisper forth thy mischiefes, least the heavens  
Should teare and snatch them hence from my revenge,  
In greedinesse of wrath. They whisper.

Enter Cherseogles, Isaacks, Mesithes, Mustapha.

Chers. See where they stand.

66 is] of q

70 unmaske] 8<sup>o</sup>; unmaske u

75 S.D. They whisper.] Q prints in Roman as end of line 75, following  
dash after wrath.

Isaack. Achomates and Cherseogles?

Chers.

Both:

They are two, we foure, lets runne upon them,

80

'Tis very darke, be certaine in your aime,

And all strike home.

Omnes.

A match.

Chers.

Isaack, and I

Will take the neerest.

Musta.

And we the other.

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

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

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

Uterque moritur.

Chers. It is not Cherseogles we have slaine.

Isaack. Not Cherseogles villaine, whom then? Speak.

They confer.

Chers. Achomates and Selymus.

Isaack. Ha.

Chers. None other.

Isaack. Hast thou betray'd us so?

90

Chers. Be silent, heare me.

There lie the Captaines of both Armies dead.

Breathlesse? and so stupid to neglect

The use of oportunities?

Isaack.

What use?

79 Cherseogles] 8°; Selymus Q

\*82 Chers.] Mesith. Q

92-94 dead./Breathlesse?...oportunities?] ~,/~,...~. Q

Chers. Are you not rich, wealthie in powerfull gold?  
 Goe whilst the Souldiers lye thus destitute  
 Of any Leader, frankly bribe both parts,  
 Buy their unsettled love at any rate,  
 And creepe into their bosome, then in this  
 Dead want and dearth of Princes, they will  
 Cleave to Isaack, and at length salute --. 100

Isaack. Me Emperour?

Chers. You apprehend it right.

Isaack. What blessed angell art thou?

Chers. 'Tis no time  
 For idle complement.

Isaack. Thy counsel's good.  
 I would not let slip this sweet occasion,  
 For all the pretious plenty of the world.  
 Come let's away.

Chers. First make some quick dispatch with now rivalls. / these

Isaack. True, they'le not endure my Sovereignty.  
 Hast no suddaine wits how to remove them both? 110

Chers. No wile but strength; are not we two?  
 They are no more; we must encounter them, 'tis man to man:  
 The match no whit unequal.

Isaack. I am thine:  
 I hate to have co-partners in my state:

120.1 They fight

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 speakes it true.

Mesith. Let us hast,

Now Selymus we come to gratulate.

Isaack. Stay --.

Chers. Stand.

Mesith. How?

Musta. What meanes this?

Isaack

[lives.  
Fate to your 120

They fight.

Musta. Sweet doings.

Isaack. 'Tis no lesse, Sir witnesse this,

Traytor I'me slaine.

Moritur.

Chers. Crosse fortune, wicked chance: [Aside.]

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

By dying wish: so thrive such perjur'd knaves.

120.1 They fight.] They fight, Isaack is slaine. Q

Unto continuall paines,

130

Hunger, oppression, want and slavery.

[Moritur.][Cherseogles stabs Mesithes.]

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

[Stabs Cherseogles.]

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 feele the blood

By slow degrees ebb, from my fainting breast,

I am heart struck, and wounded even to death;

140

A Sceane 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 thinke of oathes as of a puffe of winde,

May as I doe, thus sinke into the grave;

150

My dying wish: so thrive each perjur'd knave.

Moritur.

Enter Souldiers.

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

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

Sould. 3. Bajazet is new borne to his Sovereignty.

Sould. 4. Let's take their bodies, beare them hence in pompe 160  
Unto their greatnesse, and advise the foe  
Of their slaine Generall sterne Achomates;  
Sound peacefull rumours; we must resubmit  
To Bajazet, so heaven hath thought it fit. Exeunt.

## Actus Quinti, Scena Nona.

Enter Bajazet and Haman with a Booke and Candle.

Baja. Set downe the Booke and Candle, goe and provide  
The Potion to prevent my Feaver-fit,  
Till when I meane to study: goe make hast. Exit Haman.  
Fortune I thanke thee, thou'rt 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 bosome floates along  
 The gravelled vessell of proud Majestie.  
 Ambition empty all thy bagge of breath, 10  
 Send forth thy blast among the quiet waves,  
 And worke huge tempests to confound the Art  
 Of the usurping Pilate Selymus.  
 Treason and envie, like to bickering windes,  
 Shake the unsetled 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,  
 Puft with the calme breath of flattering Chance,  
 By furious whirle-windes rended into ragges, 20  
 And peece-meale scattred 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 do'st present before my wearied eyes,  
Tiberius sweating in his policies,  
 Dull Claudius gaged by dull flattery,  
Nero unbowelling Nobility,  
Galba undone by servants hardly good,

† [Marginal note printed as part of line 20] Volt. Hist. 12.  
 20 [see Commentary note]

Otho o're-whelm'd in love, and drencht in blood, 30

Vittellius sleeping in the chayre of State, 30

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 reades.

Patrem interfecit. +

Avaunt thou damn'd wizard, did thy god

Apollo teach thee to divine my fall? 40

What, hath thy cursed Genius tract my steps 40

Through the Meanders of darke Privacie,

And will he dwell with me in these close shades

To vex my banisht soule, banisht 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.]

And let it creeke with thee, thy life is runne

Enter solemne Musicke, the Ghost of Mahometes, Zemes,

To the last Scene, the Tragick part is done.

Trizham, Mahomet, Achmetes, Caiubus, Asmehemides, with

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

a sword, they encompasse Bajazet in his bed.

Exit. You meager devils, and infernall Maggots,

Where are you? Ha! What weight? An I could?

+ [marginal note printed as part of line 38] Tacit. Hist. lib.

20 [see Commentary note]

Nemes. Triumph my Plantiffes, Nemesis your Queene  
 Is Pierc'd quite through with your continuall groanes. 50  
 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 dreame of direfull anguishments,  
 Each in the proper order of his Fate, 60  
 Vent the compest confusion of his hate.

One after another strike at Bajazet with their swords,  
 Nemesis puts by their blowes. Exeunt in a solemne dance.

Nemes. 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. Exit.

Bajazet awakes in fury, ariseth.

Baja. You meager devils, and infernall haggas,  
 Where are you? Ha! What vanisht? Am I sound?

Did I not feele them teare and rack my flesh,  
 And scramble it amongst them? Heaven and earth!  
 I am deluded, what thin ayrie shapes  
 Durst fright my soule? I'lle 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,  
 Whom lineall extension shall reach forth  
 To the declining borders of the skie,  
 On which I'lle leade mortality along,  
 And breake a passage through those brazen walls,  
 From whence Jove triumphe o're this lower world:  
 Then having got beyond the utmost sphere,  
 Besiege the concave of this universe:  
 And hunger-starve the gods till they confesse  
 What furies did my sleeping soule oppresse.  
 Ha! did it lighten? or what nimble flame  
 Ha's crept into my blood? He thinkes it steales  
 Through my distemper'd joynts, as if it fear'd  
 To urge me to impatience.

70

80

~~Hamon, accursed Hamon; stand my soule~~  
 Above the power of these invenom'd drugges:  
 Am I in hell alive? The Stygian flames

90

70 scramble] 80; foreamble Q

Could not produce an heat so violent  
 As burnes within my body: Oh I feele  
 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) 100

Whose empty name sent terrour through the world:

Is not the heaven bespangl'd all with starres,  
 And blazing Meteors, whose bright glimmering flames  
 Like ceremoniall Tapers should adorne  
 My solemne Hearse? What, doth the golden Sunne  
 Ride with it's wonted motion? Are the waves  
 Bridled within their narrow Continent?  
 No deluge? not an earthquake? Shall a Prince,  
 An Emperour, a Bajazet de cease

And make no breach in nature? fright the world 110

With no prodigious birth? Are you asleepe  
 You thundring beggar'ds that so awe the world?  
 I'll hasten to revenge this strong neglect  
 Of my deceasing spirits; mount my soule,  
 Brush off this cloddy heavy element:

So Jove I come, excorporate, divine,

9 following line 9 C has an extra line: Command the heavens  
 that the prone headler obey

Immortall as they selfe, I must contest  
 With thee proud god, with thee to arme my minde,  
 Onely my soule ascends, earth staves behinde.

Moritur.

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 deceas'd? 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

10

9 Following line 9 Q has an extra line: Command the heavens  
 that the prone Chandler shops

Shall be thy ceremoniall 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 weepe for Selymus.  
 What, doe you smile you Heavens? are ye conscious,  
 And guilty of this execrable treason?  
 What, dare the fields to laugh when I doe mourne?  
 I'le dye your motly colour'd weedes in scarlet,  
 And cloath the world in black destruction.  
Nemesis, I'le naile thee to my greedy sword,  
 Destruction shall serve under me a Prentiship.  
 Courage brave Selmie, withthy 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 embroydered with feare:  
 Thy Trophies every where the world shall gaze on:

20

30

60

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.

40

Solym. 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 gainefull unto thine, though not to thee.

40

Sould. Live then, and raigne most mighty Emperour,  
Whilst that our care and watchfull providence,  
Shall fence thy safety, and keepe Sentinell  
Over thy sacred person; were black treasons,  
Hatcht in the Center of the darkest earth,  
The massie element should be prospective  
For all our piercing eyes; should Pluto send  
His black Apparator to summon thee  
To appeare before him, by that Mahomet  
We would confront him bodly, and excuse  
Thy absence unto Pluto, by our presence;

50

50

60

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 imprisonment.  
 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 hornes;  
 Nor shall his guilded showers quench our loves:  
 No golden Enginer shall undermine  
 The Castles of our faith, nor blow them up  
 With blasts of hop'd preferment; were thy walls  
 But paper, were they made of brittle glasse,  
 Our faiths should make them marble, and as firme  
 As Adamant: not walls, but subjects love,  
 Doe to a Prince the strongest Castle prove.  
 Behold great Prince alleageance mixt with love  
 Lock'd in our breasts: thou art the living key  
 To shut, and to unlock them at thy pleasure:  
 No golden pick-lock shall e're scruce it selfe  
 Into these faithfull locks, whose onely springs  
 Can be no other then our owne heart strings.  
 Our greedy swords which erst imbru'd in blood,  
 Did seeme to blush at their owne Masters acts,

70

100

80

84 their] Q(o); your Q(u)

105 conquer; 84 - ;  
see] Q(o); we'le 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, whil'st 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, couragious, 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 warres,  
 In wisdom and in valour; Heralde proclaime  
 To the world his title, and let swift-winged Fame  
 Second thy trumpet.  
Heralde. Long live Solyman, &c.

90

Solym. We thanke 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; wee yeeld our Turkish blades  
 Against our selves, imbowelling the State

100

107 discord; ... fall;] ... Q(u); ...  
 105 conquer;] 8°; ~; 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 blood 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 110  
 In bloody peace: the dy of the publique safety  
 Hath beene already cast by th'hand of warre,  
 Treasons have made a blot, which may provoke  
 The enemy to enter, and beare our men  
 To darke Avernus; Envie might have blusht,  
 Though alwayes 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; 120  
 Let not succeeding ambities 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 warlike  
 107 discord;...fall,]... Q(u);... Q(c)

And blood wash out the smoothing oyle of Peace;  
 Every Souldier I'll ordaine a Priest  
 To ring a fatall knell to Christians, 130  
 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, 140  
Sylla shall howle for feare when she shall see  
 The Sea become a Forrest, and her selfe  
 Mountanie; 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 Heralds,  
 Threatning to th'world suddaine combustion:  
 Let our armes be steely bowes, our arrowes  
 Thunderbolts, and instead of warlike Drummes, 150  
 Thunder shall proclaime black destruction;  
Vulcan I'll tax thee, exercise thy Forge,

Prepare to me for all the world a scourge,  
 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 keepe his mournfull Stage:  
 Th'inhabitants shall act a bloody Tragedy,  
 And personate themselves: Then for Naxos Ile,  
 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 corpses  
 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 rejoyce  
 To see them stand like Screech-Owles, gaping when  
 Their Parents should expire, and bequeath  
 To hell their wretched soules, to them their death.

160

170

All. Long live great Solyman our noble Emperour.

Solym. All this, and more then this I'le doe, when peace  
 Hath glutted our new greedy appetites, 180  
 When it hath fill'd the veines 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 weaknesse 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: 185  
 Oh, I could be an holy Epicure,  
 In teares, and pleasing sighes, Oh I could now  
 Refresh my selfe with sorrow, I could embalme 190  
 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 grieffe,  
 These eyes should be still silent Orators,  
 Till blindnesse shut them up, were I a woman:  
 But I am Solyman, Emperour, the Turke, 195  
 Blood shall be my teares, I'le thinke thee slaine  
 Amongst the Christians, and translate my grieffe  
 To fury; every member of my body 200

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 weepe for thee.

Oh, that the cruell Fates were halfe so milde

As to drive streames of teares from forth the springs;

Great sorrowes have no leasure to complaine,

Least illls vent forth, great griefes within remaine: 230

See Selymus, sometimes a fore-string instrument,

Feeding his Souldiers with sweet Harmony,

Doth now tune nought to us but Lacrymy; 210

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 sicknesse did intend;

What then remaines, 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 220

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 Rhethorick shall adorne thy coarse,  
 No prating stone shall trumpet forth thy praise,  
 The world's thy tombe, thy Epitaph I'll carve  
 In Funerals, destruction is the booke  
 In which we'll write thy annalls, blood's the Inke,  
 Our sword the Pen; A Tragedy I intend,  
 Which with a Plangity, no Plaudity, shall end.

230

FINIS.

[Amphicrates. / Machonates followers.] 4 prints, "Amphicrates,  
Machonates / followers." "Machonates" must evidently be amended  
 to "Machonates". It may be that the "s" in "followers" is a  
 mistake, and that Amphicrates is merely being described.  
 However in III.i he is more than a follower of Machonates,  
 for he is bribed by Salysus with the two Basces; 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 Hecan.



## TEXTUAL NOTES

## Dedication

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

## The Actors

2 Mahometes.] The names Mahometes, Achomates, Mahomet, and Achmetes 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, Mahomets/ followers." "Mahomets" 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.i he is more than a follower of Mahometes, for he is bribed by Selynaus with the two Bassaes; 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 Physitian,

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 phantasticall 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 8° 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".

the manner of the war, rather than later. Further, "He thinks" can follow logically from both "when" clauses.

This change is not enough, however, unless "vise" is made past tense, "ould" made present tense, or the clauses

separated. The break effected by the dash does not detract

## III.ii

121 Achomates] Q reads "Mahomates", and line 124 is spoken by him also. There has been confusion with Bajazet's conversation with Mahometes, lines 128-36. 8° changed the second lot of references to Achomates, leaving Mahometes 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] 8°'s emendation to "wals" makes better sense than the Q reading, but the compositor had already set the word "walls" twice on the page (lines 26 and 29). A misreading to "warrs" seems unlikely. Isaack is perhaps referring to the inter-necine strife at court.

## IV.ix

46-51 When...dead ---] 8° went half-way towards making sense of the complicated and unsatisfactory Q passage by changing "Then" to "When". In this way treason coping with majesty and son with father are concomitant with Bajazet beholding the manner of the war, rather than later. Further, "Me thinks" can follow logically from both "when" clauses. This change is not enough, however, unless "view" is made 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<sup>o</sup>'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<sup>o</sup> 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<sup>o</sup>'s emendation from "morne". Cherseogles is not at this point worried about the following day, but that the night should be "very darke" (V.viii.81) 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.

## V.viii

82 Chers.] Q assigns the speech to Mesithes, but the actions following make this virtually impossible: Cherseogles tells Isaack 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 Cherseogles directing the ambush, by dividing the bassaes, in the line in question.

## PRESS-VARIANTS IN Q (1631)

[Copies collated (all known extant): BM<sup>1</sup> (British Museum Ashley 794), BM<sup>2</sup> (British Museum Ashley 795), BM<sup>3</sup> (British Museum 162. c.55), BM<sup>4</sup> (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), MH<sup>1</sup> (Harvard University copy 1), MH<sup>2</sup> (Harvard University copy 2), MiU (Michigan University) MRR (John Rylands Library), MWelC (Wellesley College), NNP (Pierpont Morgan Library), PU (University of Pennsylvania), Scot<sup>1</sup> (National Library of Scotland H3.c.10), Scot<sup>2</sup> (National Library of Scotland H3.d.50), SUDP (Sunderland Public Library), TxU (University of Texas), Wad (Wadham College, Oxford), Worc (Worcester College, Oxford).]

GROUP 3 (lower forms)

Corrected: BM<sup>1-4</sup>, BMU, Bod, Bute, CSMH, CtY, Dfo, H.S., Dyce, ENC, HRP, ICU, InU, IU, ICN, MB, MH<sup>1-2</sup>, MiU, MRR, MWelC, NNP, PU, Scot<sup>1-2</sup>, SUDP, Wad, Worc.  
 Uncorrected: All.

## SHEET A (outer forme)

Corrected: BM<sup>1</sup>, BM<sup>3-4</sup>, BMU, Bod, Bute, CSaH, CTY,  
 DFO, DLC, Dyce, ENC, HDP, ICN, ICU, InU,  
 IU, LSU, MB, MH<sup>1-2</sup>, MIU, MRR, MWelC,  
 NNP, PU, Sect<sup>1-2</sup>, SUDP, TrU, Wad, Worc.  
Uncorrected: BM<sup>2</sup>.

Sig. A1<sup>F</sup>.

Title RAGING] RANING

## SHEET B (inner forme)

Corrected: BM<sup>2</sup>, BM<sup>4</sup>, Bod, Bute, CSaH, DFO, DLC,  
 ENC, ICN, InU, LSU, MH<sup>2</sup>, MIU, MRR,  
 MWelC, PU, Sect<sup>1-2</sup>, SUDP, TrU, Wad,  
 Worc.  
Uncorrected: BM<sup>1</sup>, BM<sup>3</sup>, BMU, CTY, Dyce, HDP, ICU,  
 IU, MB, MH<sup>1</sup>, NNP.

Sig. B3<sup>V</sup>.

I.ii.125 here] here

## SHEET C (inner forme)

Corrected: BM<sup>1-4</sup>, BMU, Bod, Bute, CSaH, CTY, DFO,  
 DLC, Dyce, ENC, HDP, ICN, ICU, InU,  
 IU, LSU, MB, MH<sup>1-2</sup>, MIU, MRR, MWelC,  
 NNP, PU, Sect<sup>1-2</sup>, SUDP, Wad, Worc.  
Uncorrected: TrU.

Sig. C2<sup>r</sup>.

I.vi.18 Baiazet] Baiaet

18.1 Baiazet] Baiaet

19 Baiazet] Baiaet

Sig. C4<sup>r</sup>.

I.viii.28 her adulterate] heradulterate

31 he is] his

37 Envie] Time

38 Caigu.] Cai gu.

II.iii.i Alaready] Alarady

SHEET F (inner forme)

Corrected: BM<sup>1-2</sup>, BM<sup>4</sup>, BMU, Bod, Bute, CSmH, CtY,  
DFo, DLC, Dyce, ENC, HDP, ICN, ICU,  
InU, IU, LSU, MH<sup>2</sup>, MiU, MRR, MWelC,  
NNP, PU, Scot<sup>1-2</sup>, SUDP, TxU, Wad, Worc.  
Uncorrected: BM<sup>3</sup>, MB, MH<sup>1</sup>.

Sig. F2<sup>r</sup>.

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

85 me up] meup

SHEET G (inner forme)

Corrected: BM<sup>1-4</sup>, BMU, Bod, Bute, CSmH, CtY, DFO,  
DLC, Dyce, ENC, HDP, ICN, ICU, InU,  
IU, LSU, MB, MH<sup>1-2</sup>, MiU, MRR, MWelC,  
NNP, PU, Scot<sup>1-2</sup>, SUDP, TxU, Wad:  
Uncorrected: Worc.



Sig. 02<sup>F</sup>.

III.iii.56 Lachesis] Lachisis

Sig. 04<sup>F</sup>.

III.v.18 bosomes,] bosomes?

SHEET H (outer forme)

Corrected: BM<sup>1-4</sup>, Bod, Bute, CSmH, Dfo, DLC, ENC,  
HDP, ICN, ICU, InU, IU, LSU, MB, MH<sup>1-2</sup>,  
MIU, MRR, MWelC, NNP, PU, Scot<sup>1-2</sup>,  
SUDP, TxU, Wad, Wore.  
Uncorrected: BMU, CtY, Dyce.

Sig. H2<sup>V</sup>.

IV.i.137 heures,] heures?

Sig. H4<sup>V</sup>.

IV.iv.17 succeed?] succeed;

SHEET I (outer forme)

Corrected: BM<sup>1-4</sup>, BMU, Bod, Bute, CSmH, CtY, Dfo,  
DLC, ENC, HDP, ICN, InU, IU, LSU, MB,  
MH<sup>1-2</sup>, MIU, MRR, MWelC, NNP, PU, Scot<sup>1-2</sup>,  
SUDP, TxU, Wad, Wore.  
Uncorrected: Dyce, ICU.

Sig. I1<sup>F</sup>.

IV.v.53 be;] be,

57 obey] obay

Sig. I2<sup>v</sup>.

IV.vi.18 Drummes;] Drummes.

20 soyle;] soyle.

Sig. I3<sup>r</sup>.

IV.vi.73 ioy] ioyes

82 Selymaus] Silymaus

Sig. I4<sup>v</sup>.

IV.viii.54 goale] goole

SHEET K (inner forme)

1st stage corrected: BM<sup>2</sup>, CtY, ICU.

Uncorrected: BM<sup>1</sup>, IU.

Sig. K1<sup>v</sup>.

IV.ix.13 dull-eged] dull-eyed

15 feind] friend

35 thart] that,

Sig. K2<sup>r</sup>.

IV.ix.55 defence:...dye,] defence<sub>A</sub>...dye:

Sig. K4<sup>r</sup>.

V.ii.60 gone<sub>A</sub>] gone,

2nd stage corrected: BM<sup>3-4</sup>, BMU, Bod, Bute, CSmH,  
DFO, DLC, Dyce, ENG, HDP, ICH,  
InU, LSU, MB, MH<sup>1-2</sup>, MIU, MRR,  
MWelC, NNP, PU, Scot<sup>1-2</sup>, SUDP,  
TxU, Wad, Wore.

Sig. L2<sup>F</sup>.

catchword Sely.] Then

note: Sig. K3<sup>V</sup> catch word s in Followers moves  
considerably throughout  
printing

SHEET L (outer forms)

Corrected: BM<sup>1-2</sup>, BMU, Bod, Bute, CSmH, CtY, DFO,  
DLC, Dyce, ENG, HDP, ICH, ICU, InU, IU,  
LSU, MB, MH<sup>1-2</sup>, MIU, MRR, MWelC, NNP,  
PU, Scot<sup>1-2</sup>, SUDP, TxU, Wad.  
Uncorrected: BM<sup>4</sup>, Wore.

Sig. L1<sup>F</sup>.

V.ii.117 pursuit;] pursuit,

119 contented,] contented;

Sig. L2<sup>V</sup>.

V.v.30 Vivat.] Viva.t

38 live Selymus] live Selymus

Sig. L3<sup>F</sup>.

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

Sig. L4<sup>V</sup>.

V.vi.12 light,] light,

## SHEET L (inner forme)

Corrected: BM<sup>1-4</sup>, BMU, Bod, Bute, CSmH, CtY, DFO,  
 DLC, Dyce, ENC, HDP, ICN, ICU, IU,  
 LSU, MB, MH<sup>1-2</sup>, MIU, MRR, MWelC, NNP,  
 PU, Scot<sup>2</sup>, SUDP, TxU, Wad. Wore.  
Uncorrected: InU, Scot<sup>1</sup>.

Sig. L4<sup>r</sup>.

V.v.125 One] Once

## SHEET N (inner forme)

Corrected: BM<sup>1-4</sup>, BMU, Bod, Bute, CSmH, CtY, DFO, DLC,  
 Dyce, ENC, HDP, ICN, ICU, InU, IU,  
 LSU, MB, MH<sup>1-2</sup>, MIU, MRR, MWelC, NNP,  
 PU, Scot<sup>1-2</sup>, SUDP, TxU, Wad.  
Uncorrected: Wore.

Sig. N4<sup>r</sup>.

V.x.37 gaze on] gazon

## SHEET O (outer forme)

Corrected: BM<sup>4</sup>, Bod, Bute, CSmH, DFO, DLC, ENC,  
 ICN, ICU, InU, LSU, MB, MH<sup>1</sup>, MIU,  
 MRR, MWelC, NNP, PU, Scot<sup>2</sup>, SUDP,  
 TxU, Wad, Wore.  
Uncorrected: BM<sup>1-3</sup>, BMU, CtY, Dyce, HDP, IU, MH<sup>2</sup>,  
 Scot<sup>1</sup>.

Sig. 01<sup>F</sup>.

V.x.83 their] your

84 facts<sub>A</sub>] facts:

90 Crowne<sub>A</sub>...pearles,] Crowne,...pearles<sub>A</sub>

104 wee] we'le

106 discord,...fall<sub>A</sub>] discord<sub>A</sub>...fall,

Sig.02<sup>V</sup>.

V.x.207 Least] Lest

SHEET I (inner forme)

Corrected: BM<sup>1-2</sup>, BM<sup>4</sup>, BMU, Bod, Bute, CSaH, CtY,  
Dfo, DLC, Dyce, ENC, HDP, ION, ICU,  
InU, IU, LSU, MB, MH<sup>1-2</sup>, MIU, MRR, MWelC,  
NNP, PU, Scot<sup>1-2</sup>, SUDP, TxU, Wad. Worc.

Uncorrected: BM<sup>3</sup>.

Sig. 02<sup>F</sup>.

V.x.174 Funerals;] Funerals<sub>1</sub>,

## EMENDATIONS OF ACCIDENTALS

[The final reading is that of the quarto.]

## I.i

- 0.1 Enter Bassaes,] 8<sup>o</sup>; ~, ~<sub>A</sub>  
 0.2 Corcutus,] ~<sub>A</sub>  
 9 adored;] 8<sup>o</sup>; ~,  
 16 throne;] ~,  
 18 Queen,] ~<sub>A</sub>  
 20 warre;] ~,  
 54 soule,] 8<sup>o</sup>; ~:  
 55 dignity,] 8<sup>o</sup>; ~:  
 56 undergoe:] 8<sup>o</sup>; ~,

## I.ii

- 0.1 applause, enter Cherseogles,] applause Enter Cherseogles,  
 1 reports,] ~<sub>A</sub>  
 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<sup>o</sup>; ~,  
 81 can,] ~<sub>A</sub>  
 more<sub>A</sub>] 8<sup>o</sup>; ~,  
 89 this,] ~<sub>A</sub>  
 126 I,] 8<sup>o</sup>; ~.

## I.iii

2 us,] ~?  
 21 were...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<sup>o</sup>; ~,  
 10 heads?] ~,  
 17-18 above/ My...whilest] above my father,/ Whilest  
 19 fall;] 8<sup>o</sup>; ~,  
 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<sub>A</sub>/ Blow strong,] 8<sup>o</sup>; ~<sub>A</sub>...~/ ~ ~. [final  
punctuation uncertain]

## II.ii

0.1 Ba<sub>A</sub>zēt, and Frizham<sub>A</sub> and Mahomet,] ~<sub>A</sub> ~, ~ ~<sub>A</sub>

4 Provinces;] ~,

7 countreys;] ~,

10 selves<sub>A</sub>] ~,

11 supinely<sub>A</sub>] ~,

## II.iii

5 vanguard;] ~,

6 charge;...yours;] ~,....,

8 must downe] must downe

11 field;] 8<sup>o</sup>; ~,

15 vanguard;] ~,

16 on;] ~,

22.4 the] 8<sup>o</sup>; she



- 24 Stepdame] 8<sup>o</sup>; St pdame  
 28 Bajazet<sub>A</sub>] 8<sup>o</sup>; ~,  
     bee.] 8<sup>o</sup>; ~<sub>A</sub>  
 38 ruine:] 8<sup>o</sup>; ~,  
 55 Have...sword] Q lines: Have...then./ Not...sword  
 58.1 again,] comma does not ink in most copies  
 67 me;] 8<sup>o</sup>; ~,  
 68 desperate:] 8<sup>o</sup>; ~,  
 72 I;] 8<sup>o</sup>; ~,

## II.iv

- 0.1 Selymus,] ~<sub>A</sub>  
 1 time:] 8<sup>o</sup>; ~,  
 11 Elders,] 8<sup>o</sup>; ~<sub>A</sub>  
 12 scaffold,] 8<sup>o</sup>; ~<sub>A</sub>  
 36 Come...you.] Q lines: Come...goe./ Straight...you.  
 44-45 one line in Q  
 48 you<sub>A</sub>] ~,

## II.v

- 9 I;] ~,  
 15 conquered,...foote<sub>A</sub>] 8<sup>o</sup>; ~<sub>A</sub>...~,  
 16 slaine;] 8<sup>o</sup>; ~,  
 23 comes;] ~,  
 47 expire.]~<sub>A</sub>

- 49 Achmetes;] 8<sup>o</sup>; ~,  
 53 show;] 8<sup>o</sup>; ~<sub>A</sub>  
 60 banquet:] 8<sup>o</sup>; ~,  
 69 plot;] ~,  
 70 thoughts<sub>A</sub>] 8<sup>o</sup>; ~,  
 73 threed,] ~<sub>A</sub>  
 84 mantle;] ~,  
 95 glory;] ~,  
 113 Appears:] ~,

## II.vi

- 23 delight —] 8<sup>o</sup>; ~,  
 35.1 manent] Manent  
 37 injurious] 8<sup>o</sup>; injurious  
 39 suspicion] 8<sup>o</sup>; supition  
 40 affection;] ~,  
 41 Isack,] 8<sup>o</sup>; ~<sub>A</sub>  
 45 vayle;] 8<sup>o</sup>; ~,  
 46 love,] ~<sub>A</sub>  
 47 actions<sub>A</sub> say,] 8<sup>o</sup>; ~, ~<sub>A</sub>

## II.vii

- 7 it?] 8<sup>o</sup>; ~<sub>s</sub>  
 15 return'd;] ~<sub>A</sub>  
 18 me;] ~,

- 27 sonne! ] ~?
- 41 me; ] ~,
- 47 anger; ] ~,
- 50 it: ] 8<sup>o</sup>; ~<sub>A</sub>
- 53 secure: ] 8<sup>o</sup>; ~,
- 54 asleepe; ] 8<sup>o</sup>; ~,
- 67 morne; ] 8<sup>o</sup>; ~,
- 74 orders;...prepar'd, ] 8<sup>o</sup>; ~,....~<sub>A</sub>
- 79 spheare. ] 8<sup>o</sup>; ~,
- 87 hope; ] 8<sup>o</sup>; ~,
- 92 him; ] 8<sup>o</sup>; ~,
- 95 hell; ] ~,
- 97 fight; ] ~,
- 100 death; ] 8<sup>o</sup>; ~,
- 104 The...Mahomet. ] Q lines: The...took. / 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...firme. / Ha...ha.

- 155 deare] a does not ink in most copies
- 162 What...too.] Q lines: What...compell'd?/ And...too.
- 173 Peasants!] ~<sub>A</sub>
- 191 Offering...more.] Q lines: Offering...strength./ No more.
- 198 bloud:] ~<sub>A</sub>
- 200 The...off?] Q lines: The...decree./ To...off?
- 210 out<sub>A</sub>] 8<sup>o</sup>; ~,
- 210-11 enlarge/ Your territories;] ~ ~ ~,/

## II.viii

- 7 brother,] ~<sub>A</sub>
- 12 rooffe,] 8<sup>o</sup>; ~<sub>A</sub>
- 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.1

- 16 How...happily,] Q lines: How...hopes?/ Great...happily,
- 22 examples:] 8<sup>o</sup>; ~,
- 26 fairely;] ~<sub>A</sub>
- 36 Prince,] ~<sub>A</sub>
- 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

55 Spend...Highnesse?] Q lines: Spend...gold./ That...Highnesse?

59 But...hope;] Q lines: But...thankfull./ So I hope;

61 friends;] 8<sup>o</sup>; ~,

65 Isaacke...wisht;] Q lines: Isaacke Bassa?/ Even... wisht;

66 that,] 8<sup>o</sup>; ~,

ture] r hardly links in many copies

92 Then...third.] Q lines: Then...nothing./ Heer's a third.

94 aenigma] 8<sup>o</sup>; aengina

99 serves;] ~,

### III.ii

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<sup>o</sup>; ~,

46 warres;] ~,

54 will,] 8<sup>o</sup>; ~,

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

- 68 Tugge...droppe,] Q lines: Tugge...it./ So...droppe,  
75 they,] ~<sub>A</sub>  
76 bastards,] 8<sup>o</sup>; ~<sub>A</sub>  
77 Mine...deny't;] Q lines: Mine...just./ None...deny't;  
82 And...slaves.] Q lines: And...arrivall./ Shend...slaves.  
86 will;] ~,  
98 Of...now?] Q lines: Of...Bassaes?/ Hal...now?  
104 die<sub>A</sub>] 8<sup>o</sup>; ~,  
106 Hold...dead?] Q lines: Hold...live./ How...dead?  
107 Father...revoke] Q lines: Father...selfe./ Let...revoke  
112 out-live<sub>A</sub>] 8<sup>o</sup>; ~,  
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<sub>A</sub>] 8<sup>o</sup>; ~,  
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,] ~<sub>A</sub>

## III.iii

- 1 sorrow,...grieve,] 8<sup>o</sup>; ~<sub>A</sub>...~<sub>A</sub>
- 31 But...bad] Q lines: But oh! / But...indeed! / Why what? / As bad
- 38 gone,] 8<sup>o</sup>; ~<sub>A</sub>
- 48 Expect...could] Q lines: Expect...returne. / I...could
- 61 motion,] 8<sup>o</sup>; ~<sub>A</sub>
- 71 deedes<sub>A</sub>...dye,] 8<sup>o</sup>; ~,....~<sub>A</sub>
- 89 Noble...Selymus.] Q lines: Noble assistant. / Happly Selymus.
- 98 Kings;] ~,
- 100 againe,] 8<sup>o</sup>; ~<sub>A</sub>
- 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.] ~<sub>A</sub>

## 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/ To...sunke] Q lines: Young...fled./ Fledr/  
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 Ile...here?] Q lines: Ile...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...monkey/ 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./ Untought as yet;

94 Issack,] punctuation uncertain

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

99.1 S.D. follows line 100 in Q

111 dimensions;] ~<sub>A</sub>

112 But...round,] Q lines: But...businessse./ Passaes...round,  
S.D. out] 8<sup>o</sup>; aut

112.1 S.D. follows neerely in line 114 in Q



114 Observe...Courtier.] Q lines: Observe...neerely./ Tis no  
Courtier.

125 Mahometes...he] Q lines: Mahometes disguis'd./ By...he

126 into] 8<sup>o</sup>; snto

129 is;] ~,

131 youth;] 8<sup>o</sup>; ~,

135 sinne.] point only a speck in many copies

157 dead.] ~,

160 esteeme;] ~,

161 How...like] Q lines: How...counsell?/ As...like

171 him;] ~,

173 Selymus:] ~,

177 endeavors;] ~,

#### IV.ii

1 friend.] ~,

9 offended;] ~,

11 displeasure:] 8<sup>o</sup>; ~,

21 hence;] ~,

23 cloister;] ~,

#### IV.iii

1 absolute<sub>A</sub>] ~,

3 dispatch<sub>A</sub>] ~,

10 blisse;] ~,

12.1 S.D. follows line 13 in Q

- 15 Bajazet] 8<sup>o</sup>; Bajazet  
 16 How...health;] lines: How...Father/ In...health;  
 24 ayd<sub>A</sub>] ~,  
 35 warre;] ~,

## IV.iv

- 4 heaven;] ~,  
 8 mee? ] 8<sup>o</sup>; ~,  
 16 privacie;] ~,  
 19 false;...so,] ~,...~<sub>A</sub>

## IV.v

- 7 Things...Sir,] Q lines: Things...silence./ Worthy Sir,  
 9 thus,] ~<sub>A</sub>  
 15 Surely...true,] Q lines: Surely...bee./ By...true,  
 16 foe;] ~,  
 20 Achomates?...voyce] Q lines: Achomates?/ Even...voyce  
 22 Heere...newes] Q lines: Heere...Bassaes,/ Sure...newes  
 31 Peace,] ~<sub>A</sub>  
     night-ravens;] 8<sup>o</sup>; ~,  
 32 note;] ~,  
 37 pretence:] ~<sub>A</sub>  
 43 damage;] 8<sup>o</sup>; ~,  
 44 youth;] ~,  
 46 Make...done] Q lines: Make...speed./ I...done

- 56 Are...Herrauld.] Q lines: Are...content?/ We are./ Call...  
Herrauld.
- 68 of Persia] of Persia
- 87 What...cause,] Q lines: What...propos'd./ If...cause,  
89 spoiles,] ~<sub>A</sub>
- 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:] ~<sub>A</sub>
- 43 side;] ~.
- 53 come,] ~<sub>A</sub>
- 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;] Trinm viri
- 86 S.D. follows line 87 in Q
- 89 behind.] ~<sub>A</sub>
- 90 feare,] 8<sup>o</sup>; ~<sub>A</sub>
- 94 succede,] ~<sub>A</sub>
- 95 dedde;] 8<sup>o</sup>; ~,
- 98 Yours Isaack Bassa] Yours Isaack Bassa

## IV.vii

- 6 pride;] 8°; ~,  
 13 joyes;] 8°; ~,  
 18 Crowne,] 8°; ~,  
 20 Majestie;] 8°; ~,  
 25 right,] ~

## IV.viii

- 3 That...much.] Q lines: That...not./ I...much  
 10 plots;] ~,  
 12 safety;] ~,  
 14 Here...Bassaes.] 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;] 8°; ~,  
 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,] 8<sup>o</sup>; ~<sub>A</sub>
- 17 streames;] 8<sup>o</sup>; ~,
- 29 bee,] 8<sup>o</sup>; ~,
- 35 that? ] 8<sup>o</sup>; ~, Q(u); that Q(c)
- 35.1 Arne, arne, arne.] arne, arne, arne.
- 37 The...neere? ] Q lines: The...ambush./ What? so neere?
- 41 Summon...skirmishes,] Q lines: Summon...Army/ From...  
skirmishes,
- 45 warre,] 8<sup>o</sup>; ~<sub>A</sub>
- 60 Unnaturall...Father.] Q lines: Unnaturall sonne./ Uncharitable  
Father.
- 70 workes,] 8<sup>o</sup>; ~<sub>A</sub>
- 81 pride;] 8<sup>o</sup>; ~,
- 86 ambition;] 8<sup>o</sup>; ~,
- 93 Darst...King? ] Q lines: Darst...Traitor?/ Dare...King?
- 97.1 Bajazet] Baziaget [i not modernized to j in note]
- 98 wrath;] 8<sup>o</sup>; ~,
- 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;] 8<sup>o</sup>; ~,
- 117 fill,] ~<sub>A</sub>

## V.i

- 3 wrath;] ~,  
 11 slaughter;] ~,  
 14 Ambassadour's] Ambassadour s  
 19 bad,] ~<sub>A</sub>

## V.ii

- 7 what,] ~<sub>A</sub>  
 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 Achomates...same] Q lines: Achomates./ Achomates?/ The same  
 44 contempt,] 8<sup>o</sup>; ~<sub>A</sub>  
 48 Your...more,] Q lines: Your...tarriance —/ Oh! no more,  
 60 gone,] Q(u), 8<sup>o</sup>; ~<sub>A</sub> Q(c)  
 63 By...Generall?] Q lines: By...lingering./ Whom...Generall?  
 65 More...Liedge,] Q lines: More...selfe?/ My...Liedge,  
 68 forward;] 8<sup>o</sup>; ~,  
 72 forces;] 8<sup>o</sup>; ~,  
 73 subdue<sub>A</sub>] 8<sup>o</sup>; ~,  
 81 brother;] ~,  
 82 stout,] 8<sup>o</sup>; ~<sub>A</sub>

- 93 Of...fact,] Q lines: Of an Ambassador./ For...fact,  
 97 Of...decreed] Q lines: Of...Princes./ Enough...decreed  
 100 slave,] 8<sup>o</sup>; -<sub>A</sub>  
 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<sup>o</sup>; -<sub>A</sub>  
 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./ Practise...skill.  
 20 Of...Father,] Q lines: Of...loyalty./ Right...Father,  
 23 Be...arme] Q lines: Be...triall./ Hast...arme  
 27 performance,] ~;  
 28 boldnesse.] ~:

- 33 As...suspect] Q lines: As...Godhead./ I suspect
- 35 Your...hang.] Q lines: Your...unguarded./ Plot...hang.
- 37.2 out:] ~.
- 38-39 indented in Q
- 46 at:] ~<sub>A</sub>
- 57 What...Prince.] Q lines: What...thou?/ From a Prince.
- 58 Yet...emie.] Q lines: Yet...thee./ From...emie.
- 59 Yet...Emperour.] Q lines: Yet...thee./ From...Emperour.
- 80 Phoebus:] 8<sup>o</sup>; ~,
- 98 noyse,] 8<sup>o</sup>; ~<sub>A</sub>
- 99 That...Father?] Q lines: That...villanies./ Father?
- 125 Corcutus,] 8<sup>o</sup>, ~<sub>A</sub>
- 131 stroke:] 8<sup>o</sup>; ~,
- 135 bleed;] ~,
- 138 Is...Prince.] Q lines: Is...healthfull?/ No...Prince.
- 140 From...case.] Q lines: From...anguish./ A...case.
- 141 from't,] 8<sup>o</sup>; ~.
- 144 Shall...foole:] Q lines: Shall be applied./ Unapprehending  
foole:
- 146 In...ill.] Q lines: In...both?/ Exceeding ill.
- 151 Reach...diligence.] Q lines: Reach...cure?/ With...diligence.
- 152 Then...paines,] Q lines: Then...it./ I'me yours./ Walke...  
paines,



## V.vi

- 4 graves;] ~,
- 19 Who?...that.] Q lines: Who?...expected./ What?
- 29 weight,] 8<sup>o</sup>; ~<sub>A</sub>
- 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...swear —] Q lines: Of...stratagem./ I swear —
- 36 What...powers] Q lines: What...swear?/ By...powers
- 58 Oh...ought] Q lines: Oh...faithfull —/ If...ought
- 62 trust;] 8<sup>o</sup>; ~<sub>A</sub>
- 66 adiew,] 8<sup>o</sup>; ~<sub>A</sub>
- 76 A...mee?] Q lines: A...Achomates./ To mee?  
mee?] 8<sup>o</sup>; mee?
- 82 What...state] Q lines: What...fellow?/ To...state
- 83 By...breath'st?] Q lines: By...fall./ What...breath'st?
- 88 I...raine] Q lines: I can./ Delude...raine
- 96 conflict,] 8<sup>o</sup>; ~<sub>A</sub>
- 98 Joyne...had] Q lines: Joyne...you./ Villaine...had
- 101 Achomates;] ~,
- 102 thus<sub>A</sub>] 8<sup>o</sup>; ~,
- 109 Ile...find] Q lines: Ile...plaine./ And...find
- 110 Me...denyes] Q lines: Me...you./ Be...denyes
- 115 it;] 8<sup>o</sup>; ~<sub>A</sub>
- 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<sub>A</sub>] ~,  
 144 defend;] ~,

## V.vii

- 23 state;] ~,  
 25 ambition,] 8<sup>o</sup>; ~<sub>A</sub>  
 44 burden,] 8<sup>o</sup>; ~<sub>A</sub>  
 45 griefe,] 8<sup>o</sup>; ~<sub>A</sub>  
 49 of] Of

## V.viii

- 6 murther;] ~,  
 7 fearefull] r hardly inke in most copies  
 8 Drencht...twelve —] Q lines: Drencht...Ocean./ 'Tis...twelve —  
 Ocean.] 8<sup>o</sup>; ~,  
 11 Joy...shades;] Q lines: Joy of expectation./ Thou...shades;  
 12 its] i't;  
 25 guile<sub>A</sub>] 8<sup>o</sup>; ~,  
 26 roarers,...time<sub>A</sub>] 8<sup>o</sup>; ~<sub>A</sub>...~,  
 28 world;] ~,  
 30 night.] ~,  
 31 blood;] 8<sup>o</sup>; ~,

- 38-41 Whose...Achomates?] Q lines: Whose...souldier?/ Souldier...  
command./ I...self/ In...faith./ Where's...Achomates?
- 39 thee,] ~<sub>A</sub>
- 50 hast;] ~,
- 57 encounter;] 8<sup>o</sup>; ~<sub>A</sub>
- 71 heavens,] 8<sup>o</sup>; ~<sub>A</sub>
- 75 In...stand.] Q lines: In...wrath./ See...stand.
- 76 Achomates...Both:] Q lines: Achomates...Selymus?/ Both:
- 82-83 And...other.] Q lines: And...home./ A match./ Isaack...  
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?] 8<sup>o</sup>; ~,
- 97 parts,] 8<sup>o</sup>; ~<sub>A</sub>
- 101 salute —] 8<sup>o</sup>; ~<sub>A</sub>
- 102 Me...right.] Q lines: Me Emperour?/ You...right.
- 103-104 What...good.] Q lines: What...thou?/ 'Tis...complement./  
Thy...good.
- 113 The...thine:] Q lines: The...unequall./ I am thine:
- 118-119 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 Traitor...chance:] Q lines: Traitor...slaine./ Crosse...

chance:

128 truth;] ~,

134 treason, death;] 8<sup>o</sup>; ~A~,

140 death;] ~,

150 grave;] ~A

153 these?] 8<sup>o</sup>; ~A

155 Achomates;] ~,

162 Achomates;] ~,

V.ix

14 envie,] ~A

15 Fabrick] F faintly inked in some copies

18 sayle,] ~A

37 notabilior] nobilior

41 What,] ~A

47 deceites:] 8<sup>o</sup>; ~,

55 person;] ~,

59 anguishments;] ~,

70 earth!] ~A

72 soule?] 8<sup>o</sup>; ~,

74 holds these] 8<sup>o</sup>; hold sthese

fiends;] ~,

105 What,] 8<sup>o</sup>; ~A

107 Continent?] 8<sup>o</sup>; ~A

109 Bajazet] 8<sup>o</sup>; Datazet  
 114 spirits;] ~,  
 119 ascends,] 8<sup>o</sup>; ~<sub>A</sub>  
 119.1 before] 8<sup>o</sup>; ~ him

## V.x

1 Is...Lord.] Q lines: Is...deceased?/ He...Lord.  
 3 now.] 8<sup>o</sup>; ~<sub>A</sub>  
 4 What,] ~<sub>A</sub>  
 7 prepare] 8<sup>o</sup>; preparr  
 22 What,] ~<sub>A</sub>  
 24 What,] ~<sub>A</sub>  
 48 bee<sub>A</sub>] 8<sup>o</sup>; ~,  
 53 person;] 8<sup>o</sup> ~,  
 62-63 Thy...imprisonment.] Q lines: Thy...person/ With...imprison-  
 ment  
 71 preferment;] ~,  
 83 strings.] 8<sup>o</sup>; ~<sub>A</sub>  
 84 facts:] Q(u); ~<sub>A</sub> Q(o)  
 87 Christians;] ~,  
 107 Christians;] ~,  
 115 Avernus;] ~,  
 116 pale,] 8<sup>o</sup>; ~<sub>A</sub>  
 120 dead;] ~,  
 121 enmities] emnities

- 128 peace;] 8<sup>o</sup>; ~,
- 138 three-fork'd mace] three fork'd-mace
- 143 Mountanie;] 8<sup>o</sup>; ~,
- 156 breath;...Ile of Rhodes,] breath,...I'le of Rhodes,
- 159 Ile,] 8<sup>o</sup>; ~<sub>A</sub>
- 161 Famine,] ~<sub>A</sub>
- 169 Mules;] 8<sup>o</sup>; ~,
- 182 vigour;] 8<sup>o</sup>; ~,
- 186 blood;] ~,
- 196 up,] 8<sup>o</sup>; ~<sub>A</sub>
- 200 fury;] 8<sup>o</sup>; ~,
- 205 springs;] ~,
- 210 Lacrymy;] ~,
- 212 elements,] ~<sub>A</sub>
- 233 Plaudity,] ~<sub>A</sub>

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." <sup>culprum</sup> to whom
- p.2 Dedication Sir RICHARD TICHBORNE] First son of Sir Benjamin de Tichborne, first baronet, by Amphillis 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 Courageous Turke to Richard's brother Walter.
- p.2 Dedication 1.1 another of the same Authors] The Courageous 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 Courageous Turke.
- p.2 Dedication 1.6 Omnia 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 ragges] a contemptuous term (cf. O.E.D., 3 b).

- p.6 I.i.45 object] something which excites a particular emotion, as disdain, etc. (cf. O.E.D., 3 b).
- p.6 I.ii.3 everie...not] probably proverbial, a variant of, "I heard a bird sing" (Tilley B 374).
- p.7 I.ii.10 Hee's learned] cf. I.iv.34 ff.
- p.7 I.ii.12-13 is...enough] during the reign of Bajazet's father Constantinople, Serbia, and Greece had all fallen to the Turks.
- p.7 I.ii.18 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.
- p.8 I.ii.20 Charon] the ferryman of Hades.
- p.8 I.ii.21 When...fell.] possibly a reference to the capture of Euboea by Mahomet the Great in 1470; although it was the Turkes 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).
- p.8 I.ii.26 drawne] influenced (cf. O.E.D., 28).
- p.8 I.ii.35 advise] resolve (cf. O.E.D., 6).
- p.8 I.ii.40 latest end] death.
- p.9 I.ii.44 jarres] discords (cf. O.E.D., 6).
- p.9 I.ii.47 rumour] report (cf. O.E.D., 1).
- p.9 I.ii.51 Am...Emperor?] It is not clear why Bajazet is worried. Clearly he has not yet heard of Corcutus' enthronement, but he seems to have strong forebodings that something is amiss. Cf. 11.60, 65, 67, 75-6.



- p.9 I.ii.54 Gyants] The Giants offered a very serious challenge to the Olympian gods, only being finally defeated at Phlegra.
- p.9 I.ii.58-61 droppe...misery] The sun was reputed to see everything that happened on earth.
- p.10 I.ii.68 shouts...obsequies?] Mahomet's funeral rites seem to continue some time. Cf. Zemes' comments, I.v.1-7.
- p.10 I.ii.80 jollity] pleasure; magnificence (cf. O.E.D., 3, 7).
- p.11 I.ii.94 Isaack] Isaack is conspicuous by his silence here. Cf. the scene following.
- p.11 I.ii.99-100 See...teares] Bajazet may mean that the imperious style of the letter ignores his position, or he may literally be weeping, causing the ink to spread.
- p.12 I.ii.113 Pluto] god of the underworld.
- p.12 I.ii.116 Monarch] monarchy.
- p.12 I.ii.117 Elysium] the mythological paradise, the Islands of the Blessed.
- p.12 I.ii.130 Limbo] used here as a synonym for hell.
- p.13 I.iii plunge] overwhelm (cf. O.E.D., 3).
- p.13 I.iii.9 espoused] married.
- p.14 I.iii.17 Harpies] filthy, voracious, bird-like creatures.
- p.14 I.iii.23-5 I'de...sound] perhaps an echo of Joshua 6:20.
- p.15 I.iii.31 jumpt] acted (cf. O.E.D., 5a).
- p.15 I.iv.1 he] Bajazet.

- p.16 I.iv.11 The...wheele] two of the most famous tortures of Tartaros. Tityus, one of the Titans, was tied to the ground while two vultures tore at his liver; Ixion was bound to an eternally revolving wheel.
- p.16 I.iv.27-3 Joves...shirt] Herakles was driven to his death by the burning poison mixed with blood on the robe bequeathed him by the dying centaur Nessus.
- p.17 I.iv.34 Pallas] Athena was goddess of learning and wisdom.
- p.17 I.iv.41 wast] spend (cf. O.E.D., 8).
- p.18 I.iv.68 Those ornaments] the crown, which Corcutus has been wearing (cf. 1.5), and probably the sceptre as well (cf. I.i.12 ff).
- p.18 I.iv.69-70 I...Affrica] Cf. IV.v.64-71 and note.
- p.19 I.iv.79 our iron dayes] this debased age.
- p.19 I.iv.80 Saturne] the father of Jove. This recurrent image is ominous, as Saturn was displaced by his son.
- p.21 I.vi.1-10 Devore'd...foe] this is the real motive for Issaack's hatred in Knolles, though here it seems somewhat insubstantial.
- p.22 I.vi.24 flesht in] habituated to (cf. O.E.D., 2).
- p.22 I.vi.35 brawle] scold, revile (Cf. O.E.D., 1b).
- p.23 I.vi.51 Bellona] goddess of war.
- p.23 I.vi.57 ff This entire incident about Achmetes' refusal to fight, although it provides a motive for Bajaset'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 Cherseogles.

- p.26 I.vi.107 Mars] god of war.
- p.26 I.vii.10 two Scipioes] 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.
- p.27 I.viii.1-22 A standard discourse on the mutability of the human lot.
- p.28 I.viii.26-34 That...hatred] Cf. I.vi.1-10.
- p.30 II.iii.5 Father] presumably a respectful form of address to one of the older Bassaes, perhaps Mustapha.
- p.32 II.iii.31 staggers] wavers (cf. O.E.D., 2, 3).
- p.33 II.iii.51 abide] await defiantly (cf. O.E.D., 14).
- p.35 II.iv.26 by heaven and earth] a very strong Moslem oath.
- p.37 II.iv.50-2 Plunge...remorse] Achilles' invulnerability came from his post-natal dip in Styx.
- p.38 II.v.6. cashierd] dismissed (cf. O.E.D., 1).
- p.38 II.v.12-18 When...breath] This is the first of four times that this incident, which has already been seen on stage, is recounted. Achmetes 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 Zemes was mortally wounded. Issack here knows that Zemes was wounded but escaped.
- p.38 II.v.23 aly Mercurius] Cunning was one of his best known characteristics. Cf. III.1.71 IV.iii.9.
- p.39 II.v.30-1 yet...out] As might be suspected, Issack has more immediate sources of information than the emperor.

- p.40 II.v.50-4 Zemes...know] Isaack says that Zemes was struck down, but not that he was wounded; and the suggestions of flattery, gifts, and plots have been added since 11.12-18.
- p.40 II.v.61-3 When...truth] Cf. II.viii.18-21 note.
- p.40 II.v.70-3 thy...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.
- p.40 II.v.74 this wiles] this stratagem (Cf. O.E.D., 1). The singular would be preferable.
- p.41 II.v.76 in the nicke] at the critical moment (cf. O.E.D., 7).
- p.41 II.v.82-9 he...inexpiable] Cf. Knolles, p.443, "upon Achmetes was cast a gowne of blacke velvet, which amongst the Turke may well be called the mantle of death; being so sure a token of the emperours heaue 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."
- p.42 II.v.100 Vice...punishment] proverbial (cf. Tilley V 48).
- p.42 II.v.109 Dietator Fabius] Quintus Fabius Maximus, made diotator against Hannibal.
- p.43 II.vi.12 This...life.] Cf. II.v.12-18 note.
- p.44 II.vi.30 neater] more elegant; more cleverly contrived (cf. O.E.D., 7, 8).
- p.44 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 fairer bodie doth procure".
- p.45 II.vii.8 What...die.] Cf. II.v.82-9 and note.

- p.46 II.vii.14.1 Mustapha's absence is unexplained.
- p.46 II.vii.18-21 Supplie...done] Cf. Knolles, p.443, "[Bajazet] to make his guests the merrier, drunke wine plentifully himself, causing them also to drinke 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."
- p.47 II.vii.39 Bacchus] god of wine and revelry.
- p.48 II.vii.56 period] end (cf. O.E.D., 5).
- p.48 II.vii.63 rosie day-starre] Cf. "rosy-fingered dawn" in Iliad.
- p.48 II.vii.66 transparent] probably, by transference, referring to the penetrating light reflected from the steel (cf. O.E.D., 1e).
- p.48 II.vii.67 sight] [?] sighted.
- p.48 II.vii.75 Titan] the sun.
- p.49 II.vii.79 startle] start, be frightened (cf. O.E.D., 3).
- p.49 II.vii.99-103 He...begunne] Cf. II.vi.12 and II.v.12-18 note.
- p.50 II.vii.106-129 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.
- p.53 II.vii.183 Affection] inclination (cf. O.E.D., 5).
- p.54 II.vii.199 out off] kill (cf. O.E.D., 55).
- p.55 II.vii.212 Those...Garrison] "Acansij, who are amongst the Turks reputed for the best sort of common soldiars." (Knolles, p.445).
- p.55 II.vii.215-16 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...ayre] the common seventeenth-century view. Cf. Hamlet III.i.98.
- p.57 II.viii.43 Vize-gerent] 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 naturalis] 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.i.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 II.i.71 sly as 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.ii.7 dull...oblivion] Lethe.
- p.64 III.ii.8 halt] limp (cf. O.E.D., 1).
- p.65 II.ii.20-21 Where...ayre] 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 A...wite.] it was, of course, Isaack's idea (cf. II.vii.210 ff.).
- p.67 III.ii.76 Dejected] lowly (cf. O.E.D., 2).

- p.67 III.ii.82 Shend] Neither the normal meaning, "overcome" or "defeat" (cf. O.E.D., v<sup>1</sup>), nor the rare meaning, "shield" (cf. O.E.D., v<sup>2</sup>) seems to apply. The meaning is not clear from context.
- p.68 III.ii.99 Gehenna] hell; or a place of torture (cf. O.E.D., 1, 2).
- p.69 III.ii.120 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 sonnes to live in court neere unto them, after they be growne to yeares of discretion; but send them to governe their provinces farre off."
- p.70 III.ii.132 Manesia] Magnesia is a town and province in western Asia Minor.
- p.71 III.ii.142 Phaeton] his mis-management of the chariot of the sun is well-known.
- p.71 III.ii.146 stay'd] i.e., staid.
- p.71 III.ii.150 niching] skulking (cf. O.E.D.).
- p.72 III.ii.175 passionate humour] i.e., dominated by the passions.
- p.72 III.ii.176 ff. 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...Bajaset 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."
- p.73 III.ii.187 cutting off] Cf. II.vii.199 note.
- p.73 III.iii.10-11 present...substance] let me see you in the flesh.

- p.74 III.iii.25-7 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 Janizaries rescue Achmetes.
- p.75 III.iii.33-6 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.
- p.75 III.iii.56-7 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.
- p.76 III.iii.60 Eternall mover] God, the primum mobile.
- p.76 III.iii.65 Print] to mark with footsteps (cf. O.E.D., 1).
- p.77 III.iii.83 Enginer] one who contrives or plots (cf. O.E.D., 1).
- p.77 III.iii.86 lust] pleasure, inclination (cf. O.E.D., 1, 2).
- p.77 III.iii.92 Brothers] the following line makes it clear this is a possessive plural.
- p.78 III.iv.7 receipts] cures (cf. O.E.D., 1).
- p.79 III.iv.20 Phoebus] Apollo was god of medicine.
- p.80 III.iv.47 as...Priam] Cf. Hamlet II.ii.425 ff.



- p.80 III.iv.50-3 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).
- p.81 III.v.10 craz'd] broken (cf. O.E.D., 1).
- p.81 III.v.13 limn'd] painted (cf. O.E.D., limn, 3).
- p.82 III.v.37 Aeolus] ruler of the winds.
- p.83 IV.i.21-2 as...Spheare] as far away as if three suns appeared together. Multiple suns were taken as a dire omen of political strife.
- p.84 IV.i.28 Tartarian deepe] 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.vi.39 and note.
- p.84 IV.i.37 haven] port (cf. O.E.D., 1).
- p.85 IV.i.51-2 That...seas] The Trojan survivors, particularly Aeneas, were followed by Juno's wrath. Cf. Aeneid I.29 ff.
- p.86 IV.i.60.1 Enter a monke.] Cf. The Actors 1.7 textual note (p.172), and Knolles, p.463, "[The monk] drawing neere unto Bajaset, as if he would of him have received an almes, desperatly assailed him..."
- p.86 IV.i.62 S.D. dagge] i.e., dag, a kind of pistol.
- p.86 IV.i.70 Acheron] a river of Hades.
- p.87 IV.i.77 conceit] fancy (cf. O.E.D., 7).
- p.90 IV.i.151 top-gallant] one of the highest sails on a fully-rigged ship.
- p.90 IV.i.153 greene] young, inexperienced (cf. O.E.D., 7, 8).
- p.91 IV.i.163 lay] put a stop to (cf. O.E.D., 3).

- p.93 IV.ii.23 Minerva] Roman goddess of learning. Cf. Pallas Athena, I.iv.34 and note.
- 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 clog'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.<sup>1</sup>, 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 conventicles] clandestine or illegal meetings (cf. O.E.D., 3).
- p.97 IV.v.28-30 Young...Sea.] Cf. Knolles, p.479, "Selymaus...came at length to Danubius, and with his [fifteen thousand Tartarian] horsemen passed that famous river at the city of CHELIA; His fleet he commaunded to meet him at the port of the City of VARNA...in the confines of BULGARIA and THRACIA; he himselfe...gave it out as if he had purposed to have invaded HUNGARIE...With his army by land, he had seized upon the places nearest unto THRACIA, and with a strong navie kept the Euxine sea."

- p.99 IV.v.58 But...gaine-say.] Cf. Knolles, p.480, "it was forthwith gaine-said by those martial men, crying aloud with one voice, That they would know no other emperor but Bajazet..." Cf. 1.73.
- p.99 IV.v.64-71 Bajazet...Christ] Bajazet is a little ahead of himself in some of the titles he claims: Greece had been subdued by the Turks (and Cherseogles, 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 Amurack 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 Turke (1606) and The Great Turkes Defiance (1613).
- p.99 IV.v.68 Armenia] country to the east of Asia Minor, bordering on the Caspian Sea.
- p.99 IV.v.68 Tutor] guardian, defender (cf. O.E.D., 1).
- p.100 IV.v.73 None...Bajazet] Cf. 1.58 and note.
- p.100 IV.v.74 corrupted] Cf. IV.i.172 ff., IV.v.60, and Knolles, p.481, "The souldiors thus before instructed by the friends and favourites of Selymus, who with money and large promises had corrupted their captains and cheefe officers, spake these things frankly to have deterred the old emperour from his purpose."
- p.100 IV.v.76-87 Cf. Knolles, p.481.
- p.100 IV.v.90-1 Five...Achomates] Cf. Knolles, p.481, "[Bajazet] promised to give them five hundred thousand duckats, if they would stand favourable to Achomates, and accept him for their soveraigne."
- p.100 IV.v.94 &c.] Cf. 1.65 ff.

- p.101 IV.v.99 illusions] deceptions, delusions; mockery (cf. O.E.D., 2, 1).
- p.101 IV.vi.5 Victoria] goddess of victory.
- p.102 IV.vi.6 Burganet] 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.i.28 and note.
- p.104 IV.vi.64 calumn's] This spelling of "calumny" 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).
- p.105 IV.vi.79 close] secret.
- p.105 IV.vi.85 To...dyet.] proverbial (cf. Tilley H 598).
- p.105 IV.vi.86 S.D. Descants] comments.
- p.107 IV.vii.23 that faculty] intellect (1.16).
- p.108 IV.viii.2 sparkling eye] Cf. I Henry VI I.i.12, "His sparkling Eyes, repleat with wrathfull fire."
- p.108 IV.viii.9-13 We...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.

- p.110 IV.viii.46-7 wee'le...Constantine] Cf. Knolles, p.482, "Whereupon Bajaset fearing least in staying at HADRIANOPE, hee might loose the imperiall citie of CONSTANTINOPE, early in the morning by breake of the day departed..."
- p.110 IV.viii.50 plung'd] overwhelmed (cf. O.E.D., 3).
- p.110 IV.viii.57 ambiguously] Either this or the catchword, "ambitiously", make sense in view of the absence of Selyaus.
- p.111 IV.viii.63 latest] last (cf. O.E.D., 1).
- p.111 IV.viii.67 pitch] height (cf. O.E.D., 22).
- p.111 IV.viii.69-71 my...city] Cf. Knolles, p.482, "CHIURLUS, or rather TZURULUM, an antient ruinous citie almost u on the mid way betwixt HADRIANOPE and CONSTANTINOPE"; modern Curlu.
- p.112 IV.ix.8 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.
- p.112 IV.ix.9 like...ghost] Marcus Porcius Cato was a man of uncompromising 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.
- p.113 IV.ix.25 ruinate] overthrow (cf. O.E.D., 2).
- p.113 IV.ix.25 gastly] terrible (cf. O.E.D., 1).
- p.113 IV.ix.25 bore] i.e., bore of a river.
- p.113 IV.ix.33-4 And...harne] This speech is either an aside or a supreme example of Isaack's skilful hypocrisy.

- p.113 IV.ix.40 blood-red colours] Cf. Knolles, p.435, "Bajazet commanded...a red ensigne in token of battell to be displaid."
- p.115 IV.ix.67 stocke] the original and progenitor (cf. O.E.D., 3a, b).
- p.115 IV.ix.71 extract] i.e., extracted.
- p.115 IV.ix.72-3 first...springs.] the origin of evil, whence all subsidiary sources flow to the world.
- p.115 IV.ix.79 dayly hovering] continually brooding [as a hen] (cf. O.E.D., hover, 5).
- p.116 IV.ix.83 moth of eminence] referring either to the moth's destructive appetite, or to its fatal attraction to candles (cf. O.E.D., 1b, c).
- p.116 IV.ix.87 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, 2).
- p.116 IV.ix.96-7 I'de...hyre] Cf. V.v.108-11.
- p.116 IV.ix.99-102 Midst...sight] Cf. Iliad V.314-17.
- p.118 V.i.2 Medaeas charme] Medea charmed the dragon guarding the Golden Fleece, allowing Jason to capture it.
- p.119 V.i.10 hang] i.e., be hanged (cf. 1.11
- p.121 V.i.50 guerden'd] rewarded (cf. O.E.D., 1).
- p.121 V.i.57 coloured crest] Cf. IV.ix.40 and note.
- p.122 V.i.73 the Citie] Constantinople.
- p.122 V.i.77-81 Force...brother] Cf. Knolles, pp.490-1, "drive out one naile with another... Graunt 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 deboysf] [?] deboshf (i.e., debauched).
- 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 Selymus...feet.] Cf. Knolles, p.493  
 "Selymus...fell prostrat before him and kissed his feet, and with the greatest shew of humilitie possible, craved 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 Bestead] beset (cf. O.E.D., 4).
- p.131 V.v.88 Phoebus] the sun.
- p.132 V.v.95 brasse] insensibility (cf. O.E.D., 1c).
- 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.108-11 I'de...paines.] Cf. IV.ix.96-7.
- p.133 V.v.117 composure] composition (cf. O.E.D., 11).
- p.133 V.v.131 stroke] attack (cf. O.E.D., 3c).
- p.133 V.v.132 Then...Fathers] So, now I should prepare my father's fate.

- p.134 V.v.142 naturalis] the necessary meaning, "medicines", is not given in O.E.D.
- p.135 V.v.152-6 Walke...instrument.] Cf. Bajazet's treatment of Asmehemedes IV.viii.15 ff.
- p.136 V.vi.16 emie] The sense required by context seems to be "battle", but such use is not noted in O.E.D.
- p.136 V.vi.18 austere] grimly, severely (cf. O.E.D., 3b, 4).
- p.136 V.vi.20 licentious] disregarding rules (cf. O.E.D., 1, 2).
- p.136 V.vi.23 ff Selymus' reaction to Cherseogles is more disciplined and more cautious than that of Achomates (1.76 ff).
- p.136 V.vi.26 standing campe] a camp that is not moved (cf. O.E.D., standing, 11).
- p.137 V.vi.47 closely] secretly (cf. O.E.D., 3).
- p.138 V.vi.69 thou...braine] Athena, a suitably stern and warlike goddess, sprang fully grown from the head of Jove.
- p.139 V.vi.84 carefull] anxious (cf. O.E.D., 2).
- p.141 V.vi.129 twelve...clocks] For regular scansion, the pronunciation "twelve o'clock" would be required.
- p.142 V.vi.132 opresse] take by surprise (cf. O.E.D., 6).
- p.143 V.vii.5 Genius] Cf. V.iii.11 and note.
- p.143 V.vii.16 smoakie] unsubstantial (cf. O.E.D., 4).
- p.143 V.vii.17-18 nine...hill] the muses, generally said to inhabit Mount Helicon.
- p.144 V.vii.39 deprive] carry off (cf. O.E.D., 5).



- p.145 V.vii.43 Flora] goddess of flowering plants.
- p.147 V.viii.12 Cynthia] the moon.
- p.147 V.viii.13 adverse] opposing, hostile (cf. O.E.D., 1).
- p.147 V.viii.18 here's my god] probably a reference to his crowne; cf. V.v.14 ff.
- p.150 V.viii.87 ff. Cherseogles and Isaack are obviously apart from Mustapha and Mesithes until l.117.
- p.152 V.viii.117 They...welcome] Cf. proverb "He that brings good news knocks boldly" (Tilley N 140).
- p.153 V.viii.131 S.D. Moritur] Unless Mustapha dies here he is entirely unaccounted for throughout the rest of the scene.
- p.154 V.ix.0.1 Booke and Candle] A bell might be appropriate!
- p.155 V.ix.9 gravelled] stranded (cf. O.E.D., 2b).
- p.155 V.ix.13 Pilate] an Elizabethan form of "pilot", but probably not without its echo of Pontius Pilate.
- p.155 V.ix.23 ff. 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; Galba 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.

- p.155 V.ix.27 gaged] entangled (cf. O.E.D., 6).
- p.156 V.ix.37-8 Caedes...interfecit.] "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.
- p.156 V.ix.40 Apollo] traditionally associated with prophecy.
- p.156 V.ix.42 Meanders] winding paths (cf. O.E.D., 2).
- p.156 V.ix.46 Synode] Cf. Coriolanus V.ii.74, "The glorious gods sit in hourly synod..."
- p.157 V.ix.7 meager] emaciated (cf. O.E.D., 1).
- p.158 V.ix.70 scramble] seize rapaciously (cf. O.E.D., 2b).
- p.158 V.ix.81 Then...sphere] At that stage Bajazet would be side by side with God.
- p.158 V.ix.82 concave] the vault of the sky, or of heaven (cf. O.E.D., 2).
- p.159 V.ix.100 Emperick] quack doctor (cf. O.E.D., 2a).
- p.159 V.ix.112 beggards] presumably, "beggars", as a term of abuse for the gods.
- p.160 V.ix.119  
But now forsworne with trembling age,  
and civile discord new,  
Thrust from his empire by his sonne, died  
poisoned by a Jew.  
  
(Knolles, p.436.)
- p.160 V.x.4 Atlas] the Titan who supported the world on his shoulders.
- p.160 V.x.9 exhale] draw up (cf. O.E.D., 4).

- p.160 V.x.9-12 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 Aristotelean belief that comets were thus formed. Cf. III.iii.33-6 and note.
- p.161 V.x.16 vestall fire] the eternal flame guarded by the Vestal Virgins in Rome.
- p.161 V.x.17 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, 4c).
- p.161 V.x.25 weedes] a possible pun on plant growth.
- p.161 V.x.36 sable] black.
- p.162 V.x.38 gules] red.
- p.162 V.x.38 blazon] 1) depict heraldically (cf. O.E.D. 2). 2) proclaim (cf. O.E.D., 6).
- p.162 V.x.55 prospective] affording a view (cf. O.E.D., 3).
- p.162 V.x.57 Apparator] an attendant officer of a court, or more generally, a herald or usher (cf. O.E.D., 1, 2).
- p.163 V.x.66 European Bull] This reference is obscure; it might refer to papal encouragement of Bajazet's war against Venice.
- p.163 V.x.80 springs] both the mechanical device, and the motive for all action.
- p.164 V.x.96 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."
- p.164 V.x.99 &c.] Cf. IV.v.64-71 and note.
- p.164 V.x.101 Our...gods] and perhaps the audience, after 3, 213 lines!

- p.165 V.x.115 Avernus] this mephitic lake was a reputed entrance to Hades.
- p.165 V.x.122-3 Let...ruines] a neat description of Isaack's treatment of Achmetes.
- p.165 V.x.124 Anatomic] a skeleton, or a "walking skeleton" (cf. O.E.D., 4, 6).
- p.166 V.x.132 Hecatombe] sacrifice of many victims (cf. O.E.D., 2).
- p.166 V.x.137 Pan] a god chiefly associated with rural and pastoral life.
- p.166 V.x.138 three-fork'd mace] trident.
- p.166 V.x.141 Sylla] a sea-monster, sometimes considered to have become a rock. Both senses apply here.
- p.166 V.x.143 Syrens] particularly reputed for their attempts to charm sailors.
- p.166 V.x.144 Satyres] partly bestial woodland creatures
- p.166 V.x.147 Comets, fiery swords] usually omens of dire events. Cf. III.iii.33-6 note.
- p.166 V.x.152 Vulcan] the smith-god.
- p.167 V.x.153 scourge] This suggests, by transference, the idea of Solyman as a scourge of God.
- p.167 V.x.155 twins] the thread spun by the Fates.
- p.167 V.x.156-61 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.
- p.167 V.x.159 Naxos Ile] 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).

- p.167 V.x.169 Jades] a contemptuous term for both horses and women (cf. O.E.D., 1, 2).
- p.167 V.x.175 Screech-Owles] Ovid described owls as sucking children's blood like vampires.
- p.168 V.x.192 powder up] sprinkle with salt, as for preserving (cf. O.E.D., 2).
- p.169 V.x.202 Argus] a many-eyed monster.
- p.169 V.x.208-13 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."
- p.169 V.x.210 Lacrymy] not noted in O.E.D., but obviously refers to sorrowful music.
- p.169 V.x.211 Aesculapius] hero and god of healing.
- p.169 V.x.214 Every...fort] (?) Every disease constitutes a rough strong-point. Or perhaps "fort" should read "sort", though the passage would still remain unclear.
- p.169 V.x.218 Grandfather, Uncles] Bajazet, Achomates; perhaps Corcutus alone, or all Selymus' other brothers are to have funerals too.
- p.169 V.x.222-3 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-yards... their Ghosts might rise...but, brother, now they are imprisoned in strong Brick and Marble, they are fast..."
- p.170 V.x.224-5 flying...King] the famous marble tomb of King Mausolus, satrap of Caria, thought to have stood about 134 feet high.



Appendix 1.

*Three Excellent Tragædies.*

Viz.

THE RAGING TURK,  
OR,  
*BAFAZET the Second.*

THE  
COURAGEOUS TURK,  
OR,  
*AMURATH the First.*

AND  
THE TRAGŒDIE  
OF  
O R E S T E S.

*WRITTEN,*

By THO. GOFF, Master of ARTS,  
and Student of Christ-Church in *Oxford*;  
and Acted by the Students of  
the same House.

The second Edition, carefully corrected by a friend of the Authors.

LONDON, *July.*

Printed for G. BARNHILL and T. COLLINS, at the  
middle Temple Gate *Fleet-street.* 1650.

Title page of the second edition  
[BM E1591].

THE  
 R A N I N G  
 T V R K E,  
 OR,  
 B A I A Z E T  
 THE SECOND.

A Tragedie written by THOMAS  
 G O F F E, 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 facilè cui venia est opus.*

---



LONDON:  
 Printed by AVGVST. MATHEVVES, for  
 RICHARD MEIGHEN.  
 1631.





TO THE NO LESSE  
INGENIOVS THEN ZEALOVVS  
fauourer of ingenuity, Sir RICHARD  
TICHBOVRNE Knight, &c.

SIR:



*His Tragedy, a manuscript, with another of the same Authors, came lately to my hands. He that gaue them birth, because they were his Nugæ, or rather recreations to his more serious and diuine studies, out of a nice modesty (as I haue learnt) allowed them scarce priuate fostering. But I, by the consent of his especiall friend, in that they shew him rather Omnium scenarum homo to his glory then disparagement: haue published them, and doe tender this to your most safe protection, lest it wander a fatherlesse Orphan, which euery one in that respect will be apt to iniure with calumnious censure. Now if you vouchsafe to receiue and shelter it, you will not onely preferue vnblemish'd the cuer-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.

A 2

The



TO  
**THE NO LESSE IN-  
 GENIOVS, THEN ZEA-  
 lous fauourer of ingenuity, SIR  
 RICHARD TICHBORNE**  
 Knight, and Baronet.

SIR:



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Your most obliged and  
 ready reall Seruant,

RICH MEIGHEN.

Drop drop golden showers gentle shower and all the Angels of the  
 night which do us in protection keep make this Queen dream of delight  
 delight morpheus be kind a while and be death's now true image be

The image shows a handwritten musical score for a song. It consists of six systems of music, each with a vocal line and a piano accompaniment line. The vocal lines are written in treble clef, and the piano accompaniment lines are in bass clef. The lyrics are written in cursive below the vocal lines. The music is in 3/4 time and G major. The lyrics are: "Drop drop golden showers gentle shower and all the Angels of the night which do us in protection keep make this Queen dream of delight delight morpheus be kind a while and be death's now true image be".

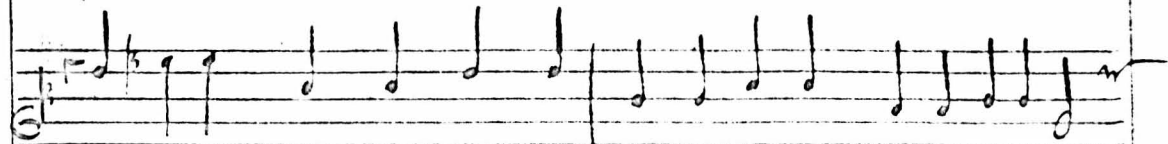
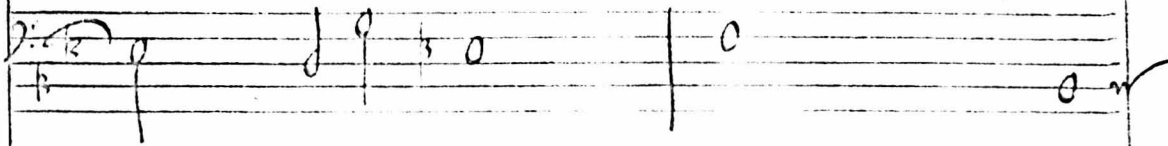
Song, "Drop golden showers"  
 from Christ Church Music MS.87.

death's now true mirage for twill prove to her that sheeps have flow on

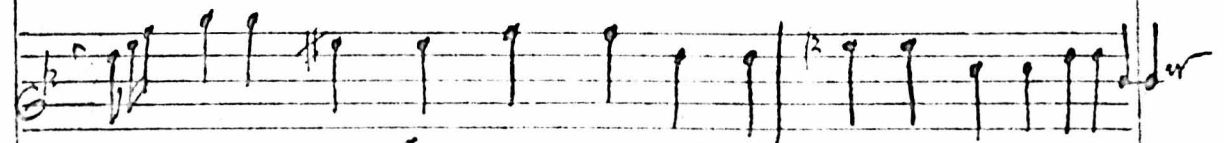
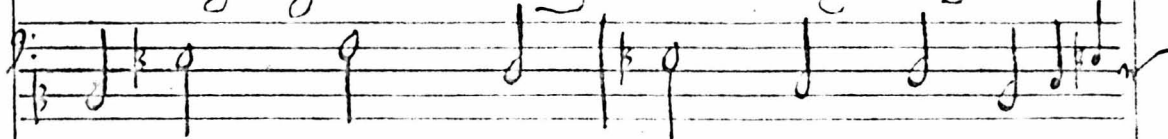
her her grave is made the bed of four now when shee looks her



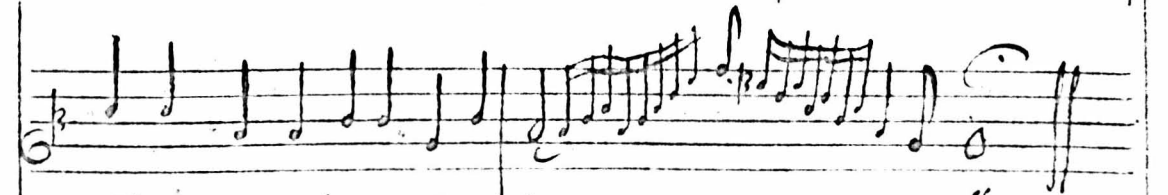
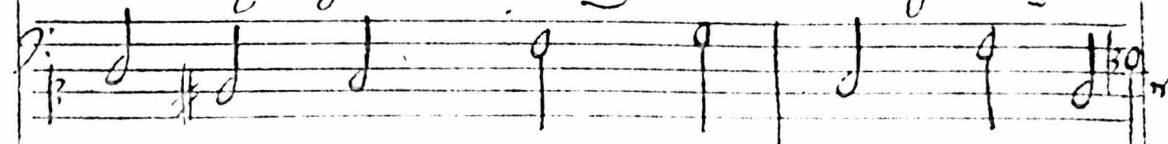
lord shouldt com shers dream = mig sent to elisium



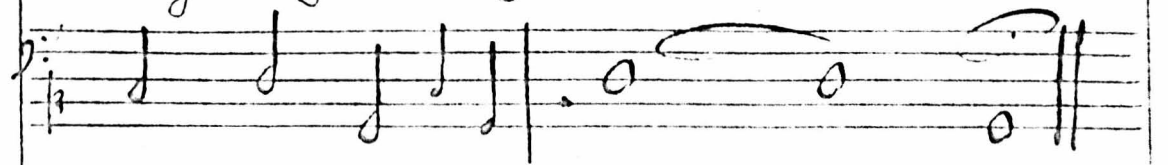
her marriage might shes well may call noz wedding but a funerrall



her marriage might shes well may call no wedding but a funerrall no



wedding but a funerrall a fu = merrall



## Epilogue

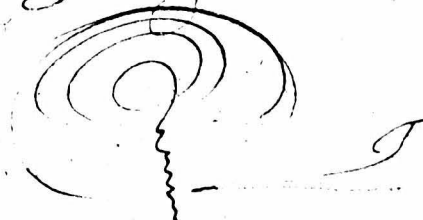
- Horror on the stage is cast but well with him  
 - To feel a second tremblings do begin  
 - The Conflagration shades of all our <sup>represent</sup>  
 - Martyred, are from their graves terror sent  
 - And though on superstition we believe  
 - Yet some consideration makes us grieve  
 - That the rough ferocious should dare deny  
 - Passage to those that did so bravely die  
 - And for that most so greedy avers of death  
 - In such a cause, and their religious breath  
 - With such a magnificent boast, first to say  
 - Made them forget to think of such a toy  
 - As Charous Naallum was so at o shore  
 - Stand brings denied as yet their passage ore  
 - Yet now do hope you hoors will call that want  
 - And force them ore without the boatmans graunt  
 - And as they pass with joynd stroing at fish & barge  
 - Which have becauld the Turkes blacke full in charge  
 - All here with further destruction & hope stands  
 - That to their ruine you'll all set hands

An Elixir upon hoarjests  
 occasioned by a sudden, and  
 vehement cold which took  
 the representor of  
 Amogath when he should  
 have acted.

- voice, empty air sooner perriph sounds  
 - why should thou so thy self confound  
 - deaimed not thy strength to those  
 - which do but naturis flames and foist  
 - to thy perfection creature's bite  
 - Enjoy this fully which defile  
 - Thy Euphonies, with hideous cry  
 - Of griefs but so terrific  
 - Blasphemous throats have organs free  
 - The tongues of slaves for calumnie  
 - Are net chained by disses  
 - A witches charme no hindrance stays  
 - Thele incantations boldly sayes  
 - The ominous raven as horse nass honours  
 - nor puritane that speaks on the nose  
 - four honours in one day is small  
 - for him constudied fesse for all  
 - And rore out as on hollowed dome  
 - against the monstrous whor of Rome

o horjests.

Therefore why shouldst thou not close  
 Their mouths by which at every gaffe  
 - vomit an oath or foully biter  
 - words far more thrifring then words  
 - who didst thou stop a lawyers tongue  
 - who first in pleading to do wrong  
 To organs: whose eurt & eloquence  
 blasted the light of truths defence  
 - when did a woman ever bridle  
 and thou stopp her tongue with all  
 - what ~~affair~~ <sup>affair</sup> stage that but traves  
 his point in words, and turns to prose  
 The most fild Loris was our best  
 - with such obstruicious lines perplex  
 But when a Concourse of sathan  
 As best know how to speake and when  
 they should iudicious silence finde  
 - to hear a dead parrot in this kind  
 - then with an embie dost thou looke  
 thy aides all by and thought thou looke  
 - fofle and all hairs beside  
 - yet are thy barren aides deuide  
 May our no charme? can our entice  
 by wrose, or purchase tis by wrose price  
 o be thou midwife to my braine  
 for with out this all is but braine  
 All grows abortiue, what hath cost  
 So many howers, must be lost  
 Dead eye trees borne @ most Quirest  
 In this Lucina that our must  
 present of birth with dearth can come  
 In to go out whilst speech is dumbe  
 But if complaine our ow and may seeme  
 Some fulbrayer for to esteeme  
 But if that nothing can obtaime  
 It soone returns then it will gayne  
 This morral use and frogne words craze  
 is a great thinge to kould our peace.



## Amurath

Am:

Act. primus, Scen: prima

But I doubt those now how <sup>rich</sup> notes, our father  
shall never be acquainted w<sup>th</sup> such goods:

Dear our grand Captaine, see how I am  
that once would have confronted May himself  
acknowledg'd for a better Partic<sup>er</sup>

Part of ambitious burdens, and do's hate  
through Clodius want to make passages

whereby his soule, may float to Achiron:  
winckle of brow, no more stern frowne  
scars to be made of service mindes

go cut those threads, at which I frowne have been  
estimating us of firmer Desires.

Yet must needs Am, thank those sacred  
they have enrich'd our soules w<sup>th</sup> such a wit

As had those Hero's, whose Monarchfull arms  
serv'd Mars a long year, watching at Troy

Ever dreant succeding times should be  
with such an unpurged blood, as my saynt

of my would not have prevented to give life  
but bin most humble suitors to Gods



Appendix 7

A Transcription of the part of Amurath in Harvard MS. Thr 10.1.

Amurath

[57<sup>r</sup>]

Act. primus, scaen: prima

Am:        Bee dumbe those now harsh notes, our softer ears  
             Shall never be acquaintd w<sup>th</sup> 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 dos hate  
             Through bloudie rivers to make passages  
             Wheareby his soule, may floate to Acheron:  
             Wrinkle y<sup>r</sup> brows, no moore sterne Fates, for wee  
             Scorne to be made y<sup>r</sup> servile minister  
             To cut those thredds, at which y<sup>r</sup> selves have trembled  
             Esteeming us y<sup>o</sup> fiercer Destinie.  
             Yet must greate Am; thanke those sacred powers  
             They have enrich our soule w<sup>th</sup> such a prize  
             As had those Hero's whose revnegefull armes  
             Servd Mars a ten years prentiship at Troy  
             Ee're dreampt succeedinge tyme showlde bee enrich  
             With such an unprizde Bewtie as my Saynt

They woulde not have prevented so y<sup>e</sup>ire bliss  
 But bin most humble sutors to y<sup>e</sup> Gods  
 To have protracted y<sup>e</sup>ire y<sup>e</sup>n fond spent lives  
 But to behould y<sup>i</sup>s obiect, which outshines  
 There Helena as much, as do's y<sup>e</sup> ey  
 Of all y<sup>e</sup> worlde dazle y<sup>e</sup> 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

[57v]

Eumorph: ----- which seemeth moost extreame

Am: Can this rich peece of Nature, sumptuous Iem  
 Give entertaynment to suspectinge guests?  
 Come, come thease arms are curious chaynes of love  
 With which thou linckst my soule eternally  
 Thy cheek's lyke royall paper enterlinde  
 w<sup>th</sup> Loves perswasion; Natures Rhetorique  
 Stands theare perswadinge my still gazinge eye:  
 This y<sup>e</sup>n Ile reade, and heere now will fayne  
 That all those antique fables of y<sup>e</sup> Gods  
 Are writt in flowinge numbers, first y<sup>i</sup>s lipp

Was fayre Europa's, which they say made Iove  
 Turne a wilde heyfer, y<sup>en</sup> y<sup>is</sup> sparcklinge eye  
 Was y<sup>e</sup> AEmonian Io's, next y<sup>is</sup> hand  
 Laeda's, fayre mother to those swann bred twins  
 Thus, thus Ile comment, on y<sup>is</sup> gowlden booke  
 Nature, nor hart hath taught mee how to fayne  
 Fayrest, twas you, first brought mee to y<sup>is</sup> veyne  
 In lovinge Combats, ile now valiant prove  
 Let others warr, great Am: shall love

[58r]

Lal: \_\_\_\_\_ Least it infect y<sup>e</sup> sound

Am: Schachin our, Tutor, wee command y<sup>is</sup> night  
 Bee solemn<sup>i</sup>'de w<sup>th</sup> all delightfull sport  
 Thy learn'd Invention best can thinck upon  
 Praepare a Maske which lively represents  
 How once y<sup>e</sup> Gods did love, they shall not teach  
 Us by example but weel smile to thincke  
 How poore, and weake y<sup>e</sup>ire idle fayninge was  
 To our affection, Schachin bee free in witt  
 And suddayne too; come now my Kingdomes pride  
 Hymen would wedd himsele, to such a Bride

Exeunt

Act 1 us, Soaena 3 ia

Am: Shine heere my Bewtie, and expell y<sup>e</sup> night

ascendit,  
 < ><sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup>The marginalia following "ascendit" is illegible.

Moare then a thousand stars, that gild y<sup>e</sup> Heavens  
 Mee thincks, I see y<sup>e</sup> Gods inventinge shapes  
 In which they meane to Court y<sup>ee</sup>, Iuno frowns [58<sup>v</sup>]  
 And feares y<sup>ee</sup>, with moare iealous a suspect  
 Then all those paynted trulls, whose eye bedeck  
 Th' enameld firmament

Eun: ----- To linck 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 y<sup>t</sup> Deitie, wee call woman  
 Dippinge y<sup>e</sup>ire ravns quills, in y<sup>e</sup> Stigian incke  
 To blott such heavenly paper, as y<sup>r</sup> faces  
 Weare all y<sup>e</sup> enticynge lusts, damned pollicies  
 Prodigious fascinations, unsearch't thoughts  
 Dissembled tears, broake vowz, loath'd appetites  
 Luxurious, and unsatiate desyres  
 Weare all thease of all weomen, aequall weyghd  
 Theare's vertue in thy brest t'out ballance all  
 And recompence y<sup>e</sup> crimes of all thy sex

Serv: ----- with his maske

Am: Tell him w'are wholly bent for expectation  
 Sit, sit my Queene, musique exceed y<sup>e</sup> spheares  
 Thinkee wee are Iove, and Godlyke please our eares

Cupid ----- thowlt sleepe thy last

[59<sup>F</sup>]

Am: Schachin thy art is exquisite, but say  
Doe Gods fall out for love amongst themselves

Lal: ----- grace mee to behoulde

Am: Our worthie Tutor shall obtayne a night  
A night of us in any grace wee can.

Lal: ----- But now are free from:

Am: Tis best of all, w<sup>th</sup> greediness wee'l seee  
O how y<sup>e</sup> soule do's gratulate it selfe  
When safely it behoulds y<sup>e</sup> dangerous state  
Of others, and it selfe securely free  
Gladd are wee still<sup>1</sup>, to stand upon y<sup>e</sup> 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

Am: Schachin, the Macedon's behouldinge to you  
troubled: And historie shall pay y<sup>u</sup> thancks for y<sup>is</sup>  
Which wee rest debtors for:

Lal: ----- hee amply doth requight

[59<sup>V</sup>]

Am: Eumorphe, Love, Queene, wife, lets hast to bedd  
And may wee wish y<sup>is</sup> night aeternall tyme

---

<sup>1</sup>"still" supplied from Q; illegible in H.

Schachin good night, good night kinde Gentlemen  
 Thus, when wee are deade, shall wee revive ath stage  
 One houer can praesent a kings whole age

Actus 2 us, scaena 3 ia

Am: in his night gowne, a taper, disturbd:

Menthe: ----- tyme helpes suspicious feares

Am: Turocke, Am, slave, nay somethings baser yet  
 Kinge, for of all ayrie titles, which y<sup>e</sup> Gods  
 Have blasted man withall, to make him burst  
 With puckfoyst honoure, and ambitious winde  
 This name of Kinge, houlds great'st antipathie  
 With manly government, if wee truly way  
 Tis subiects, and not Kinges beare all y<sup>e</sup> sway  
 Each whisper'd murmure frome y<sup>e</sup>re idle breath  
 Condemnes a K to infamie; and deathe.  
 Weare theare a metempsucosis of soules  
 And Nature should a free election grant  
 What thinge they afterwards would reinform  
 The vayne, and hawtiest minde, y<sup>e</sup> sun ee're saw  
 Would choose its cottage in some shepherds flesh<sup>1</sup>  
 Nay be confinde with in some dogg, or ratt  
 Then antique lyke, prancke in a Kinges gay cloaths

[60<sup>r</sup>]

<sup>1</sup>The last half of the word illegible.

Weare I no K, and had no maiestie  
 I had moare then all K<sup>B</sup> blest libertie  
 And without rumor might enioy my choyse  
 Not fearinge censure, of each popular voyce  
 Poore men may love, and none yeare will correct  
 But all turne Satyrs if a K affect.  
 O my base greatness, what disastrous starr  
 Profest it self a midwife at my birth  
 And shap't mee into such prodigious state  
 But hence regard of tonnges, weare each a saynt  
 Some envious toothe, our names would dare to taynt  
 And he frome slander is at securest rest  
 Not y<sup>t</sup> hath none, but who regards it least  
 draws      Open you envious curtaynes, heer's a sight  
 y<sup>o</sup> curt:    That might commend y<sup>o</sup> Act of Lust for chaast.  
 Weare now y<sup>o</sup> charlott guider of y<sup>o</sup> sunn  
 Weary ons 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 darcke conspiringe cloudes  
 Shee would outshine, Sun, moone, and all y<sup>o</sup> starre  
 O I could court thee now my sweete a fresh  
 Mixinge a kiss w<sup>th</sup> every period:  
 Tellinge y<sup>o</sup> Lillies, how they are but wan  
 Earthe in y<sup>o</sup> vernant springe is dull, and darck

Compar'd w<sup>th</sup> this aspect, the easterne ayre  
 Fann'd w<sup>th</sup> the winges of Mercurie or Iove  
 Infectious but compar'd w<sup>th</sup> y<sup>is</sup> perfume.  
 Hence the ambition of y<sup>t</sup> furious youth  
 Who knew not, what a crime his valour was,  
 I might ore come dominions, slave moare K<sup>s</sup>  
 Enthroned my selfe an Emperor o'th worlde  
 I might, I might, O Am, thou mightst.  
 The Christians now will scoffe at Mahomet:  
 Perchance they sent y<sup>is</sup> witch thus to encha<sup><</sup> <sup>></sup><sup>l</sup> mee  
 O my perplexed thoughts; tush ile to bed  
 Shoulde the comandinge thunder of y<sup>e</sup> Gods  
 Prohibite mee, or strike mee in y<sup>e</sup> Act  
 Talke on vayne rumors, Fame I dare thy worst  
 Call mee a lustfull, wanton, lazie coward  
 Should I win all y<sup>e</sup> world, my breath once fledd  
 My badd would still survive, all goode bee deade  
 Eumorphe, sweet, I come; y<sup>u</sup> 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 [61<sup>r</sup>]  
 Full vaynes, free strength, compleat, and manly sense  
 To know, and tast, a bewtie most immense:

---

<sup>l</sup>The 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 y<sup>en</sup> carefull sprite  
        Thou shalt not sooner pearce y<sup>e</sup> wandringe cloudes  
        With unperceaved flight, y<sup>en</sup> 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 axeltree, y<sup>t</sup> doth sustayne y<sup>e</sup> Heavnes  
        For strayght must die a woman; I ha namde  
        A crime y<sup>t</sup> may accuse all Nature guiltie;  
        The sex wisely considerd of, deserves a death:  
        For thinck this Am; this woman may  
        Prostrate her delicate, and ivory limms  
        To some base page, or scull, or shrunk up dwarfe  
        Or let some groome ly feedinge on her lipps  
        Shee may devise some new mishapen tricke  
        To satiate her goatish Amarett  
        And frome her bended knees at meditation  
        Bee taken by some slave t'oth act of Hell

[61<sup>v</sup>]

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  
 Schachin, Euren, Captaynes ho

Scaena sexta; intra A< ><sup>1</sup>

Our Tutor, Euren: Captaynes, wellcome  
 Gallants I call you to a spectacle  
 My breast's to narrow, to hoard up my ioy  
 Nay gaze heere Gentle; give nature thancks  
 For framinge such an excellent sense as sight  
 Wheareby such objects are enioyd as this  
 Which of you all, imprison not y<sup>r</sup> thoughts  
 In envious, and silent pollicie

Chas: ————— And mine:

[Am:] Which of y<sup>u</sup> 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 selfe amazde  
 One whome those loftie extasies of poets  
 Shoulde they decipher, they must not basely iump  
 Theire dull invention w<sup>th</sup> similitudes  
 Taken from Sun, Moone, roses, violets:

[62<sup>r</sup>]

---

<sup>1</sup>What follows "A" is illegible.

But when their 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 moare pure, uncontaminate  
 Sleepe doats on her, and grasps her eyelids close<sup>1</sup>  
 The skie it selfe hath onely so much blew  
 As y<sup>e</sup> azure in her vaynes, lends by reflex  
 Heere's breath that would yose vapors purifie  
 Which from Avernus choaks y<sup>e</sup> flyinge birds  
 Heers heate, would tempt y<sup>e</sup> numbd Athenian  
 Though all his bloude w<sup>th</sup> age weare congeald ice  
 Now which of you is so all temperance  
 That did hee finde y<sup>is</sup> iewell to's desyre  
 Dunghill bird lyke, hee still would leav't ith mire  
 Speake freely all:

Lal: ————— I sure showld doe no less

[62<sup>v</sup>]

Ans:           What says Eurenoses?

Eur: ————— from betwixt such armes

Ans:           Your sentence Chasi Illbegg.

Chas: ————— Least subiects hate

Ans:           Well spoake 3<sup>e</sup> milksops, Sha: y<sup>r</sup> sword

Now, now bee valour in y<sup>is</sup> manly arme

To cutt downe troupes of thoughts y<sup>t</sup> doe invade mee

---

<sup>1</sup>The entire line is squeezed between the preceeding and following lines.

Thincke y<sup>u</sup> my mynde is waxie, to bee wraught  
 For any fashion; Orchanes thy strength.  
 Heere doe I wish, as did y<sup>t</sup> Imperour  
 That all y<sup>e</sup> heades of this enticinge sex  
 Weare upon hers, thus y<sup>en</sup> showld one stroake  
 Mow y<sup>em</sup> all of

Heere hee cuts of her heade

Theare Kiss now captaynes doe, and clap her cheekes  
 This was y<sup>e</sup> face y<sup>t</sup> did so captive mee  
 Thease weare y<sup>e</sup> lookes, y<sup>t</sup> did bewitch my eyes  
 Heere bee those lips, y<sup>t</sup> I but for to touch  
 Gave over, Fortunes, victorie, Fame, all  
 Thease weare the two false glasses, wheare I loockt  
 And thought I saw a world of happiness  
 Now Tutor shall our sword be excercise  
 In rippinge up y<sup>e</sup> breasts of Christians  
 Generalls whether first

[63<sup>F</sup>]

All: \_\_\_\_\_ For Thracia

[Am:] On y<sup>en</sup> for Thracia, for hee surely shall  
 Who conquers first himselfe, soone conquer all

Exit:

Actus tertius; Scaen: 2<sup>a</sup>:

Amurath: in Armor:

Am: Rise soule, enjoy the prize, of thy brave worth  
 Schachin y<sup>e</sup> present y<sup>t</sup> y<sup>u</sup> so profest  
 Showlde from y<sup>e</sup> cittie of Orestias  
 Make proud our eys; then tell mee hast y<sup>u</sup> slaved  
 A thousand superstitious Christian soules  
 Made y<sup>em</sup> stoope to us; o I would bath my hands  
 In their warme bloude, to make 'em supple Schachin  
 That they may wield moare speares o<sup>r</sup> hands are dull  
 Our Furie's patient, now will I bee a Turcke  
 And to o<sup>r</sup> prophets Deitie I vow  
 That to his yoake, I will all necks subdue  
 Or in theare throates my bloudie sword embrew

Lal: praesents dead heads

Lal: ————— Into y<sup>e</sup> ocean:

[63<sup>v</sup>]

Am: So I an Am, y<sup>e</sup> greate K of Turks  
 It glads mee, glads mee thus to pash these brayns  
 To rend these lockes, to teare these Infidells.  
 Who thundred when these heades wear stricken of.  
 Starrs I could reach you, w<sup>th</sup> my loftie hand  
 For now I sitt in Orhanes greate throne  
 And sacrifice due rites to Mahomett

Tis well, enough, enough now Am  
 Yet why enough? ile on, and dung y<sup>e</sup> earth  
 w<sup>th</sup> Christians rotted truncks, y<sup>t</sup> from y<sup>t</sup> soyle  
 May springe moare Cadmean Monsters to ore com you  
 Captaynes, what countrie next shall wee make flow  
 w<sup>th</sup> channell of their bloude.

Chas. ————— Tware goode wee hasted

Am: Why they doe well, wee lyke of their desyre  
 To make y<sup>e</sup> flame, whearin y<sup>em</sup> selves must fyer  
 Ruin, destruction, Famin, and y<sup>e</sup> sword  
 Shall all invade them, Sun stay thy light  
 And see those snakes in their owne rivers drencht  
 Whilst w<sup>th</sup> their bloude, our furious thirst is quencht

Exit:

Act 3: S quint:

[64<sup>r</sup>]

Am: w<sup>th</sup> embass: for y<sup>e</sup> marriage

Am: How lykes our captaynes our last victorie  
 If man can prophecie of future state  
 Mee thought I did devine of y<sup>is</sup> blest happ  
 How Fortune did involve 'em in their slaughter  
 And flight frome danger, brought 'em into danger  
 Each one astonisht w<sup>th</sup> some greater feare  
 Knew not y<sup>e</sup> slaughter, y<sup>t</sup> was y<sup>en</sup> most neare

Cai -----Janizaries to y<sup>r</sup> person

Bass:

Am: Bassa, wee thancke y<sup>ee</sup>, let 'em be lead hence

For wee must now, treat of a marriage lords

The Germean Ogly, whose scepter sways

The Phrygian confines in stronge Asia

By Embassie entreates, hee may conioyne

His daughter Natun 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 y<sup>e</sup> greate Asian prince

This kindest greetinge

Tell him y<sup>e</sup> gates of Prusa shall stand ope

[64<sup>v</sup>]

And y<sup>e</sup> glad ayre shall eccho notes of ioy

To entertayne her, who shall bless our land,

With hopefull ishue, greedie thoughts expect

Her soone arrival, and so embassador

Inform y<sup>e</sup> princess, when shee shall appeare

A lastinge starr, shall shine w<sup>th</sup> in our spheare

Exit

Actus 4 tus, Scen: 2 da:

Am gives Baiazet in mariage

Son: 3 Io to Hymen

Am: 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<sup>m</sup>  
 Think Sonn y<sup>is</sup> day hath blest y<sup>ee</sup> wth y<sup>t</sup> happ  
 For which had Iuno taskt y<sup>ee</sup> lyke Alcides  
 To grapple w<sup>th</sup> Stymphalides, or cleanse  
 Augeas stable, or lyke y<sup>e</sup> Troian boy  
 Sit lyke a shepheard on Dardania's hill  
 Such a reward, as y<sup>is</sup> fayr Q repayes it,  
 O thou hop't future offspringe, spare thy parent [65<sup>r</sup>]  
 Hurt not this tender wombe, thease sylver worlds  
 In which a prettie people you shall live  
 When y<sup>u</sup> are borne, o bee within y<sup>r</sup> limms  
 Y<sup>r</sup> grand sire Amuraths, and Fathers strength  
 Limn theare face Nature, w<sup>th</sup> y<sup>e</sup> ire Mothers die  
 And let the destinies maroke y<sup>is</sup> ensuinge night  
 In y<sup>e</sup>ire aeternall booke, w<sup>th</sup> notes most white

All: ————— Mahomet

Am: Now Lords, who will daunce:  
 A Turkish measure, Ladie, o<sup>r</sup> nerves are shruncke  
 And y<sup>u</sup> now fix y<sup>e</sup> signe of age on us  
 Y<sup>u</sup> who have bloude y<sup>t</sup> leapes w<sup>thin</sup> y<sup>r</sup> vaynes  
 Bee nimble, as an hart, caper t'oth spheares  
 O y<sup>u</sup> are lyte, y<sup>t</sup> want y<sup>e</sup> weyght of years



Am: ascends his throne, at y<sup>o</sup> end of y<sup>o</sup> d  
hee begins an health, kneelinge:

An healthe to our Bride, and to her Father  
O nobles would y<sup>is</sup> wine weare Christians bloude  
But y<sup>t</sup> it would phrenetique vapors breede  
And so infect our braynes w<sup>th</sup> superstition

Eur: ----- y<sup>o</sup> darck cave of deathe

[65v]

Am: Describe goode Captayne, how y<sup>o</sup> dogs wear worried

Eur: ----- In y<sup>o</sup> ire stench lay buried:

Am: Goode executor of our most iust wrath

Eur: ----- I heere am boulds to yeilde

Am takes y<sup>o</sup> cups

Am: Nor shall y<sup>is</sup> praesent be unrecompenet;  
For thy true service, heere I doe bestow  
On thee theese gifts, which all y<sup>o</sup> Asian Lds  
Brought to adorne y<sup>ase</sup> happie nuptials  
On yu fayre Bride, great princess, and our Daughter  
Doe wee: bestow theese virgins, daughters to Ks  
For y<sup>r</sup> attendance

Hat: ----- our Princely Father

Am: No daughter, wee doe hope, thou art y<sup>o</sup> springe  
From whence shall flow to all y<sup>o</sup> world a K  
Captaynes, and Lords to morrow wee must meet

To thinke of o<sup>r</sup> 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

[Lob<sup>r</sup>]

Am: Our hate must not part thus, I tell y<sup>ee</sup> prince  
 That kindled violent AEt<sup>n</sup>a in our breasts  
 And such a flame is quencht w<sup>th</sup> naught but bloode  
 His bloode, whose headie, and rebellious blast  
 Gave lyfe unto y<sup>e</sup> fyer; Heavne should it threatne mee  
 Knows I dare mennace it; are wee not Am  
 So powrfull as wee are, so trembled at  
 So often dar'd by pygme<sup>e</sup> Christians  
 Which wee will crush to ayre, what haughtie thought  
 Buzd y<sup>r</sup> praesumptuous ears, w<sup>th</sup> such vayne breathe  
 To puff y<sup>u</sup> into such impetuous Acts?  
 Or what durst prompt y<sup>u</sup> w<sup>th</sup> a thought so frayle  
 As make y<sup>ee</sup> covetous of so brave a Death  
 That our knowne hand shoulde cause the < <sup>1</sup> throat  
 Shall feele a stranglinge, by some slave traynd up  
 To naught, but bee an hangman, thy last breath

---

<sup>1</sup>Illegible.

Torne frome y<sup>ee</sup> by an hand y<sup>ts</sup> worse y<sup>en</sup> deathe

Alad: ----- Carmanias name

Am:           Yeilde y<sup>u</sup> then thus, is y<sup>is</sup> y<sup>e</sup> truce y<sup>u</sup> begg  
 Sprinckl'd befoare thy face, those rebell bratts  
 Shall leave theire brayns and y<sup>ire</sup> dissected liams  
 Hurd for a pray to Kites, for Lords tis fitt       [66v]  
 No sparcke, of such a threatninge mountinge fyer  
 Remayne as unextinguisht, least it devoure  
 And prove moare hott t'oth Turkish Empirie  
 Then y<sup>e</sup> Promethean blaze doth trouble Jove  
 First sacrifice those bratts

Wife: ----- fearest y<sup>u</sup> thy daughters fayth?

Am:           I feare, for after husbands periurie  
 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<sup>e</sup> tree of sapp  
 They must bee prund:

Wife: ----- and my infants now

Am:           Yes to have y<sup>em</sup> collect a manly strength  
 And the first lesson, y<sup>t</sup> theire dad shall teach em  
 Shall be to reade my mischeife

Alad: ----- Thou mayst turn to love

Am:           No s<sup>r</sup> wee must roote out mallicious seede  
 Nothing sprouts faster, y<sup>en</sup> an envious weede  
 Wee see a little heyghfer mongst an heard  
 Whose horns are yet scarce crept from forth his front

Grows on a suddayn talle, and in y<sup>o</sup> fieilde  
Froliques, and sometynes makes his Father yeilde  
A litle twigg left buddinge on an elme  
Ungratefull barrs his Mother sight of heavne:  
I love no future Aladins:

[67<sup>F</sup>]

Wife: ————— that any eere can feare us

Am: Rise my dear childe, as marble agaynst rayne  
So I at thease obedient showrs melt  
Thus doe I rayse thy husband, thus thy Babes  
Freely admittinge y<sup>u</sup> to former state  
But Aladin, wake not our wrath agayne  
Patience grows furye, that is often stird  
And when y<sup>o</sup> conqueror lays asyde his hate  
The conquer'd shoulde not dare reiterate  
Bee now our Sonn, and Freinde:

Alad: ————— I vow't:

Am: Then for to sett a seale unto our Love  
Y<sup>F</sup> selfe shall leade a winge in Servia  
For our immediate warrs, wee are to meate  
The Christians in Cossova's playnes w<sup>th</sup> speede  
For Amur: neer had tyme to breath himselfe  
So much as to have warninge of new foes  
No day securely on my scepter shone  
But one wars end, still brought another on:

[67<sup>V</sup>]

Exeunt:

Actus quintus: Scaen 3 ia

The heavns seeme a fyer, comets

Am:

Who sett y<sup>e</sup> world a fyer? how now y<sup>u</sup> heavns?  
 Grow y<sup>u</sup> so proude, y<sup>u</sup> must put on ourld locks?  
 And cloath y<sup>r</sup> scalpes in fierie periwiggs?  
 Mahon: say not, but I invok't thee now?  
 Commande y<sup>e</sup> punie Christians, demi God  
 Put out those flaminge sparcks, those ignes fatui  
 Or ile unseat him, and w<sup>th</sup> my lookes so shake  
 The staggringe props of his weake fixed throne  
 That hee shall finde, hee shall have moare to doe  
 To quell one Am, y<sup>e</sup>n all y<sup>e</sup> Giant broode  
 Of those same sonns of Earth, y<sup>e</sup>n ten Lycasns  
 Doe y<sup>e</sup> poore snakes so love theire miserie  
 That they would see it, by thease threatninge lights  
 Dare y<sup>u</sup> blase still, Ile toss up bucketts full  
 Of Christians bloude to quench y<sup>u</sup>, by those hayres  
 Dragg y<sup>u</sup> beneath y<sup>e</sup> center, and y<sup>e</sup>ire quench  
 All y<sup>r</sup> praesaginge flames in Phlegethon  
 Can y<sup>u</sup> outbrave mee w<sup>th</sup> y<sup>r</sup> burninge cressits? [68r]  
 Yawn earth w<sup>th</sup> chasmes, wide as Hell it selfe  
 Burn heavn as ardant as y<sup>e</sup> Lemnian flames  
 Wake pale Tisiphone, spend all thy snakes  
 Be AEacus, and Minos as severare

As if the iayle delivery of us all  
 Weare y<sup>o</sup> next session, I would pull Radamant  
 By's flaminge furr, frome out his iron chayre

The fiends arise: daunce, vanish

Now who y<sup>o</sup> 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 y<sup>o</sup> stone for Sisiphus:  
 Bee shrew mee, but their daunces did not pleas mee  
 Have they not so bin drunck w<sup>th</sup> Lethe yet?  
 As to forgett mee? y<sup>o</sup>y can portend no ill  
 For shoulde y<sup>o</sup> Fates bee twininge my last thredd  
 Yet none durst come from hell to tell mee so  
 Shall I bee scar'd w<sup>th</sup> a night walkinge ghost<sup>1</sup>  
 Why I can looke moare terrible y<sup>o</sup>n night  
 Or what my workinge fancy shall praesent<sup>2</sup>  
 And command darkness in th'unwillinge day  
 Make Hecat start, and draw back her heade  
 To wrappe it in a swarthis vayle of cloudes  
 Dropp sheetes of sulphure y<sup>u</sup> prodigious cloudes [68<sup>v</sup>]

---

<sup>1</sup>The entire line is squeezed between the preceeding and following lines.

<sup>2</sup>This line, which in Q follows the line noted above, is also squeezed between the preceeding and following lines.

Cyclops ramm all thy bulletts into Aetna  
 Then vomitt y<sup>em</sup> at once, hyde y<sup>r</sup> followers  
 Behinde Avernus, or Cytheron, couch  
 Couch to y<sup>e</sup> bottomless abyss of styx  
 Myn arme shall fetch y<sup>em</sup> out, day must perform  
 What now I thinck, wrath rayns a bloudie storm  
 And now ginns rise y<sup>e</sup> sun, which yet not knows  
 The miserie hee shall see on Amuraths foes  
 Lords, leader, Captaynes: ho<sup>1</sup>

Schach: ----- y<sup>r</sup> 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<sup>u</sup> not see, y<sup>e</sup> Hearnns are turnd court Ladies  
 And put on other hayre besides their owne?  
 What may those flames praenunciate, can y<sup>u</sup> guess

Lal: ----- Heavns destinie:

Am: Doth it not boade a conquest?

Lal: ----- Moare y<sup>en</sup> ours:

Am: Well coragde Scach; y<sup>en</sup> w<sup>th</sup> speed praepare  
 Praevent y<sup>e</sup> sluggard Sun, if wee want light  
 Strike fyer frome our swords, and force back bright  
 My armour theare: [69<sup>r</sup>]

---

<sup>1</sup>The line is squeezed between the preceding and following lines.

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Now Mahomet I invoke, t  
Thy awfull ayde for y<sup>is</sup> auspicious day  
Toss mee aloft, and let mee ride on cloudes  
Showlde my horse fayle, those fyer breathinge iades  
Which y<sup>e</sup> boy Phaethon, knew not how to guide  
Woulde I pull out, from forth y<sup>e</sup> flaminge teeme  
And whirle my selfe, agaynst y<sup>e</sup> condenst spheres  
On which Ile sett, and stay their turninge orbes  
The whole vertiginous circle shall stand still  
To bhoude mee, my armour:

Puts on his armor:

So helpe on  
Heere lyke Alcides doe I gird my selfe  
W<sup>th</sup> well knitt sinnewe, able to stagger earth  
And threaten Nature w<sup>th</sup> a second Chaos  
If one impetuous broyle remayne to come  
In future ages, sett it a foote y<sup>is</sup> hower:  
How well y<sup>is</sup> weyght of steele befitts my strengthe  
Mee thinke y<sup>e</sup> Gods stand quivering, and doe feare  
When I am armd a second Phlaegraes neere  
Chiron shall see his Pindus at my feete  
And on Ile climbe to Heavne, or pull y<sup>t</sup> downe [69v]  
And hurle y<sup>e</sup> weyghtie burden of y<sup>e</sup> worlde



Frome of y<sup>e</sup> Babies shoulders that supports it:  
 Now am I safer buckld gaynst my foe  
 Then all ye enchanted charmes Medea gave  
 When y<sup>t</sup> her love encountr'd fyerie bulls  
 And a prize fair moare glorious, many a fleece  
 Dide deepe in tincture of y<sup>e</sup> Christians bloude  
 Shall bee my spoyle, for should they hide y<sup>e</sup>ire heds  
 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 Scen: quart:

enter aloft to see y<sup>e</sup> slaughter

Lal: \_\_\_\_\_ unto such slaves a toombe

Am: Wheare are become those omainous comets now?  
 What are y<sup>o</sup>se pissinge candles quite put out?  
 Leave y<sup>e</sup>ire disastrous snuffs no stench behind y<sup>em</sup>  
 Tis somethinge yet, y<sup>t</sup> theyre God sees y<sup>e</sup>ire slaughter  
 Guide us w<sup>th</sup> sulphurie meteors to beholde  
 The blest destruction of thy parasytes  
 I knew y<sup>e</sup> elements would first untie  
 The nerves o'th universe y<sup>em</sup> let mee die

Eur: ----- this hand crusht downe

[70<sup>r</sup>]

Am: By Mahomet, and wee are weary now

Some mercy shall lay victorie asleepe

It will a laureat prove to y<sup>is</sup> greate strife

Mongst all thease wounded to give one his lyfe

< ><sup>2</sup> But wee'le descend:<sup>1</sup>

Poore slave wouldst live?

Cobel: ----- Impie Morti

Am: My spirit makes mee not to feele thy sword

Howld y<sup>u</sup> crakt organs of my shattered life

I am not toucht yet, can I not, mock my death

And thinck tis butt a dreame tells me I me hurt

Darst thou y<sup>en</sup> leave mee bloud, canst be so base

As to forsake thease vaynes to flow on earth?

And must I lyke y<sup>e</sup> unhappie Roman die

By a slaves hand

Cobel: ----- that scornes his owne

Am: Then lyke a masy pyramide ile falle

And strive to shrinke all y<sup>e</sup> whole fabrique w<sup>th</sup> mee

Art y<sup>u</sup> dull Fate, and durst not over spreade

Cimmerian winge of death throughout y<sup>e</sup> world

I y<sup>t</sup> scarce ee're sleepe, can I eere die

---

<sup>1</sup>The line is squeezed between the preceeding and following lines.

<sup>2</sup>Illegible marginatra, probably stage-directions.

And will none feare my name when I am deade  
Tortures, and torments for y<sup>e</sup> murderer

Cobel: ----- the lagg end of my lyfe

[70<sup>v</sup>]

Am: Villayn thy lagg wounds worse y<sup>en</sup> doth thy sword  
Are y<sup>u</sup> lethargique Lords in crueltie?

Cobel: ----- Moare willingly

Am: Feare y<sup>r</sup> 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 y<sup>ee</sup> stay  
Sure I'me but an Actor, and must strive  
To personate y<sup>e</sup> tragique end of Kings  
And so to win applayse unto y<sup>e</sup> sceane  
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 y<sup>is</sup> houer y<sup>e</sup> generall period  
To nee're returninge tyme, last breath commande [71<sup>r</sup>]  
A new Dewcalions deluge, y<sup>t</sup> with mee  
The world may swim to its aeternall grave  
Crack hidge that houlds this globe, and wellcome death

Wilt thou not stay soule, Feind, not stay w<sup>th</sup> Kings  
 Sinck y<sup>en</sup>, and sinck beneath y<sup>e</sup> Thracian mount  
 Sincke, beneath Athos, bee y<sup>e</sup> 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, Hee bee y<sup>e</sup> Christians foe  
 Quake Pluto, for I come a greater shade  
 A Turck, a tyrant, and a conqueror  
 And w<sup>th</sup> y<sup>i</sup><sup>s</sup> groane lyke thunder will I cleave  
 The timorous earth, whilst y<sup>us</sup> my last I breathe

Moritur:

Mr Ja: Gerrard - Septemb. 9<sup>o</sup>.

Mr Jo Gerrard Sep. 9<sup>o</sup>

Mr Wall. October 11<sup>o</sup>

Mr Boston Septemb. 10<sup>o</sup>. Novemb. 3<sup>o</sup>

Mr Southerton Sept: 23<sup>o</sup>      October 4<sup>o</sup>.

Ballou Octob<sup>r</sup> 18<sup>o</sup>      Novemb 21<sup>o</sup>

Tho: Coffe significavit se vobis possessionem  
 occupari Rectoris de East London, in com:  
 Surry, quoniam possessionem quondam, et quondam  
 inquit, de octobris undecimo, Anno Domini  
 1622, perijt alicuius qualitatis, quoniam  
 concedat. Samuel Fell sub-dean.

Mr Johannis Gerrard Nov. 4.

Mr George Jaye Octob. 10      Jan. 25. 1

By Hall Novemb. 15.

Mr Estlin Novemb 22<sup>o</sup>      Decemb. 14<sup>o</sup>

Maye the 16<sup>th</sup> 1711. Sarah Hairbrooke Daughter of Rich Hairbrooke  
was Bap<sup>t</sup>iz<sup>d</sup>

Memorandum: We the Rector, and Churchwardens  
of Eastclandon, have received a certificate  
from the Curate of St Faiths in London, of  
Robert Smith, and Elizabeth Rogers, who  
were married in the Church of St Faiths, Augusti  
Vicesimo quarto, Anno Domini 1626:

Ala Testor  
of the said: Rector:

Memorandum in East Clandon parish register  
[Guildford Museum PSH/CL.E./1/1].