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Three Excellent Tragœdies.

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. 2.

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

L O N D O N,

Printed for G. BEDELL and T. COLLINS, at the
middle Temple Gate *Fleet-street*. 1656.

THE RACING TRACK

OR

THE SECOND

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May 1873

ON RACING TRACKS

OR

THE FIRST

AND

THE TRAGEDIES

OF

ORRISTERS

WRITTEN

THE GOVT. MASTER OF ARTS,
and Secy of the
and Adm. by the students of
the first book.

THE
RAGING
TURK,
OR,
BAJAZET
THE SECOND.

A Tragedie Written by THOMAS
GOFF, Master of ARTS, and
Student of Christ-Church in
Oxford; and Acted by the
Students of the
same House.

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

The second Edition.

LONDON,

Printed for G. BEDELL and T. COLLINS, at
the middle Temple Gate *Fleet-street*. 1656.

RAGGING

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BALAZET

THE SECOND

A Tragic Opera by Thomas
Gossett, M.D. &c. &c.
Author of the
Tragedy of the
Miserable

London: Printed by J. D. B. & C. 1734

The second Edition

Printed by J. D. B. & C. 1734

TO THE
Noles ingenious then zelous
favouorer of ingenuity,
Sir RICHARD TICHBORNE
Knight, and Baronet.

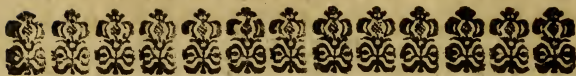
SIR :



His Tragedy, a manuscript, with another of the same Authors, came lately to my hands; He that gave them birth, because they were his Nugæ, 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 disparagment, have published them, and do tender this to your most safe protection, lest it wander a fatherlesse Orphan, which every one in that respect will be apt to injure with calumnious censure. Now if you vouchsafe to receive and shelter it, you will not onely preserve unblemish'd the ever-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. MEIGHEN.



The Names of the Actors.

Bajazet, *Emperour.*

Mahomates

Achomates

Corcutus

Selymus

Thrizham

Mahomet

} *his Sonnes.*

Achments *a Generall,*

Cherseogles *Vizerory of Greece.*

Isaack

Mefithes

Mustapha

} *Basses.*

Solyman Selymus *son.*

Cajubus, Achmates *son.*

Alexander *Bishop of Rome.*

Zemes, Bajazets *brother.*

Tartarian *King.*

Armeri n *King.*

Asmebemedes *Mahomets followers.*

Hamon Bajazets *Physician, Jewish Monks.*

Herauld.

Ambassadors.

Dwarfe.

Janizaries.

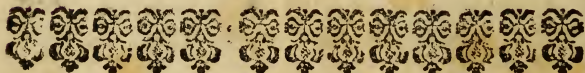
Nemesis.


Souldiers.

Cap. aines.

Nuncius.

THE




THE RAGING TURKE,
www.libtool.com.cn
OR,
the Tragedie of BAI AZET,
 the second of that name.

Actus I. Scena I.

Enter Bassaës, Isaack with a Crowne in his hand, Mustapha with a Scepter, Mesithes with a Sword, they Crown Corcutus youngest son to Bajazet.

Isaack.

Let the world feel thee, and those Demigods,
 Proud with the name of Kings, debase themselves
 To honour thee; this Crowne commands as much

He crowns him.

Wherewith I do invest thy happy brow,
 Happy indeed, if that succeeding times
 Shall set up vertue, so to lessen crimes.
 Thus from the ashes of dead *Solyman*
 Is rais'd another Phœnix, great *Corcutus*;
 Live equally adored: when Princes bend
 To better courses, all their subiects mend. (ing shew
Must. Crowns make not Kings, nor can that glitter
 Perfect thine honour, take anothe: signe

Of thy Imperiall dignity, tis thine.

Gives him the Scepter.

That addes a God-like grace unto thy brow,
This binds due honour, that prostrates every knee
Before thy throne: then live, and may that arme
Secure thy subjects from all forraigne harme.

Mes. What seasoned knowledg, learnings prudent
Hath blest thee with, must now initiate thee (Queen
In the pathes of warre. All studied Arts
Are but degrees unto some wished end,
And steps of hope whereby we do 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.
Those are their utmost ends, which that they may
O'retake, Art and the Sword make fairest way.
The Muses nour's'd thee up, and thou didst draw
The pleasant juice of learning from their breasts
In thy first nonage, here then we bestow
The second help, to which good Princes owe
Much of their welfare; Swords are the first ground
Of peace and war; they both defend and wound.
Thus are we vow'd to thee, let thy dread fame
Thunder amazement through the spacious world
That when thou lifts thine arme, thy foes may say

Shows 3.

Not *Jove*, but great *Cercutus* rules the day.

Cer. Which that applause hath crowned, and with it
Will ever, spight of traytors, joying sit
As now we do; nor shall my watchfull care
Be wanting to you, whilst this subtil ayre
Feedes mine industrious spirits; I shall fill
The good with joy, by cutting off the ill
Corrupted rags of men; *Jove* let me stand
An object in thine eye, when thy swift hand
Fails in the stroke, of Justice: Vertue, returne

From thy sad exile, I will purge the walls
 From spotted vice, and make this city free
 To entertaine so faire a Queene as shee.
 Then (*Bassas*) I embrace what you have throwne
 Upon me, and these signes of honour thus

Gives them back

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 weight which some must undergoe:
 The gods are busied with diviner things,
 And put Earths care into the hands of Kings.

ACTUS 1. SCENA 2.

*After some clamors of applause. Enter Cherfogles,
 and Achmetes at severall doores.*

Ach. And is *Bajazet* arriv'd? *Che.* So fame reports
 Yet how he doth digest *Corcutus* Raigne,
 That every Bird sings not; but sure with paine.
 A *Turkish Bajazet* and suffer wrong,
 May for a time conceale his grieffe, not long.
 Eagles soare high, and scorne that shorter Plumes
 Should reach the clouds, which their proud wings can
Corcutus must not raign to keep the right (touch
 Due to his father, nor will he if he might:

Enter Isaack.

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

Isa. Dar'st thou oppose his greatnesse? 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 backe to the clouds,
 and bluſh't at their owe ruins? are thy crude wounds
 already ſtopt, and is that day forgot,
 in which the *Turkiſh Mavors Ottoman*,
 wielded a ſword of death within thy Walles?

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

Cherſ. We know their force, and ſad experience ſays,
 Move not again, Greece welters ſtil in blood,
 and every crackling thunder of the heavens
 ſpeaks the ſhrill eccho of the Turkiſh drums.

Then are we drawn by you, ſo let it be,
 about theſe great affairs as you decree. (ſtates

Ach. This phraſe becomes the Greeks, ſubſiſſive
 muſt bend, the Conqueror muſt rule the fates.

Cherſ. And ſuch are you, our vanquiſht hearts muſt
 but bad beginnings have a fatal end. (bend,

Me thinks I ſee great *Bajazet* in armes,
 ſpreading his fearful Enſignes in the ayre,
 like ſome prodigious Comet: we may feare
 ſpeedy revenge, unleſſe ſome quick advice
 works a prevention of his future hate.

Tis he muſt ſway the Scepter, or we ſhall heare
 a dreadful defiance rattled in our eare:

hee's ſtrong in friends, and power; we muſt deſcend
 to our juſt duty, or our lateſt end.

Ach. Renowned Vice-roy, thy perſwading thoughts
 Have predivin'd moſt truly theſe effects,
 and we applaud thy Counſel: let us three
 joyn our beſt ſtrength, that theſe enſuing jarres
 may be compos'd without the ſtroke of warrs:

Corcute is wiſe, and milde, and being ſo,
 he hates the rumour of a publick foe.

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

Enter Bajazet.

Baja. Am I not Emperor? he that breaths a no,
damnes in that negative syllable his soul,
durst any god gain-say it, he should feel
the strength of fiercest Gyants in mine armes,
mine angers at the highest, and I could shake
the firm foundation of the earthly Globe:
Could I but grasp the Poles in these two hands,
Il'd pluck the world assunder; drop thou bright Sun,
from thy transparent Spheare, thy course is done,
great *Bajazet* is wrong'd, nor shall thine eye
be witnessse to my hateful misery.

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
dances a trembling ague, this dull blood,
that courses through my veins, divines 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 me, *Love*, let it come, Ile stand thy blow.

Cher. Live happy *Bajazet*. [*Baja.* Happy in my fear!
that word sounds sweet in my distracted eare.

He turns aside to them.

Happy in what? [*Ach.* In thy friends,
that grieve to see thy wrongs. [*Baja.* My wrongs!
there sticks the string my thoughts did harp upon.
But who hath wrong'd me in this high content?
the fates do sometime frown, yet blesse th' event
and sequel of our woes; it cannot be,
I should be thwarted in my jollity.
But if I can unfold it—for the more
I know them not, the greater is my fore.

Cherf. In that read all thy woes, take there a brief
Contract of all thine ills, sad lines of grief.

He

He gives him a paper

Contract of all thine ills, sad lines of griefe. (seate?

Baja. How's this? my youngest son advanced to my
Corcutus Imperator! sure I dreame :

These are but empty apparitions

Fain'd by the god of sleepe to vex my soule :

Were they not so—ere this black night

Had throwne her sable mantle ore the heavens

To hide me from my shame—but is it so ?

I do but flatter up my selfe, they are true

And reall griefes, my Passion sayes they are.

Isaack. *Achmetes*, are they not? [*Ach.* Too true

Great *Bajazer* : [*Baja.* *Corcutus Imperator!*

reades again

Would I had seene thy name writ in the booke

Of darke damnation, rather then these lines.

Crackt not mine eye-strings when I view'd 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 records over to a line :

Here in two words imprinted shall you see,

The modell of a dolefull history;

Vertue dishonoured, breach of filiall love,

Right shoulder'd out by wrong; nor can you faine,

A crime, which these two words do not contain.

But now I rayle, not grieve : O nimble ayre,

Let my plaints vanish as they spoken are.

Off with this womanish mildnesse, I will find

A shorter tricke then this to ease my mind.

Plato beware, I come to raigne in hell,

about to kill himselfe.

Fates bid me rule, and birth-right to excell.

Cherf. Stay *Bajazer*, that arme can breake a path

Unto thy earthly monarch, ere thou come

To blesse the banks of sweet *Elysium*—
 With thy wisht presence: *Mahomet* forefend
 That thou should'st seale a Kingdome to thy son;
 By this untimely death *Corcutus* raignes.
 But at thy better pleasure, when he shall heare
 Thou art arriv'd, then hee'le twixt joy and griefe
 Start from his throne, and nimbly run to meet
 Thy pompe, and throw his Scepter at thy feet:
 If he but slack that duty, here are by,

Achmetes strong and bold, *Isaack* and I,
 Devoted to your service. Yet the world stands,
 On wavering doubts, ready to clap their hands.
Baja. My desires are crown'd,

And from the gate of Limbo, where I fate,
 I feele my spirits knock against the heavens.

Achmetes? In that name I hear an ease
 Of all my griefs pronounc'd; he shall suffice
 To banish usurpation from my throne:
 Did furies guard it round, hee's able well
 To reach my Kingdomes from the gripes of hell.

Ac. My sword & life, both which are vow'd to thee
 Are still at thy command: walk but along,
Corcutus shall resigne, thou have no wrong.

Exeunt Bajazet, Chersogles, and Achmetes:
 Manent *Isaack, and Mustapha*.

ACTUS 1. SCENA 3.

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

Must. Me thinks your power might have bin greater
 Over *Achmetes*, one adict to you
 By no lesse bond of duty, then the son
 Is to the father: [*Isa. Mustapha*, He tell you,

Had not my daughter been espoused to him,
I had nam'd his death, and by some plot
work't him a quick destruction long e'r this.

Now let us temporize with *Bajazet* ;
yet keep thy nature ever, and be true
to thine own profit ; Fortune may advance
some other Prince, worth both thy love and mine.

Musta. Weel stay her leasure.

Isa. See more Harpies gathered to catch a Crown,
O tis a charming bait ! *Exit uterq;*

Enter Mahomet, Achmetes, Selimus.

Mah. Me thinks these City walls smile on our en-
as if they knew great *Bajazets* three sons (trance,
were come to grace their beautie.

Sel. But We should frown
on them which harbour such black treasons. Well,
were I great *Bajazet*, I'de ring a noyse
of spiteful horrour, that should make the ground
tremble beneath their weight at such a sound ;
A younger son enthron'd an Emperour!

Ach. Brother, contain your self, come lets away,
to see the end that waits on this sad day. *Exen.*

*As they goe Trizham and Mahomet, two o-
ther Sons of Bajazet goe to meet them.*

Sel. What *Mahomet*? *Ach.* And *Trizham*? here's a
of one mans issue, Noble *Bajazet* : (fight
brothers we have jumpt together. *Sel.* All save one,
and hees a great deal better so alone.

Tri. Corcutus 'tis you mean, who though he raign
above us now, yet must fall back again
into our rank ; 'tis *Bajazet* must rise,
and he descend, such a report there flies. *Exeunt.*

ACTUS I. SCENA. 4.

Enter Corcutus, Cherseogles, Mesfiches.

Corcut.

Corcu. Did not he frown, and storm?

Cherf. It mov'd him much,
and wrought strange passions in him, when he read
your name, and found your name so intituled.

Corcu. Cling to my temples thou blest ornament,
be ever unremov'd, though all the gods
chide me in thunder for this insolence.

Am I in heaven, in state, plac'd on the sphear
of eminence, but barely to appear
with faint and borrowed luster, then descend,
rank with the vulgar? heads first let me feel
the *Titian* vultur, or *Ixions* wheel,
and the worst torture hel lit selfe can bring,
to scourge my soul: ô let me die a King.

But stay, I must bethink me at what rate
I purchase these fair trappings: ha? the curse
of him that got mee! start my danted spirits,
shall I usurp a throne and sit above
my father, whilst the gaping pit of hell,
with wide stretcht jawes, yawnes for my fall; O I
am struck with horror, and the slaves of *Stix*
already sting my wounded soul.

Cher. Will you fair Prince reject all future hopes
of just succession, and afflict your Sire,
by your unjust detainment of his Crown?

Corcu. I am distracted, and me thinks I burn
under these robes of State, a boyling heat
runs from them through my veins, *Joves* hardy son,
when he bewrapt himselfe in *Nessus* shirt,
felt not more bitter agonies, then I,
cloath'd in the trappings of my majesty.
I am resolv'd; *Bassaes*, go meet our father,
allure him home with this: I am begun
to be no King, but a repentant son.

Exeunt Mersithes and Cherseegles.

Pallas, aske thy pardon, I have straid

a grace-

A gracelesse trewant from thy happy schooles,
 Whither Ile now returne; there's 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 waite my time ;
 So to wash out the spots of this sad crime.
 Court honours, and you shadows of true joy
 That shine like starres, till but a greater light
 Drowne your weake luster, I adjure your sight
 Even from my meditations, and my thoughts
 I banish your enticing vanities,
 And closely kept within my studie walls,
 As from a cave of rest henceforth Ile see,
 And smile, but never taste your misery.
 I but as yet am floating on the waves
 Of stormy danger, nor am sure to scape
 The violent blast of angry *Bajazet*.

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

Enter Bajazet, Cherseogles, Achmetes, Isaack, Mesithes, Mustapha, Mahomet, Achomates, Selymus, Trizham, Mahomet, Zemes disguised.

See where he comes, oh how my guilty blood
 Starts to my face, and proves my cause not good!
 Our dutie to our father, *kneeles.*

Baja. Ours to the Emperor. *kneeles.*

Cor. Why kneels great *Bajazet*? I am thy son
 Thy slave; and if thy wrath but frowne, undone.
 Why kneeles great *Bajazet*? heavens hide thy face
 From these proposterous doings. *Ba.* What, not a-
 To circle in thy brow with that bright crown, (sham'd
 Yet blush to see me kneel? though filiall rites,
 And morall precepts say, the son must bend
 Before the Father, yet your high degree

and power bids you rise, commands my knee.

Corc. These ornaments be thine. Here *Bajazet*,
I Crowne thee Monarch of the spacious West,
Asia, and *Affrica*: if ought be mine,
greater then these, I here proclaim it thine.

Omnes. Live *Bajazet* our mighty Prince,
live, rule, and flourish.

Baja. Is this your zeale? is it? Did every voice
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 mirrour of thine age,

To Corcutus kneeling

by thee our iron daies prove full as good,
as when old *Saturne* thundred in the clouds.

Be an example to succeeding times,
how sons should use their Parents: and I vow
(when I shall faile) this honour to thy brow.

Attend us *Bassaes*, Ile lead on to joy,
never was Father blest with such a boy.

Exeunt omnes, manet Corcutus.

Corcu. Freed from a princely burthen, I possess
A Kingly liberty, and am no lesse
Princely; observance waite on him, on me
thoughts undisturb'd, I shall then happy be. *Exit.*

ACTUS 1. SCENA 5.

Enter Zemes the brother of Bajazet alone.

Zemes. Scarce had I set my foot within these walls
in expectation of a solemne hearse,
due to the wandring Ghost of *Mahomet*;
but lowd alarmus of abundant joy
ring in mine eares, and every servile groome
Congratulates the coronation

A short within,
of

of *Bajazet* : harke how they roare it out.
 A cold disturbance like a gelid frost
 settles my blood withinme, and I hate
 his sheerefull triumphs, more then mine owne fate.
 'Tis true, indeed, I prov'd not the first fruites,
 an elder off-spring of my Fathers breed,
 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 lose my glory, and be hurld
 A slave beneath his feet? no, I must be
 An Emperor as full, as great as he. *Exit.*

ACTUS 1. SCENA 6.

Enter Isaack alone.

(man

Isa. Divorc'd my Daughter? fond and insolent
 Ile crush thee into nothing: if I can
 endure the noise of my disgrace, I know
 how to return it; I am a flame of fire,
 a chafing heat distempers all my blood.
Achmetes, thou must cool it, when thy limbs
 are emptied of that moysture they sucke in,
 and thy stain'd blood enchanted from thy veins,
 then shall I be appeased, meane while I live
 thy mortall foe: But stay, let me contain
 mine anger undiscover'd. Friend, how is't?

Enter Mesithes. (flight of *Zemes*

Mesi. Know you not *Isaack*? *Isa.* What? *Mes.* The
 hence to *Armenia*? *Isa.* Of *Zemes*? *Mes.* Yes, he walkt
 about the City disguis'd, and unseen
 till his escape. *Isa.* 'Tis strange and full of fear.

Mes. We meet him frequent in the vulgar mouth.

Isa. *Zemes* is valiant, and *Armenia* strong,

Here's

Here's *Bajazet*, he must beware the wrong.

Enter Bajazet.

Ba. What is't thou murmurest? *Bajazet* & wrongd
something it is thou knowest concerning us:
Take thee faire leave and speak it. *Isa.* Yes, I know
matters of weight, such as concern thy life.

Baja. Such as concern my life! Speak out thy tale,
we are so flesht in joy, bad news proves strange,
and touch my sense too harshly. *Isa* But you must hear.
Your brother *Zemes*, when swift winged Fame
told him your father *Mahomet* was dead,
flew quickly hither, first to celebrate
his funeral pomp; then to assume his State,
his Crown, and Scepter: which he rightly knew,
unto your hand, and head both to be due.
But when applausive joy, and peales of mirth
founded loud Musick in his troubled eares,
of you enthron'd; then he began too late
to brawl at heaven, and wrangle with his Fate.
So he went hence and cryed, revenge be mine:
quake thou great City of proud *Constantine*
at my fierce anger: when I next return
with clouds of misty powder, I shall choak
thy breath, and dul thy beauty with it's smoak.
Thus posted he hence to *Armenias* King,
there to implore his ayde, which he will bring
to front thy power: nor doth he yet despair,
to dispossess, and fright thee from thy chair.

Baja. First from my body shall he fright my soul,
and push me into dust. *Isaack*, make hast
to muster up our forces, strike up our drums,
let them proclaim destruction through the world.
Clear up your dusty armour, let it cast
such an amazing lustre on the Foe,
as if *Belkora* danc'd on every crest.
The bright sun of my glory is eclipsed,

till *Zemes* be extinct : he must not shine
to dull my beams, since the whole heaven is mine.
Call forth *Achmetes*, his unconquered arm
shall keep us safe from this intended harm.

Isaac. My Liege, you have forgot *Achmetes* oath,
in which he vow'd never to draw his sword
in your defence. [*Baja*. I had forgot it,
but now I remember, such was the vain
heat of my youth: but I recall again
what ever I protested, tell him so.

Rash words must be dispens'd with. *Isa*. Then Ile go.
Exit.

Baja. My Father once in ordering of a Camp,
prefer'd me to be Captain of a wing,
so when the battails joyned, and life and death
where strugling who should win power of our breath,
our Armies prov'd the stronger; only 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 wore mine honour, to redeem my fame;
which when *Achmetes* heard, he deeply swore,
never with wit and strength to guide me more.
But now he must, see where he comes, and arm'd.

Enter Achmetes.

What strange device is plotting in his brain?

Honoured *Achmetes*. [*Achme*. Royal Emperour.

gives him a sword.

Baja. Thine arm must then uphold my Royalty.

Why lies thy valour prostrate at our feet,
when like firee lightnings it should run and meet
my harms, and like a rock unmov'd, oppose
the course, and headlong torrent of my foes?

Achm. I am a man of peace; mistake me not.
I made a vow, nor can it be forgot,

till

till you revoke your oath. *Baja.* VVhich here I do,
great *Mahomet* be witnessse, that I mean
sincerely what I speak, *Achmetes* now
we're friends, and thus, I nullifie my vow;

gives him his sword again.

heavens on this concord lend a gracious smile.

Achmetes I have plac'd thee in my bosom,
gave thee an honour'd title in my love;
and of as lasting constancy, as is
the sun, which looks so chearfully on us.

Go fit the Janizaries to the warrs,
kindle new fire of valour in their breasts,

Thou art their Genius, even the breath they draw;
Raise then thy plumes, and keep thy foes in awe.

Achm. Sood there a *Pluto* at thy city walls,
and with a band of furies had besieg'd
thy people; I would conjure them away,
and send them back to hell: so thou shalt stand
as fast as in the skyes, under mine hand.

Baja. I am Crown'd in thee, nor can I fall,
whilest such a valour breaths within our wall.

Zemes depose me! he must be more strong
then *Mars*; that can do *Bajazet* that wrong. *Exeunt.*

Actus 1. Scena 7.

Enter *Zemes*, and the King of *Armenia*.

Arme. We hate thy brother, therefore lend thee aide,
'tis not our duty to expostulate
thy right unto the Crown: on to your warrs,
thrive in your projects; I shall joy to see,
a quarrel fought twixt *Bajazet* and me.
I'll second thy encounters, and we two
like the two Roman thunder-bolts of war,
will with the flashes of our fiery swords

keep their compos'd ranks, that they shall stand
agast, to see two *Scipioes* in one band.

Z mes. Thanks great *Armenian King*, and when I am
wheel'd to that height, which now my brother holds,
I shall requite these benefits, and vow
that kindnesse, which I can but promise now.

Arm. Come let's away, our armies are well set,
ready to march: now tremble *Bajazet*. *Exeunt*

Actus 1. Scena. 8.

Enter *Achmetes* in his Generals coate, and *Caigubus*
his Sonne.

Ach. *Caigubus*, publick dangers call me forth,
and I must leave thee now unto thy self.

My son, thou see'st unto what height of fame
we are ascended, yet the sun shines clear,
and not one dusky cloud of discontent
dimms the unspotted brightnesse of our joyes:
Not *Bajazet* is more belov'd than I.

Such strict observance is there shew'd to me
by all that know my worth, and hear me nam'd,
as if I grasp't *Joves* thunder in mine hands:

By all my hopes, I fear some tragick scene
will trouble our calm fortune. Son beware:

The top of honour is a narrow plot
of ground, whither we have already got:

'Tis brittle and uncertain, if thou tread
one carelesse step aside, thou fall'st down dead;
the shute from thence is deep, and underneath,
ruine gapes wide, thy body to receive.

Stand firm *Caigubus*: though thou start'st not away,
yet blasts of envie often force aside

the wearieft footstep: these, where e'r they shall
blow strong, will make them stagger if not fall.

Caigub. I shall forget to sleep, to breath, to live,

soon

sooner than these thy precepts: they are fixt,
 and printed in my thoughts. *Ach.* Enough, no more:
 That *Isaac Bassa*, trust him not too much:
 I have divorc'd his daughter from my bed,
 for her adulterate looseness, hence he hides
 a masse of fretting rancor in his brest,
 which he hath varnish't yet, & guilded o're
 with coloured shews of love, but he is false,
 and subtil as a Serpent, that will wind
 into thy brest, stinging thee ere thou find
 or once suspect his hatred: I must away,
 hasty alarms call me hence, thus, farwel,
 envie grows greater, as our states excel.

Caig. Father, adieu.

Trumpets

sound.

Exit.

Exit.

ACTUS 2. SCENA 1.

A dumb shew: Enter *Zemes*, and the *Armenian King*,
 Trumpets and Ensignes, Souldiers pass over the stage,
 and in a solemn march. *Exeunt.*

ACTUS 2. SCENA 2.

Enter *Bajazet*, and *Trizham* and *Mahomet* his two sons
Baja. Already marcht so near! *Zemes* makes hast
 to death, as if he long'd our wrath to tast.
Trizham & Mahomet, it concerns you now,
 to fly hence nimbly to your Provinces:
Zemes is come too neere us to escape,
 he cannot flye the ground whereon he treads,
 but through your countries: hast then, if the wars
 crack not his thred of life, his flight will be
 when you may intercept it; if we presume
 only one bold *Achmites*, and our selves
 in beds of down supinely sleep at home;
Zemes may scape the tempest of our wrath.

Then we hope best, when each event we see
thwarted with their preventing policie.

Trizb. Doubt not our hast and truth, he shall as soon
break through the fiery fabrick of the skies,
as through my Provinces. *Exit.*

Maho. Through hell as soon as mine. *Exit.*

Baja. Go, I have ~~done my part on Mars~~ and my fate
give faire successe to my designed plot,
and *Zemes* is intrapt, already dead,
that hand secures me that strikes off his head.

ACTUS 2. SCENA 3.

Enter *Achmetes*, *Cherseogles*, *Mustapha*, *Mesithes*,
Drums and Trumpets.

Achm. The battel will prove great and dangerous:
but were their number double more then ours,
the justice of our cause bids us go on,
and like a chearful drum, strikes painting fear
from every brest. Father, lead you the vangard,
the rearward be your charge, the right wing yours,
my self will guide the left: this day shall crown
your valour in full pride, *Zemes must down.*

Enter *Zemes*, *Armenia*, two Captains.

Zem. Time hath out-stript our hast, our foes do stand,
waving their golden plumes, as if the gods
were come to meet great *Zemes* in the field;
their armie's planted, and a distilling cloud
hovers about their heads, as if it wept

at their approaching fate. *Armenia's King*
lead you the vanguard; under your command
the reareward shall march on: the Phalance be
your care, brave Captains: as we are inform'd,
Achmetes rules the left wing of our foe,
He rule the right wing of ours: so when I meet
him in his pride, He prostrate at his feet.

Arme.

Arme. Our men are ordered, *Zemes* lead the way,
the skies look duskie black on this sad day. *Exeunt.*

*Trumpets sound to the battell, dumb shews in skirmishes,
one of Zemes Captains and Cherseogles meet, Zemes
Captain prevailes; his second and Mesithes meet, Me-
sithes retires; the King of Armenia and Mustapha
meet, Armenia prevailes, and pursues the battaile.
Enter Achmetes with his sword.*

Ach. Great Queen of chance; but do I call on this
unconstant Stepdame? be thou propitious *Mars*,
rough god of warr: steel up this weary arm,
and put a tenfold vigor in my bones;
what shall *Achmetes* fall, and in his losse,
great *Bajazet* be wrong'd! it cannot be.
Death comes to wound thee *Zemes*, I am he!

As he goes out, the King of *Armenia* meets him, they
fight, *Achmetes* makes him retire from the stage, and
pursues him in his fury, enters again at the one door,
Zemes at the other: they meet, drums and
trumpets sounding.

Ach. *Zemes*! *Zem.* *Achmetes*! Opportunely met,
here staggers all the fortune of the field;
this hour must blesse me, and a single fight
purchase thee honour, and to me my right:
honour to thee, to die by *Zemes* hand,
my right to me, an Empire to command.

Ach. Brave Frince, I more lament thy case then can thy
that runnest with such madnesse on the edge (self
of desperate ruin: thou art but young & weak,
manhoods soft blossoms are not fully spread
upon thy downy chin; but riper years
have settled the compacture of my joynts,
and they are strongly knit: 'twill vex my soul

in the clear morn of thy up-rising hopes,
to wrap thee in a fatal coud of death.

Submit thee to thy brother, thou shalt find
me thy true friend, him merciful and kind.

Zem. 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 counsel: much more thine.

Guard thee, *Achmete*, I thy stroke abide,
I cannot gore thy Prince but through thy side.

*They fight and breath: fight again. Achmetes
takes away Zemes sword.*

Zem. The day be thine, and *Zemes* stand thy Fate;
strike home, I've lost the day: and life I hate.

Achm. Have at thee then. *Offers to run at him
not furre! Now by my sword with both swords.*

thou shalt have fayrer play before thy death:

take back thy sword, in that I recommit
my forfeit to thy charge, thy life with it.

*They fight again, and Achmetes wounds
him on the head. Zemes falls.*

Zem. Oh! hold thy conquering hand, and give my soul
a quiet passage to her rest; my blood
begins to wast, and a benumbing cold
freezes my vital spirits: *Achmetes* goe,
tell *Bajazet* that thou hast slain his foe.

Ach. Farwel brave son of *Mars*, thy fame shall stay
with us, although thy soul flit hence away.

Zemes. I have not ly'd, *Achmetes* thou hast slain
my hopes, and therefore me, my wounds are shallow,
but my state desperate: Ha! what shall I do?

Armenia's King is fled back to his home,
cold entertainment will attend me there;

the field is empty, every man retir'd,
only a few dead carcasses, and I;

then whither shall I bend my steps? to Rome!

To Rome then let it be : Bishop, I come ;
 th'art a religious thing, and I will trust
 my life to one so innocently just. *Exit.*

ACTUS 2. SCENA 4.

Enter *Mahomates, Achomates, 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 too unbridled, *Bajazet,* *aside*
 I neither can nor will endure thy curbe ;
 my comprest valor like the strangled fire
 breaks out in violent flames and I must rule.
Trizbam and *Mahomet* are slipt in hast
 each to their severall province, we must stay,
 that are their Elders, for another day :
 this Court will prove our scaffold, where we stand
 plac't in the eye of angry *Bajazet* ;
 who thwarts him in his fury is but dead,
 and in that passions heat off goes his head.
 I must not live thus. *Maho.* I could be content.
 He fears not death whose thoughts are innocent.

Sely. I thank you brother, then belike some crimes
 lie heavy on my conscience, and I fear,
 unlesse I shift my station, 'twill be known.
 You think well of me kind *Mahomates.*

Maho. As well as of a brother I can think:
 if by a rash applying to your selfe,
 my words have been distastful, blam not me.

Sely. Can I apply them then unto my selfe?
 am I so loose in manners ? By heaven and earth
 thou shalt repent this deeply. *Acho.* Stop that oath,
 brothers agree, or walk hence but along
 into my garden, where each springing hearb

smiles on my fair content, there you shall see,
 how flowers of one stock, so twisted are,
 one in the others twinings, that they shew,
 one stands by th' others help, both joyntly grow ;
 these shall suffice your quarrels to remove,
 and dumbe examples teach a lively love.

Mah. Come let us go. www.usgo.libtool.com.cn

Exeunt Mabomates, and Achomates.

Sely. Straight I will follow you.

Away fond wretches, ô that every brest
 were of so dull a temper as you two.

But who comes here ?

Enter Corcutus.

Brother *Corcutus*, whither are you bent?

what from the court so soon? *Corcu.* My father bids,
 I go to undertake the charge his love
 hath thrown upon me. That's rich *Ionis*.

Sely. You go to rule there? *Cor.* Yes :

Sel. Heavens speed you well.

Cor. Dear *Selymus* adieu. *Sel.* Brother farewell.

Exit Corcutus.

Revenge and you, three furious twinnes of night,
 ascend up to our theater of ill,
 plunge my black soul twice in your Stygian flood,
 that by it's vertue it may be congeal'd,
 and hardned against remorse : *Pluto* enrich
 my brest, with a diviner policie
 then every trifling braine can reach unto ;
 Ile fill the world with treasons, and my wit
 shall put new tracts to death : *Charon* shall see,
 his waftage still in use, by company
 sent thither by my care : ô'twill do well,
 to blast theearth with want, and furnish hell.

Exit

ACTUS 2. SCENA 5.

Enter Isaack, Bajazet.

Isaack. Tush, vertue makes men fooles, *Isaack* be wise,
 shake

shake off the tender fetters of remorse :
 and hug that chance, that opens thee the way
 to ruinate *Achmetes*. Did he stand
 on terms of conscience, neighbor-hood or love,
 when he cashier'd my daughter from my house,
 and to the worlds broad eye, open'd her crime ?
 No he was swift and bitter in his hate,
 and so will I: he is but now return'd
 in triumph from the field, as full of pride
 as I of envy: hence Ile ground my hate.
 When fierce *Bellona* smil'd on *Bajazet*,
 amidst the fiery tumults of the warre,
 she offered *Zemes* to *Achmetes* hand,
 they fought, *Achmetes* conquered, at his foot
 fell the proud rebell, wounded but not slain;
 there might *Achmetes* with a blow of death
 cut off our fears, continued in his breath :
 this shall incense the angry Emperor :
 and crush *Achmetes* in his fairest hopes.
 True politicians work by others hands,
 so I will by the Prince: my plot stands firme,
 see where he comes, now fly *Mercurius*, whet
 my tongue, to kindle hate in *Bajazet*.

Enter Bajazet.

Baja, Isaack, how thriv'd *Achmetes* in his wars?
 Fame is of late grown dumbe of his renown :
 surely unwelcome news clogs her swift wings,
 else had she now bin frequent in our Court ;
 and we had fully known the chance of all.

Isa. We had: yet could not the event,
 lie so conceal'd, but *Isaack* found it out;
 which when I first discovered, straight it wrought
 tempests of passions in me, joy and grief
 reign'd at one instant in the selfe same brest.

Bajazet

Bajazet. As how? *Isa.* As thus. I joy'd that *Zemes* fell,
was sorry he escap'd. *Baja.* Fell, and yet escap'd!

Isa. Beneath *Achmetes* feet the traitor fell.

Baja. And yet escap'd! good *Love* how may this be!

Isa. Thus it might be, and was so: when sad death
was glutted with the ruine of each side,
when slaughtering *Mars* had stain'd the field with blood
and cast a purple colour o'r the earth

at length some milder providence desir'd;

an end of those hot tumults that were seen,

to last in *Zemes* breath; so that their fire

would be extinct, when *Zemes* should expire:

then from the middle skirmish forth were brought

he and *Achmetes*; being met they fought,

Zemes was vanquish't by a violent blow

which struck him trembling lower then his knees:

now whether flattering, or presentg if ts

redeem'd him from his fate, I cannot show;

something they plotted, what, none yet can know.

Baj. Canst thou advise me (*Isaack*) how to sound

the depth of all his mischief? *Isa.* Thus you may,

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 caroused 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 war,

the chances and events, then when he comes

to *Zemes*, if he err about his flight,

his ends are bad, his bosome black as night.

Baja. Thou art my good Angel, *Isack*, I applaud

thy faithfull plot. *Achmetes*, were thy soule

as dark as hell and thy enclosed thoughts

as subtil as a winding Labyrinth,

by such a guide as can remove each doubt,

and by a clue of thred I'd track them out.
But *Isack*; if we trap him in his wiles
how shall we kill the traytor? we have a trick,
already strange to catch him in the nick.

Isa. Easily, thus. Our laws 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,
and he in strickt severity of right
cannot proceed against him, then he may
orewhelme him in a robe of mourning black,
which we have call'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 intreaty, wrest him from his death,
both which are treason and inexpressible.
Thus then you may proceed, when banquets done.
and all their comick merriment run on
to the last scene, and every man expects
a solemne gift, due to *Achmetes* worth,
call for a robe therewith to deck your friend
and perfect all his glory, let that be
this robe of fate, in which ready at hand,
you may intombe the traytor and bewrap
his pampred body in a vaile of death;
so let him die, dream not on the event,
vice is rewarded in it's punishment.

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

Isa. I shall. Would not a private warning serve,
but open penance must correct my child,
and a severe divorcement quite degrade
her of her honour'd matrimoniall rights?
Were he as strong, as steel-like joynted *Mars*,
as much applauded through our popular streets,

as erft *Dictator Fabius* was in Rome,
 or geat *Augustus*: yet the slave should feel
 the wrath of an inflamed father light
 heavy upon his soul: & that e'r the next sun
 appear, *Achmetes* all thy glorie's done.

Exit.

ACTUS 2. Scena 6.

Enter *Achmetes*, and *Caigubus* his son.

Caigu. I fear'd your safety and devoutly prayed
 the sword of justice, which your hand did sway
 might be of conquering force. *Ach*. Thy prayers were
 and I am here as safe as I went forth, (heard
 untouch'd by the rough hands of desperate war.
 Nor did I once spie danger in the field ;
 but when I fronted *Zemes*, then there met
 two streams of valor, sith on us was set
 the chance of the whole combat, others stood
 expecting which of us should lose his blood :
 but heaven was just, and to compose the strife,
 this sword at one sad blow took thence his life.

Cai. The heavens were just indeed, but who coms here,
Isaac, *Mesithes*, and *Bajazets* three sons.

Enter *Isaak*, *Mesithes*, *Mahometes*, *Achomates*, *Selymus*.

Ach. They come to gratulate my late success,
 I see their errand foulded in their smiles,
 how chearfully they look upon my joyes !

Omnes. All happinesse attend *Achmetes*.

Ach. Thanks 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 frolick, and this following night,
 shall Crown your joy with revels and delight ;
 or else deprive thy soul of that good light.

aside.

Ach. We must be frolick Captains, think not then

on my loud drums, and staring trumpeters,
 such whose strong lungs roar out a bellowing voice
 would make a man daunce Antick in the fire:
 weel have a choicer musick, and my feet
 shall tread a neater march, then such harsh strains
 can teach them: with more pleasure and lesse pains,
 since it hath pleas'd the Emperor to grace
 our slender merits thus: we shall be there,
 to tast his bounty. *Mes.* Weele lead on before.

Ach. Ile follow you. *Isa.* Ne'r to return more. *aside.*

Exeunt omnes, Manent Achmetes and Caigubus.

Ach. I am happy above envy, and my state,
 not to be thwarted with injurious fate,
 I could disburden all my jealous thoughts,
 and shake that currish vice suspicion, off
 from my sincere affection: I have wrong'd
 sure I have wrong'd thee *Isack*, thy chaste love
 cloaks not intended mischief; black deceit
 cannot lie hid under so pure a white,
 but it would cast a coloured shadow out
 through such a slender vail; thy generous thoughts
 nourish no base detraction; thy free love
 thy profest actions say, t'were no just fate
 that good mens deeds should die by ill mens hate.

Cai. Pray heaven they do not. *Ach.* Fear not, I am guest
 to *Bajazet*, expected at the feast. *Exeunt.*

Actus 2. Scena 7.

Enter *Bajazet*, and *Cherseogles*.

Baja. The day's far spent, is not *Achmetes* come?

Chersf. Not yet, great Emperor.

Baja. Vice-roy of Greece, say now there were a man
 whom my mind honored; and I should command
 to cloath his bodie in a suite of gold,

studded with gems, worth all the Indian shore,
durst any tongue gainsay it? *Cherf.* Surely no.

Baja. What if I hated him, and should command
to wrap him in a sable coloured black:
and sentence him to death? *Cherf.* Then he must die.

Baja. My thoughts are troubled.

Cherf. What should these questions mean,
abrupt demands, one to confound the other?
My liege your guests are come.

Enter *Achmetes, Isaack, Mahomates, Achomates*

Selymus, Mesithes, Caigubus. (return'd,

Baja. Blest be the hour in which I see *Achmetes* safe
Bring in our banquet, souldiers: boyes kneel round.

Enter a banquet, all kneel.

A ring of braver lads nere blest the ground:
supply us here with Nectar, give it me,

takes the cup.

Achmetes, noble warrior, here's to thee,
a health to thy blest fortunes, it shall run
a compleat circle ere the course be done.

Ach. My duty bids me pledge it. I return
good health to *Isaack*, and in this wee'l drown'd
all conceal'd enmities *drinks*

Isa. Love split me with his thunder, if my brest
harbour one bad thought when this draught is past.
and so I greet thy son: Health to *Caigubus.* *drinks*

Caig. *Mahomates* the turn lights next on you. *drinks*

Mah Ile pledge it freely, Viceroy her's to you. *drinks*

Coers. *Achomates,* to you I must commen
the welfare of *Achmetes* in this cup. *(drinks*

Ach. To you *Mesithes* thus I prove my love. *drinks.*

Mes. Young Prince, I do commit this health to you.

Sely. I am the last be prodigall in wine, *(drinks.*
fill up my bowle with Nectar let it rise
above the goblets side, and may it like
a swelling Ocean flow above the banks,

I will exhaust it greedily, 'tis my due. *drinkes.*

Omnes Wee'l drink with *Bacchus* and his roaring crew:

Baj. Already done, so quickly run about,
one health to me: faith, sith you are set to't,
here's a carouse to all. *Omnes*, wee'l pledg it round.

As they drink round, Bajazet riseth and speaks aside.

Bajaz. 'Tis the last draught to some, or I shall fail
in mine intendments. Let a foe escape

when he was trampled down beneath his feet!

There must be treason in it: How my blood
boils in my brest with anger! not the wine
could work such strong effect: my soul is vext.

A chafing heat distempers all my blood;

Achmetes, thou must cool it: when thy limbs
are emptied of that moisture they suck in,
and thy stain'd blood unchannel'd from thy veins;

then shall I be secure; a quiet rest
shall rock my soul asleep; 'tis thy last hour
must set a period to my restless fears.

What, are you merry friends? drink on your course,
then all arise: and now to consummate

our happy meeting, And shut up our joyes,
discourse *Achmetes* of your finisht warrs;

After an age of woes, it proves at last

A sweet content to tell of dangers past.

Let's know your whole events. *Achm.* Great Emperor,

Scarce had the rosie day-star from the East
display'd her silver colours through the heaven,

but all the watchful Souldiers ready arm'd
dim'd her pale cheeks with their transparent steel,
and added lustre to the dull-sight morne;

so stood we in full pride till the bright Sun
climbing the glassie pavement of the skies,
rouz'd the slow spirits of the backward foe,
and urg'd them to the field, at length stept forth

Zemes, in all the trappings of his state;

And like a well-taught *Hector* rang'd his troup
 into their several orders; all prepar'd,
Tian being fearful, stept behind a cloud,
 lest when he saw our limbs bath'd all in blood,
 and purple streams gush't from our wounded breasts
 like water from their springs, he in fear
 should be eclips'd, or startle from his spear.

The air was thick and dim; our armies joyn'd,
 the skirmishes grew hot; and angry *Mars*
 inthron'd upon the battlements of heaven,
 lest either side to tug with their own strength
 till their oppressing multitude bore down
 the justice of our cause; and our whole side
 not daring to withstand, scorning to fly,
 stood trembling on the utmost brink 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 disarm'd him; when in proud contempt
 he spit defiance in the face of death,
 open'd his breast, and dar'd me to the stroak,
 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'm wounded to the death; and Captain, go
 tell *Bajazet* that thou hast slain his foe.

I left the dying Prince; our warrs were done
 and ceas'd with him by whom they were begun.

Isaak. The plot has took. *aside.*

Bajaz. Treason, by *Mahomet*:

I left the dying Prince!

Isaak Pursue the project. *Bajaz.* Worthy *Achmetes*,
 well we may give, but not reward by gifts;

and

and thank, but not requite thee. I would hate that liberality which would abate the worth of the receiver: thy true fame out-strips the length of titles; and a name of weighty honour is a slender price to grace thy merits with: as for a voice to crown thee after death, thou art the choice of everliving glory: on thy crest is her abode; and when the latest rest of nature hath betrai'd thee to thy grave, then shall she print in characters of gold how brave a man thou wast, how great, how bold: though we be dumb, yet shall the world uplift thy name, and thou shalt live without our gift: Yet thy blest fates have not created thee so clearly God-like, but some other chance may cross thy greatness, and thy high renown the envy of some God may shoulder down: then thus wee'l make thee happy; future events ne're shall oppress thy worth; nor envious chance blot thy ensuing fame. *Achmetes* know, death, an immortal gift, we thus bestow.

He casts a gown of black velvet upon him, called the mantle of death.

Caigub. Treason, treason, O my Father, treason: Help Janizaries.

Excurrit.

Bajaz. 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 drawn.

What means this outrage?

Janiz. 1. Cruel homicide:

2. Ungrateful wretch.

3. Tyrant.

4. Meet hilts in's guts.

Circle him.

5. First let his own hands take that Mantle off:

Baj. Help! Treason, I am slain!

6. Help? why? From whom?

Is not thy Guard about thee?

(round,

Bajaz. Hemn'd in with death! my friends beset me
not to preserve my life, but murder me!

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 sin upon your brow;
let my free pardon woe you to submit.

Keep your allegiance firm.

Omnes Ha, ha, ha, ha!

1 One word more damns thee.

2 How prettily he began to talk

3 Offin and pardon! *Bajazet*, behold
here stands a man milde, honour'd, gracious,
valiant and faithful, gentle in command,
at home belov'd, and fear'd amongst our foes;
yet hath thy hand of cruelty assai'd
the hated murder of so dear 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 *Bajazet*,
these admonitions fit the teacher well.

Bajaz. But hear me speak.

4 First set *Achmetes* free, then speak thy fill.

Bajaz. What, shall I be compell'd?

5 And quickly too.

6 We cannot brook to see him stand thus cloath'd.

Takes of the Mantle.

Baj. Your anger will have way: *Achmetes* go:
there take him: They have sav'd thee from this woe.

Exeunt showing and laping.

Pernicious villains, they have cross'd my plot;
'twas intercepted ev'n in the last deed.

What

What should *Achmetes* meane thus to ingrosse
The best affections of my Janizaries?
Will he defraud me of my Crowne and life?
My life I weigh not : but to lose my Crowne ,
were to be sentenc'd to a hell of woes.

I am full stuf with choler. 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 health to *Bajazet.*

(*fail'd.*)

Bajaz. Indeed that's nothing , since your counsell

Isaack. Use your best patience , it may be regain'd

Affection in your stubborne multitude
is a proud torrent not to be withstood.

Were you as sacred as their household gods ,
Yet when you thwart the current of their will ,
they'le breake the bands of duty , and prophane
that holinesse to which they bound their thoughts.

Mine eyes are witnesse with what lively joy
They bore him through the streeetes upon their necks ,
Offering the use of their best strength.

Baja. No more.

I am already gone. Why did not then
his proud ambitious tongue bid them goe fetch
My Crowne , and with quick speede disrobe a wretch ?
*t was in his power : we are distracted *Isaack* ,
lend us thy wholsome counsell to prevent
my ruine , and their dangerous intent.

Isaack. Mine is a blunt advice , and deepe in blood ,
to cut off those base Peasants that withstood
the force of your decree.

Bajaz. To cut them off?
Me thinks I see my selfe yet circled in

with their revengeful swords. Ha? cut them off
 Could I but curie the Traytors from the earth,
 or were my doom pronounc'd but of effect,
 I'de rattle such new torments in their ears
 should stagger their high courage; but my fears
 strangle my furies; and my envious fate
 forceth my tongue to flatter where I hate.

Isaak Here lies the safest course to rid these griefs;
 Give out you'l go to war, so to enlarge
 your territories: and to this end fetch home
 those warlike Souldiers plac'd in Garison;
 let them remain without the walls: at last,
 when things shall fit your purpose, lead them all
 by night into the City, and in one stroke
 strike off so many thousand perjur'd heads
 as shall amaze posterity to hear
 how many lives redeem'd thee from thy fear.

Baj. The weight of all mine honour leans on thee:
 that or some nearer course shall quell the pride
 of strong *Achmetes*, and confound his side.

Actus 2, Scena 8.

Enter Zemes and Alexander Bishop of Rome

Bishop If your intents be vertuous, and desire
 of eminent place quite banisht from your thoughts,
 my house shall be your Castle: that I deny
 my men and Arms to aid you in your broils,
 think it kind usage: Should my Holinesse
 feed your ambition, and make strong your hand
 against your brother? 'twere too light a brand
 of flaming hot dissention, and to set
 the world in a combustion: all would then
 quarrel by my example. No, sweet Prince,
Zemes holy Bishop must not so transgress.

If you will dwell within my sacred roof,
settle irregular passions, and begin
a quiet life : repentance wipes out sin.

Zemes My waxen wings are melted : I will soare
against the Sun through such thick clouds no more ;
the middle Region shall contain my flight ;
your counsell swaves my wishes ; my late deeds
were full of sin : now let my brother know

Zemes repents ; (and that's the greatest woe.) *Exit.*

Bish. To mans aspiring thoughts, how sweet is hope
which makes them (like Camelions) live on air,
and hug their slender plots ; till cool despair
doth so benum his thoughts, that he falls dead
from his sublime height ; and his lofty head
which level'd at the skies, doth drop below
his humble feet ! this hath experience taught
in that mans head-long ruine, whose proud thoughts
aim'd at the Turkish Diadem : but now cross fates
have forc'd his stubborn heart to bow.

Enter a Messenger.

What speaks your entrance ?

Messen. Health to *Romes* Bishop,
and peace from *Bajazet*, who commends his love
with this his Letter, and expects from you
a gracious answer.

Gives him a letter.

He reads the letter.

Bish. " Let *Zemes* 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 wo.
Return our service back ; tell *Bajazet*
what he hath given in charge, shall by my hand
be carefully dispatcht. *Messen.* Good peace attend you.

Exit.

Bish. Imperious Turk,
Am I not Gods Vice-gerent here on earth ?

and dar'st thou send thy letters of command?
or speake to me in threatning menaces?

It grates my patience to obey this monster,
yet must I murder *Zemes*, what doe I know
whether my fathers soule did trans-migrate
into his breast or no? be dumbe reniorse,
the Turke is great and powerfull, if I winne
his love by this, t'will prove a happy sinne.

+ *Exit.*

ACTUS 3. Scena 1.

Enter *Solyms* alone.

Solim. Am I so poore in worth? still kept so low?
Was I begot only to live and dye,
to fill a place, move idly 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 *Selyms*, a mortall diety,
a man at whose blest birth the planets smil'd;
and spent their influence to create a boy
as brave as *Greece* e'r hatcht, or *Rome*, or *Troy*.

Enter *Isaack*

Here'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 *Bassaes* 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,
to bribe is lawfull: and 'tis strongly prov'd

by

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 speak fairely. I'le be gone ,
stay here , the *Bassaes* will be here anon. *Exit.*

Enter Mefithes.

Sely. I shall observe thy precepts. *Mefithes!* welcome ,
How fare you in these dayes of discontent ?
my dutie bids me aske , and wish you well ;
I have beene long a barren debtor to you ,
At length I may prove thankfull : weare my love ,
'tis yours without refusal, a sleight gift , *gives him a ring*
Yet your lookes tel me 'twill helpe out my drift. *aside*

Mefi. This courtesie exceeds my weake deserts,
sweet Prince ; but when occasion calls me forth
to helpe you , I'me devoted to your worth.

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

Mefith. Sir, farewell, *Exit.* *and enter Mustapha*

Sely. So one hath tooke ; see where another comes :
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.

Must. When my weak strength , or wealth shall
as to continue ——— (stretch so far ,

Sely. No Cynicke complement, good *Mustapha.*

Musta. Then I returne you thankes *Exit.*

Sely. Health follow you ,
and Honour me. Here is a third at hand.

Enter Asmehemides.

Selym. Continuance to your health Sir.

Asme.

Asme. Thanks gentle Prince.

Please you to use my service?

Sely. Yes, thus farre.

Spönd me that purse of gold. *gives him a purse.*

Asme. What means your Highness?

Selym. But to deserve your kindness, and avoid the hated censure of ingratitude.

Asme. This is your liberal vertue, not my deeds; but you shall find me thankfull. *Exit.*

Selym. So I hope;
three steps are trod already to a Throne,
and I am rich in friends; these proffer'd gifts
conjure observance from their servile breasts.
Oh powerfull gold, whose influence doth win
men, with desire for to engender sin!

Isaak Bassa?

Isaak. Even the man you wisht:
What, did the golden lure work good effect,
and make the *Bassas* stoop unto your mind?

Sely. Words are but empty shadows, but if deeds
answer their words, we cannot doubt their faith:
they stoop beneath my feet; I seem to be
as true as *Jove*, but slye as *Mercurie*. *Enter Mesithes.*
Here comes *Mesithes* muttering back again;
but step aside, and we shall know his mind.

Mesith. But he is cruel, bloody, and his pride
unsufferable great. —

Selymus Ha!

Mesithes Proud *Bajazet*,
Thou hast usurp'd a title thy descent
could never reach unto; thou wrongst the world
since thou detain'st the Crown, which heavens decree
due to a better brow: thou art defam'd
with Tyranny and wrong; but *Selymus*
is void of blemishes, as truth of lyes:
bad stocks must be cut down, the good must rise.

Sely.

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

Mustapha comes.

Enter Mustapha.

Musta. Fortune hath wheel'd me up above the stars,
under a Monarch; I'll not sell my hopes.

Bold *Selymus*, I'll second thy designs;
and thou shalt Queen my daughter; that being done,
with mine own splendor I'll eclipse the Sunne.

Sely. Is't so? a while I'll feed thy airy hopes,
then dash thee into nothing.

Here's a third.

Enter Asmehemides.

Asm. A purse of gold! I can untie the knot:
the close ænigma sayes, I would be King.

Brave *Selymus*, I like thy mounting thoughts;
work out thy projects; thou canst never need
or ask my help, but thou art sure to speed.

Exit.

Sely. What we resolv'd, stands firm, but the event
be scan'd when leisure serves: we'll now prevent
my brothers hopes, and by a sudden fate
unto their lives and dayes give equal date
to compass a blest end: now we begin
(*Jove* hath offended, if it be a sin)
to throw a father down. *Saturn* did dwell
once in the heavens, *Jove* threw him down to hell.

*Enter Bajazet and Achmetes, hand in hand, Cherseogles,
Mesithes, Mustapha, Mahometes, Achomates,
Trizbam, Mahomet, Asmehemides.*

Sely But stay: *Achmetes*, and our fathers friends?

Bajaz. *Achmetes*, I have injur'd thy deserts,
subborn'd accusers, wrong'd my credulous ears,
and my rash censure undervalued much
thy noble spirits, when it first condemn'd
them of intended treason, rense thy soul
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.

Achm. 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*.

Baia. 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 *Zemes* up alive or dead.

When we have mov'd thee from thy Janizaries,
thou shalt not travell farre.

aside

Isaack A subtile tricke,
and well pretended, I admire thy wit.

aside

Achm. Let me march hence, and *Bajazet* shall know,
how little I befriend my Princes foe.

Ile cast a ring of souldiers round about
The walles of *Rome*, if *Zemes* scape thence out,
cut of my breath : he that's deepe in blame,
Must hazard boldly to regaine his fame.

Triz. What meanes our father, noble *Bajazet*,
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
make but a second breach, they faint and fall,

Mib.

Mab. Short! peace hath charm'd your subjects all
and throwne a quiet slumber ore their eyes, (sleepe,
whilest with a sweete restorative she heales
their Martyr'd joynts, and wipeth out their scarres
writ on their bosomes by the hand of warres.

Zemes is safely cloystred up at *Rome*,
the Prelate dares not ayde him, all the gods
smile on the entrance of triumphant peace,
war lies fast bound, nor can she worke our paines,
unlesse we loose the fury from her chaines.

Baja. Our sonnes instruct us! must your pregnant wits
crosse my command! *Bassaes* prepare for warre;
and since your grave discourse argues a will
to stay at home, you shall; wee le lay you up,
where no loud ecchoing drums shall breake your sleepe,
even in the bowels of your mother earth
I will entombe you: Put them both to death.

Omnes. What meanes great *Bajazet*?

Baja. To murder you, unlesse you strangle them.

Ambc. But heare us speake.

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 Trizbam.*

Mesithes come,
joyne force with me, by heaven y' were best make hast,
Or thou art shorter liv'd then is that bratt.

Tugge strongly at it. *strangle Mahomet.*

So; let the bastard droppe,
we have out-liv'd our tutors: dunghill slaves,
durst they breath out their Stoicke sentences
in opposition of our strickt command?

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

Baja. Did not I send these to their Provinces

to hinder *Zemes* flight? and did not they
dejected bastards, give him open way?
Mine anger hath been just.

Cherseo. None doth deny't;
you may proceed in your edict for warrs,
and make *Achmetes* General of the camp.

Baj. It is enough: *Achmetes* go to hell, *stabs him.*
the divels have rung out thy passing bell,
and look for thine arrival.

Shend me slaves. *Exeunt omnes.*

They fly before my breath like mists of air,
and are of less resistance; I'll pursue *Exit.*

Achm. Oh I am slain! 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 hour: fly hence vain soul,
climb yonder sacred mount, strive upwards there,
there where a guard of stars shal hem thee round,
build thee a safe tribunal — I am gone. —
Oh tragick cruelty! — behold — the end
of two right Noble sons — one faithful friend. *moritur*

Re-enter Bajazet in fury.

Baj. Have all forsaken me? and am I left
a prey unto my self? did all their breath
pass through his organs? and in his sad death
have I abruptly crackt the vital thred
of all my *Bassaes*? *Achmetes groans.*

Ha! where am I now?

In some *Gebenna*, or some hollow vault,
where dead mens ghosts sigh out their heavy groans?

Resolve me, *Mahomet*, and rid me hence,
or I will spoil the fabrick of thy tomb,
and beat away the title of a God.

Dost thou not move? a trunk? a stock? to die
is to put on your nature, so will I.

Offering to stab himself, Cherseogles, Mefithes, Mustapha, Mahomates, Achomates, Selymus, Asmehemides interrupt him.

Omnes Hold, hold, and live.

Baj. How come these bodies dead?

Filii. Father, it was your self.

Bajaz. Let me revoke

my wandring sense : Oh what a stream of blood
hath purg'd me of my black suspicion !

two sons, one valiant Captain hence are wrought
by mine own hand, to cure one jealous thought.

As'tis, they are the happier ; I out-live
them whom I wisht to fall : only to grave
bear forth their bodies.

Bassaes carry them out.

We were curst in this,
and shall intomb with them much of our blifs :
indeed we had resolv'd to spend this day
in things of more solemnity, less wo.

Now our most wished council shall begin,
and bitter deeds weigh up the scales of sin.

Amasia is a province rich and strong,
(Mahomates it is thine, keep it as long
as I have power to give it ; go, provide
for thy conveyance at the next fair tide.

Mahom. Farewell dear father.

Bajaz. Worthy son, adieu ;
the love my dead sons wanted falls to you
as an hereditary good.

Selymus Then we *afide.*
may veil our heads in black, no mourners be.

Baja. *Achomates*, thy worth
deserves some trophies of our love,
which to let slip unmention'd, were to adde
to this black day a fourth offence as bad.

Governe *Manesia*, now the people fit and
dishfurnisht of an head ; let thy command

be great amongst them, so; make speedy hast.
Honour staves for thee.

Selym. Now the stormes are past.

Achom. Father adieu;

Exit.

Baja. *Achomates*, farewell.

Selym. Now to my lot, I thought 'twould ne'r a fell.

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aside

Baja. Now *Selymus*, wee know thy hopes are great,
and thine ambition gapes with open jawes
to swallow a whole Dukedome; but young Sir,
we dare not trust the raines of government
into the hands of *Phaeton*. Desire,
rashly fullfild, may set the world on fire;
Greene youth, and raw experience are not fit
to shoulder up a Kingdomes 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't hope for.

Selymus Wilt thou envious dotard
Strangle my greatnesse in a miching hole?
the world's my study, *Bajazet*, my name
Shall fill each angle of this round-built frame.

Exit

Bajaz. I know he grumbled at it; 'tis good
To calme the rebell heat of youthfull blood
with sharpe rebukes.

Enter a Messenger.

Messen. Health to the Emperour.

Bajaz. 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 imply'd, and would but stay
till Times swift circle should bring forth a day
secure for the performance.

Exit.

Bajaz. 'Tis enough.

Thanks for your care. This was to murder *Zemes*.

Warre

War with the Bishop ! 'thad been pretty sport,
I knew my powerful word was strong enough
to make him do my pleasure : simple Priest !
only I vs'd it as a trick to send

Achmetes from the City 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 sons, that when my foe
fled through their Province, finely let him goe ;
which being wholly finish'd, strait 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 ?

A dumb show.

*Enter Mahomates with store of Turks, he as taking
his leave, they as ceremoniously with great hum-
bleness, taking their leavs, depart at several doors*

I like not this, *Mahomates* belov'd
so dearly of the Comminalty : ha !
Hee's wise, fair-spoken, gently qualified,
powerful of tongue ; why hee's the better son,
not to supplant his Father. I mislike
the prodigal affection thrown on him
by all my subjects. I bely'd my hopes
when I presum'd this day had freely rid
me of my worst vexation : I was born
to be a jade to Fate, and fortunes scoff,
my cares grow double-great my cutting off.

Exit.

Actus 3. Scena 3.

Enter Caigubus Achmetes Son.

Caig. If ever man lov'd sorrow, wisht to grieve,
Father I do for thee. Could I deprive
my senses of each object, but thy death,

D

then

then should I joy to sigh away my breath :
 be Godhead to my griefe: then shall these eyes
 with tributary tears bedeck thy shrine :
 and thus I do invoke the:nimble Ghost
 what ever orbe of Heaven, what ever coast
 affords thee present mansion, quickly thence
 flit hither, and present unto my sense
 thy selfe a feeling substance: let me see,
 acknowledge and admire thy majesty.
 Put off that ayry thinnesse which denies
 me to behold thee with these duller eyes,
 then shall they, sending down a powerfull flood,
 rence thy cold members from each drop of blood ;
 and so return thee back, that thou mai'st soare
 up to the skies, much purer then before.
 Had the just course of nature wrought thee hence,
 I would have made the gods know their offence,
 and back restore thy soul; but thou art dead,
 and 'twas a fiercer hand that clipt thy thread
 fiercer and boulder, which did ever thrive
 by mischief, and once coffind thee alive
 up in deaths mantle, but then would not use
 such open violence, nor durst abuse
 one of such sacred worth, till furie struck
 his reason dead, and made his treacherous hand
 creepingly stab thee, both unseen and foul,
 as if he would have stoln away thy soul.
 But oh !

Enter Isaack,

Isaack, But oh indeed.

Caigub, 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?

Cai. Unfold a ſcene of murders: Fates work on
wee'l make a path to Heaven: and being gon,
Down from the lofty towers of the ſkies
throw thunder at the Tyrant; will he preſſe
the earth with weight of ſlaught' red carcaſſes?
Let him grow up in miſchief, till ſhall her wombe,
gaping, reſerve for him an empty tombe.
We do but tread his path; and *Baſſa*, ſince
it ſtands upon thee now to cure thy prince
of his diſtemper'd lunacy, go fetch
the inſtrument of death, whiſt I a wretch
expect thy ſad return.

Iſaack. I go; and could
it ſtand with mine alleageance, ſure I ſhould
imply my ſervice to a better end,
then to diſrobe the Court of ſuch a friend.

Exit

Cai. He that is judg'd down 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 *Lachefis*, thou that divid'ſt the threed
of breath, ſince this dayes ſun muſt ſee me dead;
thus Ile prevent thy paine, thus Ile out-run
my fate; and in this ſtroke thy work is done.

Stabs himſelfe.

Eternall mover, thou that whirlſt about
the ſkies in circular motion, heare me out
what I command, ſee that without controule
thou make Heaven clear, to entertain 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

thus, thus thou mount'ft above a Tyrates hate.

Stabs himself. dyes.

Enter Isaack with Executioners.

Isa. We are prevented ; see the fates command
false deeds must dye, though by the Actors hand.
Return to *Bajazet*, and bear that corps. *Exeunt*

So now I am alone, nor need I fear
to breath my thoughts out to the silent ayre ;
my conscience will not hear me, that being deaf
I may joy freely. First thy hated breath
Achmetes vanish, next *Caigubus* fell,
thus we cline Throans, whilst they drop down to hell. X
The glorious eye of the all-seeing sun,
shall not behold (when all our plots are done)
a greater Prince then *Selymus* ; 'tis he
must share with *Jove* an equal Majesty.
But for my self his Engineer, I'll stand
above mortality, and with a hand
of power dash all beneath me into dust,
if they but crosse the currant of my lust.
What I but speak, 'tis Oracle and Law,
thus I will rule and keep the world in awe.

Sely. Noble assistant.

Enter Selymus Mesithes.

Isa. Happy *Selymus*.

Mustapha, Almehemedes.

Sely. 'Tis thou must make me so, for should I stay
waiting my Fathers pleasure, I might stand
gazing with envy at my Brothers pride,
my self lying prostrate even beneath their feet.
Towns, Cities, Countries, and what else soever
can give high thoughts content, are freely theirs,
I, only like a spend-thrift of my yeares,
idle my time away, as if some god
had raz'd my name out of the role of Kings,
which if he have, then *Isaack* be thy hand
as great as his, to print it in again,
though *Bajazet* say nay.

Isaack

Isaack. No more : I will ;
 an Empire be our hopes ; that to obtaine
 wee'l watch, plot, fight, sweat, and be cold again. *Exeunt*

ACTUS 3. SCENA 4.

Enter Zemes and Alexander Bishop of Rome.

Bish. Cannot my words add solace to your thoughts ?
 oh ! you are gulst too deep in a desire
 of soveraigne pompe, and your high thoughts aspire.
 All the unshadowed plainenesse of my life
 doth but contract thick wrinckles of dislike
 in your Majestick brow, and you distast
 morall receipts, which I have ministred
 To cool Ambitions Feaver.

Zemes. Pardon Sir,
 your holinesse mistakes my malady,
 another sicknesse grates my tender brest,
 and I am ill at heart : alas I stand
 an abject now as well in Natures eye,
 as erst I did in Fortunes : is my health
 fled with mine honour ? and the common rest
 of man grown stranger to me in my grief ?
 some unknown cause hath bred through all my blood
 a colder operation, then the juice
 of Hemlock can produce : O wretched man !
 look down propitious Godheads on my woes.

Phœbus infuse into me the sweet breath
 of cheerefull health, or else infectious death.
 If there an Angel be whom I have crost
 in my tormented boldnesse, and these griefes
 are expiatory punishments of sin ?
 now, now repentance strike quite through my heart
 enough of paines, enough of bitter smart
 have ty'd me to't. I have already bin
 bolted from joy, content can enter in,

not at the open passage of my heart,
 I neither hear, nor see, nor feel, nor touch
 with pleasure; my vexation is so much,
 my grave can only quit me of annoy;
 that prevents mischief, which can bring no joy.

Exit.

Bish. Now I could curse what mine own hand hath don,
 and wish that he would vomit out the draught
 of direful poyson, which infects his blood.
 Ambitious fire! why 'tis as clean extinct,
 as if his heart were set beneath his feet,
 grief hath boil'd out the humours of vain pride,
 and he was meer contrition.

Enter a messenger.

What's the news?

Messer. Zemes, as now he left you pale and wan,
 dragging his weake leggs after him, did fall
 dead on the stony pavement of the Hall,
 not by unhappy chance, but as he walkt,
 folding his arms up in a pensive knot,
 and railing at his Fate, as if he stag'd
 the wounded *Priam*, or some falling King,
 so he, oft lifting up his closing eye,
 sunk faintly down, groan'd out, I dye, I dye.

Bish. It grieves my soul: let *Bajazer* know this;
 could our own shortned life, but lengthen his,
 by often sighs I would transfuse my breath
 into his brest, and call him back from death.

Exit.

ACTUS 3. Scena 5.

Enter Selymus, Mesithes, Mustapha.

Sely. Let not my absence steal away my love,
 or local distance weaken the respect
 which you have ever born me; I must fly

To

to shake the yoake of bondage from my neck :
 my Fathers eyes shall not scan out my life
 in every action ; then when I am gone ,
 our love like precious mettles shall not crack
 in the protraction, but be gently fram'd
 into a subtler thinnesse, which shall reach
 from either part, not craz'd by any breach

Mesi. Return with ruine painted in thy brow ,
 pale death triumphant in thy horrid crest ,
 danger limn'd out upon thy threatning sword,
 the Turkish thraldom portrai'd on thy shield ,
 weel meet thee in thy horror, and unfold
 our arms as wide as heaven to take thee in.

Sely. We trust you : if there lie unspoken love
 hid in your bosoms, we must bury it
 in silent farwells.

Musta. Noble Prince adieu ,
 since thy frank deeds have printed in our hearts
 so true a pattern 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.

Exeunt.

Sely. So the swift wings of flight shall mount me up
 above these walls into the open ayr ,
 and I will towre above thee *Bajazet.*
 Farwel soft Court ; I have been kept too long
 within thy narrow walls, and am new born
 to golden liberty; now stretch out you heavens,
 spread forth the dewy mantle of the clouds
 thou powerful Sun of *Saturn*, and remove
 the terminating Poles of the fixt earth,
 to entertain me in my second birth.

Enter Isaack Bassa.

Isa. Not yet rid from our wals ! Fair Prince take heed,
 treason's a Race that must be run with speed.

Aolus beckons, and the flattering winds

joyne all to help our project : quickly hence :
 all's full of danger. Did your Father know
 Hee'd stop your flight and breath at one deaths blow.

Exit.

Sely Friend I am gone: thou hoary God of Seas,
 smooth the rough bosome of thy wrinckled tide,
 that my wing'd Boat may gently on it glide.

ACTUS 4. Scena I.

Enter Bajazet solus.

Baja. How the obsequious duty of the world
 hangs shivering on the skirts of Majesty,
 and smells out all her footsteps! I could yet
 never steal leisure to reform my thoughts,
 since my pale brow was first hoop'd in with gold,
 till this blest hour: and now great *Bajazet*
 empty thy brest of her imprison'd joyes,
 which, like the smothering winds, could with a blast
 rip up a passage. I am crown'd in blisse,
 plac'd on the rocks of strong security,
 without the reach of Fate. Envy shall gnash
 and pine at my full pleasures; the soft feet
 of labouring ambition shall quite tire,
 ere touch the starry-height on which I stand.

Achmetes and his son with my two boyes
 are faln, to clear the sun-shine of my joyes;

Achomates I fear not, *Selymus*
 lives cag'd within the compasse of mine eye,
 all that I doubt is of *Mahomates*,
 that blasing star once darkned, I will throw
 the luster of my pomp from me, as clear
 as if three Suns were orb'd all in one Spheare.

What news brings *Isaack*?

Enter Isaack Bassa.

Isa. Unwelcome news.

Baja.

Baja. Be quick in the delivery.

Isa Then thus.

Young *Selymus* is fled.

Baja. Fled !

Isa. Fled this night to the Tartarian King.

Baja. Would he had funk
to the Tartarian deep. *Isaack*, th'art false,
and every hair dependant from thy head
is a twin'd serpent. *Isaack*, I say th'art false,
I read it in thy brow.

Isa. By heaven I am not.

Baja. Come ; answer my demands, first, at what time
left he the Court ?

Isa. I know not.

Baja. Know he is fled,
and know not when he fled ! how can this be !

Isa. After our strict enquiry, 'twas our chance
to lite on one that saw him take a ship,
at the next haven.

Baja. On one ; bring forth that one, *Exit Isaack.*
i'le sound the depth of these villanies.

Enter Isaack with a dwarf.

What's here ?

a barrel rear'd on end upon two feet ?

Sirrah, you guts and garbage——did you see
Selymus leave the Court ?

Dwarf So please it your——

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

Isa. My Liege hold in your fury : spend not one drop
of your fierce anger, on so base a worm,
keep it entire and whole, within your brest,
that with it's vigor it may crush the bulk
of him whose treasons move it.

Baja. So it shall,
Neptune reine back thy swelling Ocean,
invert the current of thy guilty streames

Which

which further treacherous plots, mild *Aolus*;
 (that when a peevish goddnesse did intreat,
 scattredst a Trojan Navy through the seas:)
 now *Bajazet* a Turkish Emperor,
 bids thee send forth thy jarring prisoners
 into the seas deep bowels: let them raise
 tempests shall dash against the firmament
 of the vast heavens, and in their stormy rage,
 either confound, or force the vessel back,
 in which the traitor sayles; now, now begin
 or I shall think thee conscious of this sin.

What would this Monk?

Enter a Monk.

Monk Only your blessed almes.

Bajazet I'me in a liberal vain—

Monk shootes of a dagge at *Bajazet*; *Me-*
sithes, and Isaack, kill the Monk.

Traitor I'me slain!

I feel the bullet run quite through my sides.

Isa. Great *Mahomet* hath kept you safe from harm:
 it never toucht you.

Baja. Oh—I am slain!

open the gates of sweet *Elysium*,
 take in my wounded soul: Bring forth that *Monk*,
 ile make him my souls harbinger, he shall
 fore-run my coming and provide a place
 amongst the gloomy banks of *Acheron*,
 then shall he dwel with me in those black shades,
 and it shall be my blifs to torture him.

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

Baja. Fly then my soul, and nimbly follow him,
 he must not scape my vengeance: *Charon* stay,
 one waftage will serve both, I come away.

Isa. Let not conceit thus steal away your life.

Baja. Me thinks I feel no blood ebbe from my heart,
 my spirits faint but slowly.

Isa. Heare me Sir,

You are not wounded.

Baja. Ha! not wonnded!

Isaack. Untoucht as yet:

His quaking hand deceiv'd him of his aim,
and he quite mist your body: here behold
the bullet yet unstain'd with blood.

Baja. Now I believe thee: oh the baleful fate
of Princes, and each eminent estate!

How every precious jewel in a Crown,
charms mad ambition, and makes envy dote
on the bewitching beauty of it's shine!

Indeed proud Majesty is usher'd in
by superstitious awful reverence;
but cursed mischiefs follow; and those are
treasons in peace, black stratagems in war.

But wher's the dwarf? *Isaack*, go send him in;
bid bold *Mefithes*, and sage *Mustapha*
quickly attend us. Go.

Exit Isaack.

Isa. I shall.

Baja. This hour,
hath hatcht a richer project in my brain,
whose wish't event shall strangle envies breath,
and strike ambition dead in every brest.

Enter dwarf.

Sirrha, draw hence the body to the ditch,
whither the filth of the whole City runs,
there overwhelm't in blood; go, quickly doo't:
What dost thou grin, thou visage of an ape?

he striks him.

Dwarf. Ile rather hang my self then endure this.

Baja. Nay, come, be patient and Ile use thee well:
why—'twas a Scepter strook thee, and twill work
diviner operation in thy blood
then thou canst dream of.

(pudding

Dwarf. I'de rather be struck cross the teeth with a
then cross the back with a Scepter.

Baja.

Ba. A man would guess so, that over-views the dimen-
But to thy business. (sions.

he carries out the course.

Enter Bassaes.

Bassaes stand ye round,

Stay : who comes here ? sure I should know that stature,
observe him nearly. *Enter Mahomates disguised.*

Bassaes. Tis no Courtier.

Mahom. *Mahomates* 'tis time to look about,

Selymus fled ! *Achomates* ador'd !

My name scarce heard of through the popular streets !
had that unhappy arm of that damn'd Monk,
not staggerd from the mark at which he aim'd,
who ever sent him hither, I had leapt
into the empty throne, and cropt the fruit
budding from treasons root ; but Ile return
back to my Province, this unknown disguise,
shall search my Fathers closest policies. *Exit*

Isa. *Mahomates* disguis'd !

Baja. By heaven 'twas he.

He pryed into my counsels : let it be.

Wee'l forward in our businesse, which being done,
weel cool the hot ambition of each son,
as mine already is, quick moving time
hath cast a snowy whiteneffe on my haire,
and frosty age hath quel'd the heat of youth ;
mine intellectual eyes, which ever yet
gaz'd on the worlds rich gilded vanities,
are now turn'd inward, and behold within,
dismal confusion of unpardoned sin.

E'r since I first was setled on this Throne,
my cares have clog'd the swiftnesse of the hours,
and wrought a tedious irksomenesse of life,
murders have mask'd the forehead of the Sun
with purple-coloured clouds, and he hath blush'd
at the blood-sucking cruelty of state.

There's

There's not one little angle of this Court,
 whose guilty wals 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 Majesty.
 And were it not for a religious fear
 of after-harms, which wretchedly might tear,
 and spoyl the body of this Monarchy,
 here at this instant would I strike the sayl,
 and proud top-gallant of mine eminence,
 hurl up my scepter, dis-inthroned my self,
 and let the green heads scramble for the Crown.
 Age hath taught me a stayder providence
 then my rash youth could reach to; I intend
 to place this glittering bable, on the head
 of some successor, e'r I yet am dead,
 So give it out; thereby Ile try the love
 and favour of the people: whom they seem
 most to affect I'll raise to that esteem.
 How do you like the counsel?

Cherf. As we could like
 a voice of health sent from the careful gods.
 This news will lay the fury of your sons,
 and breed low duty in them all, in hope
 of the reward propos'd.

*Exeunt Bajazet Cherseogles. Manent Mustapha,
 Isaack, Mesithes, Ashmehemides.*

Isa. Awake preventions eyes, we must not sleep
 if we would see proud *Bajazet* displac't,
 and *Selymus* elated to his height.

Name him the people favours! — he affects
Ackomates: and knows, the multitude
 wrapt with his heavenly wisdom, cry for him,
 we must be quick and wary, here are keyes
 left, and lay'd up by *Selymus*, that store
 shall visit empty, purses and inchaunt

the needy sort of men, that the ones wealth,
 shall weigh up t'others wisdom in the scale
 of their light judgment; lend your best endeavours,
 wee'le crois thee *Bajazet*, and thy hopes shall dye
 by thine own ill-contrived policy.

Exeunt

ACTUS 4. Scena 2.

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Enter *Bajazet*, takes *Asmebemedes* by the hand, a Cour-
 tier belonging to *Mahomates*.

Baja. Leave us; we would be private with our friend,
 'tis thou must doo't sweet *Asmebemedes* :

Mahomates and thou art two neare friends;
 he will suspect in others close deceit;

thee, for thy generous vertues he will stand
 with obvious embracements to receive
 into his bosom; whither when thou art
 wound in, be sure to strike him through the heart.

I am offended, 'tis just piety
 to sacrifice his body at the shrine
 of my displeasure : do it, I am thine.

Asme. Were he as deare to me, as the half part
 of mine own body, as the breath I draw;
 I'de do this charge: we mortals 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 deeds are not deeds of men.
 But let them go; *Mahomates* must dye,
 and for my other boy fierce *Selymois*,
 the boystrous hand of war must snatch him hence;
 my other Son *Cercutus* lives immur'd
 within *Minerva's* cloister, thus I clear,
 a path through which *Achomates* shall run
 up to my throne when all their hopes are done.

Exit

ACTUS

Actus 4. Scena 3.

Enter Achomates.

Acho. The promise was direct and absolute,
to bless my Temples with a sacred Crown,
with protestations of a quick dispatch,
ere his own right were cancelled by fate;
so to cut off all rivals in my joyes.

What intercedent chance hath made his care
so slack in the performance? by heaven, I fear,
delays will prove delusions of my hopes,
and that home-bred Mercurian *Selymus*
will split the expectation of my blisse:
forefend it *Mahomet*, or I shall be
a sad revenger of indignitie.

How now! What speaks this bold intrusion?

Enter a Messenger.

Messen. Health to *Achomates* from *Bajazet*!

Acho. From *Bajazet*! unfold thy welcome newes;
How fares our Noble Father?

Messen. In full health:
and wills you thus by me, to muster up
your surest forces: and with moderate hast,
repair unto the Court, where you shall find
employments worthy of a valorous mind.

Acho. To muster arms! can't thou surmise the cause?

Messen. With confidence I dare not; but tis said,
against that haughty Noble *Selymus*,
who of the *Tartar* King implored ayd,
to an uncertain end: himself gives out
to fight with *Hungary*, and stretch the bounds
of the old Turkish regiment: But fame
with panting voice bids *Bajazet* beware,
and whispers in his care, he is the foe,

proud

Proud *Selymus* intends to overthrow.

Acho. Enough, regret our Father with our love;
tell him we shall not sleep to his command;

Exit.

Fly nimble back. Dares the audacious boy
trouble the world with his tempestuous arms?
Ile chastise him with iron whips of war
if either strength or stratagems will serve
to spoyl the gaudy plumes of his high crest,
I'll use the strongest violence of both;
I am swoln big with hate, and I could break
untimely passage with a wholesom stab
to vent the monster strangled in my womb.
Father I come, he that detaines a Crown
bequeath'd to me, must thunder-strike me down.

Enter Corcutus.

Corcu. Buzzing reports have pierc't my study walls,
and clog'd my meditations airy 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 hear
mine own wrongs sounded in my troubled eare:
What! will my father falsifye that oath;
In which he vow'd successions right to me?
When I resign'd my honours up to him,
he deeply swore, when the usurping Sun
of his bright-shining royalty had run
It's compleat course through the whole heaven of state;
and fainting dropt into the Western lapse;
my brightness next should throw it's golden beames,
upon the worlds wide face, and over-peer
the dusky clouds of hidden privacy:
and shall *Achomates* succeed! Shall he
shine in the spangled robes of Majesty?
then *Bajazet* is false, let it be so
I am secur'd from a huge masse of woe.

Yet

Yet Ile toth' Court, that when *Achomates*
shall spie mee, and remember but my due,
'twill staine his lustre with a blushing hue.

Enter Bajazet, Cherseogles.

Baja. My cares are grown too great to be compriz'd
within the narrow compasse of my brest,
Vice-roy of *Greece*, Ile powre into thy heart
part of my secrets; which being entred in,
locke them as close up, as thou wouldst a sinne
committed, yet not knowne: I must impart
things worth thy faithfull silence.

Chersf. Worthy Sir,
by the inclosure of my soule I sweare —

Baja. Ile not heare out thine oath, in brieft, 'tis thus,
the *Bassaes* 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.

Chersf. Surely this cannot bee.

Bajazet. By — 'tis true,
each man that guards mine honour is my foe;
Ile shake these splendent robes of Majesty
from my ore-burden'd shoulders, and to ease
my selfe, bequeath them to *Achomates*.

Chersef. *Achomates*?

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

Enter Isaacke, Mesithes, Mustapha:

Chersef. Here comes the *Bassaes*,
sure I see bad newes
pourtrayed on the Index of their fronts.

Baja. Bad newes? We have out-liv'd good dayes too
we can expect no other: come, unclasp (long,
volumes of misciefes, and make deafe my eares
with an infused multitude of cares.

Bassaes. Young *Selymus* hath crost *Danubius* floud,
and seiz'd upon the Provinces of *Thrace*,
and with a Navie plow'd the *Euxine* Sea, (full noise

Baja. Peace bellowing night-ravens; with how cheere-
their puffing lungs croke out the balefull note?

Are these the warres 'gainst *Hungary*? You powers
of heaven, brush off your cloddy 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 Embassie

to that suspected Traytor *Selymus*;

Tell him, the warres 'gainst the *Hungarian* foe

are full of dangers, and approved harmes;

never attempted by our Ancestors,

without repulse or damage; bid him dismisse

his rough Tartarian youths: then if he stand

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

make thy best speed.

Cherse. I shall. Twill be well done

to reconcile a Father and a Sonne, *Exit.*

Baja. Thought he tumultuous uprores could deserve
the favours of his Prince? h'as troad awry,
and mist the path that leads to Majestie.

These bright Imperious ornaments shall grace

no rebell-monster, nor base runne-away;

my resolution's firme, it shall not be.

Bassaes, this day an Herauld shall proclaime

in the worlds eare, my great successours name,

are you content?

Bassaes. We are.

Bajaz. Call forth an Herauld.

Isnak. As our alleageance bindes us wee'll obey.

Exit Mustapha, calls in an Herauld.

But what we grant, 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.

Bajaz. Herauld,
be my loud Eccho, ratifie my deede,
and say *Achomates* shall next succede.

Herauld. *Bajazet* the second by the appointment of our great Prophet *Mahomet*, the onely Monarch of the World, a mighty God on earth, an invincible *Cesar*, King of all Kings, from the East unto the West, Governour of *Greece*, Sultan of *Babylon*; Sovereigne of *Persia* and *Armenia*, triumphant Tutor of *Jerusalem*, Lord possessour of the Sepulcher of the Crucified God, subverter and sworne enemy of the Christians, and of all that call upon Christ, proclaimeth *Achomates* his second son next and immediate successor.

An alarm of Trumpets

Within. None but *Bajazet*, none but *Bajazet*.

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

Mefith. Great *Bajazet*, the cause why they deny this just proposall, riseth from an use and customary licence long observ'd; to wit, when their crown'd Emperour is dead, the interpos'd vacation is a time of lawlesse freedome: then they dare to spoile the Jewish Merchants of their traffick wares, and prey upon all strangers: so that should your Honour be conferr'd upon your sonne Whilst you your self yet breath, then should they lose their long expected gaines; therefore refuse what you propos'd.

Bajaz. If that be all the cause,
wee'le give them such a Kingly donative
as doubly shall buy out those ill-got spoiles:
five hundred thousand Duckats, if they please
with my free choise to crowne *Achomates*,
Proclaim'd to be their due.

A flourish of Trumpets.

Herauld. Bajazet the second, by the appointment of our great Prophet *Mahomet*, &c. proclaimeth, that hee'le attribute five hundred thousand Duckats, if you yeeld alleageance to *Achomates* his successor.

Trumpets sound againe.

Within. None but *Bajazet*, none but *Bajazet*.

Baja. *Achomates* I sent for, how hee'le digest these grosse illusions, I may justly feare:

by this I had discourag'd *Selymus*,
and kill'd his hopes; by this I had cut off
the growth of hate, and choked discords seed. *Exit.*

Enter Mustapha with a Messenger to the other Bassaes.

Mustaph. Beare this to *Selymus* with thy best care:

Misith. And this. *Give him Letters.*

Isaack. And this: fly, let thy winged speed
return a sudden answer, else we bleed.

ACTUS 4. SCENA 5.

*Enter Selymus, Tartarian King,
Attendants.*

Tartar. Goe on brave Prince; Lead on thy marshal'd
degrade the Turkish Monarch, let him faint (troups,
at the deepe wounds which thy revengefull hand
shall print upon the bosome of his land.

Goe on; Me thinks I see *Victoria* sit
triumphant on thy steely Burganet.

Exit Tartarian King.

Selym. Farewell: now I will meete thee *Bajazet*,
with a careere as free as if Heavens *Jove*
had bid me goe: Bespeake the stoutest gods
to take thy part; tell them that thou must meete
a *Selymus*, who when the warres are done,

will

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'll not breake off thy rest
with the unwelcome Munk of my Drummes;

I'll turne the edge of my revengefull sword
upon the bosome of my native soyle;

There dwells the motive of my Tragick wars,
whose ruthlesse sad Catastrophe shall wound

posterity in us: Infants shall mourne
over their Fathers tombs as yet unborne.

But who comes here? I'll meete him.

Noble Vize-roy.

Enter Cherseogles.

Cherseog. Peace and health to *Selymus*. (can see

Selym. Health, but not peace, whilst yonder light
mortalls, whom Turkish force could ne're subdue.

Cherseog. Yet what if *Bajazet*, 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?

Selym. 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 *Bajazet* gaine-say,
my plumy valour flags, my thoughts give way.

Chersf. Then thus; he wills you to discard your force,
and send the black Tartarians to their home;
withall averring, the Hungarian foe
(against whose power you have summon'd Armes)
is full of strength and power, ne're oppos'd
without the bitter downefall of our side.

Nor would the worlds great Monarch *Bajazet*,
empaire his fame so much, as to be sayd,
he tam'd a Foe by Tartars borrowed ayd.

Sel. Ha! I am vilely non-plust. Courteous Vize-roy, returne our duty back to *Bajazer*, even in the humblest termes wit can invent; tell him, he hath a sonne of that high spirit, as doth detest a cowardly retreat.

Were all the dead *Heroes* of our foes,
All that are now, and all that are to come
met in one age, I'de face 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 answer faire?

Cherf. Most true: and yet
'twill prove distastfull.

Selym. No, it cannot be:
If there be too much valour in this brest,
blame him that plac't it there, even *Bajazer*.
My vertues and my bloud are both deriv'd
from his first influence, and I must either hate
disgracefull calumn's, or degenerate,

Cherf. 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
shoud strike low sayle to his grave providence.

Selym. And so it shall: say Vize-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.

Cherf. I'le tell it him with joy, which when he heares,
hee'le be disburden'd of a thousand feares. *Exit.*

Selym. 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'le to the Court
with a close march, in no submissive sort,
and steale upon them: Instantly I goe

to meete my Father, but a subtill foe.

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

Messen. Good health to *Selymus*.

Selym. Good health! From whom?

Messen. *Isaack*, *Mesithes*, *Mustapha* salute you.

Selym. Those good *Trium viri*, 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 is but a slender diet! Let it be. *descants*

I'll mend my table, though no feast with me.

Reades the second.

2. [Faire opportunity is bald behind.]

'Tis true indeed, *Mesithes*. Never feare,

I'll twist my fingers in her golden haire.

What speakes the third? 'This writes more at large, and comments on the prefixt principalls.

Reades the third.

3. [Your Father did proclaim who should succeed;

Publique denialls nullified his deede;

Your hast will be convenient; things concurre

to blesse your hopes. Fate bids you not demur.]

Yours *Isaack Bassa*

Isaack, I am thine,

and come to finish up our great designe.

Exit.

ACTUS 4. SCENA 6.

Enter Achomates solus.

Achom. 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 inveloꝝt in the azure cloud,

E 4

and

and starry rich habiliments : my feete
 set rampant on the face of Natures pride ;
 The rarest worke weav'd by her handmayd Art
 clothes my soft pleasures ; I'm as great as *Jove* ,
 Onely I rule below , he raignes above.
 Oh ! the unspoken beauty of a Crowne,
 whose empty speculation mounts my soule
 up to an heavenly Paradise of thoughts !
 Father , I come , that thou may'st crowne my head ,
 whilst apprehensive reason stands amaz'd ,
 amidst the blisfull shades of sweet conceit.
 Then I'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 ;
 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 choice delight.

Exit.

Actus 4. Scena 7.

Enter Mesithes , Mustapha , Isaack.

Mesith. The Emperour begins to smell deceit;
 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 joyn'd on to raise his government.

Isaack.

Isaack. Peace, 'tis too late to chide at what is done, we have so deeply waded in the streames of those procellous plots, nor can revoke repentant footsteps, or securely creepe back to the Throne of safety: 'tis now good to venture on, and swim quite through the flood. Here comes the Emperour.

Baja. Attend us Bassaes. *Enter Bajazet and Asme.* (mehemedes
Ar't sure hee's dead?

Asm. Mahometes is dead. There's nothing moving of him but his soule, and that robd of his body by this hand.

Baja. Enough. That soule revives to see him dead that wrong'd the body; Oh! my bloody heart, Must in his frenzy act an horrid part. Follow thy Prince to hell.

Asmeh. To death! Oh divellish ingratitude: I'm flaine. I dye. *Stabs him.*

Baja. And justly: would each foe and Traytor to my state were thwarted so.

Bassaes, convey this hated body hence, the sight of that damn'd villaine moves offence:

They carry him out.

Now pause a while my soule, and reckon up 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 le compose a firme security.

Enter Bassaes with Cherseogles.

Baja. Arriv'd already, noble *Cherseogles*? You'r carefull in our cause: but speake the news from our pert Souldier. What meanes *Selymus*!

Cherseo. To track the path backward from whence he to strip himselfe of martiall ornaments, (came, and

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 fordid weedes of penitence,
He doth but varnish o're some treacherous plot
in this smooth answer: come, wee'le leade along
to our Imperiall seat of *Constantine*,
that's strongly fortified, we need not feare
the weake attempts an home-bred foe can dare.

Exeunt Bajazet and Cherseogles.

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

Mustaph. 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.
What newes from *Selymus*?

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

Mesith. I'tt even so?

Musta. We are quite dash't ——— undone.

Isa. Lift up your downe-cast spirits. Who comes here?

Enter Selymus.

Mesith. Who? *Selymus*?

Musta. Where? sweete *Isaack*, doe not tell him,
that we were sending forth faith's latest breath.

Isaac. Enough, I will not. Happy *Selymus*.

Bassaes. 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 *Bajazet* is going now

from hence to *Constantinople* ; my men
ie 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

Isaac. Fortunes best care goe with thee.

Mesith. Brave boy , y'faith.

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

Isaac. Againe in heart ?

Let's follow *Bajazet* , come lads , away ,
the funne of all his glory sets this day.

Exeunt

Enter Selymus with souldiers.

Selym. 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 ;

I seeme like *Romes* great *Cesar* , when , opprest
with *Pompeys* grating malice , he led forth
his noble French-men through the snowy Alpes.

I have my *Curio Isaack* in the Court ,
and *Cherseogles* , like grim *Catoes* ghost ,
soothes the rough humour of fierce *Bajazet*.

These mens examples , were we faint and loath ,
would set sharpe spurs unto our slow pac'd wrath ,
and whet our dull-edg'd anger : but I see
in your smooth brow perfect alacrity.

We stand to thwart the passage of a fiend ,
through whose wide yawning throat hath coasted downe
the blood of Princes , in continuall streames ;
ha's fed and pamper'd up his appetite
with the abhorr'd destruction of his owne ,
and glutted on the blood of innocents.

Stood wee like marble statues in his way ,
and had no use of policy and wit ,
our Irefull Prophet *Mahomet* would send

sense ,

sense, life, and valour through our stony joynts,
that we might ruinate this gasty bore,
made by some hellish fury to confound
the order of this wondred Universe.

Ile grapple with the monster, hee's at hand;
If you stand firme, the Common Wealth may bee
a slave to *Bajazet*; but Ile live free.

Enter *Bajazet*, *Cherseogles*, *Isaack*, *Mefithes*,
Mustapha.

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

Isaac. And I admire it; 'twere a miracle
if that ambitious boy intend no harme.

Omnes. What noyse is that?

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

Soldiers. Helpe *Bajazet*, the vauntgard's almost slaine;
the *Tartars* lay in ambush.

Baja. What? so neere?

Set up our standard, Ile give battell here;
hang out defiance, scorne, and proud contempt
write in the blood-red colours of your plumes:

summon our Army *Enter a drum*

from these skirmishes,
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 Majesty,
a gracelesse 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 ancient vertue may be showne
in this my last defence: I wish to dye
reveng'd, that death sorts best with Majesty.

*Drums sounding; A confused noyse, with clashing
of armour. Excurrunt Bajazet, and Sely-
mus.*

Baja. Selymus?

Selym. Bajazet?

Baja. Give lend me but a minutes patience.

Unnaturall sonne!

Selymus. Uncharitable Father!

*Baja. 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 sin,
we had but slender shadows of offence,
till thou creptst forth to the offended light,
the very masse, and stocke of villanie.
Crimes in all others, are but thy influence.
Nature ha's planted viprous crueltie
In thy darke brest, the scandall of her workes,
her error, and extract perfection
of vices; the first well-head of bad things
from whence the world of illis draw their weake springs.*

*Sel. Then heare me speake too: you have bin to me
no Father, but a sowre Pedanticke 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 surfeited on titles , y'ave ingroft
 honor , you are the moth of eminence ,
 and liberall fortunes answered your desires ;
 You had deflow'rd th'infinitie of Crownes
 With your adulterate ambition ;
 Y'are Sovereignties horse-leach , and have spild
 the blood of State , to have your owne veines filld.

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'le not heare.
 Darst thou fight , Traitor ?

Selym. Dare I be call'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 , Bajazet pur-
 sues , reenters at another doore.*

The slave has scap't the power of my wrath ;
 midst the dissever'd troupes 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 *Aneas* from my fight.

Enter Isack , Mesithes , Mustapha.

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

Mesith. 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 deereit safeties to their heeles.

Enter a Dwarfse

How now , whence come you ?

Dwar.

Dwar. From yonder hay-ricke, Sir.

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

Dwar. 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
Vertue's not shipwrackt in a sea of ill.

ACTUS 5. Scena 1.

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

Achom. An honour'd Legate, an Ambassadour!
as if that title, like *Medeas* 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 syllable
crosse to my humour, I'de a searcht the depth
of his unhallowed bosome, and turnd out
his heart, the prophane seate of sawcy 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 Ambassadours: must we be told
of times delays, and opportunities?
that the base sculdier hath gaine-sayd our blisse?

Thought

Thought *Bajazet* his son so cold, so dull ;
 so innocently blockish, as to heare
 an Embassie most harsh and grossely bad ?
 the people to deny me ! We contemne
 with strange defiance *Bajazet*, and them .

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 ACTUS 5. SCENA 2.

Enter Isaacke, Mesithes, Mustapha.

Mesith. Mischiefe on mischiefe, all our hopes are dead,
 flaine in the haplesse fall of *Selymus*.

Must. I thinke the divells fought for *Bajazet*,
 and all the infernall hags; how could he else
 with a confused army, and halfe flaine,
 breake the well-ordered ranks of a strong foe ?

Mesith. And unexpected too? — Now *Isaacke!* what!
 Sadly repenting for thy last misdeeds !
 Plots and conspiracies against thy Prince !
 Faith we must hang together ———

Isaack. Good *Mesithes*,
 'tis nothing so : they say, *Achomates*,
 disdainig to be mockt out of his hopes,
 and most desired possession of the Crowne,
 ha's in contempt of *Bajazet* and all,
 flaine the Ambassador, and vowes revenge
 on every guilty agent in his wrong.

Mustaph. I lookt for that, and therefore first shranke
 when *Bajazet* made choyce of one to send (back,
 on such a thanklesse errand as that was.

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

Isa. 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 chose out the event ——— Whats this comes here ?

Mustaph.

Musta. Upon my life, the body of the slain
Ambassador:

*Enter the Ambassadors followers with
the dead body.*

Mesi. 'Tis so.

Isa. 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*.

Isa. And so it shall; lay down the injur'd corps.
Achomates ha's wrong'd his Fathers love
too 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?

Follow. The body of your slain Ambassador.

Baja. Slain! by what cursed violence? what slave
durst touch the man that represented me?

Follow. *Achomates*.

Baja. *Achomates!*

Follow. The same:

Highly displeas'd with the unexpected newes
of a denial from the peoples mouth,
his reason slipt in fury and contempt,
hath thus abus'd your gracious Majesty.
Withall, he threatned to maintain this sin
with force of armes, and so resolv'd to win
your Crown, without such tarriance——

Baja. Oh! no more,
I am unfortunate in all my blood.
Hath he thus guerdon'd my fair promises,
my daily 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 black 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 star shall sparkle out revenge
 before the rebels faint amazed eyes.
 Lose not a minute ; *Bassaes* hence, be gone ,
 muster our men, stay not; that from the tide
 of our fierce wrath, no drop may ebb away
 by causelesse lingering.

Must. Whom speak you, General ?

Baja. Whom but my self? whom doth the cause concern
 more nearly then my self ?

Isa. My honoured Liege ,
 bear your best care about you ; 'tis a time
 of double danger; but remove the one ,
 the other straight call'd forward : *Selymus* ,
 great in the favour of Tartaria's King ,
 is man'd afresh with souldiers ; his assault
 threatnes as much as fierce *Achemates* ,
 and must be born off with your ablest forces ;
 then if you leave the City to subdue
 one of these two, expect e're you return ,
 tother posselt and seated on your throne.

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

Isa. Force out one nayl with tother of these two ,
 chuse him you most affect, and best dare trust ,
 allure him farely home, wink at his crimes ,
 and then create him your high General ,
 to lead against his brother : since your self
 cannot at once oppresse two foes so stout ,
 trie if one heate can drive another out.

Baja. *Isaack*, we like thy counsel : but of these ,
 which can we pardon? either so deboist ,

so guilty of rebellion, so divorc'd
from pious loyalty, that my soul even both
with bitter hatred equally may loath.

Isa. First weigh their faults, the one a brain-sick youth,
endeavour'd to supplant your Majesty;
the other in defiance and contempt
of God and man, prophan'd the holy rites
of an Ambassador.

Mesi. For which dire fact,
should it slip up unpunished, the name,
the feareful name of *Bajazet* would prove
the subject of each libel, 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 *Selymus*, he shall confront the slave,
the best of two so bad; go,—stay,—yet go,
'tis hard when we beg succour of a foe:
Begg! stay again——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.

Exit Isaack.

Enter Corcutus to his Father.

My deare *Corcutus* welcome.

Corcu. Royall Father.

Kneeles:

Baja. Arise thou onely solace of mine age:
it was a night of harmlesse innocence,
of peace and rest, in which kinde nature laid
thee in thy mothers womb: Right vertuous boy,
how hast thou liv'd untainted with the breath
of that infectious vice, Rebellion!

Corcut. Right noble Father, 'tis a faithful rule
in moral 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
 Crown him in the possession of his wish.

Baja. Well moraliz'd : I understand thee, Boy,
 my grant shall melt thy prayers in ful joy.

Exeunt.

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Actus 5. Scena. 3.

Enter Selymus and Souldiers.

Sely. Once more (in hope to gain, and fear to lose
 a Crown and Kingdom) we have march'd thus neare
 the seat of a dread Emperor, to try
 the chance of war, or resolutely die.

Feare no crosse blow, for with this hand I move
 the wheele of Fate : and each successe shall run
 even with our pleasures, till our hopes are spun
 up to their ful perfection : this dayes light
 that looks so chearfully, shall see as bright
 as it, my crown and glory.

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 ?

Isa. Good newes to *Selymus*.

Sely. From whom ?

Isa. From *Bajazet*.

Sely. 'Tis strange, if good.

Isa. And full as good as strange. March quickly hence,
 I'll tell you as we walk ; if constant Chance
 smile on our project, ere this Sun go down,
 we may salute you with a glorious Crown.

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

Exeunt.

ACTUS

Actus 5. Scena 4.

Enter Achomates and Souldiers.

Acho. Revenge my black impiety ; each brow
seemes with a scornful laughter to deride
those empty Menaces of *Bajazet*.

And *Bajazet* is not our Father now ,
sith he hath wrong'd the duty of a Son ;
but a scorn'd Enemy, whose prostrate soul
shall make a step by which I will ascend
up to the radiant throne of heavenly State ,
if you but lend your help and free consent.

Souldiers. Lead us along the mysty banks of hell,
through Seas of danger, and the house of death,
we are resolv'd to follow, one by one
to second each step of *Achomates*.

Acho. This resolution is as great as just ,
continue it brave spirits : he's a slave ,
that having sinn'd, dares not defend his sin.
The world shall know I dare : For though our cause
be wrong, yet wee'l make good the breach of laws.

Exeunt.

Actus 5. Scena 5.

Enter Bajazet and Corcutus.

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

Baja. Despaire not sweet *Corcutus*, what I promis'd,
I'll keep most true, and here again I vow
when I am dead, this honour to thy brow.

I have call'd home that rebel *Selymus*,
only to tame a Traytor: And that done,
we have no other heire, no other son
beside *Corcurus*, to whose free command
we do bequeath the duty of this land.

Enter Mesithes and Mustapha.

Is *Isaack* not return'd?

Mesi. My Liege, he is.

Musta. And *Selymus* with him.

Baja. Let them approach.

Enter Selymus and Isaack, as they enter speak.

Isa. Let your high spirit shrink below it self
in a dissembled shew of penitence.

Sely. Tush, I can bow, as if my joynts were oyld,
and tumble at his feet.

Isa. Practise your skill.

Selymus falls at Bajazets feet.

Baj. Lesse shew, and more good meaning, *Selymus*,
Arise: these crouching feates, give slender proofes
of inward loyalty.

Sely. Right noble Father,
mine expedition to avenge your cause
upon the head of proud *Achomates*,
be my just trial.

Baj. Hast then: May thy arm
by breathless treason raise up a full joy,
and turn 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: now we tread
the path to honour, and methinks I heare
the peoples *Vivat* Eccho in mine eare.

Exit Selymus with the Bassaes.

Baj. New insolence: The Bassaes slipt away!
How the obsequious villaines honour him,
as if he were their Godhead!

Cherseogles. 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 carry-
ing Selymus aloft, and crying out, Long live
Selymus, Vivat Selymus, Magnificent Em-
peror of the Turks.*

Exeunt.

Enter Bajazet and Cherseogles.

Baja. Hell and the furies vex their damned souls.
What people? Ha! what Nation is't we live in?
Is't our State and Monarchy? Good gods,
two Emperors at once! Live *Selymus*?
Can slavish vassals thus supplant their Prince?
What's this enshrines my head? a type for fooles
to fear at, a divided ornament!
Faile not my sense and courage, let me live
to finde my self again. Vize-roy of *Greece*,
didst thou not see a *Bajazet* withdraw
and vanish hence? tell thou most faithful man,
what is become of that forgetful 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 of sense:
I have a soul of Adamant or Steel,
else had that hated noise rest it in twain.

Enter Mesibes.

What art thou? or whence com'st thou?

Mesi. From a Prince.

Ba. Yet I believe thee.

Mesi. From thine enemy.

Ba. Yet I believe thee.

Mefith. From the Emperour.

Baja. And I beleeeve thee still; yet slave, thou liest, these parts must know no Emperour but me, unlesse base usurpation hath stept up unto my chaire of honour. Right, 'tis so: 'tis so indeed. Wel then, what wil your Emperour?

Mesi. That by my hand you yeeld him up his crown.

Baja. Traytor, his crown? so: now I am resolv'd. I have forgone my selfe, else had this hand tore out thy spotted heart, and that one word of yeelding, had been cause enough to spoyle thee and thy generation. Heartlesse slave, why sneak'st thou from our presence? stay, behold, here I commend this gorgeous ornament, these trappings to thy Emperour, as full bestead with curses as my heart with woes, that it my clogge his eares, and vex his head with daily terrours. Hence thy prince is sped.

Exit Mefithes.

Vize-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, do this charge, fly to *Achmates*, and rather aide him then this faithlesse Bastard *Selymus*, the scandall of our race, the mark for heaven to shoot revenge. But all in vaine, I strive to word away my inward paine.

Cherseo. Nor this, nor that I'le favour; may I speed, *Bajazet* shall live to see both bleed. *Exit.*

Baja. Maske up thy brightesse *Phæbus*; lovely night, hurle thy thick mantle over all the heavens, let this black day for ever be forgot 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 sin, may shake and feare that noise,
that horrid scourge of villanies.

Sely. Father !

Baja. Slave,
avaunt : I feele a strong Antipathy
t'wixt thee and me, thy sight makes my dead heart
distill fresh drops of blood, and work new smart.

Exit.

Sely. What, furious *Bajazet*, and raging hot?
I hugge the amorous pleasure that I feel
creep through my joynts. Observe our Father,

Exeunt Bassaes.

else by some wilfull murder hee'le prevent
my purpos'd project; I'de not lose the guilt
of his destruction for a crown: heaven knows
I love him better then to let him digge
himself a grave, whilst I may take the paines.
Now mount my soul, and let my soaring plumes
brush the smooth surface of the Azure skie.

Crown in his hand.

With this I charme obeyfance from the world :
thou golden counterfeit of all the heavens ;
see how the shining starres in carelesse ranks
grace the compofure, and the beauteous Moone
holds her irregular motion at the height
of the four poles ; this is a compleat heaven ,
and thus I weare it. But, methinks, 'tis fixt
but weakly on my brow, whilst there yet breath
any whose envie once reflect on it ;
and those are three : the angry *Bajazet*,
puling *Corcutus*, proud *Achomates* :

One of these three is car'd for, that's *Corcutus*,
 who, ere the blushing morn salutes the Sun,
 shall be dispatcht by two most hideous slaves,
 whom I have bred a purpose to the fact.

The other rival, wife *Achomates*,
 I'll bear a side by force of men and armes,
 which ready Mustred, but attend the stroke:
 Then attend our Fathers.

Enter Hamon.

Here's one deales for him,
 shall send him quick to hell. It is decreed,
 he that makes lesser greatness soon shall bleed.

Hamon draw near, most welcome, my dear *Hamon*,
 what guesse you of your patient *Bajazes*?
 Is he all healthful?

Ham. No, my gracious prince:
 Neither his body nor his mind is free
 from miserable anguish.

Sely. A sad case.

Hamon I love him, & would rid him from't,
 were I so skill'd in naturals as you.

Ham. All that my art can work to cure his grief
 shall be applied.

Sely. Unapprehending fool:
 I must speak broader. *Hamon*, is he ill
 in minde and body both?

Ham. Exceeding ill.

Sely. Then should I think him happier in his death,
 then in so hateful life and so weak breath.

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

Sely. (H'as found me now.) But *Hamon*, can thy Art
 reach to the cure?

Ham. With easie diligence.

Sely. Then let it.

Ham. I'me yours.

Exit Hamon.

Sely. Walk, and thy paines
 shall be rewarded highly, with the like

as thou bestowest on *Bajazet* : the Court makes it a fashion now, first to bring the event about, and then hang up the instrument.

Actus 5. Scena 6.

Enter Cherseogles above disguised like a common Soldier.

Chers. Thus *Cherseogles* hast thou wound thy self out of thy self, to act some fearful plot, by which the Authors of this publick woe shall skip into their graves. It is confirm'd a deed of lawful 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 incampt, just opposite the proud *Achomates*; The Sun now sunk into the Western lap, bids either part unlace their warlike helmes until to morrow light, where both intend the hazard of a battel: but you powers, that with propitious cares tender the world, and us frail mortals, help me to prevent a general ruine by the fall of some; assist my spirits in a deed of blood, cruel, yet honest and austerely good.

Who? *Selymus*? as I expected.

Enter Selymus.

Sely. What?

A souldier thus licentious in his walks?
a stranger? Ha! What art thou?

Che. A sworn friend, a servant to thy greatness.

Sely. Then return
back into thy ranks and orders, no edict
from me hath ratified this liberty,

to scout at randome from the standing camp.

Cher. 'Tis true, my honour'd Lord, nor have I dared for some poor trivial prey thus to remove my self, but for a cause of greater weight, the ruine of our enemies.

Sely. How's that?
The ruine of our enemies!

Cher. No lesse;
The quick fall of great *Achomates*
can work it.

Sely. Souldier, as thou hop'st to live,
mock not my thoughts with false and painted tales
of a supposed stratagem.

Cher. I sweare——

Sely. What wilt thou sweare?

Cher. By all the heavenly powers
I speak the truth, and if I fail in ought,
grind mine accursed body into dust.

Sely. Enough, unfold the meaning and the way
by which this happy project must be wrought.

Cher. 'Tis thus, at the 12th hour of this black night,
Achomates I have induc'd to walk
forth to this valley weapon'd, but unmand,
in expectation of your presence there;
where being met, hee'l urge a single fight
'twixt you and him: after a stroake or two,
I have ingag'd my self closely to start
from ambush, and against you take his part.

Sely. Then thou art a traytor.

Cher. Worse then a divel, should my heart
have made that promise with my tongue;
but heaven bear witness, that my inward thoughts
labour his welfare only, whom you powers
have prov'd most worthy, therefore only yours.
Meet but this foe, whom I have flattered thus,
to his destruction; and great *Selymus*

shall see my strength imployed to offend
Achomates, and stand thy faithful friend,

Sely. Oh wert thou faithful——

Cher. If I shrink in ought
that I profess, death shall strike me to the grave:
so thrive all falshood, and each perjur'd slave.

Sely. Th'ast won our credit, bear a noble mind
about thee, then to find me forward trust;
this night when sleep triumphant hath subdu'd
her wakeful subjects, and the mid-night clock
sounded full twelve, in this appointed place,
expect my presence, and till then adieu,
our next shall be a tragick enterview.

Cherf. The first is car'd for—— here a second comes.

Enter Achomates.

Assist me thou quick issue of *Joves* brain,
and this one night shall make their labors vain.

Acho. It shall be so, my fears are too to great,
to joyn 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?

Cher. A Liege-man to *Achomates*.

Acho. To me?

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

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

Cher. I can unfold an easie stratagem,
would crown the hopes of great *Achomates*.

Acho. What means the fellow?

Cher. to secure your state
by *Selymus* his fall.

Acho. What i'st thou breath'st?
speak it again, for many careful thoughts
possesse my Soul, that every blessed voice
steales in the passage twixt my eare and haste.

By *Selymus* his fall, to secure my state?

Cherse. I can.

Achom. Delude me not, and I will rain
such an unmeasured plenty in thy lap,
heap such continuall honors on thy head
that thou shalt shrink, and stagger with the waight.

Cher. Judge of the means: This night I have induc'd
young *Selymus* to walk forth in this grove,
at the twelfth hour, in hope to meet 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.

Acho. Villaine ! *Cher.* And Diuel, had
my heart made promise with my tongue ;
but heaven bears witness that my soul affects
none but *Achomates*. Try but my faith,
and meet this foe, whom I have bayted thus
with golden hopes, and you will finde my deed
(in your defence) all promise shall exceed.

Acho. I'm resolv'd, souldier; when day is past
and the full fancies of mortality
busie in dreames and playing visions,
at the sad melancholy hour of twelve,
Ile meet thee in this plaine.

Cher. And you shall find
me here before you.

Achom. Be so ; who denies
to strike in time, can seldome hope to rise.

Exit:

Cher These two will meet, and I must take doth parts,
Now for a trick 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 do it. Once againe
I must betake me to my former note ;

Health

Health to the friends of our great Emperor,
the three strong pillars that uphold true worth.

Isa. Sir, your intrusion is unseasonable.

Must. And your salute, impardonably bold.

Cher. Perhaps the news I bring, may frame excuse
for both these faults.

Mesi. Speake out thy mind in brief.

Cher. Then thus: to night here present on this plain,
you may encounter two fierce enemies,

Achemates, and *Cherseogles* both
at the full stroak of twelve.

Isa. How (*Mesithes*) we're blest!

Must. This night at twelve of the clock?

Cher. Upon my life——

Omnes VVhat shall we do?

Cher. But meet me on this plain
at the appointed hour, and I will place
you three aside, from whence you shall oppress
your foes at unawares.

Mesi. Is it a match?

Isa. 'Tis done, at twelve a clock.

Must. See thou prove faithful.

Cher. If I shrink in ought
that I profess, death strike me to the grave:
So thrive all falshood & each perjur'd slave.

Exeunt Bassaes.

How easily base minds are drawn to strike
their foes at least advantage! -- Beauteous moon,
pale witnesse to a thousand deeds of sin,
vail up thy light, that darknesse may help on
these black stratagems, and unhallowed hands
strike in mistaken bodies, even the soul
themselves adore, and cheerfully defend.
But time grows fast upon me, hit all right,
two Princes, and three *Bassaes* dye this night.

Actus 5. Scena 7.

Enter Corcutus with his Lute.

Cor. Heaven, whither run these projects? is the thought of man so senselesse, void of wit, yet fraught with threatning ambition? to what end doth this distemper'd madnesse headlong bend? Blessè me, my Genius, from these hated toyles of murdering warfare, and these sweating broyles of watchfull policy; *Phæbus*, let it be that I may know no other god but thee. Learned experience saies, ambiguous fates vex eminent fortunes, and he onely stands without the beames of envy, whom the hands of some propitious power hath rankt below those short delights that troubled thoughts do know: A Crown's a golden marke, which being hit, falls not alone, but oft the head with it: honors are smoaky nothings; then let the Queen of learning, great *Minerva*, and the nine chaste sisters, that adorne the *Greecian* hill devote me to themselves; but let me still within *Apollo's* sacred Temple sit, and spend my body to encrease my wit; Raigne *Selymus*, for I shall ne're thee hate, thy supream power, nor envy thy state: *Corcutus* stands divorced from a life engag'd to vaine ambition, factious strife, and empty power of Kings. Hee's great in fame, not who seekes after, but neglects the same. Since thou hast griev'd me *Phæbus*, free my wit, that I may ease my griefe by speaking it; if thou deny'st, fond god, 'twill be in vaine, sorrow can sing, though thou not tune the straine.

Sings

Sings to his Lute.

Then thou sweet Muse, from whence there flows
 words able to expresse our ill,
 Teach me to warble out my woes,
 and with a sigh each accent fill:
 Infuse my brest with doleful straines,
 whose heavy note may speak my paines.
 O let me sigh, and sighing weep,
 Till night deprives my woes with sleep.

The pleasing murmurs of the ayre,
 that gently fan each moving thing,
 I having heard, straight do repayre,
 and bear a burden, whilst I sing
 An heavy burden, doleful song,
 The fathers grief, the subjects wrong.
 O let me sigh, and sighing weep,
 Till night beguiles my woes with sleep.

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

Me thinks I heare the singing sphaeres
 tune their melodious straines to mine,
 The dewie clouds dissolve in teares,
 as if they griev'd to see me pine;
 Thus each thing joynes to see my moans,
 Thus seldome come true sighs alone.

*Then let me sigh, and sighing weep,
Till night beguile my woes with sleep.*

He sleeps: Then enter two murderers who slaying him, bear him away. *Exeunt.*

ACTUS 5. SCENA 8.

Enter Cherseogles.

Cher. A dark and heavy night, as if the gods winckt at our projects, and had clad the heavens in a propitious black, to blesse my plot! Revenge, to thee I dedicate this work; and I will pamper thy wild appetite with blood and murther, thy dull, slow-pac't feet shall caper to behold our fearful scenes drencht in a scarlet Ocean.

Tis full twelve——

I hear a quiet foot-pace, and it beates directly towards. 'Tis *Selymus*, joy of expectation.

Enter Selymus.

Sely. Thou Queen of shades, bright *Cynthia*, and you starry lampes of heaven, what spheare hath told you? oh y're 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 greedy lust, to meet my adverse champion, here's my god whom I adore with greater confidence then all those beauties, Sun, or Moon, or Starrs, that with malicious absence have disrob'd this gracious houre of i'ts due respect. Oh thou the silent darknesse 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 spurn at all the powers
of either world. Blest mortals, had that mother
strangled her other infant, white fac't day,
and brought forth only night ! my limbs are stiff,
and I must bath them in my brothers blood ;
Ile steep this grasse in a red purple goare,
scatter the carcasse peecemeale, and that done,
Ile reare a lasting monument, Ile signe
a trophie, which inscrib'd, shall speak my deeds
to after ages, that's my chief intent :
Hee's coldly prays'd that's written innocent.
Whose there ? my souldier ?

Che. Souldier and slave, great Prince at your command.

Sely. I will enoble thee, place thee my second self
in all my power for thy rare faith.

Where's our *Achomates* ?

Cher. I heard one softly track full hitherwards,
and think tis he ; 'tis needful that I meet him,
and give some proof that I continue his,
else jealous of my faith, he will return,
and we be both deluded ; when y'are met,
parley before you fight, till I prepare
my self to run upon him unaware.

Mean while Ile go to meet him.

Exit.

Sely. Goe, make hast.

But if this base raskal 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, drowsie slaves ;
I hear them both approach.

Enter Cherseogles and Achomates.

Cher. See where he stands, I shall not be slow
to second your encounter ; being met,
parley before you fight, till I prepare
my self to run upon him unaware,

meane while I'le withdraw——now for my *Bassaes*.

Exit

Acho. A time of dismal blacknesse, and my soul
is dull and heavy, as if envious night
striv'd to subdue my fatal watchfulnesse.

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

Sely. Answer thy Prince first ; I say, what art thou ?

Acho. He that usurp's, hath title of a villaine.

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

Acho. Th'art a treacherous slave.

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

Acho. Oh heavens, so impudently bad !

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

Acho. Hearke in thine eare,
Ile whisper forth thy mischiefs, lest the heavens
should teare and snatch them hence from my revenge,
in greedinesse of wrath——*They whisper*.

Enter Cherseogles, Isaack, Mesibes, Mustapha.

Cher. See where they stand.

Isaack. *Achomates* and *Cherseogles* ?

Cher. Both :

They are two ; we foure lets run upon them ;
'Tis very dark, be certain in your aime,
and all strike home.

Omnes. A match.

Mesi. *Isaack* and I will take the nearest.

Musta. And we the other.

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

Stab him.

Sely. I have the Crown, and I will,——Oh, oh, oh !

Stab him.

Acho. Ch, ô ô, O villaine, I am slain. *uterq; morit.*

Cher. It is not *Cherseogles* we have slain.

Isa.

Isa. Not *Cherseogles*, villaine! whom then? speak.

They confer.

Cher. *Achomates* and *Selymus*.

Isa. Ha!

Cher. None other. *Isa.* Hast thou betray'd us so?

Cher. Be silent, heare me.

There lie the Captaines of both Armies dead,
breathlesse: and you so stupid to neglect
the use of opportunities! *Isa.* What use?

Cher. Are you not rich, wealthie in powerful gold?
go whilst the Souldiers lye thus destitute
of any Leader, frankly bribe both parts,
buy their unsetled love at any rate,
and creep into their bosome; then in this
dead want and dearth of Princes, they will cleave
to *Isaack*, and at length salute —

Isa. Me Emperor?

Cher. You apprehend it right.

Isa. What blessed angel art thou?

Cher. 'Tis no time for idle complements.

Isa. Thy counsel's good.

I would not let slip this sweet occasion,
for all the pretious plenty of the world.
come let's away.

(*rivalls.*)

Cher. First make some quick dispatch with these now

Isa. True, they'le not endure my Sovereignty.
Hast no suddain wits how to remove them both?

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

(*man:*)

Isa. I am thine:

I hate to have co-partners in my state:
There shall not breath a man whose envious eye
dares look a squint on my dread Majesty.

Mesi. They that bring news first, are still most welcome.

Must. Experience speaks it true.

Mef. Let us hast. Now *Selymus*, we come to grate. *gratulate.*

Isaack. Stay — *Cherseo.* Stand.

Mef. How? *Mustaph.* VVhat meanes this?

Isaack. Fate to your lives.

They fight, Isaack is slaine.

Musta. Sweet doings!

Isaack. 'Tis no lesse Sir, *witnesse this,* *cn*
traytor I'me slaine. *Moritur.*

Cherseoog. Crosse fortune, wicked chance:
but I must make the best of it. Is he dead?

Mef. Villaine he is, and thy bad turne is next :
what devil did incite thee, to incite

Isaack 'gainst friends? Injurious slave.

Must. Urge him to no confession till the rack
force from his closest thought unwilling truth,
He shall be doom'd for this notorious fact
unto continuall paines,
hunger, oppression, want and slavery.

Mef. That struck me full. --- Have at thee :
hold thou art victor. I have met the price
of treason, death, and as I hop'd to rise
by blood, I fall, so have I mist my scope,
delusion is the end of lawlesse hope. *Moritur*

Cherse. *Mesithes* stay one moment, art thou gone?
I am not far behinde I feele the blood
by slow degrees ebb from my fainting brest,
I am heart struck, and wounded even to death,
a Scene of slaughter this! --- O just heavens!
still I plighted faith to each of these,
I wisht that if I fail'd in one, I vow'd
death should 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 think of oathes as of a puffe of wind,

may as I do, thus sink into the grave,
my dying wish, so thrive each perjur'd knave.

Moritur.

Enter Souldiers.

Soul. 1. The night overblown, and five a clock!
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?

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

Soul. 3. *Bajazet* is new borne to his Sovereignty. (pomp

Soul. 4. Let's take their bodies, bear them hence in
unto their greatnesse, and advise the foe
of their slaine Generall, sterne *Achomates*:
found peacefull rumours; we must resubmit.
to *Bajazet*, so heaven hath thought it fit.

Exeunt.

Actus 5. Scen 9.

Enter Bajazet and Haman with a book and candle.

Baja. Set down the book and candle, go and provide
the Potion to prevent my Feaver-fit,
till when I meane to study: go make hast.

Exit Haman

Fortune, I thank 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 bosom floates along
the gravell'd vessell of proud Majesty.

Ambition empty all thy bagge of breath,
send forth thy blast among the quiet waves,
and work huge tempests to confound the Art
of the usurping Pilat *Selymus*.

Treason and envy like two 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
 puffed with the calm breath of a flattering chance,
 by furious whirl-winds rended into rags
 and peece-meal scattered through the Ocean:
 But peace my chiding spirit; come thou man

Takes the book.

of rare instinct, blest Author of a book
 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,
Otho o're-whelmd in love, and drencht in blood,
Vitellius sleeping in the chaire of State,
Vespasian call'd to government by Fate:
 still as my Muse doth travel o're their age,
 a Princes care is writ in every Page.

Thus I unfold the volume of thy writ,
 the chiefest solace of my moving wit,
Cedes eo fuit nobilior, quia filius

He reads

Patrem interfecit. Tacit. Hist. lib. 20.

Avaunt thou damn'd wizard, did thy god
Apollo teach thee to divine my fall?

What hath thy cursed Genius tract my steps
 through the *Meanders* of dark privacie?
 and will he dwell with me in these close shades
 to vex my banisht soul, banisht from joy,
 remov'd from the worlds eye? I am accurs'd,
 and hated by the Synod of the gods,
 a knot of envious deceits: the day will be
 when they shall smart for this indignity.

Enter

Enter solemn Musick, the Ghost of Mahomates, Zemes, Trizham, Mahomet, Achmetes, Caigubus, Asmehemides, with each a sword and burning Tapers, led in by Nemesis with a sword, they encompasse Bajazet in his bed.

Nem. Triumph my Plantiffes, *Nemesis* your Queen is pierc'd quite through with your continual groanes.

See, see, the prostrate body of a King,
clad in the weedes of pining discontent,
lieth open to your wrath, and doleful hate:
But I conjure you not to touch his skin,
nor hurt his sacred person, those three Fates
(those frightful sisters) told me they decree
for *Bajazet* another destinie:
But vex his soul with your deluding blows,
and let him dream of direful anguishments,
each in the proper order of his Fate,
vent the comprest confusion of his hate

One after another strike at Bajazet with their swords, Nemesis puts by their blows.

Exeunt in a solem dance.

Neme. Awake, awake thou tortured Emperor,
look with the eye of fury on the heavens,
threaten a downfall to this mortal stage,
and let it crack with thee; thy life is run
to the last Scene, thy Tragick part is done. *Exit.*

Bajazet awakes in fury; ariseth.

You meager divels, and infernal hagggs,
where are you? Ha! what, vanisht? am I found?
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 soul? Ple hunt about the world,
search the remotest angles of the earth,
till I've found out the clymate holds these fiends,
or build a bridg by Geometrick skill,

whose

whom lineal extension shall reach forth
 to the declining borders of the skie,
 on which I'll lead mortality along,
 and break a passage through the brazen walls,
 from whence *Jove* triumphs 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 confess
 what furies did my sleeping soul oppresse.
 Ha! did it lighten? or what nimble flame
 ha's crept into my blood? me thinks it steals
 through my distemper'd joynts, as if it fear'd
 to urge me to impatience.

Hamon, accursed *Hamon*; stand my soul
 above the power of these invenom'd drugs:
 Am I in hell alive? the Stygian flames
 could not produce an heat so violent
 as burns within my body: Oh I feel
 my heart drop into cinders, I am dust;
Jove, for thine own sake *Jove*, confine my soul
 within these walls of earth: for in the skie
 when I am there, none shall be *Jove* but I.
 Still, still I boyle, and the continued flames
 are aggravated: He is done, subdu'd
 (by the base Art of a damn'd Emperick)
 whose empty name sent terrour through the world:
 Is not the heaven bespangl'd all with starrs,
 and blazing Meteors, whose bright glimmering flames,
 like ceremonial Tapers should adorne
 my solemne Hearse? what, doth the golden Sun
 ride with it's wonted motion? are the waves
 bridled within their narrow Continent?
 No deluge? not an earthquake? shall a Prince,
 an Emperor, a *Bajazet* decease
 and make no breach in nature? fright the world
 with no prodigious birth? Are you asleep,

you thundring Beggards that so awe the world?
 I'll hasten to revenge this strong neglect
 of my deceasing spirits: mount my soul,
 brush off this cloddy heavy element:
 So *Jove* I come, excorporate, divine,
 immortal as thy self, I must contest
 with thee, proud god, with thee to arme my mind,
 only my soul ascends, earth staves behind. *Moritur.*
Enter the Ghosts as before, and bear him out.

ACTUS 5. SCENA 10.

Enter Solymon as newly Crowned. Souldiers, Attendants, Warlike Musick.

Soly. Is *Selymus* deceased?

Sould. He is my Lord.

Soly. 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 Orb
 that holds up *Selymus*? is not yet the Pole
 crackt with his weight? do not the heavens prepare
 his funeral Exequies? *Jove*, I invoke thee now,
 command the heavens that the prone Chandler shops
 command that idle *Phæbus*, that he exhale
 matter from earth to make thy Funeral Tapers:
 Or I'll make Torches of the universe
 in stead of Comets; flaming Countries, Cities
 shall be thy ceremonial Tapers:
 Or if not this; I'll ransack Christendome,
 Kings Daughters I'll embowel for a Sacrifice,
 their fat with vestal fire will I refine,
 and offer virgins wax unto thy shrine.
 Start back bright *Phæbus*, let thy fiery Steeds
 keep Holyday for *Selymus*. Tell thy host,

Proud

proud *Neptune* now expects another deluge,
that all the earth may weep for *Selymus*.

What do you smile, you heavens? are ye conscious,
and guilty of this execrable treason?

What, dare the fields to laugh to when I do mourn?

I'll dye your motly colour'd weedes in scarlet,
and cloath the world in black destruction.

Nemesis, I'll nayl thee to my greedy sword,
destruction shall serve under me a Prentiship.

Courage brave *Selymus*, with thy Princely boat
through *Styx* even all mortality shall float;

I'll leavy Souldiers through the Universe,
with which thou shalt begirt *Elizeum*;

Thus barren Nature shall repent thy fall,
grieving that she did not the event fore-stall.

Death, I will hate thee: the world shall wear
thy fable livery embroydred with fear:

Thy Trophies every where the world shall gaze on:

Thy Armes in fable and in gules I'll blazon.

Soul. My Lord, this Crown intreats, you leave off these
ground-creeping meditations, and to think
of Majesty; wherefore we invest your brow
with this rich robe of glory, and do vow
to it our due alleageance: thus you shall
mount up aloft above your Fathers fall.

Soly. Thus our deare Father, those bright robes of state
for which so lately thou hast sweat in blood,
thou wear'st upon my shoulders in thy stead:
thus are we crown'd, and thus our labours be
made gainful unto thine, though not to thee.

Sould. Live then, and raign, moſt mighty Emperor,
whilst that our care and watchful providence
shall fence thy safety, and keep Sentinel
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 appear before him, by that *Mahomet*,
we would confront him boldly, and excuse
thy absence unto *Pluto*, by our presence;
death, we'le disarm 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 City walls
may with warlike ruine be battered,
but our alleageance, that *European Bull*
shall ne'r push from us with his golden hornes;
nor shall his guilded showers quench our loves:
no golden Engineer shall undermine

the Castles of our faith, nor blow them up
with blasts of hop'd preferment: were thy walls
but paper, were they made of brittle glasse,
our faiths should make them marble, and as firm
as Adamant: Not walls, but subjects love,
do 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 scrue it self
into these faithful locks, whose only springs
can be no other then our own heart strings.

Our greedy swords, which erst imbru'd in blood,
did seem to blush at their own Masters acts,
and us upbraid with our most 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 war we'le fight
for thee, whil'st thou dost strive for victory.

Here to describe such Princely vertues, which
should more adorn thy Crown then Orient pearles,
were but to shew a glasse, and to commend
thy self unto thy self. Be gracious,

magnifi-

magnificent, couragious, or mild,
 or more compendiously, be more thy self,
 raigne then, and *Mahomet* grant that thou may'st passe
Nestor in years, as much as now thou dost
 in wisdom and in valour; Herauld proclaim
 to the world his title, and let swift-winged Fame
 second thy trumpet. *Her. Long live Solymon, &c.*

Solym. VVe thank you friendly Actors of our blisse,
 our patience hath at length tired out the gods;
 our Empire hath been rackt enough with treasons,
 and black seditions, as if no Christians
 were left to conquer; we weeld our Turkish blades
 against our selves, embowelling the State
 with bloody discord, by our strength we fall
 a scorn 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 heal them with our sores, whil'st we lye weltring
 in bloody peace: the dy of the publick safety
 hath been already cast by th'hand of war,
 treasons have made a blot, which may provoke
 the enemy to enter, and bear our men
 to dark *Avernus*. Envy might have blusht,
 though alwayes pale, at all our projects: now
 this bloody deluge is quite past, return
 sweet peace with th'Olive branch, enough of wars,
 'tis thou must poure oyl into our scarrs.
 Fly hence Hereditary hate, discords dead,
 let not succeeding enmities and hatred live,
 let none presume to cover private sores
 with publick ruines, nor let black discord
 make an Anatomy of our too leane
 Empire, let it wax fat again; when peace
 hath knit herknots, then shal the wanton sounds
 of bells give place to thundering Bombardes,
 and blood wash out the smoothing oil of peace;

every Souldier I'll ordaine a Priest
 to ring a fatal knell to Christians,
 and every minute unto earths wide womb
 shall sacrifice a Christians Hecatomb:
 Then shall we make a league with *Aeolus*;
 the winds shall strive to further our proceedings,
 then will we load 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 awful Scepter;
 The Whales and Dolphins shall amazed stand,
 that they shall yeild their place to Bears and Lions,
Sylla shall howl for fear, when she shall see
 the Sea become a Forrest, and her self
 mountainy; then let Syrens quake
 for fear of Satyres, then let the Christians think,
 not that our Navy, but the Country it self
 is come to move them from the growing earth;
 Comets, fiery swords shall be my Heralds,
 threatning to th'world sudden combustion:
 Let our armes be steely bowes, our arrowes
 thunderbolts, and in stead of warlike Drumms,
 thunder shall proclaim 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 Isle of *Rhodes*,
 destruction there shall keep his mournful Stage:
 Th'inhabitants shall act a bloody Tragedy,
 and personate themselves; Then for *Nayos* Ile,
 death there shall keep her Court: then I will make
Vienna all a Shambles: yea gaping Famine
 ever devouring, alwayes wanting food,
 shall gnaw their bowels, and shall leave them nothing,
 besides themselves to feed on; their dead corps

shall

shall be entomb'd in their neighbours bellies.
 There, every one shall be a living Sepulcher,
 an unhallowed Church-yard; famine shall feed it self.
 Then shall they envy beasts, and wish to be
 our Jades, our Mules; Matrons shall strive to bring
 into the hateful light abortive Brats;
 the Infants shall return, and the lean womb
 shall be unto the babes a suddain tomb.

Then shall they hoard up carcasses, and strive
 only 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 souls, to them their death.

All. Long live great Solymon our noble Emperour.

Soly. All this, and more then this I'le doe, when peace
 hath glutted our new greedy appetites,
 when it hath fill'd the veins of the Empire full
 with vigour; then, lest too much blood should cause
 Armies of vices, not of men to kill us,
 and strength breed weaknesse in our too great Empire,
 then, then, and only then we shall think good,
 with war to let the body politick blood.

Meane time we'le think on our Fathers Funeral:

Oh, I could be an holy Epicure,
 in teares, and pleasing sighs, Oh I could now
 refresh my self with sorrow, I could embalm
 thy corps with holy groanes from putrefaction:

Oh, I could powder up thy thirsty corps
 with brinish teares, and wipe them off with kisses:
 and that I might more freely speak my grief,
 these eyes should be still silent Orators,
 till blindnesse shuts them up, were I a woman:

But I am *Solymon*, Emperour, the Turk,
 blood shall be my teares, I'le think thee slain
 amongst the Christians, and translate my grief
 to fury; every member of my body

shall

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 ills vent forth, great griefes within remaine:
 See *Selymus*, sometimes a four-string'd instrument
 feeding his Souldiers with sweet Harmony,
 doth now tune nought to us but *Lacryme*.
 Could n' *Aeschulapius* be found to tune
 his disagreeing elements? treasons crackt
 the string, which else an head-ach 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 remains, but that his Funeral rites
 with our Grand fathers, Uncles be solemnized,
 that so black discord may be with them buried?
 But noble *Selymus*, what Tombe shall I prepare
 for thy memoriall? shall a heavy stone
 presse thy innocent ashes? Shall I confine
 thy wandering ghost in some high marbie 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 coarfe,
 no pratling 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.

F I N I S.

H

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T H E
COURAGEOUS
T U R K,

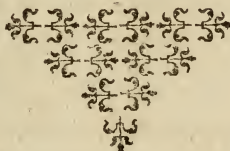
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AMURATH
THE FIRST.

A Tragedie,

Written by THOMAS GOFF *Master of Arts,*
and student of Christ-Church in OXFORD,
and Acted by the Studens of the
same house.

The second Edition



L O N D O N,
Printed for G. BEDELL and T. COLLINS, at the
middle Temple Gate Fleet-street. 1656.


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TO THE
No lesse honored, then
deserving,

SIR WALTER TICHBORNE,
Knight.

SIR,

 His with another Tragedy, intituled, The raging Turk, the issue of one mans braine; are now come forth together from the Presse, neerer allyed, even as Twins in this their second birth; They are full of Glory, Strength, and indeed full of what not, that beautifies? The more apt to be soyled, opposed, and disgraced; the rather, because the Auther ha's made his Exit hence. The intent, and use of Dedication (as I have observed) is to no other end, then that ignorance and spite, (sworne Enemies to ingenuity) should know
upon

The Epistle Dedicatory

upon their dull or envious dislikes, whether
to repayre and recieve reformation. The Fa-
therlesse fellow-Orphan to this work resteth
safe under the protection of your most noble
Brother, my much honoured Friend, Sir Ri-
chard Tichborne, Knight and Baronet ;
Now for these reasons, and that I might not
make them strangers by remote fosterings, but
especially standing to you (most worthy SIR)
equally engaged, I this to you Present and
Dedicate : Together tendring the Love and
unsained acknowledgements, of

Your most embounden Servant,

RICHARD MEIGHEN.

To

TO THE AUTHOR,

*In that, Transcribing his Book, without his
knowledge, I was bound by promise to stand
to his pleasure to keepe it or burne it.*

I Will not praise this Worke, 'twere lost,
Rich Pearles best praise themselves, nor will I boast
To be possesst of more than *India's* wealth,
That were the way to lose't; since I my selfe
Distrust my selfe in keeping it, and stand
In feare of robbing by some envious hand:
Rob'd of it, said I? Alas, that fate were just,
Since I am found first thiefe to you, who durst
Unbidden thus, ransacke your pretious store;
This magazine of wit, so choyce; nay more,
Steale from the chariot of the glorious Sunne,
This heavenly fire. What shall I say, 'tis done;
I doe confesse the enditement, pity then
Must be my surest Advocate 'mongst men.
None can abate the rigor of the Law,
But the Law-giver; but me thoughts I saw,
(Or hop'd I saw) some watry beames of Mercy
Breake, glimpsing forth of your imperious eye.
O let me beg reprove, your pardon may
By due observance come another day.
Here loe, I tender't backe to bide the doom,
By promise bound to him, to him with whom
I would not breake for all rich *Tagus* sands;
Now he the Prisoner at your mercy stands.

Ergo ibit in ignes

Hoc opus aeternum ruet, & tot bella, tot Enses

In Cineres dabit hora nocens.



THE PROLOGUE.

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Were not our present subject mixt With
fear,
'T would much affright us to see all you
here.

One would suffice us, or no Auditor.
Each to himselfe an ample Theater,
Let rude Plebeians thinke so, but we know
All judgements here from the same Spring doe flow;
All here have but one censure, all one brest,
All sonnes of the same Mother; but the rest
We preoccupate their Censure, and fore-tell,
What after may be said not to be well.

As in most decent Garments you may see.
Some gracious Ornaments inweaved bee;
Which serve for little use; but on some day
Destin'd to please himselfe, the Wearer may
Without a blush put on, when his best friends
Intend to visit him. So our hope intends
The sacred Muses Progeny to greet,
Which under our Roofe, now the third time meet.
We will not ope the booke to you, and show
A story word by word, as it doth goe;
But give invention leave to undertake,
Of it's owne straines, some benefit to make;
For though a Tragicke Pen may be confin'd
Within a studies private Walles, the mind
Must be unbounded, and with invention's steele;

Strike

Strike fire from the alient Flints ———
 So free we are from setting any price
 On these our studied Vanities, that advice
 Almost disdain'd the whispers of those tongues
 Which, private first, though vented, publike wrongs
 To the Patient, Patient oft. We'il here begin
 To be a litle peremptory. Oh that sinne
 Of willfull indiscretion; 'tis no bayes
 To make us Garlands of our owne mouthes praise.
 Which who affect, may they so Lawrell lacke,
 That slanders Thunders may behind their backe
 Blast them with Calumny; for we vow, they deare
 Pay for their paines, that give attention here.
 And since it's suffered with kind indulgence,
 We hope that Kingly Parent's our defence;
 Who would not have his dandling love be knowre,
 But unto those had off-spring of their owne.
 And (for we are assured that here be
 No braines so carst with blacke sterilitie,
 But of some nature they can frely call
 Births more mature, and Celestiall;
 Their studies issue) they, like kindest Mothers,
 With tender hands will swath the limbes of others.

THE
A R G U M E N T.

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A Suppo'd Victory by AMURETH
Obtain'd in *Greece*, where many captives tane,
One among the rest, IRENE, conquers him,
For, taken with her love, he sounds retreat
Eternally from Warre: but after, mov'd
With murmur of his Nobles, in her bed,
Before his Councils face, strikes off her head.
Then ruminating former bloody broyles,
He straight o'recomes all Christian Provinces,
Invades the Confines of his Sonne in Law,
Fires *Caramania*, and makes *Aladin*
With's Wife and Children suppliant for their lives:
At length appointed his great't Field to fight
Upon *Cassanae's* Plaines; where having got
A wondrous Conquest 'gainst the Christians,
Comes the next morne to overview the dead;
'Mongst whom a Christian Captaine, *Cobelitz*,
Lying wounded there, at sight of *Amurath*,
Rising and staggering towards him, desperately
With a short dagger wounds him to the heart,
And then immediately the Christian dyes.
The Turke expiring, *Bajazet* his Heyre
Strangles his younger brother: Thus still springs
The Tragick sport which Fortune makes with Kings.

THE FOLIO

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THE ACTORS.

Amurath.

Lala Schahin. ——— Tutor to Amurath.

Eurenoses, } two Turkish

Chafe Illibegge. } www.Captainesol.com.cn

Cobelitz a Christian Captaine.

Lazarus the Despot or Governour of Servia.

Safmenos Governour of Bulgaria.

Aladin Sonne in Law to Amurath: and King of
Caramania.

Two Lords with Aladin. }

Two Embassadors. }

Bajazet, Eldest Sonne to Amurath.

Jacyl, Youngest Sonne to Amurath.

Carradin Bassa A Governour under the Turke.

For the Maske.

Jupiter } Mars } Jollo } Neptune }
Juno } Venus } Mas } Cupid }
Hector } Alexander
Achil } Philoxenus

Women Actors.

Eumorphe, Concubine to Amurath.

Menthe, An attendant on Eumorphe.

Hatun, Daughter to the Lord of Phrygia, married
to Bajazet.


Aldines Wife, Two little Boyes with her.

Mutes.

Men Christians taken, given to Amurath for Janizaries.

Six Christian Maidens presented to Hatun supposed to
be Kings Daughters.

THE



T H E
 COURAGEOUS
 T U R K,
 O R,
 AMURATH
 THE FIRST.

Actus I. Scena I.

Enter as from Warre, Lala-Schahin at one doore, with warlike Musicke, Souldiers, a March. Enter to him at the other doore, Amurath in State, with Eumorphe his Concubine, attendants, Lords and Ladies.

A M U R A T H.

BE dumb those now harsh notes, our softer care
 shall never be acquainted with such sounds.
 Peace (our grand Captain) see here *Amurath*,
 that would have once confronted *Mars* himselfe,
 (Acknowledg'd for a better Deity)
 Puts off ambitious burdens; and doth hate

[through

through bloody Rivers to make passages,
whereby his Soule might flote to *Acheron*.

Wrinkle your browes no more (sterne fates) for we
scorne to be made the servile Ministers
to cut those threads, at which your selves have trembled,
X esteeming us the fiercer Destiny.

Yet must great *Amurath* thanke those sacred powers,
they have enricht our soules with such a price,
as had those *Heroes*, whose revengefull Armes
serv'd *Mars* a ten yeares Prentiship at *Troy*,
ere dream'd succeeding times should be posselt
with such an unparallell'd, unprized beauty as my Saint,
they would not have prevented so their blisse,
but beene most humble Sutōrs to the Gods
to have protracted their then fond spent life
but to behold this object; which out-shines
their *Helena*, as much as doth the eye
of all the World dazle the lesser fires.

Jove, Ile outbrave thee; melt thy selfe in Lust,
embrace at once all starre-made Concubines,
Ile not envie thee, know I have to spare
beauty enough, to make another *Venus*;
And for fond Gods, that have no reward in store
to make me happier, here Ile place my Heaven.
And for thy sake, this shall my Motto be,
I conquered *Greece*, one *Grecian* conquered me.

Enum. But (gracious Lord) those streames (we see)
(soon ebb,

which with outragious swelling flow too fast;
forbid (*Lucina*) this soone kindled fire,
should ere burne out it self. Tis a true Theame,
That nere lasts long, that seemeth most extreame.

* *Amur.* Can this rich price of nature, precious jem,
give entertainment to suspecting guests?
Come, come, these armes are curious chaines of love,
with which thou link'st my heart æternally,

thy cheeks the royall Paper interlined,
 with Natures Rhetorique, and loves perswasion
 standsthere attra cting still my gazing eye:
 This then Ile read, and here I now will faine,
 that thote all antique fables of the Gods
 are writ in flowing numbers; first thy lip,
 was faire *Europaes*, which they say made *Jove*
 turne a wild Heyfer: next, this sparkling eye
 was the *Amonian Io's*: then, this hand
Ladaes, faire Mother to those Star-made Twins;
 Thus, thus Ile Comment on this golden Booke:
 Nature nor Art, have taught me how to faine;
 Fairest, 'twas you first brought me to this vaine:
 In loving Combats, now I valiant prove,
 let others warre, great *Amurath* shall love.

Scha. Brave resolution! O the fond thoughts of man!
 awake *Euno*! Ile find stratagems:

There shall be Phyfick, to purge this disease:
 light fores are gently us'd; but such a part
 must be cut off, lest it infect the heart.

Amar. Schahin, Our Tutor, we command this night
 be solemniz'd with all delightfull sports
 thy learn'd invention best can thinke upon.
 Prepare a Maske, which lively represents,
 how once the Gods did love: that shall not teach
 us by examples; but we'll smile to thinke,
 how poore and weake their idle faining was
 to our affection. *Schahin*, be free in wit,
 and suddaine: now come my Kingdomes Bride:
Hymen would wed himselfe to such a Bride.

Exeunt all but Schahin.

ACTUS I. SCENA 2.

Schab. Nature, and all those universall powers,
 which shew'd such admirable Godlike skill,

in framing this true modell of our selves ;
 this Man , this thing cal'd man , why doe you thus ;
 make him a spectacle of such laughter for you ,
 when in each man we see a Monarchy ?

For , as in states , all fortunes still attend :

So with a Kingdome , with a compleat state
 will govern'd , and well manag'd in him selfe :

both each man beares , when that best part of man ;
 (Reason) doth sway and rule each Passion.

Affections are good Servants : but if Will
 makes them once Master , they'l prove Tyrants still.

No more King now , poore Subject AMURATH ;
 whom I have seen , breake through a Troope of Men,
 like lightning from a Cloud : and done those Acts ,
 which 'ene the Furies would have trembled at :

Treading downe Armies , as if by them he meant
 of dead mens backes to build up staires to Heaven :

And now ly'th lurking in a womans armes ,
 drencht in the *Lethe* of Ignoble lust ,

appoints me for the wanton Engineer
 to keepe his so loose thoughts in smoothing tune.

Woman , enticing woman , golden hooke
 to catch our thoughts , and when we once are caught
 to drag's into the publike view of shame ;

And there we lye bath'd in incestuous pleasure
 for all good men to laugh and scorne at once.

Bane to my senses ! I could eyther wish
 our birth were like those Creatures , which we say
 Are bred from putrid and corrupted matter ;

Then that we should acknowledge our deare being
 with grasse and flowers : for what else is our state
 up to the top ? But then the waight shall fall
 upon their head that caus'd it. Worke (my braine)
 tush , bloud , no: water must wash off this staine.

Exit.

Actus.

Scena 3. Actus 1.

Enter Amurath in state with Nobles : Eumorphe with attendant Ladies : while Amurath ascends his Throne, and placeth Eumorphe

by him.
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Am. Shine here (my beauty) and expell the night more than a thousand starres that grace the Heavens : Me thinks, I see the Gods inventing shapés in which they meane to court thee. *Jove* he frownes, and is more jealous, more suspicious of thee, then all the painted Truls, whose eyes bedeck the all ennamel'd Firmament.

Eum. Beauty (my Lord) 'tis the worst part of woman, a weake poore thing, assaulted every hour by creeping minutes of defacing time ; A superficies which each breath of care blasts off : and every humerous streame of griefe ; which flowes from forth these Fountaines of our eyes, washeth away, as raine doth Winters snow. But those blest-guiders of all Nuptiall rites, have wrought a better cement to make fast, the hearts of Lovers ; the true name of Wife guilds o're our thrones, with a more constant shapé than can be subject or to time, or care : And in our selves ; yea in our owne true breasts we have obedience, duty, carefull Love ; And last and best of all, we may have Children, Children are *Hymens* pledges, these shall be perpetuall chaines, to linke my Lord and me.

Amur. Art thou a Woman? Goddesse, we adore, and Idolize what we but loved before. What Divels have men beene, whose furious braines have oft abus'd that Deity call'd Woman :

dipping their Ravens quill in *Stygian Inke* ,
 to blast such heavenly paper as your faces !
 Were all the enticing lusts , damn'd policies ,
 prodigious fascinations , unsearcht thoughts ,
 dissembled reares , broke vows , loath'd appetites ,
 luxurious and unsatiated desires ;
 Were all these of women equally weighed
 that vertue in thy brest 'twill out-balance all ,
 and recompence the ruine of all thy Sexe.

Enter a Servant and speaks.

Serv. So please your Majesty, *L. Schahin's* ready
 for entrance with his Masque.

Am. Tell him, we're wholly bent for expectation.

Exit Serv.

Sit, sit (my Queene) Musicke exceed your Spheares,
 thinke I am *Love*, and Godlike please our eares.

Scena 4. Actus 1.

A Masque.

Enter from aloft two Torch-bearers, then Jupiter and Juno, and two Torch-bearers more, then Mars and Venus, and two Torch-bearers more, then Apollo and Pallas, and two more Torch-bearers, then Neptune and Diana. Whilst they are descending, Cupid hanging in the Ayre, sings to soft Musicke this Song following.

Cupid sings.

Gaze you mortals, gaze you still,
 On the Gods now looke your fill.
 Jove and Juno are descending,
 Yet her Jealousie's not ending,
 Mars, *Starre* Mars, he will not fight,

But

But with Venus when 't is Night.
 Daphne crownes Apollos head,
 Whom she would embrace in Bed;
 Neptune swels his frothy cheeke,
 Cause Diana is not meeke.
 Gaze you mortals, &c.

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Jup. Come now my (Sister and Wife) wee'l begin
 to court afresh! Nay, loure not (Heavens Queene)
 here on this Greene we'll a Lavalto dance;
 What if our haire grow silver, yet our strength
 Is young, and vigorous. Say (fellow Gods)
 (Since we are full of Nectar, and our cares
 Lye drencht in our *Nepenthe*) take your Queenes, and be
 All joviall; *Mars* for our Daughter *Venus*,
Apollo joyne with *Pallas*, Brother of Flouds
 embrace *Diana*; Gods sometimes merry be;
 but in the night, when mortals may not see.

Each God as appointed by Jove, takes his Goddess, they dance a Masque dance, and in the dance Juno observes Joves glances to Eumorphe, and at the end of the dance, speaketh thus.

Jup. How now (wanton?) Can I no where goe,
 for recreation, but you follow me?

Jun. Is this your recreation? Fye! My Lord,
 will you be wanton still! For here you came

Points at Eumorphe.

For some new Harlot, some new Queene for you.

Jup. *Juno*, Wife.

Juno. Your Sister, (thunderer,) and not your Wife!
 Banisht from Heaven I am; and your Bed:
 resigne them both to Strumpets, Concubines.

Points at Eumorphe.

And now you come to see a fresh new lasse,

in which Pole now, or in what part of heaven
shall she be stellified?

Jupit. Shall still sinister thoughts wrong our intent?
wel (*Juno*) wel, you'le ever be a woman,
a very, very woman! But since she scolds,
Let's hence (yee Gods) lest her infectious breath
blast the succeeding day: and mortals curse
her hel-bred jealousie: Calumnious woman,
Come, scold in heaven; For if Gods liv'd on Earth,
suspicious tongues would blame most innocent mirth.

*Here all the Gods and Goddesses ascend; at the
top of the ascent, Juno stops and
speakes.*

Jun. Wel, *Jove* lookt pale, I toucht him to the
'tis some new Minion he came downe to see: (quick;
Harke (jealousie) know *Juno* is a woman!
Am I not mad yet? Mistris Bride, adieu,
Jove shall not steale a kisse; My curse is past,
when thou sleep'st first a Bride, mayst sleepe thy last.

Exit.

Cupid. Faire Bride, I sang thy *Epithalamy*,
and left *Elysium* for thy Nuptials:
Juno here thundered 'against the Thunderer;
knowing how thy beauty dazles hers,
she durst not let heavens King once glance a looke,
but threatned with her helbred incantations,
to metamorphise thine unparall'ell'd
and most celestiall shape into worse formes;
And more prodigious than ever poysoned charmes
wrought on the fabled Concubines of *Jove*:
but know great Queene, my Mother *Venus* vowes
her everlasting guard to save such beauty;
Lest if thou perish, Nature her selfe
lose her onely parterne of serenity.
But I must hast, Love, which the Gods protect,
can never be indangered by neglect.

*Ascendit.
Amur.*

Amur. *Schabin*, thine Art is excellent but say,
doe Gods fall out for love amongst themselves?

Scab. My Lord, these are but fables: yet to make
the shew more pertinent, and to grace your Queene,
concept tooke leave to put the frowne on *Iuno*.

Eum. My Lords and friends, we shall be ever thankfull
and rest a Debtor to your curtesie.

Schab. Not so, faire Queen, but durst I now entreat
the Kings detaining from the sweets of Bed,
there yet remains one thought upon concept,
which you would doubly grace me to behold.

Amur. Our worthy Tutor shall obtaine a night,
a night of us, in any case we can!

Scab. But then let me informe your Majesty,
that 'tis a warriors shew, which once you loved,
but now are free from.

Amur. 't's best of all, with greedinesse we'l see it,
O how the soule doth gratulate it selfe
when safely it beholds the dangerous state
of others, and it selfe security free!

Glad are we still to stand upon the shore,
and see as farre off others tost i' th' Sea:

or in a Gallery at a Fencers stage,

we laugh when mutually each one takes wounds;

Sit still (*Eumorphe:*) *Schabin*, thy shew in halt;

'Tis best delight, to thinke on troubles past.

Scena 5. Actus 1.

*Enter in Masque the Ghost of Hector and Achilles, to
them Alexander the gre. & stands gazing on them,
whilst Fame speakes from aloft.*

Fame. Stay you most worthy shades, brave *Hector*, stay,
And proud *Achilles*, know your massie Tombes,

which have so long orewhelm'd your valiant bones ,
 yawnes wide to let the imprisoned coarces forth .
 I must afresh imbarme your sacred Trunkes ,
 and sweet your memory with most happy oyle
 of just report ; the Gods awakt me Fame
 from out the oblivious Sepulcher of sleepe ,
 to drop that Inke into old *Homer* ,
 wherewith he curiously hath lin'd your names ,
 enfolding them in Everlasting Cedar ,
 and make them live to all posterity .
 Vertue to valour hath his guift assign'd ,
 great men may dye , yet deeds still rest in mind .

Exeunt umbra Hectoris & Achilis , Manet Alexander looking after them , reading in Homer .

Alexand. Μάννιν ἀειδέει θεὰ Πηνελόπειαν Ἀχιλλῆως
 most fortunate young man , whose worth is crown'd
 with everlasting Trophies of renowne ,
 how hath he set thee on the wings of fame
 which soare i'th middle region of high glory ,
 propos'd to all , a never dying story !

Enter to Alexander , Philoxenus a Captaine .

Phil. May it please thee (Sonne of *Jupiter*) to accept
 a Present , which our fight enricht us with ?

Alex. Is it a Band of stubborn Souldiers, Captaine?

Philox. O no (my Liege) of exquisite form'd Ladies ,
Darius his wife , the wonder of her Sexe ;
 Besides a Troope of such shap't *Ganimedes* ,
 that Love not equals .

Alex. Philoxenus , We thanke thee . Yet harke ,
 there is a secret we would know of thee ,
 and you must tell Us : on your faith you must .

Phil. My Leige ———

Alex. Nay, no Court oyle (by your leave) no flattery,
 we are but man , this very trunk of ours ,
 Is but a Vessell filld with humane blood ,

and we trust not that Parasite like pen ,
 Ἰχῶς οἷός περ ἴσχει μάκαρεςσι θεοῖσι.
 All the destroying vices of fraile man ,
 I may be subject to ; but what base loofeness ,
 or supple Luxury , didst thou ere observe
 so to benumne our sense , that thou shouldst thinke
 we could be pleas'd with such effeminate Presents ?
 Know sir , our eyes shall have that abstinence
 that will not looke on them , on boyes , or women.
 Hence then , and present some coward with them.

Exit Philoxenus

Give me a spectacle would please the Gods ,
 and make them bend their Ivorie browes to the Earth ;
 a man , a Souldier , strong with his wounds ;
 'mongst fate and ruine , upright and unshap't ,
 his minde being all his guard , his wall , and armour ;
 and if he fall , still noble wrath remains
 in his amased Trunke : not all the darts
 stucke in his sides , making him all one wound ,
 affright his courage ; but wrath lending weapons .
 himselfe doth seeme a new and horrid Warre .
 Nor are those Milke-sops which beguile the time ,
 with stealing minutes from their Ladies lips ,
 such as the Gods doe love ; for as the Winde
 loseth it's force , if it be not oppos'd
 with woods of strong and stubborne planted trees ;
 So Virtue , if it walke in troden paths .
 That breakes up honours gap , and makes the way
 through pathes of death : that flame burnes strong
 which is resisted : valor shines in wrong :
 Of *Alexanders* Souldiers be this said ,
 warre was as peace , when he the army led .

Exit.

Fame. Brave *Macedon* , how truly hast thou weighed
 the reason of mans birth ! who is equall borne ,
 for all the world , as well as for himselfe .
 the world's a field too narrow for thy worth ,

and although Nature hath her enacted bounds
 for Sea and earth, nay for the heavens themselves,
 nor Sea nor earth shall coope thy valour up :
 Valour of Nature ever this attaines,
 that it breakes forth, farre, and beyond her chaines,
 and this Ile trumpet out ; The whole worlds Ball,
 in which thou art so great, to thee is small.
 When men want worlds to shew their vertue in,
 that is the crime o'th Gods, and not their sinne ;
 'Tis a decree of a true Souldiers mind,
 to thinke nought done, when ought is left behind.
 On (valiant youth) for, know I will appoint
 a *Grecian* Prince, who so shall steepe his quill
 to paint thy name in Wels of eloquence,
 that this thy scorne of Lust shall be propos'd
 for Kings example to posterity.
 Know mortals, that the men the Gods most love,
 in hard and dangerous Arts they alwayes prove
 When men live brave at first, then fall to crimes,
 their bad is Chronicle to future times :
 For, who begins good Arts, and not proceeds
 he but goeth backward in all noble deeds.
 Death consecrates those men whose awfull end,
 though most men feare, yet all men must commend.

ascends.

Amyrath seemes troubled, yet collecting himselfe,
 dissembles his Passion, speaks.

Am. Scabin, the *Macedon's* beholding to thee,
 and history shall pay you thanks for this,
 which we rest Debtors for.

Scab. Great Prince, such kindnesse of acceptance payes
 For things which are but for a Kings delight :
 in seeing them, he amply doth requite.

Am. Eumorphe Love, Queene, Wife, let's hast to Bed,
 and may we wish this night eternall time.

Scabin,

Scabin, good night: good night, kind gentlemen.
Thus when we are dead shall we revive o'th' stage:
one houre can present a kings whole age.

Exeunt omnes.

Actus 2. Scena 1.

Enter Schahin, Eurenoses.

(not pale?)

Schah. Observ'd you not the Kings looks? Grew they

Euren. O yes (Lord *Schahin*) you must be his Parent,
and snatch him out o'th' Gulph he's falling in.

That fayned speech of *Alexanders* wrought
like to most purging Phyficke; nights then blacke,
when 'tis compar'd with day: Boldnesse is cleare,
when 'tis presented before bastard feare.

Schah. Ile tell thee, *Eurenoses*, thou art a Souldier,
and I am both a Souldier, and a Scholar;
And for these two Professions am both most glorious,
and most meritorious; *Pallas* is for both:

O what *Tysiphon*, what snaked scourge
can make a Scholar, that should never sleepe,
but 'twixt the Pillowes of *Pernassus* Hills,
and dip his lips in springs of *Helicon*,
make him by snoaring on a wanton brest,
and suck the adulterate and spiced breath
of a lewd famed woman?

Euren. And for a Souldier (*Schahin*), let me speake:
We that doe know, the use of swords and fire,
we that doe know, halters can throatle us,
shall we ere venture on a Womans cruelty?
We that endure no Lords, shall we endure
a woman to overcome us? Most true *Demophon*,
I reverence thy memory: no pewling phrase

could

could so enchain thee to thy *Thracian* Dame,
 but thou wouldst rather perish than she save thee.
 He not declaime long on that common theame,
 but they have lust lye in their fingers ends,
 and whilst their sweet-hearts breath sticke in their sheets,
 they will admit another *Lucrece* in the day,
 to be a *Thais*, if the night will not gain-say.

Scab. Why (*Eurenos*) why should we endure
 a new Queen now? this Kingdom wants not heires:
 we know (should we have more) 'twere dangerous.
 But harke! The Queens for Bed-inticing sleepe

soft Musicke.

with charmes of Musicke: wel, even such a Night
 may yet prove dismall ere the following Light!

Eurenos. Scabin, let's in:
 the first degree to purge such ills as these,
 is to instruct the patient his disease:
 that you have done.

Scab. Yea, and wil yet once more
 adventure a new stratagem. Just when the King
 h'as rid his Chamber, and with covetous hast
 thinks for to clip *Elisium*, and drinke deepe
 of his long wish'd delight, I having skil
 and uncontroul'd accessse, will in disguise
 seem his deceased Fathers apparition:
 and by all tyes of children to their Parents,
 bid him forsake that vile bewitching woman.

Euren. An easie Medicine doth and sure wil work,
 to rub shrewd wounds, make them but fester more,
 Foule Med'cines we worse brook, than a foule sore.

Scena 2. Actus 2.

*Enter Eumorphe as to Bed in her Night-ropes, attended
 with Tapers and Ladies.*

Menth. Madam make hast, The King will be impatient
 if he

if he be from you long. O Happinesse !

Emorph. Why *Menthe* ! then thou deem'st us happy
thus to command a world of services,
to have a King my subject ; and attended
with these harmonious sounds t' affect our eares ?

Menthe. Yes (truely Madam) 'tis a happinesse.

Eumorph. 'Tis, were 't Eternal : but I feare a power,
a womans power, doth but make sport with us.

Why, were we not once (*Menthe*) a Captive Wretch ?

Menthe Yes Lady ! now your happinesse's the more :
Riches please best, when there went want before.

Eum. That power which rais'd us from so base, so
can throw us downe againe as suddenly : (high,

Me thinks my life is but a Players Scæne
in the last Act : my part was then to play
a captive creature, and a Queene to day.

Menthe. Your Morals (Madam) are too serious ;
Me thinks these Ornaments should elevate
your dumpish spirits. Thinke this Bed a place,
in which no Icie slipping chance hath power ;
A Kings safe Bed is like a guarded Tower.

Eum. No (*Menthe*) no, 'tis not the Bed of state,
nor the free smile of a well pleased King :
'tis not the embracing Armes of Emperors,
nor all the Gemmes that so inwreath the browes
can so allure Fortune unto their gaze,
as she should still be constant ; O she's blind,
nor doth she know her selfe where she is kind ;
Those, those are Kings, and Queenes, whose brest's secure,
like brazen walles, Lust's entrance not endure ;
Where impotent ambition not intrudes,
nor the untable talke of multitudes ;
Fortune serves such, they happines command
more than all *Lybia's* gold, all *Tagus* sand ;
as heaven hath given us no more conspicuous things,
than forme or beaury : so like a forward spring,
nothing

Nothing more short.

Menthe. Madam, divine not of a change; Believe is too too prone, in entertaining griefe!

Eum. Our Lord attends, to enter in,
and surely sleepe envyeth his delight,
for he sits heavy on my drowsie lids,
draw all our Curtaines, sleepe be guiles our eares.

Men. Madam, good night, time helpes suspicious fear!.

Exit Menthe.

*This Song is to be sung in the Musick roome
to soft Musicke, now when she lookes,
she's dreaming sent to Elisium.*

*Drop golden showers, gentle sleepe,
And all the Angels of the Night,
Which doe us in protection keepe,
Make this Queene dreame of delight
Morpheus be kind a little, and be
Deaths now true Image, for 't will prove
To this poore Queene, that then thou art hee;
Her grave is made i'th Bed of love.
Thus with sweet sweets can Heaven mix gall,
And marriage turne to Funerall.*

Scæna 3. Actus. 2.

*Enter Amurath in his Night robes, a Taper in his hand,
seemes much disturbed, speaks.*

Amur. Turke, *Amurath*, slave, nay something baser,
King! For all airy titles which the Gods
have blasted man withall, to make them swell
with puffed up honour, and ambitious wind,
this name of King holds greatest antipathy

with

with manly government : for if we waigh ,
 'Tis subjects , and not Kings beare all the sway .
 Each whispered murmur from their idle breath
 condemnes a King to infamy , to death ;
 Were there a Metempseucosis of soules ,
 and nature should a free Election grant
 what things they afterwards would reinforme ,
 the vaine and haughtiest minds the Sun ere saw ,
 Would chuse it's Cottage in some Shepherds flesh ,
 nay , be confin'd within some Dog or Cat ,
 than (Antique-like) pranck in a Kings gay-clothes .
 Were I no King , and had no Majesty ,
 I had more then all Kings , blest liberty ;
 And without rumor might enjoy my choyce ,
 not fearing Censure of each popular voyce .

Poore men may love , and none their wils correct :
 but all turne Satyres of a Kings affect .

O my base greatnesse ! What disafterous starre
 profest it selfe a Midwife at my birth ,
 to shape me into such prodigious States ?

But hence regard of tongues ! Were we a Saint ,
 some envious tongue would dare our names to taint :
 and he from slander is at securest rest ,
 not that hath none , but that regards it least .

Open you envious Curtaines ; here's a sight ,

Drawes the Curtain.

that might commend the act of Love so Chast .

Were now the chariot-guider of the Sunne
 weary o's taske , and would intreat a day
 of Heaven to rest in , here's a radiant Looke ,
 that might be fixt ith' midst oth' Axletree ;
 and in despight of darke conspiring Clouds ,
 she would out-shine Sunne , Moone and all the Stars .

O , I could court thee now (my sweet) a fresh,
 mixing a kisse with every period ;

Telling the Lillies how they are but wanne ,

earth

earth in the vernant spring is dull , and darke ,
 compar'd with this aspect ! the *Æasterne ayre* ,
 fann'd with the wings of *Mercury* and *Jove* ,
 infectious , but compar'd with this perfume .
 Hence then th' ambition of that furious * youth, [*Alexis*
 who knew not what a crime his rashnesse was !
 I might orecome more Kingdomes, have more dominion,
 enthrone my selfe an Emperor oth' world ;
 I might , I might ; *Amurath* thou mightst .
 The Christians now will scoffe at *Mahomet* ;
 Perchance they sent this wretch thus to inchant me !
 O my perplexed thoughts ! Tush , Ile to bed ,
 should the commanding Thunder of the Gods
 prohibite me , or strike me in the act .
 Talke on (vaine rumor) fame I dare thy worst !
 Call me a Lusty , Lazy, wanton, coward!
 should I win all the world, my breath once fled,
 my bad would still survive, all good be dead .
Eumorphe , sweet, I come ! you sacred powers
 who have bestowed some happensse on man ,
 to helpe to passe away this sinful life ,
 Grant me a youthfull vigor yet a while ,
 full veines, free strength , compleat and manly sence ,
 to know , and take a beauty most immense !

Scena 4. Actus 2.

*Amurath makes haste to the Bed , on a suddaine enter
 Schahin disguised like the Ghost of Orchanes,
 father to Amurath.*

Scabin. Amurath, Amurath.

Amurath. Divel, Divel; what?

Dar'lt thou appeare before an Angell (Fiend?)

*Scab. O Amurath, why doth intemperate Lust,
 raging within thy furious youthfull veines ,
 burst through thy fathers Tombe? Disturbe his soule?*

Know,

Know, all the torments that the fabulous age
 dream't, did afflict deceased impious Ghosts,
 heartbiting-hunger, and soule-searching thirst,
 the ne're consumed, yet ever eaten prey
 that the devouring Vulture feeds upon,
 are not such tortures as our off-springs crimes:
 They, they sit heavy on us, and no date
 Makes our compassionate affection cease.

O thou hereditary Ulcer, hearke,
 by the name of Father, and by all those cares
 which brought me to my grave, to make thee great:
 Thou that hast nothing of me but my crowne:
 My enterprize surpast the boundlesse Sea,
 cutting the churlish Waves of *Hellepont*,
 when the flood stood which wind for to obey!

Euxinum groan'd beneath my burdenous ships:

I was the first of all the Turkish Kings
 that *Europe* knew, and the fond Christians plague,

What coward blood ran flowing in my veines,
 when thou wert first begot, who marrest all
 thy Fathers acts by thy untam'd desires?

Wherefore with Stygian curses I will lade thee:

First, may she prove a Strumpet to thy Bed,
 be her lips poyson, and let her loose embraces,

be venemous as Scorpions: If she conceive
 a Generation from thee, let it be;

as ominous as thou hast beene to me;

Rebellious to thy Præcepts, printing cares
 upon thy aged browes. O may they prove,
 as Faries for to lash thee in thy rest!

But *Amurath*, if thou canst quench this flame,
 if thou wilt cut this Gordian thred, and rend hence
 that putrid Wenne which cleaves unto they flesh,
 be all thine actions prosperous. *Mahomet*
 shall be auspicious unto each designe;
 Fortune to shew thee favour shall be proud,

Farewel. If what men doe speake last before
they die take root, then dead mens should take more.

Exit Schahin.

Amur. What, art thou vanisht? Know (thou carefull
thou shalt no sooner pierce the wandring clouds (spright)
with unperceived flight, than my resolve
shall expiate my former Vanity.
Looke on thy sonne, thou airy intellect,
and see him sacrifice to thy command!

Now *Titan* turne thy breathing coursers backe,
start hence bright day, a fable Cloud invade
this univerrall Globe, breake every prop
and every hindege that doth sustaine the Heavens:
For straight must die a woman, I have nam'd
a crime, that may accuse all Nature guilty.
The Sexe wisely considered, deserves a death;
For thinke this, *Amurath*, this woman may
prostrate her delicate and Ivory limbes
to some base Page, or Scul, or shrunk up Dwarf,
Or let some Groome lye feeding on her lips,
she may devise some mishapen trick
to satiate her goatish *Amurath*;
and from her bended knees at Meditation,
be taken by some slave toth' deepe of Hell!
Th'art a brave Creature, wert thou not a woman.
Tutor! Come! thou shalt see my well-kept vow,
and know my hate, which saw me dote but now:
Schahin! Eurenoses! Captaines, ho!

Scænæ. 5. Actus. 2.

Enter Schahin, Eurenoses, Chafe-Illibegge.
Our Tutor, *Eurenoses*, Captaines, welcome.
Gallants, I call you to a spectacle:
My brest's too narrow to hoard up my joy.
Nay, gaze here Gentlemen! give Nature thanks,

for

for framing such an excellent fence as Sight,
whereby such objects are enjoyn'd as this.
Which of you now imprison not your thoughts
in envious and silent policy.

Scab. My Lord to whatsoever you shall propose,
my sentence shall be free.

Euren And mine. *Chafe-il.* And mine.

Am. Which of you then dare challenge to himselfe
such a pathological Prærogative,
so stoically severed from affection?

That, had he such a Creature as lieth here,
one, at whom Nature her self stood amazed,
one, whom those lofty extasies of poets,
should they decay, here't must nor barely dump
their dull inventions with similitudes,
taken from Sun, Moon, Violets, Roses;
and, when their ruptures at a period stand,
a silent admiration must supply.

Onely name her, and she is all describ'd.

Hyperbole of women, Colour it selfe
is not more pure, and incontaminate!
sleep doates on her and graspes her eye-lids close?
the skie it selfe hath onely so much blew
as the azure in her veines lends by refluxe.

Here's breath that would those vapors purifie,
which from *Avernus* choakes the flying Birds:
here's heat would tempt the numb'd *Athenian*,
though all his blood with age were conjeal'd yce!

Now, which of you all is so temperate,
that did he find this Jewel in his bed
(unlesse an Eunuch) could refraine to grapple,
and dally with her? come! speak freely all.

Sch. Truly (my Lord) I came of mortal parents
and must confesse me subject to desires;
freely enjoy your Love!

that were she mine, I surely would do no lesse.

Amur. What sayth *Eurenoses*?

Euren. My Lord, I say,
that they may raile at light, that nere saw day;
but had I such a Creature by my side,
were the world twice enlarged, and all that world
orecome by me, all volumes writ,
made clean and filld up by Rhetorique straines
of my great deeds, Historians should spend
their Inke and Paper in my sole Cbronicle;
A thousand such alluring idle charmes
could not conjure me from betwixt her armes.

Amur. Your sentence *Chaf-Illebeg*?

Chaf. What need your grace depend upon our breath?
I vow (my Lord,) if all those scrupulous things
which burden us with precepts so precise,
those parents, which when they are married once
and past their strength of years, think their sons straight
should be as old in every thing as they;
I say my Lord, did my head weare a crowne,
that Queen should be the chiefest jem t' adorne it,
spite of all hate. That's an unhappy state,
when Kings must feare to love least subjects hate.

Amu. Wel spoke, three Milkops, *Schabin.* your sword,
Schabin gives him a Sword.

Now, now be valour in this manly arme
to cut off troupes of thoughts that would invade me!
Think you my minde is waxie to be wrought
int' any fashion? *Orchanes*, thy strength!
Here do I wish, as did that Emperour,
that all the heads of that inticing Sexe
were upon hers, thus then should one full stroake
mow them all off. *Amurath cuts off Eumorphes head,*
shewes it to the nobles.

there kisse now (Captaines) do, and clap her cheekes:
this is the face that did so captive me:
these were the lookes that so bewicht mine eyes:
here be the lips, that I but for to touch,

gave

gave over fortune, victory, fame and all ;
these were two lying mirrors where I lookt
and thought I saw a world of happinesse.

Now tutor, shall our swords be exercis'd
in ripping up the breasts of Christians ?

Say Generals, Whither i' st first ?

A. For Thracia.

Amurath. On then for *Thracia*, for he surely shall,
that conquers first himselfe, soon conquer all.

Exeunt omnes.

ACTUS 3. SCENA 1.

Enter Cobelitz solus.

Cobelitz Thou sacred guider of the arched Heavens,
who canst collect the scattering starres, and fixe
the Erratique planets in the constant pole !

O why shouldst thou take such solicitous care
to keep the ayre, and Elements in course ?

That Winter should uncloth our Mother Earth,
and wrap her in a winding sheet of snow ;

that then the spring duly revives her still,
unbinds her sinews, fils her cling'd up veynes
with living dew, and makes her young again.

Next that, the *Nemean* terror breathes her flames,
to parch her flaxie haire with furious heat ;

which to allay too, thou op' st the Cataracts,
and water' st the worlds gardens with blest drops ;
canst thou, which canst sustain the ponderous world,

and keep it in true poize, securely sleepe,
letting a Tyrant (which with a fillip, thus ;
thou mightest sink to earth) to baffle thee ?

A warrior in thy fields, I long have been

To see if in thy sacred providence,
 Thou meantst to arm me with thy thunder-bolt,
 Yet, yet, it strikes not; now he Giant-wise,
 Dares thee again; pardon our earnest zeal.
 What ere's decreed for man, by thy behest,
 He must perform, and in obedience rest.
 Thou, like Spectators when they do behold
 an hardy youth encountring with a Bear,
 or something terrible, then they give a shout;
 so dost thou even applaud they self to see
 Religion striving with Calamity.
 Which while it often bears, and still rests true,
 it's fence 'gainst all that after shall ensue.
Turk, ile oppose thee still; Heaven has decreed,
 That this weak hand, shall make that tyrant bleed.
 a man religious, firm, and strongly good
 cannot oth' suddain be, nor understood. *Exit.*

Actus 3. Scena 1.

*Enter Amurath in Arms, Schahin, Captains,
 Sculdiers.*

Amurath. Rise (Soul!) injoy the prize of thy brave
Schahin, the Present that thou so profest, (worth:
 should from the City of *Orestias*,
 make proud our eyes! then tell me, Hast thou slain
 a thousand superstitious Christian souls?
 made them stoop to us: O, I would bath my hands
 in their warm blood to make them supple (*Schahin*)
 that they may weild more Spears: our hands are dull,
 our furie's patient! Now will I be a *Turk*.
 and to our Prophet's Altars do I vow,
 that to His yoke I will all necks subdue,
 or in their throats my bloody Sword imbrew.

Schahin

Schahin calls in his Souldiers, and each of them presents to Amurath the head of a dead Christian.

Scha. Then King, to adde fresh oyl unto thy hate,
and make it raise it self a greater flame,
see here these Christians heads ; thus still shall fall
before thy fatal hand, ~~these impious slaves on~~
so long as numbers 's wanting to the sand,
so long as day shall come with Sun, and night
be spangled with the twilight dawning stars,
whilst floods shall fall into the Ocean,
shall Christians tremble at *Turks* thundring stroaks.

Amurat. So am I *Amurath*, the great King of *Turks*,
O how it glads me thus to pash their brains,
to rend their locks, to tear these Infidels !
Who thundered when these heads were smitten off ?
Stars I could reach you with my lofty hand,
'tis well, enough, enough, (great *Amurath*)
for now I sit in *Orchanes* great Throne,
and sacrifice due Rites to *Mahomet* ;
yet why enough ? Ile on, and dung the Earth,
with Christians rotted trunks, that from that soyl,
may spring more *Cadmean* Monsters to orecome them.
Captains, what Countries next shall we make flow,
with Channels of their blood ?

Euren. To *Servia* (my Lord) there are troupes of arms,
gathered to resist *Mahometan*.

Chase. At *Bulgaria*, there they set on fire,
the Countries as they pass, 'twere good we haste.

Amur. VVhy they do well ! we like of their desire
to make the flame in which themselves must fry !
Ruine, destruction, famine, and the sword,
shall all invade them : Sun stay thou thy flight,
and see the sneaks in their own River drencht,
whilst with their blood our furious thirst is quencht !

The Courageous Turke, Or,
Scena. 3. Actus 3.

Enter in armes, Lazarus Despot of Servia, Sefmenos
Governor of Bulgaria.

La. Whither (*Bulgaria*) whither must we flye?
the Butcherous Turk's at hand. Blest Sanctity!
if thou didst ere guard goodnesse, wall our towers,
bring strength into our Nerves. For in thy cause
our Brefts upon their Rapiers we will run;
we'll with just hope confront the tyrants rage,
meet him i'the face, fury will find us armes,
there is a power can guard us from all harmes.

Sef. Let us be suddain: for we'l not find scope,
to see our haps. Who most doth fear, may hope.

Enter to them *Cobelitz.*

Cob. Governor, Captains, hast unto your arms:
the dangers imminent, and the Turk's at hand.

Laz. (*Cobelitz*) must we still wade thus deep
in blood and terror?

Cob. Yes (*Servia*) we must, we should, we ought,
Ease and lucesse keeps baseness company.

Shall we not blush to see the register
of those great Romans, and Heroick Greeks,
which did those acts, at which our hearts are struck
beneath all credence, only to win fame?

and shall not we for that Eternal name?

To live without all credence, even to win fame,
is not to know life's chief, and better parts:

To us of future hopes: calamity
must help to purchase immortality.

Sef. Well spoke (true Christian) they who stil live high,
and snoare in prais'd applause nere know to bear,
a contumely, or check, or fate.

Wisely to steare a Ship, or guide an Army,

undaun-

undaunted hardiness is requisite ;
 O then lets to our weapons ! make him yeild ;
 they which deny all right, oft give't ith' Field.

*Enter Christian Souldiers falling out among them-
 fighting confusedly.*

Cob. Why (Gentlemen) we want no foes to fight ,
 nor need we turn our weapons on our selves.

One Souldier speaks as drunk.

1. You lazy rogue, what come in my Cabinet ?

answer the other.

2. Conspiring slave, you murmur'd gan't th' allowance,
 and wouldst perswade upon a larger pay ,
 to betray all Garrisons, and turn Turk.

Thou half Can-carousing rascal, Ile teare thee ,
 and those treacherous veines of thine. Will you see ,

They all fall by the eares.

Blew-Jackets, will you see your Corporal wrong'd ?
 well, since I fight for victuals, for company.

Use now your swords and Bucklers.

La. Treason, the next man that speaks or strikes a blow.

Sold. Then shall our Laundresses fight for us ?

2. Why, Amazons ! Baudicans, come help to scratch.

Enter some Truls on both sides, they fight and scratch.

Se/m. O Cobelitz, what way shall we appease them ?

Truls scold confusedly: Thus

1. *Trul.* Out, thy Corporal (huswife) hath the itch ,
 you now will have foul washing. Drab, Ile tear your

2. An inch or two yet wider. (mouth:

Cob. What, souldiers! think you each distasteful word,
 given 'mongst your selves so strong an obloquie ,
 that revenge spurs you to each others death ?

The General parts them with his sword.

And will not seek to wash those blasphemies,
 in Seas of their foul blood, which are belcht out
 by our approaching foes, against the Essence
 of the Eternal !

Laz. Leave, leave, these factions; cease these mutinies

A Drum from the Turk's Camp.

Hark, their Drums take advantage of these stirs:

let us oppose our strength against our foe;

and in our Camp let not one Souldier be,

who will not finde, and strike his Enemie.

Cob. Now (blest guider and great strength of arms) if in thy secret and hidden decree,

thou hast not yet appointed the full time

wherein thou meanest to tame this Tyger,

who dare murmur against thine hidden will?

Be we slain now, there's victory in store,

which when thou pleasest thou't give, and not before.

Give us still strength of patience, not to wish,

a funeral honour unto all the world,

when we are perishing, we'll still believe,

those dangers worth our death we undergo,

whilst he, who's ours, is alike thy foe.

Should Fortune lose this day, when we are slain,

thou canst give hands, and strength, and men again;

on thee we trust then, and on thee bear,

scorning for Heaven's sake to shed a tear. *Exeunt.*

ACTUS 3. SCENA 4.

A March within, excursions, alarums. Enter as Conquerors, Cairadin Bassa, Schahin, leading young men Christian, Prisoners.

Schah. Bassa, we thank thy valour and discretion, in finding fit occasion to invade

the mutinous Christians! these Captives here

shall be good Presents to our worthy Master.

Bassa. General, now trust me these young slaves, be full of Valor, they have metal in them.

Schah. Yes: and to his Highness shall perform

a Service

a Service which I long have thought upon,
and when his *Turkish* Majesty requires;
they'l fit to be a near attendant Guard,
on all occasions to the Emperour;
therefore they shall be called *Janizaries*,
by me first instituted, for our Princes safeties sake.

Bass. Their vigor & strong hearts becomes such service,
for to orecome them made our Souldiers sweat
much *Turkish* blood: the *Servians* kept the Fight
with stubborn hard resistance, The *Bulgarians*
left the right wing; there set I forward first,
and like a torrent roll'd destruction on,
raising huge storms of blood, as doth the Whale
puffe up the waves against a mighty Ship;
me thinks, I see the Rivers of their gore:
their Leaders trampled on by *Turkish* Horse,
the Body of their Army quite disperst,
themselves all floating in Vermillian pools,
with their own weapons hasting to their death,
and such a slaughter did we make of them,
as Nature scarce can ere repair again.

One hastning t'others death, pulling to ground
him that held up, so they each other drown'd.

Schah. Still are they confident upon a power,
they know not what, who (as they think) can snatch
their precise souls from out the jaws of death.

Bass. Yes, such a superstition doth possess them;
for when they lookt for nothing but their fate,
and danger stood in sweat upon their brows:
they yet scorn'd *Mahomet*, and prophan'd his Rites,
and nought but horror made them to believe
so many men were fighting on his side,
as might have chang'd my seat, and part ith' world,
(though Nature stood against) to a new place:
or carry *Sestos* whereby *Abydos* stands,
or pull down *Atlas* with so many hands.

Actus 3. Scena 5.

Enter Amurath with Embassadors from German Ogly, concerning Bajazet, Amurath's Eldest son, and the Mahometans Daughter. Cairadin Bassa presents Amurath with his Captives for Ianizaries. &c.

Amurath. How like our Captaines the last Victory?
(if any can prophesie of future things)
me thought I did dream of this blessed hap.
How fortune did involve them in their ruin!
and flight from danger, brought them in their ruine.
each one astonied with a suddaine feare,
knew not the danger that was then most neare.

Bassa & Schahin presents Amurath with Captives for Ianizaries

Bassa. To adde more tryumph, I present my Liege,
with these young Rebels, which you may bring up
in all the præcepts of our Mahomet.

Scab. And, (for great Emperor, your person wants
a thing which much ore-Clouds your light of state,
attendant *Ianizaries* to a Prince:)

these may be so trained up, as to supply
the duty fit for such a Majesty.

(saile

Am. Bassa, we thank thy strength, *Schahin* your coun-
and to that end, let them have safe protection.

But we must treat now of a marriage (Lords)
the German *Ogly*, he whose Scepter swaies
the *Phrygian* confines in strong *Asia*,
by Embassie intreats that he may joyne
his Daughter *Hatum* to our *Bajazet*.

Embassador, here to our Counsell speak
your Masters Message.

Emb.

Emb. Please then your Maj. and these reverend heads
to be inform'd my masters will by me ?
In wedlock if your prince may be combin'd
to the faire princeesse his sole daughter,
he freely gives the *Phrygian* territories,
and *Bythinia* to you for your dowry ;
Cutas, Simon, Egregios, Sansale,
Abbettingon, the *Ottomans* estate ;
which *Ottomans*, because he not endures ;
the Noble *Zelzucciom* family protests,
to joyn with you in quelling their ambition

Scs. May't please your majesty to like mine advice,
it's good to have alliance with such friends ;
Kings that combine themselves are like to shafts,
the ancient Sage propos'd unto his sonnes ;
which whilst together they were close compact,
armes, knees, and his whole strength, could never break ;
take one by one, they with a touch were crack'd :
so Kings may be overcome that stand alone ;
but two such princes, knit thus hand in hand,
should Nations totter they would firmly stand.

Am. Yes *Schabin*, we'll approve what thou saiest,
then from us carry the great *Asiaes* Monarch
this our kindest greeting :
tell him, the gates of *Prusa* shall stand ope,
and the glad ayre shall Eccho notes of joy,
to entertaine her who shall blesse our Land
with hopesfull issue ; greedy thoughts expect
her soon arrivall ; and so (*Embassador*)
enforme thy princeesse, when she shall appear,
A lasting Starr shall shine within our spheare.

Scena

Scen 6. Actus 3.

Enter Sasmens, Lazarus, Cobelitz.

Sas. O *Servia* our Cities are turn'd flames;
each strives to hast his own and others death:
And as though heaven conspir'd destruction too,
that rains down scalding Sulphure on our heads,
here one that lyes thick gasping for his breath
is choakt with blood that runs from's fellows wounds;
whilst others for the dead are making graves,
themselves are made the corps that do fill them.
Nobles, and base, together perish all,
and a drawn sword sticks fast in every rib;
our stones are dy'd Vermillion with our blood:
old creatures that are creeping to the grave,
are thrust on faster.

Infants, but in the threshold of their lives,
are thus kickt off: Oh most disastrous times,
* to love our deaths, and make our life our crimes!

Laz. See, see, the ruins of our goodly Walls,
our Cities smoak hinder the sight of heaven:
The conqueror yet amaz'd measures out our Towns,
with eyes of terror, and doth scarce believe
he hath overcome us; yet among these fires,
our dead men are denyed their funeral flames:
And those infectious carkasses do perform,
a second murder on the rest that live;
and all the hope of safety that we have,
is now to fix our flattering lips at's feet:
mercy (perhaps) may wearied slaughter meet.

Sas. Will you do so? speak, for I am determin'd—

Cob. No (worthy General) heaven avert
and arm you with the proof of better thoughts!
What though a Tyrant strives to terrifie

all Christendome, and would not be beloved;
 let not your feares give impious rage such scope,
 as for to bring Religion to prophanenesse:
 fortune and heaven will scorn to try a man,
 that hurles his weapons hence and runs away:
 How is he worthy of heavens victory,
 that, when it frownes, dares not look up and see?
 Me thinks we three are now environ'd round,
 with hosts of Angels, and our powerful Mars
 is putting bows of steel into our hands:
 he doth suggest our wrath, and bids us on.
 O what an army 'tis to have a cause
 holy and just; there, there's our strength indeed!

—— *Tu mente Labantes,
 Direge nos, dubios, et certo Robore firma.*

If we must dye, the narrow way to blisse
 shall be made wide for us: the gate's wide ope,
 and the spread Palace entertaines with joy.
 Mean time, let's look like men upon our grief,
 our frown fate Despot, *Bulgaria*, come.
 Turk, once more at thee (Tyrant) mortals must
 command heavens favour in a case so just. *Exeunt.*

Actus 4. Scena 1.

Enter Aladin King of Caramania, son in Law to Amurath, with Nobles, Embassadors from Amurath.

Alad. Sends our proud father-in-law this greeting to us?
 was our sword sheath'd so soon to heare this answer?

Emb. My Lord, he bad me tell you that 'twas you
 have made him leave off this great Prophets wars,
 when

when he was hewing down the Christians ;
 therefore submission should not now appease him ;
 no, though your wife, his daughter, should her self,
 upon her penitent knees be supplyant.
 No sooner shall the *Tycian* splendid Sol
 open heavens Casements, and inlarge the day,
 but his horse hoofs shall beat your treacherous earth ;
 and that you may be warn'd of his approach,
 murder and flames shall be his Prodomo's !

Alad. Confederate Princes, and my kind allyes,
 shall his proud nostrils breath those threats on us ?

Emb. Moreover, my Lord will, or win, or raze,
Iconium and *Larenda*.

Alad. *Iconium* and *Larenda* ? I ? No more ?
 had best look first, how safe his *Prusa* stands.

Lords, I am mov'd, and will forget my Queen
 was ere the issue of his hated blood :

My splene is tost within, mine entrailes pant,
 as, when the Sea is rais'd with Southern gusts,
 the wind allay'd, yet still the waves will tremble,
 Princes, now binde your selves with such strong chaines,
 your faith and breaths can make ; swear to me all,
 to be as firm to me 'gainst *Amurath*,
 as is the skin and flesh unto the Nerves ;

They all kneel, and swear upon his sword.

Nobles. We all sweare we will.

Alad. Then all here kisse my sword,
 which shall be steep't within the head-mans throat :
 We'l make him know those will not flie in war,
 which may in policie intreat a peace !
 Hast thy course (time) and soon reduce the year !

Lucan : ————— *Infestique obvia Signis*

Signa, paves aquilas, & pila minantia pilis.
 Ensignes may Ensignes meet, *Carmania's* King,
 great *Aladin*, scorns to avoyd a *Turk*.
 Princes, and Neighbours, muster up your strength,

that

that we may meet him on his full Carriere;
and let it be *Carmanian's* pride to say,
to o'recome him we ask no second day.

Scena 2. Actus 4.

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Enter Amurath at one door with Nobles, Bajazet; Enter at th'other, Hatum, richly attended, they meet, salute in dumb shews; Amurath joynes the hands of the Prince and Princessse; whilst this is solemnizing, is sung to soft Musick, this Song following.

S O N G.

*Thine O Hymen, thine is she,
Whose Beauties verse Calliope,
Sing to Marriage ties an Io;
Io to Hymen.*

*Chorus. To thee Apollo is my sute,
Lend me a while thy silver Lute,
O what a woe it is to bring,
A Bride to Bed and never sing,
Io to Hymen.*

*Ambo. When she's old, still seemes she yong,
When she's weake, to her be strong!
Be Cyprus, both, and Paphos here,
Love, sing with merry cheere,
Io to Hymen.*

*Amur. You Gods of Marriage, sacred Protectores
of lawful propagations, and blest Love,
be most propitious to these grafted stemmes;
drop dewing showers of generation on them.*

Think

Think (Son) this day so prodigal of blessing,
 as, that had *no* taskt thee (like *Alcides*)
 to grapple with *Symphallides*, or cleanse
Augean stables : or like the Trojan Boy,
 sit like a Shepherd on *Dardanius* hills,
 such a reward as this fair Queen repayes.
 O thou hop'd future off-spring, spare thy Parent !
 Hurt not this tender womb, these Ivory worlds,
 in which a pritty people yet shall live
 when you are born; O be within your limbs
 the Gransire, *Amurath*, and fathers strength;
 line their faces (Nature) with their mothers dye:
 And let the destinies make the ensuing night
 in their Eternal Books, with notes most white.

All. Grant it great *Mahomet*.

Hat. Most awful father, and my honored Prince,
 although it be enacted by the heavens,
 that in these bonds of marriage, such curse
 attends on Princes above private men,
 that no affection, nor home-nourisht Love
 but state and policy must elect their wives,
 which must be fetcht from Countries far remot;
 yet the protecting Powers have such a care,
 both of their off-springs and their Kingdoms state.
 That to what they ordain, they work in us
 a suddain willingnesse to make's obey;
 for in this brest, I do already feel
 that there's a kindling a Diviner heat,
 which disobedience never shall extinguish.
 And if there be any felicity
 from these united Loves to be derived
 from the weak sex unto the husbands soul,
 then may my Lord make his affection sure,
 to be repaid with an untainted Love.
 With soft and yeilding courtesie in all
 he shall command, my willing arms shall still

be open'd within a wifes embrace,
 if any comfort else there be in store,
 (which modesty keeps silent to it self
 cause only husbands and the night must know't)
 my Loyalty shall ever all perform:
 and though my Lord should frown, Ile be the same,
 green wood will burn with a continued flame:

Baja. Princeffe, our ardour is already fired,
 yet with no violent temerity;
 such as might feare it's short and soon decaying:
 thy vertue seems so to exceed thy Sex,
 and wisdom so far to out-pace thy yeares,
 that, surely (Princess) soon maturity,
 argues in them hidden Divinity.

Expected *Hymen* here hath bound our hands
 and hearts, with everlasting ligaments:
 Fortunate both we are, and have one blisse,
 the want of which for ever doth infect
 with anxious cares the sweets of marriage beds:
 our parents benediction and consent,
 they are the truest *Hymens*, and should be
 to children the best marriage Deity.

Thus then attended with such sacred charmes
 our last day of content shall never come;
 till we must part by th'unresisted doome,
 with a pleas'd error we will age beguile,
 all stars on us, an equal yoke, must smile,

Ann. Now (Lords) who'le dance
 a Turkish measure? Ladies our nerves are shrunk,
 and you now fix the sign of age on me,
 you, who have blood still flowing in your veines,
 be nimble as an Hart: Caper t' the Sphaeres:

O you are light, that want the weight of years! *Musick.*

*Here Amurath ascends his Throne, the rest set down to
 dance, Bajazet with Hatum, &c the end of the dance, all
 kneel, Amur. begins an health, a flourish with Cornets.*

Ann.

Amu. And health to our Bride and her father :
 O(Nobles) would this wine were Christians blood,
 but that it would Phrenetique humours breed,
 and so infect our braines with Superstition !

*Enter Eurenoses with six Christian Maidens, richly
 attyred, their Haire hanging loose, in their
 hands Cups of Gold with Jewels, &c.*

Eure. Auspicious fortunes to great *Amurath* :
 to ope more springs to this full-tide of joy,
 know (potent Emperor) I from Europe bring
 six daughters of six several Kings,
 whose Cities we have equall'd to the ground ;
 and of their Palaces did torches make,
 to light their souls through the black cave of death.

Am. Describe (good Captain) how the dogs were wea-

Eure. So weary were they to indure our swords, (ried.
 that by impetuous mutiny themselves
 turn'd on each other, slew their Masters ;
 Childrens own hands tore out their fathers throats,
 and each one strove who should be slaughtered first ;
 Here did a brother pass out a brothers braines,
 some in stinking Quagmires, and deep Lakes
 (which they had made t'avoide their excrements)
 ran quick, and in the lake lay buried.

Am. Good Executioner of our most just wrath !

Eure. Nor did it leave till death it self was wearie,
 murder grew faint, and each succeeding day
 shew'd us the slaughter of the day before.
 'Mongst carcasses and funerals we stood,
 denying those that liv'd such Ceremonies
 as in their Temples to the Indian gods,
 with prayers and vowes they daily offred :
 Nor destiny, nor cruelty ere left,
 till they had nothing for to work upon ;

for, of so many souls that breath'd of late,
these six are all remain: which as a Pledge
of my best service to your Majesty,
I here am bold to yeild an offer.

Amu. Nor shall this present be unrecompenced;
for thy true service, on thee Ile bestow
all the rich gifts, which all these *Asian* Lords
brought to adorn these happy Nuptials;
on you faire Bride, great Princesse, and our Daughter
do we bestow these Virgins (daughters to Kings)
for your attendance. (ther

Hat. We are too much bound unto our Princely Fa-
Amu. No (Daughter) no, we hope thou art the spring
from whence shall flow to all the world a King.
Captaines and Lords, to morrow we must meet,
to think of our rebellious son in Law.
Be this time all for comfort and delight,
short wedding dayes make it seem long to night.

Exeunt omnes.

Scena 3. Actus 4.

*Enter Lazarus and Cobelitz, bringing the dead body
of Sasmenos.*

Laz. Here set we down our miserable load,
O *Cobelitz*, with whom is't that we fight?
VVith *Lybian* Lyons? Or *Hyrceanian* Beares,
which grinde us daily in their ravenous teeth?
The Tyrant (as it were destructions Engineer)
helps Nature to destroy the worlds frame quickly.

Cob. Alas, my Lord, that needs not, every day
is a sufficient helper to decay:
Great workman, who art sparing in thy strength
to bring things to perfection: and to oreturn
all thy best works, thou usest suddaine force.

when mans an Embrio and first conceived,
 how long 'tis ere he sees his native light?
 Then born, with expectation for his growth,
 tenderly nourisht, carefully brought up:
 grown to perfection, what a little thing
 serves to call on his suddain ruining?

Laz. Come *Cobelitz*, 'mongst those demolisht stones
 we'll sit as *Hecuba*, at those *Trojan* walls:
 our teares shall be false glasses to our eyes,
 through these we'l look, and think we yet may see
 our stately Pinacles, and strong founded holds:
 that which one hour can delapidate,
 one age can scarce repaire.

Cob. No sir, for nothing's hard
 to Nature, when she meanes for to consume:
 A thousand Oakes (which time hath fixt i'th earth,
 as Monuments of lasting memory)
 are in a moment turn'd to ashes; all
 things that rise slowly, take a suddain fall.

Laz. What course now, *Cobelitz*? must we stil be yoakt
 to misery, and murder? We scarce have room
 upon our bodyes to receive more wounds,
 and must we still oppose our selves to more?

Cob. Yes! We are ready still; a solid mind
 must not be shak't with every blast of wind.
Pollux, nor *Hercules*, had none other art,
 to get them Mansions in the Spangl'd heavens
 then a true firm resolve; th' *Adriatique* Sea,
 shall from his currents with tempestuous blasts,
 be sooner mov'd, than vertue from its aime.
 Let us but think (when we so many see
 enjoying greater quiet than our themselves)
 how many have endur'd more misery;
Ilium, *Ilium*, what a fate hadst thou?
 How fruitful wert thou in matter for thy foe?
 Thus we'll delude our grief, make our self glad,

to think of miseries that others had.

Laz. Ay, (Captain) ay; they that furnish thee with sentences of comfort, never saw, their Cities burnt, their Countries desolate.

'Tis easie for Physicians for to tell advice to others, when themselves are well.

Cob. Tush, tush (my Lord) there's on our side we know, one that both can, and will our weake hands guide, one that will strike and thunder; Gyant then, look for a dart! we must not appoint when; mean while help to convey this burden hence.

Turk, though thy tyranny deny us graves, corruption will give them spite of thee:

Nor do our corps, such Tombs and Cavernes need: for our own flesh, still our own graves do breed:

And, whom the earth receives not when they die, heavens vault overwhelms them, so their tomb's ith'skie.

Exeunt With a dead Trunk.

Actus 4. Scena 4.

Enter Aladin as flying, an arrow through his arm, wounded in his forehead, his shield stuck with darts: With him two Nobles.

Alad. Besieged on every side? Iconium taken?

Entrencht within my foes my self must lie
wrapt in my Cities ruine. Turks come on. (death?)

i. Nob. Nay but my Lord, mean you to meet your
let's hast our flight, and trust more to our feet
then words, or hands —

Alad. Why so much of our blood
is already spilt, as should the glittering Sun
exhale it upward, 'twould obnubulate
It's luster, else to fiery Metors turn.
Some counsel (Lords) he that's amidst the Sea,

when every curled wave doth threat his death,
yet trusts upon the oares of his own armes,
and sometime the salt some doth pity him.

A VVolf, or Lion, that hath filld his gorge
with bloody prey, at last will lie to sleep,
and the unnaturalst creatures not forget
their love to those whom they do know their own:
My wife's his daughter; since we cannot stand
his fury longer, she shall swage his wrath.
The boysterous Ocean when no winds oppose,
grows calm: revenge is lost, when't hath no foes.

2. *Nob.* VVhy then (my Lord) array your self in weeds
of a Petitioner: take the Queen along,
and your two children; they may move his eyes;
for, desperate fores aske desperate remedies.

Ala. Go (Lords) go: fetch some straight. O heavens!
O fortune, they that leane on thy crackt wheel,
and trust a Kingdomes power, and domineer
in a wall'd Palace, let them look on me,
and thee (*Carmania;*) greater instances
the world affords not to demonstrate
the frail estate of proudest Potentates,
of sturdiest Monarchies: high Pinacles
are still invaded with the prouder winds;
they must endure the threats of every blast;
the tops of *Caucasus* and *Pindus* shake
with evey crack of thunder; humble Vaults
are nere toucht with a bolt: ambiguous wings
hath all the state, that hovers over Kings.

*Enter the 2. Nobles with a winding sheet, A-
ladin puts it on.*

I, I, this vesture fits my misery!
this badge of poverty must now prevaile,
where all my Kingdomes power and strength doth fail.
Why should not a prophetick soul attend
on great mens persons, and forewarn their ills?

Raging *Bootes* doth doth not so turmoile
 the *Lybian* ford, as Fortune doth great hearts.
Bellona and *Erynnis* scourge us on ;
 should wars and treasons cease, why our own weight
 would send us to the earth, as spreading armes
 make the huge trees in tempest for to split.
 For as the slaughter-man to pasture goes,
 and drags that Oxe home first, whose Bulk is greatest,
 the leane he still lets feed : disease takes hold
 on bodies that are pampered with best fare ;
 so doth all ruine chuse the fairest markes,
 at which it bends, and strikes it full of shafts ;
 ambition made me now that eminent Butt :
 And I that fell by mine own strength, must rise
 by profest weaknesse ; Buckets full sink down,
 whilst th'empty dance i'th' ayre and cannot drown.
 Come (Lords) he out of's way can never range,
 who is at furthest ; worst nere finds ill change.

ACTUS 5. Scena 1.

Enter at one door Amurath, with attendants ; at the other door Aladin, his Wife, two Children, all in white sheets, kneel down to Amurath.

Am. Our hate must not part thus ; I'le tell thee (Prince)
 thou 'ast kindled violent *Etna* in our brest,
 and such a flame is quencht with nought but blood :
 His blood whose hasty and rebellious blast
 gave life unto the fire ; should heaven threat us ;
 know, we dare menace it ; are we not *Amurath* ?
 (whose awful name is even trembled at)
 so often dar'd by Pigmy Christians ;
 which we will crush to ayre ? what haughty thought
 buzz'd thy presumtuious eares with such vain blasts ,

to puffe thee into such impetuous acts?
 or what, durst prompt thee with a thought so frail,
 as made thee covetous of so brave a death,
 as this known hand should cause it? know, that throat
 shall feel it strangled with some slave brought up
 to nought but for an Hangman: thy last breath,
 torn from thee by a hand that's worse than death.

Alad. Why then, Ile (like the Roman *Pompey*) hide
 my dying sight, scorning imperious looks
 should grace so base a stroke with sad aspect;
 thus will I muffle up and choke my grones,
 lest a griev'd teare should quite put out the name
 of lasting courage in *Carmanias* fame.

Am. What? still stiffe necked? Is this the truce you beg?
 Sprinkled before thy face those Rebel Brats,
 shall have their braines, and their dissected limbes,
 hurld for a prey to Kites; for (Lords) 'tis fit
 no spark of such a mountain threatning fire,
 be left as unextinct, least it devoure,
 and prove more hot unto the Turkish Empier,
 then the *Promethean* blaze did trouble *Jove*!
 first sacrifice those Brats.——

All. Wife. (Deare father) let thy fury rush on me;
 within these entrailles sheath thine unsatiate sword,
 and let this ominous, and too fruitful womb
 be torn insunder, for from thence those Babes,
 took all their crimes; error made them guilty,
 'twas Natures fault, not theirs: O if affection
 can work, then now shew a true fathers love;
 if not, appease those murdering thoughts with me:
 For as *Jocasta* pleaded with her sons
 for their deare Father, so to a Father I
 for my dear babes and husband; husband, father,
 Which shall I first embrace? Victoriors father,
 be blunt those now sharp thoughts, lay down those
 unclasp that impious Helmet; fix to earth

(threats,
 that

that monumental Speare, look on thy child
with pardoning looks, not with a warriors eye :
Else shall my brest cover my husbands brest,
and serve as buckler to receive thy wounds.

Why dost thou doubt? Fearest thou thy daughters faith?

Amu. I feare, for after Daughters perjury,
all Lawes of Nature shall distasteful be;
nor will I trust thy children or thy self.

Wife. No Father, 'tis I : fear you him, he you,
I both, but for you both, for both you war ;
so that 'tis best with him that's overcome.
O let me kisse (kind father) first the earth
on which you tread, then kisse mine husbands cheek.
Great King embrace these babes, you are the stock
on which these Grafts were planted——

Amu. True, and when sprouts do rob the tree of sap,
they must be prun'd.

Wife. Dear Father, leave such harsh similitudes :
By my deceased Mother, (to whose womb
I was a ten moneths burden :) By your self ,
(to whom I was a pleasing Infant once)
pitty my husband, and these tender Infants.

Amu. Yes, to have them collect a manly strength,
and their first lesson that their Dad shall teach them
shall be to read my misery.

All. Stern Conqueror : but that thy daughter shews,
there once dwelt good in that obdurate brest ,
I would not spend a teare to soften thee.

Thou seest my Countries turn'd into a grave :
my Cities scare the Sun with fiercer flames,
which turn them into ashes, and my self

so slikt and carved, that my amazed blood
knows not through which wound first to take it's way ;
if not on me, have mercy on my babes, ——
which, with thy mercy thou mayst turn to Love.

Amu. No fir, we must root out malicious seed :

nothing

nothing sprouts faster, than an envious weed!

We see a little Bullock, 'mongst an Herd

(whose horns are yet scarce crept from out his front)

grows on a suddain tall, and in the Field,
frolicks so much, he makes his Father yield.

A little Twig left budding on an Elm,

ungratefully bars his Mother sight from Heaven!

I love not future *Aladins*.

(death,

Alad. Threat all a Conquerour can, canst threat but
and I can die : but if thou wouldst have mercy ! —

Wife. Let's see your feet, we're proud with this hands

The higher those great powers have rais'd you, (kiss &

prefs that which lyes below with gentler weight :

to pardon miseries is Fortunes height :

alas, these infants, these weak sinewed hands

can be no terror to these *Hectors* arms !

Beg (Infants) beg, and teach these tender joynts

to ask for mercy ; learn your lisping tongues

to give due accent to each syllable :

nothing that Fortune urgeth to, is base ;

put from your thoughts all memory of descent :

forget the Princely Titles of your Fathers :

if your own misery you cannot feel,

learn thus of me to weep, of me to kneel.

Al. Do (boys) and imitate your Parents tears,

which I (like *Priam*) shed, when he beheld,

Hector thrice dragg'd about the *Trojan* Walls.

He that burst ope the Gates of *Erebus*,

and rouz'd the yelling Monster from his Den,

was conquer'd with a tear. Great Monarch learn,

To know how dear a King doth weeping earn.

1. *Ch*. Good Grandfire see, see how my Father cries !

2. *Ch*. Good Mother take my napkin for your eyes !

Wife. (Good father) hear, hear how thy daughter prays!

Thou that know'st how to use stern Warriors arms,

learn how to use mild VVarriers pity too.

Alas?

Alas? Can ere these ungrown strengths repair
 their Fathers battered Cities? Or can these,
 these orethrown Turrets? (*Iconium*) what small hopes
 hast thou to lean upon? If these be all?
 Not half so mild hath our misfortune been
 that any can ere fear us: Be pleased —

Am. Rise (my dear Child) as Marble against rain,
 so I at these obedient showers, melt;
 thus I do raise thy Husband: thus thy Babes:
 freely admitting you to former State.

But *Aladin*, wake not our wrath again;
 „ Patience grows fury that is often stirred;
 when Conquerours wax calm, and cease to hate,
 the conquer'd should not dare to reiterate.
 Be thou our Son and Friend.

Alad. By all the Rites of *Mahomet*, I vow it.

Am. Then, for to seal unto you this our love,
 your self shall lead a wing in *Servia*,
 in our immediate VVars; we are to meet
 the Christians in *Cassano's* Plains with speed:
 Great *Amurath* nere had time to breath himself,
 so much as to have warring with new Foes;
 no day securely to his Scepter shone,
 but one VVars end, still brought another on. *Exeunt.*

ACTUS 5. SCENA 2.

Enter Lazarus, Cobelitz, Souldiers, all armed.

Cob. Let now victorious wreathes ingirt our brows,
 let Angels 'stead of Souldiers wield our arms
 against him, who that our Cities might be his,
 strives to depopulate, and make them none!
 But look, look in the air (me thinks) I see
 an Host of Souldiers brandishing their Swords;
 each corner of the Heaven shoots thunderbolts,

to nail these impious forces to the Earth.

Laz. Souldiers stand to't, though fortune bandy at's,
let's stand her shocks, like sturdy Rocks ith' Sea,
on which the angry foaming Billows beat,
with frivolous rush, and break themselves, not them;
stand like the undaunted countenance oth' sky,
or, like the Sun, which when the foolish King,
thought to obscure with a cloud of darts,
out lookt them all, our lives are all enchanted,
and more invulnerable than *Thetis* Son.

We shall have hands and weapons: if the stone
of Fortune glide from under our weak feet,
and we must fall, yet, let all Christians say,
'Tis She, and not the Cause, that wins the day.
We must believe Heaven hath a greater care
of them, whom Fortune doth so oft out dare!

Cob. Gentlemen, Brothers, Friends, Souldiers, Chri-
we have no reason to command of Heaven (stians,
a thing denied to all mortality.

Nor should we be so impudently proud,
as in this weak condition to repute
our selves above the stroak of Lady Chance,
a caution must divine it, ever fixt,
that whilst her checks equally fall out,
community should ease their bitterness.
I could afresh now shed those Princely tears,
to think such suddain ruine should attend
Heroick spirits glittering in bright arms!
But if the *Gracian* (when he heard the dreams
disputed subtilly by Philosophers,
to prove innumerable extant worlds)
was struck with pensiveness, and wept to think
he had not yet obtain'd one for himself;
what terror can affright a Christians thoughts
who knows there is a world, at liberty
to breath in, when this glass of life is broke?

our Eoes with circling fury are intrencht ;
 Pelions of Earth and darkness shall orelade them,
 whilst we shall mount, and these our spirits light,
 shall be yet ponderous to depress them lower.

Nay, my Enthusiastick soul divines,
 That some weak hand shall from the blazing Zone
 snatch Lightning, which shall strike the snarling Cur
 with horror and amazement to the Earth,
 which Hell cannot oppose ! *Turk*, Tyrannize,
 stand, yet at length to fall my sacrifice.
 Super-Olympick vigor will (no doubt)
 squeez all thy supercilious rancor out !

Exeunt in a March.

Scena 3. Actus 5.

*The Heavens seem on fire, Comets and blazing Stars
 appear, Amurath speaks.*

Am. Who set the world on fire ?

How now (ye Heavens) grow you
 so proud, that you must needs put on curl'd locks,
 and cloth your selves in Periwigs of fire ?

Mahomet (say not but I invoke thee now !)
 command the puny-Christians demi-God
 put out those flashing sparks, those *Ignes fatui*,
 or i'le unseat him, or with my Looks so shake
 the staggring props of his weak seated Throne,
 that he shall finde he shall have more to do
 to quell one *Amurath*, than the whole Gyant brood
 of those same Sons of Earth, than ten *Lycans*.

Do the poor snaks so love their misery
 that they would see it by these threatning lights ?
 Dare ye blaze still ? I'le tofs up Buckets full
 of Christians blood to quench you : by those hairs
 drag you beneath the Center : there put out

all your presaging flames in *Phlegeton*.
 Can you outbrave me with your pidling Lights?
 Yawn earth with Casements as wide as hell it self.

Vault opens.

Burn heaven as ardent as the *Lemnian* flames,
 wake pale *Tisiphon*, spend all thy snakes ;
 Be *Eacus*, and *Minos*, as severe
 as if the Goale delivery of us all
 were the next Sessions. Ile pull *Radamant*
 by his flaming furre's from out his Iron Chaire.

*Whilst he is in his fury, arise four Fiends, framed like
 Turkish Kings, but black, his supposed Predecessors
 daunce about him ; to a kind of hideous noyse, sing this
 Song following.*

1. Fiend.

*Horror, dismal cryes, and yells
 Of these thy Grandfires thee fore-tels,
 Furies sent of thee to learn
 Crimes, which they could nere discern.
 All. Furies sent, &c.*

2. Fiend.

*O Amurath thy Father's come,
 To warn thee of a suddain doome,
 which in Cassanoe's fields attends
 To bring thee to thy hellish friends.
 All. which in Cassanoes, &c.*

3. Fiend.

*Megara and Ennio both do stand
 Trembling lest when thou art damn'd,
 Chief of Furies thou shouldst be,
 And they their snakes resigne to thee.
 All. Chief of Furies, &c.*

4. Fiend.

4. Fiend.

*Terror, we a while will leave thee,
Till Cocytus Lake receive thee.*

*Cerberus will quake for feare
Where he a new Turks fate shall heare.*

All. Cerberus will, &c.

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Amu. Now who the diuel sent my Grandfires hither?
Had *Pluto* no task else to set them too?
He should have bound them to *Ixions* wheel,
or bid them roule the stone of *Sisyphus*:
Beswore me, but their singing did not please me!
Have they not been so drunk with *Lethe* yet,
as to forget me? They can portend no ill;
for, should the fates be twining my last thread,
yet none durst come from hell to tell me so.
Shall I be scar'd with a Night-walking Ghost,
or what my working fancy shall present?
Why, I can look more terrible then night,
and command darknesse in the unwilling day:
Make *Hecate* start, and draw back her head,
to wrap it in a swarthy vaile of clouds.
Drop sheets of Sulphure, you prodigious skyes,
Cyclops, run all thy Bullets into *Aetna*,
then vomit them at once; should Christians
couch to the bottomlesse abyss of *Styx*,
or hide themselves under *Avernaes* shade,
this arm should fetch them out. Day must perform
what I intend, wrath raines a bloody storm:
And now, 'gins rise the Sun, which yet not knows
the misery it shall see on *Amuraths* Foes!
Lords, Leaders, Captaines——

Enter Schahin and others.

Scha. Your Highnesse up so soon?

Amu. He small rest takes,
that dreames on nought but bloody broyles and death.

Sch.

Schah. Your Grace seems much distemper'd : Beds of bedew your brows with never-wonted paleness (sweat

Ans. Why; see you not? The heavens are turn'd Court and put on other Hair besides their own : (Ladies; canst guess (learn'd *Schahin*) what these flames portend?

Schah. My Lord, such things as these, we men must see, and wonder at, and yet not search the reason ; perchance unwholsom fogs exhail'd by th' Sun are set a blazing by his too near heat : but 'tis not lawful that a mortal eye should dare to penetrate Heavens secrecy:

Am. Doth it not bode a Conquest ?

Schah. Yes, 'gainst the Christians : for, unto them it bends sinister looks, and frowns upon their Army more than ours.

Amur. So, so : come on, ere *Phosphorus* appear let's too't, and so prevent that sluggard *Sol*. If we want Light, we'll from our Whinyards strike fire enough to scorch the Universe ; Mine Armour there !

Some go for his Armour:

Now (*Mabomet*) I implore thy promise Aid for this auspicious day : toss me aloft, and make me ride on Clouds : If my Horse fail me, those fire breathing jades, (which the boy *Phaëthon* knew not how to guide) will I pluck out from out the flaming Team, and hurl my self against those condense Spheares, on which I'le sit, and stay their turning Orbs ; the whole vertigious Circle shall stand still, but to behold me :

Mine Armour, ho !

They bring his Armour.

So, help on here ; now like *Alcides* do I girt my self with well knit sinewes, able to stagger Earth, and threaten Nature with a second Chaos : If one impetuous broyl remain to come

in future ages, set on foote this houre.

How well this weight of Steele befits my strenght!
Me thinks the Gods stand quivering, and doe feare
(when I am arm'd) another *Polegra's* neare.

Chiron shall see his *Pindus* at my feet;

And ile climbe up to heaven, and pull it downe
and kick the weighty burden of the world,
from off the Babies shoulders that supports it.

for I am safer Buckled 'gainst my foe,

then sturdy *Jason*, who by th' enchanted charmes

Medea gave, encountred Unicornes,

Queld Lyons, struggl'd with fire-belching Bulls,

obtain'd a glorious prize, a Fleece. A Fleece

dipt deepe in tincture of the Christ'ans blood

shall be my spoyle; nay should they hide their heads

in their Gods bosome, here's a sword shall reach them.

Come they shall know no place is free from wrath,

when boyling blood is stirr'd in *Amurath*.

Exeunt.

*An alarme, excursions: fight within. Enter at
one doore a Christian, at another a Turke; fight,
both kild, so a new charge, the Turkes kill most.*

*Enter Lazarus, Schahin kils him. Enter Eurenos-
ses, Cobelitz, they fight, Cobelitz faints, falls
for dead. A shout within, a token of Victory on
the Turkes side, a Retrait sounded.*

Scena 4. Actus 5.

*Enter above Amurath. Bajazet, Nobles, to
see the spoyle.*

Schah. Here, mighty Prince, take view of Victory,
and see the field too narrow for thy spoyles.

Erynnus hides her head as if afraid,

to see a slaughter she durst never hope for.

Earth hath the Carcasses : and denies them Graves,
and lets them ly and rot, and fat her wombe,
scorning to be unto the slaves a Tombe.

Am. Where are become those ominous Comets now?
What? are those pissing Candles quite extinct?
leave their disacterous ~~smuffes~~ ~~no stench~~ behind them?
'tis something yet, that their God seeth their slaughter,
lending sulphurious Meteors to behold
the blest destruction of these Parasites.
I knew the Elements would first untye
the Nerves of th' Universe, then let me dye.

Here Cobelitz riseth as awakt, amazed, leaning on his Sword, stumbling ore the dead bodies, lookes towards Amurath.

(confesse

Euren. See (King) heres's one worme yet that dare
he breaths and lives, which once this hand crusht downe.

Amur. Ha, ha, by *Mahomet*, and we are weary now:
Some Mercy shall lay Victory asleepe.
It will a Lawreat prove to this great strife,
'mongst all these muredred to give one his life,
so we'll descend. *He goeth from aloft.*

Cob. From what a dismall grave am I awak'd,
entomb'd within a Golgatha of men!
Have all these Soules prevented me in bleffe,
and left me in a dreame of happinesse?
But soft! me thoughts he sayd he would descend!
Then, Heavens, one minutes breath, that's all I aske,
and then I shall performe my lifes true taske.

*Amurath descends on the Stage, Cobelitz
staggars towards him.*

Amur. Poore slave, wouldst live?

*Here Cobelitz is come to him, seeming to kneele,
stabs him with a pocket Dagger.*

Cob.

Cob. Yes *Turke* to see thee dye.

Howle, howle, grim *Tartar*, yel (thou grisly Wolfe)
force forth the bloud from out thy gaping Wound!

*Dii tibi non mortem, quae cunctis poena paratur,
Sed sensum post fata, tuae dent (impie) morti.*

Amur. My spirit makes me not to feele thy weapon!
Hold, you crackt Organs, of my shattered life,
I'm not toucht yet; can I not mocke my death;
and thinke 'tis but a dreame tells me I'm hurt?
Dar'st thou then leave me (bloud?) Canst be so bold
as to forsake these veynes to flow on Earth?
And must I, like th'unhappy *Roman*, dye
by a slaves hand?

Cob. Tyrant, 'tis knowne
He's Lord of others lives that scornes his owne:

Am. I that could scarce ere sleepe, can I ere die?
And will none feare my life when I am dead;
Tortures and torments for the murderer.

Cob. Ha, ha, ha! *Leaning on his sword.*
I thanke thee (great omnipotent) that I
shall here laugh out the lag end of my life! (Dagger:

Am. Villaine, thy laugh wounds worse then did thy
Are you Lethargick (Lords) in cruelty?

Cob. Nay; heare me (*Turke*) now will I prompt their
Locke me up in the Bull of *Phalaris*, (rage:
cut off these eye-lids, bid me then out-gaze
the parching Sunbeames; flea this tender skin,
set nests of Hornets on my rawest flesh;
let the Siconian Clouds drop brimstone on me,
powre boyling Lemnos on my greenest wounds,
put on my shoulder *Nessus* poyson'd shirt,
bind all these bloody faces to my face,
Racke me, *Procrastes* like ———

*The Lord that holds up Amurath
offers to touch his wounds:*

Amur. Hell, oh! I cannot brooke your smaliest touch.

Cob. Ha, Ha ! each groane is Balsome to my wounds :
I am perfect well.

*Bajazet offers, to kill Gobelitz ;
a Nobleman holds his hand.*

Schah. Rascall , dar'st deride us ?

Cob. Yea ? and while your witty furies shall invent
for me some never heard of punishment ;
I see a guard of Saints ready to take me hence.

Take then free flight my new rewarded soule,
and seate thee on the winged Seraphims,
hast to the Empyreum, where thy welcome
shall be an *Haleluia*, anthem'd forth

By the *Chorus* of the Angell-Hierarchy.

Pierce with swift plumes, the concave paths oth' Moone
Where the black aire enlightened is with starres.

Stay not to wonder there at wandring Signes,

at bi-horn'd *Gemini*, or *Amphions* Harpe,

at *Arctos*, or *Bootes*, or the Beare,

(Which are to please wizzard Astrologers :)

Soare higher with thy pitch, and then looke downe

to laugh at the hard trifles of the world ;

Perchance some oft have knowne a better life,

Never did one ere leav' it more willingly.

Am. Feare your death (Gods!) for I have lost my life,
and what, I most complaine, my tyranny.

Cob. Soule, to detain thee from thy wished rest !

were but an envious part ! arise, farewell :

To stay thee to accuse or fate or man,

would shew I were unwilling yet to leave thee.

But deare companion hence : cut through the ayre

let not the grossnesse of my Earth ore-lime

thy speedy wings, fly without weight of crime.

He dyes.

Am. O, now have I and Fortune try'd it out.

With all her best of favours was I crown'd

and suffred her worst threats, when most she frown'd.

Stay (Soule ! a King, a Turke, commands thee stay.

Sure

Sure I am but an actor, and must strive
 to personate the Tragick ends of Kings.
 And so (to winne applause unto the Scene)
 with fained passion thus must graspe at death.
 O but I see pale *Nemesis* at hand:
 Art thou dull, fate, and dost not overspread
Cimmerian wings of death throughout the world;
 What? Not one Earthquake? One blazing Comet
 T'accompany my soule t' his Funerall?
 Is not this hour the generall period
 to nere returning time! Last breath command
 a new *Deucalions* deluge, that with me
 the world may swim to his Eternall Grave.
 Cracke hidge that holds this globe, and welcome death.
 Wilt thou not stay Soule? Friend, not stay with Kings?
 Sinke then, and sink beneath the Thracian Mount.
 Sinke beneath *Athos*, be the *Brackish* Waves
 Of *Acheron* thy Tombe; Ile want a Grave;
 So all parts feare, which first my Corps shall have;
 For in my Grave, Ile be the Christians foe,
 here like a massie *pyramide* ile fall,
 Ile strive to sinke all the whole fabricke with me:
 quake *pluto*, for 'tis I that come
 a *turke*, tyrant, and a conquerour.
 and with this groane, like thunder will I cleave,
 the timerous earth, whilst thus my last I breath.

He dyes.

Bajaz. O easie powers, to give us all at first,
 but in their losse, they make us most accurst.

Here all the Nobles kneele to Bajazet.

Schah. The Taper of your Fathers life is spent;
 We must have light still and adore a Sunne.
 that next is rising; therefore mighty Prince,
 upon your shoulders must the pondrous load
 of Empire rest.

Bajaz. Why (Lords) we have a Brother,
who, as in the same blood he tooke a share,
so let him beare his part in Government.

Sch. My Lord, within the selfe-same Hemisphere
It's most prodigious when two Sunnes appeare.

One body by one soule must be inform'd.
Kingdomes like (marriage beds) must not indure
any corrivall. *Rome* was here secure.

whilst she contain'd a *Pompey*; and a *Cesar*.

Like as one Prophet we acknowledge now,
so of one King in state we must allow.

You know the *Turkish* Lawes, Prince be not nice
to purchase Kingdomes, whatsoe'er the price.

He must be lopt, send for him he must dye.

Bajazet. O happy *Bajazet*, that he was borue
to be a King when thou wast Counsellor.

Call in our Brother *Jacup*.

Some goe for him.

*Here sixe men take up Amuraths Trunke
on their shoulders.*

Baj. Why (Lords!) is *Amurath* so light a weight?

Is this the Trunk oth' *Turkish* Emperor?

Oh what a heape of thoughts are come to naught?

What a light weight is he unto sixe men,

who durst stand under *Ossa*, and sustaine 't?

Euren. My Lord, these Meditations fit not you:

You are to take the honour he hath left,

and thinke you of his rising, not his fall!

Enter Jacup.

Let your decree be suddaine, here's your Brother.

Baj. Brother, I could have wished we might have met
at times of better greeting! Our father hath

bequeath'd to the Grave these ashes, to us his State.

Nor have we leysure (yet) to mourne for him.

Brother, you know our state hath made a Law,

that, he that sits in a Majestick Chayre,

must

must not endure the next succeeding heyre.

Jac. Yes, we doe:

And, Brother, doe you thinke 'tis crime enough
to dye, because I am sonne to an Emperour?

Scab. My Lord, we know there breathes in him that
of true affection, that he doth much desire (ayre
you should be equall in his Kingdome with him :
But still when two great evils are propos'd ;
the lesse is to be chosen.

Euren. My Lord, your life 's but one:

Kings are the threads whereto there are inweaved
millions of lives, and he that must rule all
must still be one that is select from all,

Although we speake, yet thinke them not our words,
But what the Land speakes in us ! Kings are free ;
And must be impatient of equality.

Jac. And is't e'ne so ?

How have these Dogs fawn'd on me, lickt my feet
when *Amurath* yet lived ! Felt all my thoughts,
and soothed them to the sight of Emphyrie !

And now the first would set their politique hands
to strangle up that breath, a blast of which
their nostrils have suckt up like perfum'd ayre.

Well brother well, by all men this is spoke,
that heart that cannot bow, may yet be broke.

Bajazet. Brother, you must not now stand to upbraid,
They which doe feare the vulgars murmuring tongue,
Must also feare th' authority of a King ;

For rulers must esteeme it happinesse,
that with their gov'rnment they can hate suppressse :
they with too faint a hand the Scepters sway,

Who regard love, or what the people say :

To Kindred we must quite put off respect,
when 't is so neare it may our Crowne affect.

Jac. Then name of Brother doe I thus shake off,
for 't is in vaine their mercy to implore,

when impious Statists have decreed before.

Yet King, although thou take my life away
see how Ile dye in better state then thou !

Who like (my Father) after his greatest glory
May fall by some base hand : The Minister.

'To take my breath , shall be thy selfe a King.

*Here Jacup takes a Scarfe from his Arme ,
and putting it about his neck gives one
end to Bajazet.*

Yet give me leave a while to Propheſie.

You that ſo Puppet-like delude your hopes ,
and Wyer-draw the anceſtry from Kings ,
thinking , that fates dare not aproach your bloud
till they doe ſeize you , then you leave this Earth ,
Not as you went , but by compulſion dragg'd ;
Still begging for a morrow from your Grave ,
and with ſuch ſhifts you doe deceive your ſelves ,
as if you could deceive mortality ,

No (Brother King) not all the Glow-worme ſtate ,
which makes thee be a Horſe-leach to thy bloud ,
Not all the Paraſiteſt' Minions thou maintainſt ,
nor the reſtorative Diſhes that are found out.

Not all thy ſhifts and trickes can cheat mortality ,
or keepe thee from a death that's worſe then mine.
Should all this faile , age would profeſſe it ſelfe
a ſlow , but a ſure Executioner.

O 'tis a hard thing well to temperate
decaying happineſſe in great eſtate.

But this example by me may you gaine ,
that at my death I uot of Heaven complaine.

Pull then , and with my fall pull on thy ſelfe
Mountaines of burdenous honor , which ſhall curſe thee.
Death leades the willing by the hand

but ſpurs them headlong on , that dare command.

*Here himſelfe pulls one end , Bajazet
the other , Jacup. dyes.*

Baja-

Bajazet. Take up this Trunke; and let us first appoin
 our Fathers, and our Brothers Funerals.
 the sense lesse body of that Caitiffe slave,
 hurle to a Ditch. Posterity shall heare
 Our lesse ill Chronicled, but time shall heare
 these minutes rather, then repeate their woe.
 Now Primacy, on thee I mediate,
 Which who enjoy thee, are in blest estate.
 Whose age in secure silence fleets away,
 Without disturbance to his funeral day;
 Nor ponderous nor unquiet honours can
 Vexe him, but dyes a primare ancient man.
 What greater powers threaten inferiour men,
 a greater power threatens him agen:
 And like to wasted Tapers Kings must spend
 their lives to light up others: So all end.

*Exeunt bearing out solemnely
 the bodies of Amurath
 and Jacup.*

F I N I S.

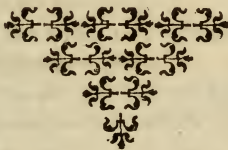
THE
T R A G E D Y
O F
ORESTES,

Written by THOMAS GOFF *Master of Arts,*
and student of Christ-Church in OXFORD,

A N D

Acted by the S T U D E N T S of the
same house.

The second Edition



L O N D O N,
Printed for G. BEDELL and T. COLLINS, at the
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T. R. A. G. E. D. Y.

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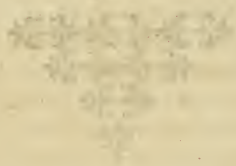
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Member of the Faculty of Arts
and Director of the Lyceum in Paris


1773

Adapted to the 2nd part of the
same book.

The second Edition




Printed by J. B. L. ...
No. 10, Rue de la Harpe, Paris.



The Prologue.

THe husb'd contentment of two silent howres ;
Breath pleasing ayres on these attentive eares ;
And since wee see in this well furnish'd roome ,
All our best neighbours are so kindly met ,
Wee would devise some pleasing talke , to spend
The lazie houres of the tedious night :
But for our owne invention , 'twas too weake ,
Whereon our young Muse durst not wholly leane .
We here present for the revive a tale ,
Which once in Athens great Eurypedes
In better phrase , at such a meeting told
The learn'd Athenians with much applause :
The same we will retell unto your eares ;
Whose Atticke judgement is no lesse then theirs ,
We here as builders which doe oft take stones ,
From out old buildings , then must hew and cut ;
To make them square , and fitting for a new ;
So from an old foundation We have ta'n ,
Stones ready squar'd for our edifice ,
Which if in pleasing our weake skill offends
In making corners disproportionat ,
Some roome too narrow or some loft too high ;
Yet we well hope , if the whole structure fall .
Your hands , like props , will serve to beare up all .

Spoken by the Authour himselfe :



The Names of the Actors.

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Agamemnon, *King of Greece.*
Clytemnestra, *The Queen.*
Tyndarus *Clytemnestra's father.*
Strophius; *Father to Pylades.*
Orestes, *soon to Agam.* } *Two deare friends.*
Pylades, *soon to Stroph.* }
Electra *Daughter to Agamemnon.*
Ægysheus, *Adulterer with Clytemnestra.*
Myfander, *A Favorite; and Parasite.*
A young Childe of Ægysheus.
Nurse.
Two Lords.
Chamberlaine.
A Boy.
Attendants.



THE



T H E
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 T R A G E D I E.
 O F
 O R E S T E S.

Actus I, Scena I,

*Enter as from warre, Agamemnon, Clytemnestra,
 Orestes, Pylades, Egysteus; cum cæteris.*

Agam.

Now a faire blessing blesse my dearest earth,
 and like a Bride adorne thy royall brow,
 with fruits rich Garland; a new married Bride
 Unto thy King and Husband, who too long
 Hath left thee widdowed: O, me thinks I see

Turnes to the spectators:

how all my Grecians with unfatiate looks
 and greedy eyes doe bid mee welcome home:
 Each eare that heares the clamour seemes to grieve,
 it cannot speake, and give a (welcome King:
 Come *Clytemnestra*, let not anger make,
 his wrinkled seat upon my loves faire brow;
 I have too long beene absent from thy bed,
 Chide me for that anon, when arme in arme

I shall

I shall relate those projects in love termes,
 which when they first were acted, made *Mars* feare
 to see each man turn'd to a God of warre.

Clyt. O my deare Lord, absence of things wee love,
 thus intermixt, makes them the sweeter prove:
 That your departure pierc'd my tender soule,
 witnesse those Christall floods which in my eyes
 did make a sea, when you should goe to sea,
 those streames, which then flow'd from the veines of
 at your returne doe overflow the banks. (greife.

But 'tis with joy. *Agam.* Now these eares indeed
 have chang'd their place: they which were wont to heare
 no musique but the summoning of warre
 blowne thorow discords brazen instrument,
 are blessed now with accents that doe fill
 my age-dry'd veynes with youthfull blood againe.
 These eyes which had no other object once,
 but *Hector* twixt the armes of *Greece* and *Troy*,
 hewing downe men, and making every field
 flow with a sea of blood, now see's blood flow.
 In my *Orestes* cheekes: heaven blesse this plant

Orestes kneeles.

sprung from the sap of this juicelasse oake;
 Now be thy branches greene, under whose shade
 I may be shadowed from the heat of warre.

Rise young *Orestes*, Oh how it glads my soule,
 to see my *Queene* and *Sonne*, my *Sonne* and *Queene*.

Clyt. But come my Lord, true love still hates delays,
 let no cares first be blessed with your breath,
 till on my brest resting your wearied head,
 You tell your warre, where that the field's your bed.

Agam. My *Queen* shal have her wil, see how times change.
 I that last night thought all the world a sea,
 As if our common mother earth, had now
 shot her selfe wholly into *Neptunes* armes,
 and the strong hindges of the world had crackt,

letting

letting the moone fall into th' swelling waves,
 such watry mountaines oft did seeme to rise,
 and quite o'rwhelme us, all the winds at warre,
 banded the sea on to the others coasts,
Jove thinking *Neptune* gan to strive for heaven,
 sent a new sea from thence, and with his thunder,
 bad silence to the waves, they uncontroll'd
 kept on their noyse, and let their fury swell,
 turning heaven, earth, sea, clouds, and all to hell.
 Each Trojan that was saved then 'gan cry,
 happy were they that did with *Priam* die.
 It glads mee now to thinke, that that night was
 no starre, no, not *Orion* there appear'd;
 But this night's turn'd to day, and here doth shine,
 for a good *Omen*, my embraced *Queene*.
 With whom her *Agamemnon* still will stay,
 till age and death shall beare him quite away.

Exeunt Agamemnon, Clytemnestra, cum ceteris.

Scena 2.

Manet Egysteus.

Egyst. And that shal be ere long. Tush, shall be'sslow,
 my vengefull thoughts tell mee thou now art dead.
 Fie faint *Apollo*, weakling infant-God,
 why wouldst thou let lame *Vulcan's* hammers beat
 downe those brave Turrets which thou help'dst to build?
Venus, I see thou art a woman now,
 which here are like to take a double foyle;
 for we, that whilome revel'd in thy campe
 in the sweet pleasures of incestuous sheets,
 must leave our lov'd unsatiate desires:
 But now begin, thou blacke *Eumenides*,
 You hand-mayds of great *Dis*, let such a flame
 of anger burne mee, as doth *Etnas* forge,

on fury, on, our hate shall not die thus :
 I'll draw my poysonous arrow to the length ,
 that it may hit the mark and fly with strength.

Exit

S C E N. 3.

Enter Orestes & Pylades.

Orest. Come now my dearest friend, my other self ,
 my empty soul is now fill'd to the top ,
 brimful with gladnesse, and it must run o'r
 into my deare friends heart : those silver haire,
 which time hath crown'd my Fathers brow withal,
 do shine within mine eyes, and like the Sun,
 extract all droffie vapors from my soul.

Like as the earth, whom frost hath long benumb'd,
 and brought an Icie drinesse on her face,
 her veines so open, at a sudden thaw ,
 that all plants, fruits, flowers, and tender grafts,
 kept as close prisoners in their mothers womb,
 start out their heads, and on a sudden doth
 the sad earth count'nance with a summer look.

So in this brest, here in this brest deare friend,
 whiles *Annus* ten times circled in the world
 ten clumzie winters, and ten lagging springs
 bath (with my fathers absence) frozen beene
 all thoughts of joy, which now shall make a spring
 in my refreshed soul.

“ Things that we daily see th'affections cloy,
 “ hopes long desired bring the greatest joy.

Pyl. Nay, but dear Cousin, give not the reines too much
 to new received joyes, lest that they run
 with so much speed, that they out-breath themselves :
 your Father is come home ; but being come,
 should now some woful afterclap of fate
 (which *Omen* *Iove* forbid should come to passe)

but

but take him hence again, and crosse your joy ;
each spark of gladness which you now conceive,
would turn a flame for grief: still one extreame,
altering his course, turns to the diverse theame.

Orest. Tush *Pylades*, talk not of what may be,
we may, indeed i'th' clearest afternoone
expect a storm. *Pyl.* Yes, and such storms oft come,
and wet shrewd too, before we get at home.

Orest. O, but I'll be above all fatal power :
I that have such a Father new come home,
I that have such a friend, such too rare gifts ;
who gave me these gifts, thought, no scowling frown
of angry fortune e'r should throw me down.

Pyl. Call them not gifts *Orestes*, th'are but lent,
meere lendings friend, and lendings we must pay,
when e'r the owner shall appoint his day.

Orest. True, *Pylades*, but owners use to warn
their debtors when they must bring in their summs:
but heavens tell me with favouring aspects,
I still must keep their lendings, and possess,
with frolick joy, all their lent happiness. (smile,

Pyl. Trust not the heavens too much, although they
good looks do mortal hearts too oft beguile :
the heavens are usurers ; and as oft 'tis seen
a full pought churle give a most faire good e'en
to his poor Creditor : who, trusting that,
hath slackt this payment : on the morrow next
he hath been rooted out by th' tuskey boare,
which gave the faire good e'en the day before :
The heavens can do thus too——

Orest. Tush : mortals must
lean on the sacred heaven with greater trust ;
but it grows far in night, come let us in
to morrow shall our joyes afresh begin.

Exeunt.

Scen. 4.

*Enter Ægystheus, Clytemnestra; with naked daggers:
Agamemnon lying in his bed.*

Egyft. O Night, now only spread thy sable wings
over this climate, gather all thy fogs
that they may meet, and make thy face more black:
let horrid murder take thee by the hand
and come along: I have a prodigie
equall to all the murders, all the blood
that hath been shed in all Troyes ten yeeres siege.

He draws the curtain.

So, snore returned King; good *Morphews* hang
thy leaden weight upon his drowsie eyes,
let him not wake till he shall see himself
drencht in a sea of his vermilion goare:
Thou do'st no Trojan, now, no *Hector* feare,
but yet I'll shew thee a new *Hector* here.

Clyt. See, I'll turn man too now, and to the hate
which women beare, I'll add a manly strength:
my minde does tremble, what I meane to do.
Breath forth your vapor's, O ye Stygian powers!
and listen to a hateful womans prayers.

Pluto stand by me for to aide my hand,
I may strike home now, and perform an act
may make *Medea* blush she thought not of:
Could the old dry bon'd dotard ever dreame,
now he had drawn forth all his strength abroad,
he could be welcome to lie bed-rid here,
and supple his numb'd joynts in my fresh armes?

Egyft. Spoke like a queene, spoke like *Ægystheus* love!
Now great *Thyestes* Genius, which didst prompt
me to this act; Come, be spectator now!
and see revenge for Athens bloody feast.

And

And thou wrong'd *Clytemnestra* call to mind,
 how his unsatiate, lustful loath'd desire,
 doted on every female face he saw,
 rap't the Priests daughter, and so brought a plague
 on all the Grecian host: *Clytem.* Yes, yes, *Egyft.* yes.
 And rap't young *Briseis* from *Achilles* bed.
 Crowd all revengful thoughts into this houre,
 now let thy sword let out that lustful blood.

Egistheus stabs him.

Wound him *Egyftheus*, kill him not at once,
 wee'll be true Tyrants, let him feel he dies.

Agam. Help *Clytemnestra*, help me, my deare Queen.

Clyt. Yes dotard, I will help thee, thus, yes thus:

She stabs him.

Remember the Priests daughter: this for her,
 and this for *Briseis*: *Agam.* See, my Grecians, see,
 your King which you so gladly entertain'd.
Sol. hide thy self in everlasting night,
 or when thou risest, let thy blushing face
 make these to blush. *Clytem.* Ay, so, curse on, curse on:

Agam. O *Clytemnestra*, O my once deare wife,
 is this the entertainment that thou giv'st
 thy new come husband? gratulates thou thus
 my ten yeares absence? See these frosty haire
 would even move *Hecuba* to pity me;
 Look on these aged armes which in this bed,
 thought to have been bless'd with thy kind imbrace.

Clytem. Yes, mine or *Cassandra's*, old adulterer.

Agam. Kinsman *Egyftheus*; O my dearest wife
 whom shall I call? me thinks you both are mine.
 What *Titius*, what *Megara* hath put on
Egyftheus and my *Clytemnestra's* shapes?

Egyft. Calst thou us friends?

Stabs him againe.

Agam. O be not so, and I'll not call you so:
 Let not your coward weapons wound this head,

that earst did scorne to shrink at *Priams* blow.

O hew me not down thus for my sons sake,
deare *Clytemnestra*, for *Orestes* sake.

Is this the Trojan tale ! how I should tell,
that here great *Hector* flew *Antiochus*,
and here that *Meontiadés* was slaine,
and poor *Prothesilaus* deare to *Ladamié* :
I thought to tell how these men lost their blood ;
and see my blood is thus let forth at home. (do.

Egy. Is your hot blood yet cold ! *Clyt.* breath dotard,
you shall have gaps enough to let your soul
finde a free passage to his deserved flames.

Agam. No pittie yet ? O then, no pittie light
on you, nor yours, but let dire revenge
come learn how she may after handle you :
O, I am drown'd in blood, and now must yeild
to murderers weapons ; treason win's the field.

Alas this coming home hath had small joy ;
Argos hath worser foes then ever Troy.

Moritur.

Clyt. Now I am *Clytemnestra* right, now I deserve
to add one more to the three Furies, now
do I count this more then my nuptial night ;
'Tis mine, tis thine, *Egytheus*, and none else
shall share a minute of this right, but we.

Egyft. Me thinks I now go equal with the starrs,
and my proud head toucheth the highest pole ;
Hark, hell applauds me, and me thinks I heare
Thyestes tell me, I have done enough :

A noise

And now I kisse my hands, whilst yet they beare
this tincture on them, and embrace my Queen,
now made my love ; lets in, this night the Fates
have amply fed us with revengeful cates.

Exeunt

SCEN.

Scen. 5.

*Enter Orestes, as from his Bed, unbutton'd in
slippers, a Torch in his hand.*

What horrid dreams affright me? I see nought
that I should fear, and yet me thinks I fear.
Mine eyes scarce clos'd, my busie Fancy saw
a fight that dasht all comforts of the day:
me thought my Father lying in his Tent,
hateful *Achylles*, for his wronged love
comes in with *Briseis*, and they two let forth
streams of fresh blood from out his aged side,
with that his *Eccho'd* schrich did make me wake;
but I remembred then he was come home,
and yet I'll see him, still me thinks I quake.
Do I still dream? Are not mine eyes unclos'd?

He draws the Curtain.

Is this a Torch? yea, 'tis, it burns, I see
I am awake, do not delude me Night!
Now stand on tip-toes *Atlas*, lift heaven higher,
I may have air enough to breath my woes in,
O let me yet recal thy posting Soul!
if *Charon* have not hurried thee too fast,
if yet thou hast not drunk on *Letbes* Pool,
come back, and tell me who it is this night,
hath done this deed far blacker than the night?
Ah! Art thou fled past call? Why, thou wert old,
me thinks thou shouldst not haste so fast away!
Was it for this thou swe'tst so oft in Arms!
Was it for this that the froth swelling foam,
when thy Ships top toucht heaven, and deep plac'd hell;
that thou must yet escape curl'd *Neptune's* waves,
to be a *Palinurus* in thy shoar,
there drown thy aged locks in Crimson gore?

O, if one spark yet of thy Princely Soul
 remaine within this trunk, now let it shine
 and light mine ignorant eyes to reade the names
 of these night vultures, whose devouring bills
 have made a *Tiinus* of thy royall corps :
 who did not feare great *Agamemmons* sleep ?
 Arm, arm your selves all you all-potent Gods,
 you which we term just Ministers of heaven !
 shoot forked lightning from the marble poale,
 let the all-seeing eye of heaven shoot flames
 which may parch up the marrow from their bones,
 should they lie coucht i'th brest o'th' Thunderer,
 or be entrencht with guards of furies fierce,
 heaven, earth, nor hell, should keep them from my sword.
 Dost thou sleep *Jove* ! O, couldst thou snore so fast,
 and let thy great vicegerent thus be torn ?
 Some of th' immortal powers have had fathers,
 and know what 'tis to have them murdered thus.
 But I turn woman now : O, I rave out
 my passions ; do, grief, pour out thy self,
 that thou mayst make room in my empty heart,
 to fill it with revenge.

Scena 6.

Enter Clytemnestra, Ægystheus, in night-robes.

Clyt. How now? what ayles our son, how now *Orestes*!

Orest. O some are come now to help me to grieve :
 See, mother, see, your husband and my father,
 the King of Greece, great Shephard of his Land,
 see, see him here :

She faines her selfe to swoon, Egy. catcheth her falling.

Clyt. O help me now good heaven to keep my sex,
 let me dissemble. *Ægyst.* Help (my Lords) the Queen.

Clyt. Why hinder'd you my soul, that whilst he liv'd,
 was

was linkt to his, and would too now have fled
with wing'd desire to have been with him !

What doe I live for ! *Agamemon* flain!

My Lord, my King, husband, wake my Lord,
what bloody Trojan followed thee from thence
to kill thee here ? could he not one night
have let me rested in thy sweet embraces ?
Must he for surenesse make so many holes,
for thy sweet soul to fly to be a God ?

O let my teares be balm to these thy wounds,
let my lips kisse, and warm thy gellid lips ;
let my haire wipe these clots of blood away
from thy age-honor'd side : O dry your teares,
joyn knees and prayers with me, awake ye Gods,

They both kneele.

and send our vows, since we can send no wounds :

Come son, we women still know how to curse.

Let him that did it be an Adulterer.

Ægist. Faith she begins well, sure she knows the man.

aside.

Clyt. Let him be conscious, he hath don a deed
deserves revenge, whether it fall or no :

Let him for ever beare in mind this night,
and who 'twas helpt him in this bloody act.

Ægist. Yes, hee'll remember how you curse him now.

aside.

Orest. If ever he have children, let them be
murdered before his face, that they may know
how nature binds a father and a son.

(glad,

Ægist. Now hands I thank you, now my soul grows
had not he griev'd thus, I had lost revenge.

Clyt. But come my son, now let us talk of graves,
of Epitaphs, and tombs, and's soul being fled,

Draw the curtaine and carry him away.

let's lap his Trunk up in a sheet of lead.

Exeunt Clytemnestra, and Ægistheus. Manent Orest.

Orest.

Orest. Methinks I see a Tragedy at hand,
 to which this night hath as a Prologue bin;
 I'll make a prayer now worthy *Atrous* grandchild,
 let the foul Adder sting me as I walk,
 the poysonous toad belch her black venom forth
 in my despised face, let it be thought
 I never had a father, but some monster
 bred by a slimy exhalation,
 If my revenge fly not with ample wing:
 till then rest soul, hate told, may lose his sting.

ACTUS 2. SCENA 1.

Enter Cassandra sola as a mad Prophetesse.

Cass. O ye dead Trojans leape within your graves!
 O mother that thou hadst lived this night!
 Now thou'ldst be glad t'have lost so many sons:
 the Grecians are reveng'd upon themselves,
 I thank thee soul, that thou keptst here till now
 to let me see Greece overcome it self;
 I live, I live, I'm here, I live to see't:
 I do not dream on't, no, I saw the blood
 run from his side, whole Cataracts, all Greece.
Apollo, how am I bound now for this
 that I do only see this happinesse?
Hecuba, *Priam*, young *Astianax*.
 Look *Hecuba*, Greece now doth act your woes,
 laugh *Hecuba*, for now *Electra* weeps:
 and *Tyndarus* he knows not what to do:
 Come little Cuz, come my *Astianax*,
Orestes is in a worse case then thou.
 Still I had others for to weep with me,
 but none are left to laugh now, but my self:

What.

What should he feare at home? A conqueror feare!
 'Tis done, 'tis done, leave fighting *Hector*, leave,
 the Grecians meane to fight against themselves,
 from *Tyndarus* the first brand took fire
 which burnt down Troy: and now an other here
 kindles from him, to set a fire Greece,
Graia juuvenca venit, quae se, patremque virumque
Perdidit, Io lator, Graia juuvenca venit.
Hellen, thy sister *Hellen*, nay shee's thine:
 who could have thought that *Hector* being slaine,
 old *Priam* made a sacrifice to death,
 Troy turn'd to cinders, poor *Andromacha*
 dragg'd by her hair to death; *Astianax*
 sent out o'th world before he well came in,
 Ha, ha, who could have thought after all this
Cassandra should have ever laught againe?
 One hour of laughter following many yeares
 of discontent, doth help to sweeten teares

Exit.

Actus 2. Scena 2.

Enter *Aegystheus*, *Clytemnestra*.

Aeg. Fair morning to my Queen, nay more, my love,
 how likes my sweet her change of bed-fellow?

Clyt. Look as an hallow leafelesse failing oake,
 to whom, for that h'hath bin her weight too long,
 the earth denies to lend him moyfture, so
 his sap failes, and he stands on a green
 'mongst sprouting Elms, that they may seeme more fresh
 whilst hee's but held a monument of years.
 Such one seem'd *Agamemnon*; a dry tree:
 thou like a sprouting Elme, whom I embrace
 like twining Ivy, with these now blest armes,
 blest whilst this treasure in them they hold lockt.

Aegyst.

Ægyst. O who'd not do a murder for a woman !
 Heaven had but two things for the Gods reserv'd,
 fire, and women : when with Giant strength
Prometheus had tane one, *Jove* in his rage
 threw him the to'ther, bad him keep 'em both.
 O th'are rare creatures, they have such *Meanders*,
 Their teares will come and go with such brave art !
 Come now my Queen, one sweet Ambrosian kisse ;
 O *Nectar* ! prethee hadst thou taught thy teares
 how they should flow before ? *Clyt.* No, trust me love,
 I knew my teares would soon be at command,
 and faith the boy had almost made me weep
 really once. Were not my curses rare ?

Ægyst. Yes, all was woman-like : but yet that boy
 he took it deeply ; would he were with his father,
 so gon, it skills not how ; were he away,
 we would act freely all our lustful play.

Clyt. O but my love ! hee's mine : Nor can the raven
 dig her sharp beake into her own birds brest :
 He will forget his father : woe will breake ;
 'tis not the greatest griefe that most doth speake.

Ægyst. O, but hee'll beare still a suspicious eye ;
 and who in bloody Scenes doth act a part,
 thinks every eye doth penetrate his heart.
 Nor can we ere be free, or I enjoy
 true pleasures, we must be but theeves at most,
 close in delights, and have a Pander still
 to be a Factor 'twixt thy bed and mine :
 this we could have before, what now we do,
 the world should see done, and applaud us too.

Clyt. Why my deare Love, I that would set my hand
 to stain my marriage sheets with husbands blood,
 would let these hands, instructed now in ill,
 not leave one arm of that uprooted tree ;
 Could but *Ægistheus* give me any hope,
 that from this top there should one spreading branch
 grow

grow up and flourish. *Agyst.* Now thou art thy self;
yes, yes my love, there shall one spring from us
shall be a lofty Pine, let this be cropt;
murder must murder guard, guilt add to guilt,
after one drop, whole streams of blood be spilt.

walks away.

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Scen. 3.

Enter Pylades, Orestes, Electra, Strophius.

Pyl. Dear friend, what mean you, to o'rwhelm your self
in such a sea of grief? *Orest.* Father! deare *Agamemnon!*

Pyl. Nay cease this tempest, thou hast lost a father,
why, 'tis but change, my father shall be thine,
I'll be thy brother, nay, I'll be thy selfe,
weep when thou weep'st, and where thou go'st I'll goe,
and bring thee on thy pilgrimage of woe.

Elect. Brother, look up; have not I lost a father?
yes, yes, and would a river of fresh teares
turne *Lethes* stream, and bring him from the wharf,
with a North gale of windy blowing sighs,
I would expire my soul, become all teares.

Stro. Come, you have lost a father, I a brother,
the Queen a Husband, all the Land a King;
yet all this but a man; therefore must dye:
Our woes may all be in one balance poys'd.
His book of life the Fates had over-read,
and turn'd the leafe where his last period stood.
Now an immortal wreath circles his brow,
and makes him King in heaven, who was before
at most a God on earth: Hence difference springs,
Kings are earths Gods, and Gods are heavenly Kings.

Orest. Let us joyne words then now, and Swan-like sing
the doleful dirge to a departed King:
Thou friend didst of this misery divine,

there-

therefore the burthen of the song is mine :
 words Orators for woe, which plead the cause,
 when griefe's the judge, and sighs are all the laws,
 each one a sob for *Diapason* beares,
 our tunes shall drown the musick of the spheares :
 O what *Hirudo* with unfatiate thirt,
 could draw the blood from out those Princely veines,
 from whence flow'd comfort to so many souls!

Spies his mother, goes to her.

Mother, when wept you last? here take a scarf
 dry your eyes : now by—— you need none,
 what shine of comfort hath dry'd up your teares?

Clyt. Our son's too sawcie with his mother Queen :
 Why, Sir, shall you tell us a time to weep?

Orest. Us? good : Who is't makes the plurality?
 'Twas wont to be my father: does he live?

Clyt. Sir, curb this lavish speech, or I'll forget
 you are my son, and make you but a subject.

Aegyst. Good Cousin add not disobedience
 unto your mothers griefs. *Orest.* My mother, no,
 she is not here, no, she hath hid her self
 in some odd nooke, or angle unperceiv'd,
 she might not see this impious stygian world. (sheath?

Cly. Aegystus, canst thou still suffer thy dull sword i'th
 Take the rank head from this o'r-growing weed.

Stro. Remember *Clytemnestra*, he's your son.

Clyt. He is so, and I'll learn him to be so :
 Had I a brazen bull, it should be heat
 hotter then for the Tyrant : Disobedient !
 More harsh then Adders hisses is thy voyce,
 Sir, you shall dye, but with a living death,
 he still shall live, but live to know he dies ;
 who strait threats death, knows not to Tyranize.

Exeunt Aegystheus, Clytemnestra.

Stro. What temper's grown on the distracted Queen?
 Hath grief, conceiv'd for her late husbands death,
 brought

brought her so far, she hath forgot her self?

Orest. No Uncle, no, by — I do suspect.
O, my prophetick soul divines much ill!
Well, I will flie. But hear this stratagem,
it shall be rumor'd i'th eare of the Court
I was found dead, I'll put a new shape on,
and live alone, to heare how things go here.

Pyl. Nay, not alone *Orestes*, whilst I live,
shouldst make thy bed upon the rigid Alps,
or frozen *Caucasus*, wrapt in sheets of snow,
I'd freeze unto thy side; we will tell tales
of Trojan warriors, and deposed Kings.
Tell of strange shipwrack, of old *Priams* fall,
how mad *Andromacha* did teare her hayre,
when the wild horses tore brave *Hectors* limbs:
Wee'l think they all do come, and weep with us;
grief loves companions, and it helpeth woe,
when it heares every one groane forth his, Oh!
it easeth much, and our plaints fall more sweet,
when a whole consort in one tune do meet.

The half-dead ship-man, which hath shipwrack borne,
seeing many drown'd, it makes him lesse to mourn:

It made *Deucalion* care the lesse to die,
when he had all the world in company.

Thus we will sit, and our teares turnes shall keep,
thou for thy father, I for thee will weep:

If actors on the Stage having no cause,
but for to win an hearers hands applause,
can let fall teares, wee'l think we Actors be,
and only do but play griefs Tragedie.

Orest. O, but deare friend, should we but act a part,
the play being ended, passion left the heart,
and we should share of joy: but my whole age
must never move from off this woful Stage:
But we must take our leave; Uncle, farwel,
remember what I spake; and Sister, you

must tarry here, my thoughts shall busied be,
 to finde the man that let my father blood.
 Can I but finde *Ægystheus* did consent,
 to spill one drop, O, I would pierce his heart
 with venom'd daggers, and so butcher him,
 that all *Apollos* skill in physicke hearbs,
 nor *Æsculapius* th' *Epidaurian* God,
 should keepe his soule out of *Enio's* hand;
 Come my deare friend; to all the rest farewell;
 If heaven relate it not, I'll know't from hell.

Exeunt Pylades, Orestes.

Scena 4.

*Enter Ægystus, Clytemnestra, Mysander, Strophius;
 Electra another way.*

Ægyst. What, is *Orestes* fled? sure there's some plot,
 if you deare Queen, but search *Electra* well,
 you'll finde she knowes whither her brothers gone.

Clyt. If in her heart there be but lodg'd a thought
 unknown to mee, this hand shall rip her brest,
 and search her inparts, but I'll finde it out.

Mysander, call *Electra*.

(beams,

Ægyst. O, were that moat tane from our comforts
 no cloud e'r then could overshade our joyes,
 his life must be cut off without delay,
 mischief, by mischief findes the safest way:
 But here's *Electra*.

Cly. Why! how now Minion! what a blubbering still!
 Huswife, pray where's your brother, wher's my sonne?

Elect. Mother, pray where's my father, wher's your
 husband?

Enter Strophius, and speaks.

Haile to my my gracious Queene, here's one at doore.
 brings you a message, hee will not relate
 to any, but your selfe, he saies tis sad.

Clyt.

Clyt. Why, the more dismal, the more welcome 'tis.
But as for you—*Elect.* Good mother do your worst,
no plague can ever make me more accurst,
nothing is worse then death, that I'll not flie.

Clyt. Yes, life is worse to those that faine would die.
But where's the messenger?

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Scena 5.

Enter Nuncius.

What whirlwinde rising from the womb of earth
doth raise huge *Pelion* unto *Ossa's* top,
that both being heapt, I stand upon them both
and with an hundred *Stentor*-drowning voice,
relate unto the world the saddest tale
that ever burnd the weak jaws of man?

Egypt. Why, what portentous newes? Amaze us not,
tell us what e'r it be.

Nun. Were my mind settled, would the gellid feare,
that freeseth up my sense, set free my speech,
I would unfold a tale which makes my heart
throb in my intrals, when I seem to see't.

Clyt Relate it quickly, hold's not in suspence.

Nun. Upon the mount of yonder rising cliffe,
which th'earth hath made a bulwark for the sea,
whose pearelesse head is from the streams so high,
that whosoe'r looks down, his brain will swim
with a *vertigo*: The space remov'd so far
the object from the eye, that a tall ship
seem'd a swift flying bird: upon this top
saw I two men making complaints to heaven;
one's voyce distinctly still cry'd, Father, King,
great *Agamernon*, whose diviner soul
fled from thy corp., exil'd by butchers hands:
his friend still sought to keepe his dying life

○

with

with words of comfort, that it should not rush
too violently upon the hands of Fate.

He deafe as sea, to which he made his plaints,
still cryed out, *Agamemnon*, I will come,
and find thy blessed soul where e'r it walk ;
in what faire Temple of *Elysium*

so e'r it be, my 'oul shall find it out.

With that his friend knit him within his arms,
striving to hold him, but when twas no boot,
they hand in hand, thus plung'd into the maine ;
strait they arose, and striv'd (me thought) for life,
but swelling *Neptune* not regarding friends,
wrapt their embraced limbs in following waves :
Until at last their deare departing souls
hastned to Styx, and I no more could see.

Str. O 'twas *Orestes*, 'twas my *Pylades* ,
which arm in arm did follow him to death.

Elect. O my *Orestes*, O my dearest brother !
'Tis he, 'tis he, that thus hath drown'd himself.

Egypt. Why, then if *Agamemnon* and his son
have brought their lease of life to the full end :
I am *Thyestes* son, and the next heire,
to sit in *Argos* Throne of Majesty.

Thanks to our *Alpheus* sea, who as 't'ad striv'd
to gratifie *Egyptheus*, rais'd his force,
and gathered all his waters to one place,
they might be deep enough to drown *Orestes* :
But come my Queen, let us command a feast.

To get a kingdome, who'ld not think it good,
to swim unto it through a sea of blood ?

Actus 3. Scena 1.

Enter Tyndarus, Misander.

Tynd. Our daughter lends for us? how fares she? well? she mournes I'm sure for her husbands death.

Mis. My Lord, she took it sadly at the first: But time hath lessen'd it. Tind. I, grief soon ends that flows in teares; they still are womens friends: X
But how is't rumord now in Argos, though, that Agamemnon died? Mis. Why, he was old, and death thought best to seize on him at home.

Tynd. 'Twas a long home, he got by coming home: Well, well, Misander, I like not the course, the peoples murmure makes my cheeks to blush.

Mis. My gracious Lord, who trusts their idle murmur, must never let the blush go from his cheek; They are like flags growing on muddy banks, whose weak thin heads blown with one blaft of winde, they all will shake, and bend themselves one way: Great minds must not esteem what small tongues say. All things in state must ever have this end, the vulgar should both suffer, and commend, if not for love, for feare; great Majesty should do those things which vulgars dare not see.

Tynd. O, Sir, but those that do commend for feare, do in their hearts a secret hatred beare.

Ever learn this; the truest praise indeed, must from the heart, and not from words proceed.

I feare some fowl play: doth Egystheus meane, then totally for to invest himself

in Agamemnons seate? Where's young Orestes?

Mis. Why my Lord, he for the great grief conceiv'd

being young, not knowing well to rule himselfe
with sway of reason, ranne upon his death
and threw himselfe with my lord *Strophius* sonne,
into the midst of *Alpheus*, so was drown'd,

Ty. How took my daughter that? *Mys.* Why, wisely too,
and like her selfe; not being in despaire:
her royal wombe will bring forth many more,
shall be as deare as e'r *Orestes* was.

Tynd. I feare heaven cannot look with equall eyes
upon so many deaths, but meanes to send
plague after plague; for in a wretched state,
one ill begets another dismal Fate:
But go and tell my daughter I will come,
and help to solemnize her nuptial night:
Her hasty wedding, and the old Kings neglect,
makes my conjectural soul some ill suspect.

Exeunt.

Scen. 2.

Enter Orestes, and Pylades.

Orest. If ever God lent any thing to earth,
whereby it seem'd to sympathize with heaven,
it is this sacred friendship: Gordian knot
which Kings, nor Gods, nor Fortune can undoe.
O what Horoscopus, what constellation,
held in our birth so great an influence,
which one affection in two minds unites?
How hath my woe been thine, my fatal ill
hath still been parted, and one share been thine!

Pyl. Why, dearest friend, suppose my case were thine,
and I had lost a father, wouldst not thou
in the like sort participate my grief?

Orest. Yes, witnesse heaven I would.

Pyl.

Pyl. So, now thou hast lost a father.

Orest. True, *Pylades*, thou putst me well in mind,
I have lost a father, a dear, dear father,
a King, a brave old King, a noble souldier,
and yet he was murdered! O my forgetful soul!
Why should not I now draw my vengeful sword,
and strait-way sheath ~~it in the murderers heart?~~

Minos should never have vacation,
whilst any of our progeny remain'd.

Well, I will go, and so massacre him,
I'll teach him how to murder an old man,
a King, my father, and so dastardly
to kill him in his bed. *Pyl.* Alas, *Orestes*!

Grief doth distract thee: wilt thou wilt kill?

Orest. Why, he, or she, or they that kill'd my father.

Pyl. I, who are they? *Orest.* Nay, I know not yet,
but I will know. *Pyl.* Stay thy vengeful thoughts,
and since thus long we have estrang'd our selves
from friends and parents, let's think why it is,
and why we had it noised in the Court,
we both were dead; the cause was thy revenge,
that if by any secret private meanes,
we might but learn who 'twas that drench'd their swords
in thy deare fathers blood, we then would rouze
black *Nemesis* in flames from out her cave,
and she should be the umpire in this cause.

Mans soul is like a boistrous working sea,
swelling in billows for disdain of wrongs,
and tumbling up and down from day to day,
grows greater still in indignation,
turns male-content, in pleaselesse melancholy,
spending her humours in dull passion, still
locking her senses in unclosed gins,
till by revenge she's set at liberty.

Orest. O, now my thirsty soul expects full draughts
of *Ate's* boyling cup: O, how twoul'd ease

my heart to see a channel of his blood
streaming from hence to hell, that kill'd my father.

Pyl. I, but deare friend, thou must not let rage loose,
and like a furious Lion, from whose den
the forrester hath stole away his young,
he missing it, straight runs with open jaws
on all he meets, and never hurting him,
that did the wrong: Wise men must mix revenge
with reason, which by providence will prompt,
and tell us where's the mark, whereat we aym.
Till then, in Cinders wee'l rake up our grief:
fire thus kept, still lives, but opened dies;
x from smallest sparks great flames may one day rise.

Orest. True, friend, but, O, who ever will reveale
this hideous act! what power shall we invoke?

Pyl. Yes, harken friend, I have bethought a meanes;
not distant far from this place where we live,
there stands a cave hard by a hollow oake,
in a low valley, where no Sun appears,
no musick ever was there heard to sound;
but the harsh voyce of croking ominous ravens,
and sad Nyctimine the bird of night:
There's now a shed, under whose ancient roose
there sometimes stood an Altar for the Gods,
but now slow creeping time, with windy blasts
hath beaten down that stately Temples walls,
defac't his rich built windows, and until'd
his battlemented roose, and made it now
a habitation, not for God, nor men:
Yet an old woman, who doth seem to strive
with the vast building for antiquity,
in whose rough face time now hath made such holes,
as in those uncouth stones she there hath made
her self a cell, wherein to spend her age.
Her name's *Caridia*; great in Magick spells,
at whose dire voice, the gods themselves would quake

to heare her charm the second time pronounc't.
 One that can know the secrets of the heavens,
 and in the ayre hath flying ministers,
 to bring her news from earth, from sea, from hell:
 which, when thicke night hath compass'd in the world,
 then doth she go to dead mens graves and tombs,
 and sucks the poysonous marrow from their bones,
 then makes her charm, which she nere spent in vaine:
 Nor doth she come as supplyant to the gods,
 but making *Erebus*, and heaven to quake,
 she sends a spell drowning infernal thunder,
 by which all secrets that were ever done,
 in faire white parchment writ in lines of blood,
 lockt in the inmost room of hell it self
 is brought unto her: and by her we may
 have leave to look in *Pluto's* register,
 and reade the names of those most loathed furies,
 which rent thy Fathers soul from out his trunk:
 But she must see thy fathers dead bones first,
 them we must bring her, for by them she works:
 This if thou dar'st assay, I'll go along.

Orest. If I dare assay! yes, yes, deare friend,
 were it to burst my fathers sepulcher,
 and wake his *Manes*, shew them *Radamanth*;
 their iterated sight will burn my soul
 with such a sparkling flame of dire revenge,
 as *Nessus* shirt did burn great *Hercules*:
 If that the scrowle which did containe their names,
 were in a lake of flaming brimstone drencht,
 I'de take it out, or fecht from *Pluto's* arms:
 But come; if earth hath such a creature as can tell,
 twill save a journey (for this once) from hell.

Scena. 3.

Enter *Ægystheus*, *Clytemnestra*, *Tyndarus*, *Mysander*, *Strophius*, *Electra*, *cum cat. with a crown*. *Ægystheus* ascends the throne, *Mysander* crowns him; *Clytemnestra* great with child,

Mys. All years of happy dayes, all hours of joy
so circle in thy state, as doth this crown
wreath and combine thy princely temples in,

All speak, Jove still protect Ægystheus.

Ægyst. Thanks to my fathers subjects :

Now *Argos* swell up to the brim with joy,
and streams of gladnesse flow on *Tyndarus*,
Now made our father; see old King, see here's
my Queen doth mean to make thee a grandfather,
see how thy royal blood shall propagate,
whose Kingly drops like heaven distilling dew,
shall add fresh life unto thy withered root.

Tynd. Yes, but *Ægystheus*, there were armes before
grew on this tree; but the Fates envious axe
hath cut them off before th'ad time to sprout.

Clyt. O Sir, the Fates needs must have leave to make
wayes for themselves to manage what they do :

Had *Agamemnon* and *Orestes* liv'd,
they could not then have blest me with these gifts :
Still when the heavens and Fates do work their will,
they intend good, though sometimes there come ill.

Tynd. O but pray *Jove* the Fates now were not forc't,
but deeds like words no man can e'r recal,
be't good or ill; once done, we must bear all.

Ægyst. Come father sit we down, and make a feast,
They set to the feast.
to glad our hearts; Heaven still doth for the best.

Stroph.

Stro. O let my latter age not live to see
Aegystheus wear great *Argos* diadem.

Elect. Feare not good uncle, there will be a time,
 to pull him down, although he yet doth climbe.

Tynd. Who ever trusted much on fortunes gifts,
 on wife, on state, on health, on friends, on lands,
 may look on *Agamemnon*s coming home:
 Fortune me thinks ne're shew'd her power more;
 how quickly could she turne her Fatall sword
 upon his brest, that thought himselfe past harme?
 she that had us'd death like an angry dogge,
 holding him up, when that he should have bit,
 when all the game was past, and's fury laid,
 the king being past all danger, safe at home,
 then he slip's coller, never untill then,
 and fortune she stood hissing of him on,
 till he had torne the good kings soule away.

Clytemnestra seemes to weep.

Aegyst. Nay but good father let passe elegies,
 you draw fresh teares now from your daughters eyes,
 who shed enough before at's funeral:
 let's talk who are to live, not who are dead;
 and think what progeny shall spring from us
 may beare your Image stamp't upon the face,
 this we mult talk of now, not what griefs past
 but of the joy to come. My Queen not well!

Clytemnestra riseth from the table.

Now good *Electra* look unto your mother,
Lucina be propitious to the birth;
 why, will not now a young *Aegystheus* be,
 as grateful as an old *Orestes* was?
 Thou times good lengthener, age, posterity,
 spread thy self still upon *Aegystheus* line,
 help me to treasure up antiquity,
 and from *Thyestes* loynes let spring an heire,
 shall ever sit in great *Thyestes* chaire.

Exeunt.

Scena

S C E N. 4.

Enter Pylades and Orestes, with his arms full of a dead mans bones, and a scull.

Pyl. Neare to this shady grove, where never light appears, but when 'tis forced with some charm, *Canidia* dwells, in such a dusky place, that the night goblins feare to come too neare it.

Here let us knock. *Orest.* Nay, *Pylades*, see here, O give me leave to discant on these bones :

This was my Fathers scull ; but who can know whether it were some subjects scull, or no ?

Where be these Princely eyes, commanding face, the brave majestick look, the Kingly grace ?

Where's the imperious frown, the God-like smile, the graceful tongue, that spoke a souldiers stile ?

Ha, ha, worms eat them ! could no Princely looke, no line of eloquence writ in this booke,

command, nor yet perswade the worms away ?

Rebellious worms ! could a King beare no sway ?

Injurious worms ! what could no flesh serve but Kings for you ? By —— you all should sterve, had I but known't : What must my father make a feast for you ? O ye devouring creatures !

Pyl. Now some *Archilocus* to help him make vengeful Iambicks, that would make these worms to burst themselves : Passion must please

it self by words, grief told, it self doth ease.

Ore. You cowardly bones, would you be thus uncloth'd by little crawling worms ! by —— I never thought my fathers bones could e'r have been such cowards :

O you ungrateful worms ! how have you us'd him ? See their ingratitude ! O ambitious creatures,

how

how they still domineere o're a Kings carcasse !

Py. How could they think when thou cam'st to'the crown that thou shouldst bear, that these should eat thy father ?

Orest. True, *Pylades*, should I not rend their maws, devise new tortures ? O most horrible treason, that worms should come unto a great Kings face, and eat his eyes ! why, I would undertake but at one stamp to kill a thousand of 'em : and I will kill these :

Stamps upon them.

Goe you King-eating creatures : I will mar all your digestion. *Pyl.* Alas, where be his wits ? He stands declaming against senselesse worms, and turns more senselesse then the worms themselves : where's now the oracle you should consult ? The great Magician ? now the *Centaur's* thought shall be example to all future years ; and now transcend *Proserpina's* invention.

Ha, hast thou found them out ? ha, were they worms ?

Orest. O prethee laugh not at me, call her, call her ;

Pylades knock

whilst I stand gathering up my fathers bones, his deare dissected bones ; O, I remember, here ran the strong sinews, 'twixt his knitting joynts, here to this bone was joyn'd his princely arme, here stood the hand that bare his warlike shield, and on this little joynt was plac't the head, that *Atlas*-like bare up the weight of Greece : here, here betwixt these hollow yawning jaws stood once a tongue, which with one little word could have commanded thousand souls to death : Good hands indure this your weighty task, and good eyes strive not to make moist his bones with weeping teares :

What *Scinis* or *Procustes* ever could have hackt a Kirg into such things as these ?

Alas

Alas here's every part now so deform'd,
I know not which was his, yet all was his.

Sound infernal Musick.

Scena 5.

Enter Canidia, like an Enchauntresse.

Orest. Protect us O ye Ministers of heaven,
Stand neare me my good *Genius*, my soul hath lost
his humane function, at this hellish sight.

Can. Who is't disturbs our cave? what messenger
hath *Pluto* sent, that would know ought from us?
what are you? speak, *Canidia* cannot stay.

Pyl. Prompt us some Ghost.

Great feare of earth, and governess of nature,
in whose deep closet of that sacred heart
are writ the characters of future Fate;
and what is done, and what must be thou knowst:
Whose words make burning *Acheron* grow cold,
and *Jove* leave thundring, when he hears thy name:
to thee we come: O turn thy secret book,
and look whose names thou there shalt see inscrib'd
for murderers, reade o'r all the catalogue,
untill thou findest there engraven those
which kill'd the King of Greece, great *Agamemnon*.

Orest. Yes, he that did owe thee bones which worms
it is not now one of the meaner sort (have eate,
that craves this boone, but 'tis the heire of Greece,
heire only now but to my fathers grave;
I not command, but my astonisht soul
entreats to know.

If in thy book it be not yet put down,
command the gods t' unlock the gates of heaven,
and fetch forth death, command him to relate
who 'twas put *Agamemnon* in his hands,

this

this is our businesse, this, great prophetesse,
made us approach to thy most hallowed cell.

Can. Ho, ho, ho, I tell thee fond young prince,
a lesser power thou mightst have implor'd,
which might have urg'd th'unwilling fiends to this;
our dire enchantments carry such a force,
that when the stars, and influence of heaven,
have suckt the lively blood from out mens veines,
I at my pleasure bring it back again;
I knew each hour in the Trojan fight,
what Grecian, or what Phrygian should die,
and fierce *Achilles* had no sooner pierc't
great *Hectors* side, but Fate did send me word:
Earth, Sea, deep *Chaos*, all the stony hills,
will ope themselves to shew me prodigies;
Night will unmask her brow, to let me see
what black conceptions teem within her womb.

Orest. O then relate, great Mistresse of thy Art,
the things we crave: *Can.* What time of night is't?

Pyl. Upon the stroke of twelve.

Can. Strait when a cloudy even clappeth the Ayre,
and all light's drench't in misty *Acheron*,
when the black palpheries of the full cheekt moon,
have got behind this part o'th' Hemisphære,
and dark *Aldebor*, and is mounted high
into the sable *Cassiopeias* chaire,
and night full mounted in her seate of jet,
fits wrapt within a cabinet of clouds,
when serpents leave to hisse, no dragons yell,
no birds do sing, no harsh tun'd toads do croake,
the Armenian Tyger, and the ravenous wolf,
shall yeild up all their tyranny to sleep,
and then none walk but hells disturbed spirits,
children of night, such as belong to me,
I'll shew thee thy desire; give me these bones.

Orest. Here, take them Mother, use them gently,

they

they were a Kings bones once. O not so hard.

Can. Why senselesse boy, dost think that I respect
a Kings dead bones, more then another mans?
O they smell rankly; I, this sent doth please,

Smells to them.

but I must now to work: why *Sagana*.

Pyl. Looke here thou King of Greece, fond *Menelaus*,
thou which didst bring so many goodly shapcs
into such things as these, and all for *Helen*:

Takes up the scull.

Which when the worms bred of her dainty flesh,
shall have know'd off her tender rubie lips,
and left her gumlesse, looke upon her then;
and thou wouldst even disgorge thy self to see,
such putrid vermine to lie kissing her.

Orest. This head had once a royall diadem,
now knock it, beat it, and 'twill ne'r cry treason.

Can. Why *Sagana*.

Orest. There was a player once upon a stage,
who striving to present a dreery passion,
brought out the urn of his late buried son,
it might the more affect him, and draw tears:
But I, as if I had no passion left,
not acting of a part, but really
in a true cause having my fathers bones,
his hollow scull, yet crawling full of worms,
I cannot weep, no not a teare will come.

(time?)

Can. Why *Sagana*, *Veia*, *Ericho*, know you not your

SCEN.

Scen. 6.

Enter Sagana, Veia, Erietho, three witches.

Sag. What would you, Beldam?

Can. Hath not triform'd *Hecate* put on
her Styx-dyed mantle, is't not now fit time
to work our charms in?

Veia. We here are ready 'gainst thy sacred charm.

Can. You two, sit by, and beare in minde this charge,
Who e'r you see, who ever I present,
let your tongues be perculis'd in your jaws;
stir not, nor speak not, till the charm be done.

Pyl. Fear not, it shall be chain'd with silence.

Can. Night, and *Diana* sacred Queen,
Which ever hath spectator been
Unto our baleful hideous rights,
Ne're acted but in darkeſt nights,
Now in this fatal hearf-bred hour,
Shew to my rites the greateſt power.

Erietho when my torch shall twinkle,
A vernal water thou shalt sprinkle
About the room, now let us kneele,
Our heavy burthen hell shall feele:
Lets all coyn words, now we may see
Who 'twas did work this prodigie.

Omnes. *Pluto*, great *Pluto*, we command,
Thou send unto us out of hand,
The shapes of them that kill'd the King,
Great *Agamemnon*.

Infernal Musick.

Enter in a dumb shew, Agistheus and Clytemnestra,
with their bloody daggers, look upon the bed, go to it,
and stab, and then make a shew of gladnes and depart.
Or. O'tis above my bearing! were I linkt here with chains,

I would like *Cerberus* draw *Alcides* back :

Stay, stay, by —— revenge shall take you here ;
 nay, I will follow you, should they take their cave,
 where *Etna* vomits fire, I would in :

my mother ! *Clytemnestra* ! *Ægystheus* ! was it they ?
 Nay, I will o'rtake them.

Can. O son, remember what I told you, son,
 many a rockie hill and stoney mount,
 many a sea, and vast *Charybdis* gulf,
 stands betwixt them and thee, though they seem near.

Orest. O piety ! O most prodigious nature !
 What creatures hast thou made to live on earth ?
 How hast thou cloath'd black darknesse with a scarf
 of unstain'd purity, and put a godly face
 upon portentous devils ? Oh, how my mother wept !
 How *Clytemnestra* ! how that *Hyena* wept !
 No more my mother, I abjure the name,
 she did not bring me forth, I know she did not :
 But I'll o'rtake 'em ; shew me (*Canidia*) where,
 which way they wen', where have they hid themselves.
 Should they mount up to the chariot of the Sun,
 and in his Car fly to the *Antipodes*,
 or in the farthest nook of yonder sphear,
 get up and place themselves 'twixt *Taurus* horns,
 the fire-breathing bull, or *Lerna's Hydra*,
 were there no entrance but ten Lions jaws,
 I'd run through all, and make my way my self :
 I'd fix them to the Axel-tree of heaven,
 where their infectious carcasses should hang
 a bait for flying spirits in the Ayre.

Canidia, I thank thee for thy pains,
 still may thy sacred Art reveale such deeds,
 still keep the gates of *Orcus* yawning ope,
 make the dark powers ready at command.

Py. But let us hast deare friend, this vast worlds roome
 flows us none, but thy dead fathers Tombe :

Here's

here's nought but ayres of death, no bed but stones,
our pillow's a dead scull, companions bones,
this's all our comfort, if we needs must die,
we have a Grave prepar'd wherein to lie.

Orest. Now pale *Tesiphone*, O for thy Snakes!
O that renowned spirit, that more than man,
whom all the Trojan host could not o'rwhelm,
murdred! But what brave warrior wore a crown;
by gilding a dire sword in his dear blood?
Hector, nor *Priam*, no, nor *Mars* himself;
onely his Wife was his *Bellona* now.

O miserable valour, to scape foes,
and come for to be murdred of his friends!
O shameful conquest! O most coward Fate!
that a weak Woman was competitor
in *Agamemnon's* death: had it been any, yet
it should have been a Goddess at the least;
and yet she's but a Queen, a mortal Woman.
Were she a Goddess, I would make her mortal.
Dull coward that I am, and worse than all,
after so many wrongs, yet unreveng'd:
their Palace now should fire o'r their heads,
and the huge beams dash out their guilty brains:
The roof, should fall on me, so't fell on them.
Begin revenge, and now perform an act,
may give a theam to all posterity,
ever to talk of, fraught so full of horreur:
Ægistheus and my Mother, may wish their's;
yet none was ever greater: yes, my deed.
Revenge is lost, unless we do exceed.

Pyl. But a bad mother, friend, thou shouldst not hurt;
the Law of Nature doth forbid such thoughts.

Orest. Nor Gods, nor Nature, shall keep me in awe:
why towards my mother, by heavens Parliament,
who is most guilty, is most innocent.

Can. Shall I thus by some Magick Art, my son,

take both their pictures in pure virgin wax?
And wound the place where that the hurt should stand,
and so wound them? *Orest.* Tush, this is too little.

Can. Shall I breed them hate? *Orest.* Too little too.

Can. Shall I consume their children? *Orest.* All this
Hell and the Furies shall stand all amaz'd, (too little:

Alecto shall come there for to behold
new kinds of murders, which she knew not yet:
and Nature learn to violate her self.

I'll instantly to th'Court, and what I do,
my self will see done, yes, and act it too.

Thanks great *Canidia*, this black night being done,
Revenge now knows her game whereat to run.

Exeunt omnes.

ACTUS 4. SCENA 1.

*Enter in state, Ægystheus, Clytemnestra, Tyndarus,
Strophius, Electra, Nutrix; cum novo partu.*

Ægyst. **N**EVER but when a royal off-spring comes
from a Kings loyns, can he be truly King.
Then doth he sit firm, rooted in his state,
then is he truly man, and then the gods
he knows do love him, which when Kings do want,
the curse of Nature doth deny them fruit,
and brands their bed with loath'd sterility.

Tynd. *Ægystheus*, since the gods have bless'd you so,
have care their blessings turn not to your wo.

Your joy, my daughters joy, and my joy too,
have care it be preserv'd, and brought up well:
And take heed, son, of *Agamemnon's* blood,
Pierce not with envie the Babes tender heart.

Ægyst. Tush Father, now, not without gr. *I speak,*
all

all brooks which from the Princely Ocean ran,
are quite dry'd up, only *Electra* here,
our dear *Electra*, whose great weight of love
is in our balance equally so poys'd,
that she shall ever think her Father lives,
our heart shall be so parallel with hers.

El. Yes, great ~~*Aegystheus*~~ ~~liber't~~ but our mothers will,
what she thinks good of, I must not think ill :
Besides, your love e'r since my fathers death,
as if it came from his departing soul,
and forth-with had reviv'd again in you,
hath held a prospective for me, to see
his care redoubled, though the objects chang'd :
And, for I lost a brother, if you please,
that I may challenge in your royal blood,
here do I tie with all affections bands,
my self unto this Babe, which is as dear
unto my soul, as were *Orestes* here.

Clyt. Daughter, your heart now with obedience strung,
makes a sweet musick founding from your tongue.

Nurse, Bring the Babe. Give it *Electra* ; so,
you daughter shall have oversight of it. (Nurse, no,

Nutr. O, shall I part from't then? *Cly.* No good
Electra with her care, you with your pains.

Nutr. Now by *Lucina*, had it gone away,
I should have sit, and sob'd away my heart ;
'Tis the sweetest Babe that ever Nurse did kiss.

Aegyst. Look here good father, look my nobles here,
upon this Babe scarce crept yet out of earth,
for you shall grow an Autumn of ripe years,
when time hath brought it to maturity.

Look on thy grandchild, *Tyndarus*, see, 'tis thine,
this came from thee, old-man, see how it smiles
upon the Grandfire, as if wise Nature had
taught him his kindreds Names 'fore he came forth.

Tynd. I see't *Aegyst.* & my ag'd blood grows warm,

as if my self were a new father made,
 and all the blessings I can render it,
 shall drop like golden showers on the head :
 Me thinks it doth recal my sliding age,
 and makes swift time retire back again :
 It doth unfold those wrinkles in my face,
 which grief and years had fixed as their signes
 upon my brow, and now it shall be seen,
 although my hairs are gray, my joyes are green.

Clyt. Long may our Father his opinion hold,
 and you, our daughter, let not sinister thoughts
 wrong your suspicious minde, though this being young,
 it makes our Lord, and me to speak our joyes ;
 yet our affection, and our natural love,
 is not a whit to you diminished.

A Mother can be Mother unto many,
 and as from one Root hid within the ground,
 springs many flowers, that lends sap to all ;
 So from a Parents heart run veins of love,
 which, though to many they without do flow,
 yet from one heart, one Root, they all do grow.

Elect. I hope our gracious Mother cannot think
 we do suspect her love; witness this charge,
 which you have bless'd my arms and soul withal :
 and as your love committed it with care,
 my care shall still defend it with my love. (come,

Ægyst. We thank our daughter, come Lord *Strophius*,
 grief still sits heavie on your sighing heart.
 Be frolike, learn of us ; in all the grace,
 and pleasure our Court extends, you shall have place.

Stroph. I thank my gracious Lord, time hath by this,
 almost eate out the memory of our son,
 and since the heavens let fall their dew on you,
 and watred *Argos* with such springing hopes,
 I will not seem a stock uncapable
 of such a general comfort, but revive

my buried thoughts, and for my Sovereign's sake,
old *Strophius* will a young mans person take.

Egyft. We thank old *Strophius*, and if honour can
keep thee still young, our Princely hand is wide,
and freely shall extend all Graces on thee,
and you all our Subjects, which bear part
thus in our joy. And here I do proclaim,
and personally from my own Mouth pronounce,
sealing it with the Signet of my State,
A general immunity to all
Murders, Rapes, Treasons, Thefts, Conveyances,
which have been from the birth of our dear Childe,
in all the Confines of our Empire done ;
nor shall your licence date be quite expired,
till the slow year seven times runs out his course.
Our self thus speak it ; until then all's free,
Kings win their Subjects by immunity.

Exeunt omnes.

Manent Strophius, & Electra.

Stroph. *Electra*, you are happy in your charge.

Electr. Yes, Uncle, and you happy in your favour.

Nur. Madam, Shall I stay here until you come ?

Comes back.

Electr. Yes, Nurse, fit down and sing, look to the Babe,
I'll only with my Uncle change a word.

*Nurse
sings.*

Lullaby, lullaby Baby,

Great Argos joy,

The King of Greece thou art born to be,

In despite of Troy.

Rest ever wait upon thy head,

Sleep close thine eyes,

The blessed gaurd, tend on thy bed,

Of Deities.

n!

O, how this brow will beseem a Crow

How these locks will shine !

Like the rayes of the Sun on the ground,
These locks of thine.

The Nurse of heaven still send thee milk,
Maist thou suck a Queen.

Thy drink Joves Nectar, and cloaths of silke,
A God mayst thou seem.

Cupid sit on this Rosean cheek,
On these rubie lips

May thy minde like a Lamb be meek,
In the vales which trips,

Lullaby, Lullaby Baby, &c.

Elect. You never heard from my brother, Uncle,
nor from your son! they have been long away!

Stroph. In troth, *Electra*, I am in despair,
almost of ever seeing them again;
Sure if *Orestes* live, and ever hear,
unto what pass *Ægystheus* brings his state,
seated him in the throne, and's mothers bed,
and like to leave *Argos* hereditary
to his Posterity, it cannot e'r be born,
Orestes spirit will endure no scorn.

Elect. Uncle, his long delayes make me surmise,
or he will never come, or come with prize;
He, if now come, he must not shew himself,
but live unknown, unnam'd, or change his name.

Str. His name, *Electra*, yes, and's nature too,
which I do fear me he will hardly do.

But if we hear not from them now e're long,
I'll listen by some means about the land,
to hear of them; mean time you to your charge,
officious duty must our lives enlarge.

Elect. Come Nurse.

Exeant.

Scen.

Scen. 2.

Enter Orestes, and Pylades.

Orest. O, here's the Palace under whose kind roof
My tender years were gently fostered :
But now the sight on't seems to strike my soul,
when I but think it holds within the walls,
the patrons of such lust, incarnate devils,
meer Pythonists, that facinate the world.

Pyl. Nay, but *Orestes*, think now of your self,
complain not of your wrongs, but seek to right them.
We might have liv'd i'th woods still to complain,
and to that purpose we may turn again.

Whet up your former thoughts, and spend not time,
to rave, but to revenge this odious act.

We know they were their shapes, and no Chymera's.

Orest. O, *Pylades*, know I thou art my friend ?

Pyl. I hope you think it. *Orest* I do, I dare swear it,
so I dare swear it was *Aegystheus*, and
the dumbe Witch, the — O, what thing's enough
to be an attribute to term her by ?

The *Clytemnestra*, O, we saw her do't.

Pyl. 'Twas a black deed indeed, and past all thought.

Orest. O, Hell it self has not the pattern to't :
Some stench, some fogs, and vapours stop their breath,
exhald from out the dampish wombe of Styx.
Did ever foul, disastrous, fiendlike hands,
cast up so huge a heap of hell-bred mischief ?
Were I to dive to'th depth of *Phelgeron*
or fetch young *Ganimes* from the arms of *Jove*,
to rend *Proserpina* from *Pluto's* bed,
or take the vulture from off *Titius* heart,
and set it on my Mothers, I would do't ;
I'll break ope doors, and nail 'em to their bed ;

heark, revenge calls me, I come, I come.

Pyl. Nay, still outrageous friend, good now contain your heady fury in wisdoms reyn :

hearken to my advice. *Orest.* I will, dear friend, thou hast plaid musick to my doleful soul ; and when my heart was tympaniz'd with grief, thou lav'dst out some into thy heart from mine, and kepst it so from bursting ; thou hast tide with thy kind counsel, all these loosned strings, they should not crack asunder with their weight.

Pyl. Then listen now, the best plot I can think, is this : We here will live a while unknown :

Orestes, thy Profession shall be Physick, I as your friend t'company you at Court ; carry it neatly, learn a few strange words, palliate your woe a while, and coope up grief, you may in time so minister to the King ; Physicks occasion fit revenge may bring.

Orest. Rarely invented, I'll speak Aphorisms, sublim'd Purgations, Quintessence distill'd, each Dose I give shall make a heart to bleed, and prove a true Physician so indeed.

Enter Mysander, having o'r-heard their talk.

Mys. 'Twas my good Genius guided me here now, to hear Conspiracy ; wherefore I'll attach them. Save you Gentlemen. *Ore.* Save you too, if you please.

Pyl. Sir, 'twas small manners to interrupt our talk, and give no warning of your being neer.

Mys. Warning ? you shall have warning, yes, I know I heard you both, and understood your plot, you'll turn Physician, Sir, and give rare Clysters, shall work like *Stibium*, to purge our hearts : You thought to act well true Physicians parts.

Orest. Therefore on thee our Medicine first shall work.

Stabs him.

Mys.

Mys. Help, murder. *Orest.* Nay Parasite, I'll gag you, you shall not fawn again, or wag your tayl, when the King nods. *Mys.* O help me, I am slain.

Pyl. Stop his breath quickly, if but he be dead, we may escape the danger of the treason.

Orest. Nay he is silent ; O, but we are beset.

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Scena 3.

Enter a Lord and others at the out-cry.

Lor. Look out, me thought I heard one cry out murder, some voice I am sure did disturbe the Court, it was *Mysanders* voice, me thought that cried,

Spies him dead.

and see, hee's slain ; one whom the Kings esteem did rank among the best ; there are the Murderers: Fellows, how durst you thus abuse the Court ? Go, haste to' th' King, tell him the men be here.

Pylad. Gentlemen, we as lovers to the Court, came here as strangers, for to see the King, this man being coming out, too soon for us ; and for himself us'd us uncivilly ; we have been Gentlemen, though our Fortunes now have put on Beggars weeds upon our backs : who answering in the same sort he propos'd, he struck us, and men cannot endure blows : so thinking much to be struck again, he grew so hot, he drew and made a Stab ; at which enconnter both inclosing him 'twixt us, he took a wound worse than we thought to give, for we did think to have given none ; But since 'tis thus, we must appeal to th' King.

Lor. Yes ; and here comes his Majesty in person.

Scena 4.

Enter Ægystheus, with a Guard.

Ægy. A Guard there on us, here is murder done.
 What, is *Mysander* kil'd, our trusty servant?
 Where are the vilians?

Orest. O hold good heart, hark, hark, he calls us villains.

Ægy. What is the matter? speak, how came he dead?
 They shall die two deaths, that did cause him one.

Orest. O I am now undone; he must sit judge,
 to condemne us, that should massacre him.

Pyl. Nay, keep a temper, hold good friend a while.

Lord. My gracious sovereign, these two be the men,
 which have confes'd the deed:

Ægyst. Are you the men which thus abus'd our state?
 Was't one or both? if both, you both shall die;
 if one, that one: w're just in our Decree.

Scen. 5.

Enter Clyt. Tynd. Strophius, Electra.

What, is my Queen come here, to hear the Cause?
 We'll then ascend, and judge them instantly.

Ascends the Throne.

Or. O crack my ey-strings, let these balls drop out,
 or the quick sights like darts fly to their souls,
 and pierce their entrails; he King, my mother Queen!
 The *Briseis* and *Achilles*, that in my dream.

We come to be condemn'd amongst our friends.

I will speak to them, *Electra's* there,
 And *Strophius*, your old Father, *Pylades*.

Pyl. Shew thy self valorous, o'ecome thy self:

If

If we be known, we surely are condemn'd.

Ægyst. Father, Lord *Strophius*, sit and hear the cause.

Clyt. Why, my Lord, what is't makes the business thus?

Ægyst. My Queen shall straitway know; Bring them
Although it is not fallen out of our minde, (away.

of a free act of pardon of all faults

committed in the date of such a time,

our hand of mercy must not be so soft,

to cover o're with gentle lenity,

such ulcerous sores as these; there is no place

for mercy left; murder must not finde grace:

Therefore our doom is past, one needs must die,

blood still for blood unto the gods will cry. (stands;

Orest. Then, if thy doom be spent, great King here
the man that did it, shewing his guilty hands.

Pylad. O hold thy doom a while; it was not he,

His serious studies in the learned Arts,

hearing acute Philosophers dispute

'twixt life and death, and of a future state

would fain haste to it; but the man was I:

believe not him, 'twas his desire to die.

Orest. No King, 'tis he which in his desperate thoughts,

would loose the bands betwixt his soul and him;

ones self against ones self is witness store,

my self confesses, what wouldst thou have more?

Pyl. Believe him not, upon my knees I vow,

Kneels.

these hands are only branded with the guilt,

and for ones blood, let not two lives be spilt.

Orest. And on my knees I the like Oath do take,

I gave the stab, my Dagger's bloody yet.

Pyl. That was my Dagger, King, he took't from me.

Or. He do's me wrong, by ———, 'twas ever mine.

Ægyst. This doth amaze us, I ne're yet saw two

turn Rhetoricians so to plead for death.

Would not the pardon of this odious fact,

Like

like a foul stench, or an unwholsom air,
send an infectious vapour through the Land,
and choak up Justice; this fidelity
should for this one time set two murderers free.

Cly. Now good my love, methinks I pity them,
and prethee for my sake (I know them not)
abate thy edge of Justice for this once.

Orest. O what she spoke! to damne it had been better.

Ægyst. My love, thou knowst I never look too stern
upon a fault that could ask lenity.

But this is so transcendent, and so great,
it must not be slipt with impunity.

To do a heynous murder, and i'th' Court,
i'th place of Justice, where the King might hear,
upon a chief attendant of the Kings!

Murder it self is past all expiation,
the greatest crime that Nature doth abhor:

not being, is abominable to her;

and when we be, make others not to be,

'tis worse than bestial: and we did not so,

when only we by natures ayd did live

a Heterogenious kind, as semibeasts,

when reason challeng'd scarce a part in us;

but now doth manhood and civility

stand at the Bar of Justice, and there plead,

how much they'r wronged, and how much defac't

when man doth dye his hands in blood of man.

Judgement it self would scarce a Law enact

against the murderer, thinking it a fact

that man 'gainst man would never dare commit,

since the worst things of nature do not it.

Orest. O how his words now rail against a sin,

which beat upon his Conscious thoughts within!

His tongue speaks fair, his inparts, look on them,

and they like Jury-men himself condemne:

Aside.

Pyl. But O great King, if justice must have right,

let me stand only guilty in thy sight.

Orest. No, 'tis not, King, 'twas I that did the deed,
and for my action, let no other bleed.

Aegist. In troth this makes my Doom it cannot fall :
Will none of you confes? *Strophius weeps.*

Orest. Yes, I confes. *Pylad.* No King, 'tis I confes.

Aegist. How now Lord *Strophius*, what affects you so,
that makes your tears bewrayers of some passion?

Stroph. My gracious Sovereign, this strange spectacle
renews the Memory of my once great loss,
and my dear Queens, we once were blest with two,
which so had link'd themselves in bands of love,
as these men now do seem to me they have.

One stream of love did in two hearts so glide,
one with the other liv'd, with th'other di'd.

And would my Queen be my competitor,
for our Sons sake my suits should joyn with her,
since Justice craves but one, and both will go,
even save them both, and right wrong'd Justice so.

Clyt. 1, good my love, let Justice come and look,
if she can finde in all her Statute Book,
two men for the same crime should rightly die ;
she will not say so, Justice cannot lie.

And since they both will die, let ones love save
the others life, and so both life shall have. (mov'd.)

Aegist. In troth my Queen, and my old Lord have
Well, since your loves are both so strongly tyed,
and friendship like an old acquaintance sends
to her friend Justice that she should be milde,
and looks with eyes of Mercy on your fault,
considering our immunity proclaim'd,
and such Petitioners as you both have got,
Death in our Sentence, now shall have no part ;
whilst who should have done worst, confession strives,
too much confession thus saves two mens lives :
But now we must demand, what you made here ?

what

What business or condition you profess?

Pylad. Great King, our duty owes to thee our lives,
and were we men that striv'd to set a cloud
before these gifts, Art hath instructed us,
or we have purchac't at a most dear rate,
of cost and labour; yet thy clemency
commands us to lay open all to thee:
yet for my self I rather count my state
blest, that I lighted on this honest man;
whose accurate and watchful indagation,
hath taught him for to heal the wounds of Nature,
by his exceeding skill in wholsom herbs;
one, that when I did think my thred of life
had been quite cut, did tie it up again,
and make it last: recall'd my youthful dayes,
and made me *Æson*-like, become thus young;
for which great practise I did owe my life,
and thence proceeded our late pious strife.

Æg. Nay then I'm glad our mercy did extend
on men whom such rare vertues do commend;
our love shall then grow greater, & our Court
shall entertain you, and't may chance we will,
my Queen and I, make tryal of your skill.

Orest. My gracious Sovereign, words must not have
to pass and to out-flye the bounds of truth, (wings,
only to win the *Elixar* of opinion;
but for my friend, I here profess so much,
and for my life do stand so deeply bound,
that all my Art can ne're make recompence.
Please but your Graces self, and your dear Queen,
appoint the secrets of the safest room,
to let me shew my self to none but you;
though Nature dried up with too much time,
deny to spring in fruit from forth your loins,
or any other strange impediment;
our Art preserves from sickness ruining.

And

And 'twill be blest to shew it to a King.

Ægyst. Ha, prethee let me speak with thee apart. Thou strik'st on tunes now, make me glad to hear, we will commit our secrecie to thee.

Can'st water barren Wombs with such a dew,
shall make 'em flourish and wax green with fruit?
Although we cannot altogether blame,
that Nature hath been too unkind to us;
yet we would plant each corner of our Realm
with springing Branches of our Royal self,
to compass in our selves, and we stand in the midst.
Kings in their Children do great blessing finde,
and great men love to Propagate their kinde.

Orest. Great Sovereign, boasting words shall ne're out-
the things I will perform, I speak not fame, (weigh
but what I have said, I will do the same.

Ægyst. We like thy temper well, and we will trust;
therefore this night we will appoint it so,
thou shalt be guided to our secretst room,
and there shalt use thy skill; which if it take,
our love shall honour thee for Physicks sake.

Exeunt Ægyst. Clyt. Tynd.

Orest. Good heavens I thank you, your effectual power
hath shewed your justice in this blessed hour.
Now is occasion put; thus murder layes
the trap wherein it self, it self betrayes.

Pyl. Old Lord, a word with you. *Orest.* and with you
(Lady.

They take Stroph. and Elect. back.

Pyl. Had not you once a Son lov'd the young prince?

Stop. Yes Sir, but Fates envied my happiness,
and holds both Prince and Son away too long.

Orest. And had not you a brother (Lady) once?
When heard you of him last? He went to travel.

Elect. In truth I had, but I can hear no news.

They discover themselves.

Stro.

Stro. O see! my son! welcome my dearest boy.

Elect. Our brother, our *Orestes* is come home.

Stroph. 'Tis they indeed; O how my blood revives!
Let me embrace them; O ye'r welcome home,
now is the Autumne of our sorrow done.

Elect. What silent place hath smothered you so long?
Of what great Powers have you counsel ta'ne,
concerning the great Plot you had in hand?

Orest. Uncle, and Sister, we must not stand now
embracing much, and bidding welcome home;
you see before I come, how things do stand:
My business hastens; and my friend, and I,
have yet a greater Project to perform:

Only *Electra*, we must have your ayde,
to help us with their Child, for now's the time,
when blest occasion strives to help revenge.

Elect. Why Brother, is the Child in any fault?
that was unborn when that our Father died:
And 'tis a lusty boy: O hurt not that.

Orest. Tush, I must have it, it shall have no hurt,
worse than my Father: *Elect.* Shal't not, indeed.

Orest. Believe me, no worse hurt; but let's be gone.
Ple be a tripod *Paracelsian*.

Exeunt.

Scen. 6.

*Enter a Chamberlain, and a Boy to sweep
the Room.*

Cham. Boy, sweep the room, set each thing in his place;
the King and Queen take Physick here to night.

Boy. Sir, and you'll help me, I am ready here,

They set a Table.

Cham. Fetch them two Chairs. *Boy.* Yes, Sir.
What Carpet mean you shall be spread a'th board?

Cham.

Cham. That of red velvet, set the silver cups,
there may be use of them to take the potion :

Sets two bowles.

So, now all's well, the room is well prepar'd.

Enter Orestes, like a Doctor of Physick.

Orest. Is this the room, friend, where the King must be?

Cham. Yes, this is the room Sir, 'tis the privat'ft, this.

Orest. You must avoyd it then, and tell his Grace,
that I stay here provided 'gainst he come.

Cham. His Grace shall know it.

Exit.

Scena 7.

Enter Pylades, with a little boy in's hand.

Pyl. I faith *Orestes*, prethee spare the child,
it hath no fault, but 'tis too like thy mother.

Orest. Like my mother, O most execrable !
hadst rank'd the confus'd *Chaos* of all sins,
thou couldst not have found out a fault more black,
more stinking, more infectious to my heart.
Art like my mother, O transcendent crime !

Child. Some say I'm eyd like her, but in the face
I do resemble most the King my father.

Pyl. Poor babe.

Orest. The King thy father ! yes, too like them both.

Child. *Electra* says, I'm somewhat like *Orestes*,
her brother that is dead.

Orest. How, like *Orestes* ! when didst see him child ?

Child. Indeed I never saw him, but I love him.

Pyl. Alas, dear friend, see the pretty knave.

Ore. Would thou wert not my mothers, I could weep,
but see, O see now my relenting heart,
must now grow flinty, see my father, see,
now to shew pity were impiety.

Enter

Enter

*Enter Agamemnon's ghost, passing o're the stage
all wounded.*

Ghost. Why flaggs revenge? see thy now yeelding soul,
made me burst ope my strong jaw'd sepulcher,
and rip the seare-cloth from my wounded breast.
O can a child smile blanke the memory
of all these horrid wounds; that make me groan,
in the darke caverns of the uncoucht earth?
from whence I come for to infect thy soul
with ayre of vengeance, may make *Acheron*,
yea, and our selves, at the performance quake.
Fruit of our loynes, first vigor of our youth,
look on these wounds, as on the *Gorgons* head,
and turn thy heart to stone: hovering revenge
is false into thy hands, O grasp her close
by her snake knotted front, and make her do
things may incite a horror to her self.
Forget all mother, in that disloyal witch,
whose damned heate raging in strumpets blood,
so soon did condescend to murder me.
By all the rights of Father I conjure thee:
By *Atreus*, *Atreus*, he whose revengeful soul
is eccho'd through the world superlative;
do thou make *Nemesis* as great a feast,
and be enthroniz'd in her fiery chaire,
in her triumphant chariot ever ride,
in which, Beares hurry her from the womb of hell,
and bear this Title as thy deserved hire,
the brave revenger of thy murdered sire.
Think on me, and revenge.

Exit.

Orest. Stay, stay, and see't,
stay Sprite, thou strik'st no terror to my soul:
For unamaz'd I now would dare out-look
ranks of *Medusa's*, and the grim aspect
of the most frowning object hell affords.
Think on me and revenge! yes, those two words

shall

shall serve as burthen unto all my acts,
 I will revenge, and then I'll think on thee :
 I'll think on thee, and then again revenge,
 and stab, and wound, and still I'll think on thee :
 I have a dropsie now to suck up fumes,
 and drink the reaking streams of vengeance some :
 Great *Agamemnon's* Ghost, I will bedew
 thy hearse with blood in stead of brinish tears,
 and build a pile up of their murdered trunks,
 to burn thy marrow-lesse consumed bones.
 Arrows of forked lightning never flew
 more swiftly from the awful arms of *Jove*,
 then *Nemesis* black Scorpions from me.

Pyl. 'Twas a strange sight. *Ore.* I, didst thou see't friend?
 all of those wounds will I stick in his brest.

Pyl. Alas, one will be enough for him?

Orest. I, but she shall have more. Awhile go by :

Pylades takes the child aside.

Were all the world their lives, the world should die:

Now Tragedy fetch out thy crimson robes,
 and buckle sure thy purple buskins on,
 steep't ten grains deeper in their scarlet die ;
 this night shall give me now a deep carouse,
 of *Clytemnestra's* and *Aegistheus* blood,
 and *Cerberus* himself stand by to pledge me,
 whilest to hells fire I shall sacrifice
 three Hecatombs ; it doth the furies good,
 when e'r we wet their Altars with such blood.

And now ye fiends of hell, each take a place,
 as'twere spectators at a first dayes play ;
 raise all the hellish winds to expel nature :
 Great Goddesse give me leave now to forget
 all strains of duty ; all obedient thoughts
 die in me quite : a mothers memory,
 pious affections take no hold on me.

Be all my senses circled in with Fiends,

and let *Erynnis* hold her flaming brand
 to guide my murderous sword ; for all lights else,
 vanish from out this Center, be this room fraught
 so full of mischief, may make the Fabrick crack,
 and let no time now come into my thoughts,
 but that dire night wherein my father dy'd.
 I'll only be a Doctor now in word,
 each potion that I give shall be my sword.
 But I must change.

Scena. 8.

Enter Ægystheus and Clytemnestra, in their night-ropes.

Ægyst. O Doctor, you are busie for our coming.

Orest. My gracious Lord, I had no cause to fail.

Orestes looking on the cups.

Clyt. Nay, but is this fit time for physick, Doctor?

Orest. First, Madam, for the physick that I give,
 now the diastal fabrick of your pulse,
 shews all your passions most hysterical.
 Pleaseth your Grace sit down? on at each end o'th table.

Ægyst. Yes, must we sit? sit there my Queen.

Orest. Yes, now is *Saturn*, governour of nature,
 in free conjunction with the planet *Venus* :
 And just at this time *Jupiter* begat
 great *Hercules* : *Sol*, *Luna*, *Mercury*,
 in that Diameter, now favour propagation,
 and now will my *Alexipharmacu*
 stir the *Analeptick* veines and arteries :
 If you out-live this night, you'll live to see
 a royal, strange, and Princely progeny.

Ægyst. Think'st thou so, Doctor?

Orest. Think it, nay, I know't.

Hen.

Clyt. Surely he means to work rare Art upon us.

Ægy.

Egy. Pray God thy physick take. *Ore.* Yes, it shall take.
Hem.

Pylades binds Clytemnestra to the chair: Orestes Egystheus: Pylades brings in the child.

Egy. Treason, we are betraid. *Ore.* Nay, tis your privat' st
View me wel mother, ha, do you know me yet? (room.
www.libtool.com *Puts off his gown.*

Here, here's the drugs my Art hath thought upon:
be pitiless now *Pylades*, be my friend.

Child. O help me father, else these men will kill me.

Egyst. O my boy, my boy. *Orest.* O ye'r fast bound.
Yes, he is thine, thy face, thy eyes, thy heart,
and would I knew where Nature had couchd most,
of thy damnd blood, I thus would let it out,

Stabs the child.

and thus't should sprit in thy most loathed face.

Egy. O now the heavens rain vengeance on our heads.

Child. O mother, mother, save me, save me father.

Orest. Hold *Pylades*, be steadfast, for by——
he wounds me, that perswades me not to wound.

Clyt. O turn thy bloody weapon on my brest,
'twas this womb that brought forth this babe and thee,
If that be guilty, I have made it so.

Rip up this place which first did bring thee forth,
'tis I intreat thee, 'tis thy mother, she
which gave thee hous-room here within this brest,
upon whose dugs thy infant lips did hang.

Orest. It was my father, he intreated you,
who many a time had clipt you in his arms,
who made you Queen of Greece, yes, it was he,
good *Agamemnon*, he did plead for life.

Egyst. Bath not thy hands in a poor infants blood,
nor in thy mothers, I deserve to die:
and yet remember how my doom sav'd thee,
how easily mercy did obtain her suit.

Orest. Nay, but *Egystheus*, you can aggravate,

to doe a haynous murther, and i'th Court;
I'th place of Justice, where the King might hear,
upon a chief attendant of the Kings.

Murther it self is past all expiation,
a crime that nature most of all abhors,
and look how manhood and civility,
stand at the bar of Justice, and there plead,
how much they'r wrong'd, and how much defac'd,
when man doth dye his hands in blood of man.

Now hearken King, I'll use thy Rhetorick,
thou didst a haynous murther in the Court,
not which the King did hear, but which he felt;
when no petition could (good man) prevaile,
therefore this dies, this first shall have his due,

*Stabs it againe, that the blood
spirts in his face.*

this mischief done, revenge shall prompt anew.

Æg. O, the gods blush, and heaven looks pale at this,
a fathers face besmear'd with his childs blood!

Orest. My haft deceives my will; tush, all this yet,
may be call'd piety; you shall tast too, mother.

Turns it to her.

Clyt. O, why dos't banish nature from his place?
Look on thy mothers tears, worse then those groans,
and pangs she had, when she first brought thee forth.
When of thy friends or parents thou hast wrong,
patience, not fury doth to thee belong.

Is this the blessing that thy knee should ask?
Repay'st thou thus my kisses and my tears,
which flow'd from me to thee in tender years?

Orest. O why did you so banish woman-hood,
when you and this damn'd villain, base adulterer,
made in my fathers side so many wounds,
and brought a brave old King into this state?
See here's his bones, my pocket can contain

*Pulls bones from his pocket.
great*

great Agamemnon; and repayd you thus
his kind embraces? all his loving signs?

Aegystheus, you are thirsty, you shall drink,

*Fills two cups with the child's
blood: gives it them*

yes, you shall clear your throat, by ——— you shall.

Aeg. O mischief above mischief! what *Heniochus*
bred on a stony rock, could e'r endure
to see a fathers thirst quench'd with such blood?
Hast thou no measure, hath revenge no end?

Ore. Who first doth mischief, may keep mean i'th deed,
but who revengeth, must all mean exceed.

Nay mother wee'l not bar you of your draught.

Gives one cup to her.

Clyt. O Nature, see here all thy law infring'd,
a mothers prayers prevail not with her son.

Orest. Pray with *Thyestes*, it shall never move me:
But first *Aegystheus*, Do thou haste revenge.

Stabs him.

Aegyst. O, I am wounded, O when dost thou end?

Orest. Nay, I have scarce begun. Now mother, you,

Sabs her

So now, I'll stand and look, and on hell call,
nay, my revenge must not be usual:

One more for thee *Aegystheus*; only let out
the blood you drank before. *Aegyst.* O, my heart feels it.

Orest. Now mother you, and your love the same.

Clyt. O kill me quickly, time prolongs my wo,
and since I must die, let me quickly goe.

Orest. You know your sentence; *Let him feel he dies.*
who frait threats death, knows not to tyrannize.

Aeg. This brings ten deaths. *Or.* Would twould an too
one death's too little to revenge a King. *(bring,*

Hence, hence, adulterous soul to *Tantalus*,
and let hell know who 'twas sent thee thither: *he dies.*

Now, mother, you shall follow: but he first,

lest that like Lovers you go hand in hand.

Clyt. Why son, whose death is it thou dost revenge?
thy fathers? but on whom? upon thy mother!

On her which brought thee forth, which took most care,
to bring thee up, from whom thou tookst thy self?

thou'rt sure thou art mine, but dost not know,
who 'twas begate thee. *Orest.* Wilt Bastardize me?

Yes, mother, yes, I know I was his son:

Alas! why, what are you? a senselesse peice

of rotten earth can do as much to corn,
as you to me, bear it, and bring it forth;

but *Agamemnon*, he that seed did sow,
and only unto him my self I ow:

and for him thou shalt die. *Clyt.* O, I confesse,
my conscience tells me, I deserve no lesse:

and thus thy mother from thee doth depart,
leaving vexation to torment thy heart.

She die:?

Orest. Now friend, I see my father live again,
and in his royal state at *Argos* Court:

This is the night in which he first came home,

O blessed powers of hell, divine *Canidia*,

Now am I satisfied, now hath revenge perfection;

and nothing grieves me, but that *Tyndarus*,
my mothers father, did not see her die.

He in and tell him, my thoughts must reveale
those acts I do: this night who would conceale?

Now soul triumph, whilst that my deed shall shine,

I'th face o'th Court, and all the world know't mine

Actus

Actus 5. Scena 1.

Enter Orestes in his gown: Tyndarus, Strophius, Electra, Pylades, two Lords.

Ore. My Lord, your daughters potion works most rarely; the King's asleep, God blesse his Majesty.

O, do not wake him, faith 'tis pity, la.

Tynd. What do I see? ha, blood, the little child dead! my daughter bleed? *Aegystheus* kill'd?

Orest. Your Lordships eyes do fail, 'tis but spilt wine.

Tynd. Lay hands o'th villain, 'tis the Physicians deed.

Orest. Nay friends, hands off, 'tis no Physician now:

Discovers himself.

See, see, old *Tyndarus*, dost thou know me yet?

Fetch me my Crown and robes, nay, I'll ascend:

Is not *Atrides* eldest son your King?

Tynd. What hast thou done, foul Viper, to eat out thy mothers bowels? what, was this thy deed?

Thy silence sayes 'twas thine. What *Tanais*, *Tygris* or *Rhenus*, or what flowing sea, should wash thee in the salt *Meotis* streame?

Or *Tethis* at full tide o'rflow thy banks, still would the spots of murder stick on them.

Orest. Why Grandfire, I go not about to wash, by —— 'twas all the fruit I thought to win, to think all mischief here could be no sin.

Tynd. See, see, thy mother, look upon her now, on her, whose eyes thou hast for ever clos'd, which eyes have often wakned at thy cry, and hush'd thee with a lullaby to sleep:

See, see, these hands, which oft with so much care, wrapt gently up thy unset tender limbs.

See, see, this face, wont at thy signes to smile,
when nature gave not leave unto thy tongue
to utter thy childs meaning.

Orest. See, see these bones, these nasty rotten bones,
which had so often lock'd his hands in hers;
here stood the tongue, which oft had call'd her sweet,
dear *Clytemnestra*, and then stopt his speech,
and told his love in a more speaking signe.
Here stood those eyes, which fed upon her face,
and made her of thy daughter, a great Queen;
and she made him a dish for loathed worms.

Tynd. Suppose she did, there was but one yet dead,
and with ones death again should be repaid.

Orest. No, *Tyndarus*, had I desir'd but one,
I should have thought I had desired none.
Why, methinks, I should too have kill'd thee,
the number is too little yet of three.

Tynd. Into what land, what country wilt thou fly?
all earths, all lands, all countries will fly thee:
the heavens will look with a more chearful brow
on *Cerberus*.

Orest. Why, let heaven look as 'twill, tis my crown,
that I have done an act shall make heaven frown.

Tynd. O, what earth loves so much a guilty soul,
that it can bear thee? *Orest.* Why, Sir, this is mine,
and this shall bear me. - Am I not right heire?

Tynd. Thou heir to kingdoms! thou a subject rather,
to help to make a Players Tragedy.

Ore. Why, that will make me swell with greater pride,
to think my name shall drop in lines of blood,
from some great Poets quill, who well shall paint
how bravely I reveng'd my fathers death;
that is the thing I wish'd, and 'tis my glory,
I shall be matter for so brave a story.

But where's my Crown?

1. *Lord.* No murderer, wee'l rather joyn with him,
this

this old man here, to take away thy life,
then such a homicide shall frame us laws,
who hath himself rac'd out the laws of Nature.

2. *Lord.* Yes, and wee'l set here *Argos* crown on him,
who shall enact some punishment for thee;
which although none can equalize this deed,
yet what our griefs can think, all shall be done,
and wee'l forget thou'rt *Agamemnon's* sonne.

Ore. Why, think you on your worst, I scorn to crave:
I had three lives, you but my one shall have.

Tyn. Then since vile wretch, thou hast committed that,
which while there is a world, throughout the world
will be pronounc'd for the most horrid deed,
that ever came into the thought of man;
a thing which all will talk of, none allow:

I here disclaim that name of Grand-father,
and I must quite forget that in thy veynes,
my blood doth flow, but think it then let out,
when thou letst out my daughters. And since you,
kind Lords, commit the state unto my years,
years too unfit, heavens know, to beare a state:

My mind, methinks, contends for to decree
somewhat, which to my self I dare not tell.
Just conceiv'd wrath, and my affection strives,
hate forbids pity, pity forbids hate,
and exile is but barren punishment:

Yet let me banish thee from out these eyes,
O never let thy sight offend me more,
all thy confederates, and all thy friends.

You, *Pylades*, which did so smoothly cloake,
the dam'nd profession he did undertake:

You, *Strophius*. *Strop.* My Lord, I know not ought.
Yet since one foot is now in *Charons* boat,
if it please you, set tother too afloate.

Tynd. Not so, but I will banish you the Court,
and you *Electra*; come, I must forget

affection too towards you, you gave the child,
which you had charge of, to the murtherers sword.

Elect. Why Grandfire, I herein no wrong do find,
since all these go, I would not stay behind.

Tynd. Nay, but no one shall company the other,
hence thou *Cocytus*, stream of this offence,
Strophius and *Pylades*, *Electra*, hence.

Exeunt Strophius, Pylades, Electra.

Orest. Why farwel Grandfire, since thou bidst, I flie,
and scorn companions for my misery.

Exit Orestes.

Tynd. Unto this punishment this one more I add,
that none shall dare to give *Orestes* food,
and this decree shall stand; I speak with grief,
and here pronounce *Orestes* no relief.

Hence with these corps; poor child, what hadst thou don?
thy Nurses prayers, that there might spring a rose,
where e'r thou trod'st could not keep back thy foes.
Some plague he hath, but such a matricide
should never die, although he ever dy'd.

Scena 2.

Enter Electra and Strophius.

Elect. Thus never lesse alone, then when alone,
where to our selves we sweetly tell our woes.

Thou Uncle, chief companion to our griefs,
and soul partaker of our miseries,

why do we live, when now 'tis come to passe,
it is scarce known that *Agamemnon* was?

He dies far easier, who at first doth drown,
then he which long doth swim, and then sinks down.

Stroph. Nay Neece, me thinks I now do see the haven
where my ag'd soul must leave this tossed bark,
made weak with years and woes: yet I commend'

unto

unto my son the heart of a true friend,
that's all the will I leave, and let him know
friendship should ever be, but most in woe.
And so I leave thee Neece, I first must die,
to hast a period to this Tragedie.

He dies.

Elect. O envious Fates could you not use me thus?
have I not grief enough to burst my heart?
Was my life's thread twisted and knit so strong
that the keen edge of all these miseries
can never cut it off? must I bear more?
'Tis all my safety now not to be safe.
Are there so many wayes to rid ones life,
and can I hit on none? They say that death
is every where, and yet I find him not:
Tush, but I seek him not: why my own hand
might grasp him to me, if I did but strive.
Now hand help ease my heart, and make a way
to let out grief, that hath so long dwelt here;

Stabs her self.

Now knife thou'st done good service, there lie by,
heaven well decreed it, nothing life can give,
but every thing can make us not to live.

Scena 3.

Enter Cassandra.

Now *Priams* Ghost, haste, haste I say, to look,
with chearful eyes on the sinister book,
and there to *Hecuba* my mother shew
the tragick story of thy conquered foe.
And let *Andromecha* my sister see,
what *Agamemmons* race is come to be.
Now Troy may gratifie that most sad doom,
conquered by those that thus themselves or'come.

Let

let Greece so flourish still, let *Argos* be
 puffed with the pride of their great victory.
 Let it bear Souldiers, so withal it bear
Orestes too; now mother, never fear
Argos makes me to laugh, which made thee weep;
 the Trojans in the grave now sweetly sleep;
 their sorrow hath the end, now these begin
 to overflow themselves with mutual sin:
 And after all, *Orestes*, we may see,
 hath lost his reason, mans sole propertie.

Scena 4.

Enter Orestes furens.

Orest. By—— you shall not, nay, I am decreed:
 do, tear, tear me; yes, I have deserv'd it.

Cass. O brave, O brave, he's mad as well as I;
 I'm glad my madnesse hath got company.

Orest. Mother, why mother, will you kill my father?
 Then I'll kill you; tush, I have don't already.

Much patience will grow fury in time:
 follow you me, you, beast, you damn'd *Aegistheus*.
 I'll hew thee piece by piece, look off my mother.

Cass. I am she, or one loves thee well.

Ore. Out you witch, you witch. *Ca.* Murderer, murderer.

Orest. Dost whisper with the devils to torment me?
 O how they lash me with their snaky whips!
 Why *Megara*, *Megara*, wilt not hold thy hand?
 Are you there too, *Erynnis*? hey, all hell!
 my Grandfier *Atreus* he stands fighting there,
 but hee'll ha'th better on't; keep *Cerberus*, keep,
 keep the gates fast; or all hell breaks loose.

Mother, I see you; O you are a whore.
 Did I kill you, witch, dost thou laugh, dost thou?

Cass. Why this is fine, my very looks do whip him.

Orest. Could I but get the stone from *Sisyphus*,

I'de dash thy brains out ; O, are you there I faith,
Spies Scrophius and Electra dead.
a bed so close with your adulterer ?

I'll stab your lustful souls with your own knives.
Stabs them with Electra's knife.

Cass. O clap, clap, O rare beyond expectation :
hold good heart, do not burst with laughter.

Orest. Will you not wake, sleep, sleep then your last.
Look how they fly i'th ayre. *Cas.* I see them, see them.

Orest. Why *Jove*, dost mean to let them into heaven ?
O th'art come down, and gone to hell ;

Pluto, see *Pluto*, hee's afraid of them,
O spare my sides, my sides, my sides, the blood !
O now you touch my ribs.

Cass. Hey, how he skips ! O excellent, whips himself !
O sweet Catastrophe, do's non see't but I ?
Clap, clap, again, would all *Priams* sons
and daughters were here now to help me laugh.

Orest. Lash on, lash on. *Canidia*, art thou there ?
why grandfire, would it were to do again :
nay *Æacus* I feare no whipping posts,
lavg'h't thou, thou witch ? I'll follow thee to hell.

Exeunt currentes.

Scen. 5.

Enter Pylades alone.

Pyl. Thus seeking others, I have lost my self,
my friend and father banisht, and whilst I
wander to seek them for to ease their woe,
I here more grief proclaim'd against my friend,
that none must succor, none must give him food,
and yet I'll seek him ; and should all the laws,
that tyranny should think upon, restrain,
I'de draw my blood forth for to let him drink.

But

But O what's here? O I have found too soon,
one which I sought, my fathers wearied soul

Spies Strophius dead.

in sighs hath now expired out it self.

Now, O ye sisters, your great task is don,
you ne're untwine what you have once begun.

Thus obvious to our Fates, t'our selves unkind,
we haste to seek, that which too soon we find.

Alas, why do our souls too greedy burn,
to hasten thither whence we nere return?

We run to't of our selves, 'sif death were slow;
should he come tardy, we too soon should go.

For the first day that gives us our first breath,
doth make us a day nearer unto death.

All this huge world, which now on earth so strive,
to morrow this time may not be alive.

Great Troy is down, since *Agamemnon* fell,
since my dear father, which but now was well.

O art thou come dear friend, for thee I sought,

Enter Orestes.

here's some food yet, in spite of all the laws.

Orest. Wilt bid me to dinner *Pluto*? ha, with what?

Give me no snakes, I, I go, I go,
up to *Cytherus* top, I hate thy meat.

Pyl. Heavens! he's distracted, now doth fury right,
when thus against her self, her self doth fight.

'Tis I (man) here, 'tis *Pylades*, not *Pluto*.

Orest. Ha, *Pylades*, I, they have banisht him,
but grandfire look too't, I'll tear out your maw,
Pylades, *Pylades* I come. —

Pylad. Why I am he, look friend, dost not know me?

Or. Yes, yes thou wert with me when I kil'd my mother,
and see, the Furies now would whip thee too.

Alecto! look, look, here's *Alecto* too.

O *Clytemnestra*, hay, how the Lion skips,
and *Taurus* he would toss me on his horns.

Look

Look on the Ram, see the Beare roars at me,
and *Charon* he would fling me into *Styx*.

Pylad. He fears the heavenly signs, nay then now time
hath brought true punishment on every crime.

Orest. Dash out the puppets brains, the little boy,
the bastard, my mothers bastard : so blood spin,
my mother kild my father, kild the King, .cn
but she got little by't, look on her brest,
it bleeds, it bleeds ; so, so *Aegystheus*, so.

Pylad. O what a strange distemper stirs his brain !
Thou gentle *Somnus*, in whom care doth rest,
kind father of cold death, and son of peace,
which comes to Kings and poor men all alike ;
bind his disturbed brain, tie up his sense ;
let him but live to die, now tis not long
before we both shall sing our funeral song.

Orest. Ha ! must I sink ? can I not keep aloft ?
What is the stream so strong ? why then I'll dive,

Falls a sleep.

and come to hell the sooner. *Pylad*. So gentle sleep,
thou gather'st up his wandring brains again,
this is but half dead, yet half dead he lies,
but tis not long, before he wholly dyes. *Musick within.*
Heark they play Musick ; O these sounds do harm,
enticing wo with their melodious charm.

These please not men in woe, these time do keep,
but miseries best falling is to weep.

Our stops are nought but sobs, our hearts we bring,
whereon we prick the sol-fa which we sing.

A song within, together with the Musick.

Weep, weep you *Argonauts*,
Bewail the day
That first to fatal *Troy*
You took your way.

R

Weep.

Weep Greece, weep Greece,
 Two Kings are dead,
 Argos, thou Argos, now a grave
 Where Kings are buried.
 No heire, no heire is left,
 But one that's mad,
 See Argos, hast not thou
 Cause to be sad?
 Sleep, sleep wild brain,
 Rest rock thy sence,
 Live if thou canst
 To grieve for thy offence.
 Weep, weep, you Argonauts, &c.

Pyl. Peace Musick, peace, our plaints have louder cries,
 a heart that's sad can never harmonize.
 Grief cannot keep his time, all time's too long,
 sighs are best sem-briefs to his doleful song.
 My ditties mournful, though thou sweetly play,
 thus do we all even blow our lives away.

Orestes Wakes.

But dost thou wake, *Orestes*? is rest fled?
 sleep ne'r dwels long in a molested head.

Orest. Hark, hark, the Furies entertain my mother,
Orpheus would fetch *Euridice* from hell,
 see, he looks back, wouldst venture so, thou fool?
 I'de see my mother burnt before I'de goe,
 why shouldst thou bring her? she would stifle thee,
 stifle thee in thy bed as my mother did.

Pyl. Still harping on thy mother? *Orest.* Harping, no,
 let *Orpheus* harp: O, I, she was, she was,
 a very, very Harpie. *Pyl.* Thus madnes playes,
 and keeps a certain measure in his words.

Orest. O I suckt out my mothers dearest blood,
 I did indeed, O she plagues me for't now,
 O I must goe lie down in *Tytius* place,

Ixion too, he Sir would fain resign.

I scorn your petty plagues, I'll have a worse,
O the vulture, the wheel, the vulture.

Pyl. See how his conscions thoughts, like fiends of hell,
do arm themselves, and lash his guilty soul!

He see's no vulture, nor no Scorpion strikes,
yet doth his conscience whip his bloody heart;

he needs no witness, he hath within
a thousand thoughts which testifie his sin.

No punishment so strict, no deadly smart,
as private guilt, that smiteth on the heart.

Orest. I did, I do confesse I did, I killd them all,
ript up the womb that bear me; nay I did.

O *Tantalus* thy plague, some meat, some meat;
who pulst those apples hence? let them alone,

nay sink to the bottom, I will follow thee,

Lies down to drink.

the rivers dry, my mother hath drunk all.

Pyl. Alas, come, go with me, we will find drink.

Orest. Is *Pluto's* buttry ope, his drink's too hot,
I doubt 'twill scald me, but I'll tast on't yet.

Th' *Eumenides* stand to whip me as I go:

Nay I will passe you, I will out-slip them all.

Exit currens.

Pyl. See in his conscience lies hells punishment,
our own thoughts judges, none are innocent.

Exit.

Scen. 6.

Enter two Lords.

I. Lor. We that have here been born to see this change,
may leave the Court, and tell our children tales,
of the dier fall of *Inachus* great house,
the young Prince mad, the Princess kill'd her self,
old *Strophius* dead for grief; and murder heapt,

corps upon corps, as if they ment t'invite,
all hell to supper, on some jovial night.

2. *Lord.* Nay but my Lord, this is most pityful,
that the young Prince should thus from door to door,
beg for his food, and yet none dare to give.
I saw him wandring yesterday alone,
flying from every Crow, or prattling Pie,
crying out mother, and as if there had
tormenting furies followed him with fraud;
and truth, I thought to tell old *Tyndarus*,
to move his ruthful years to pity him:
and will you joyn petitioner with me,
we'll tell the case, 'tis good t' ease misery.

1. *Lord.* My Lord I like your motion, and will joyn,
for *Agamemnons* sake my honour'd Matter.

Exit.

Scena 7.

Enter Orestes, Pylades, with naked rapiers.

Orest. My fury leaves me, now I'm at my last,
and now me thinks thou truly art a friend:
now with undaunted spirit prevent my grief,
and let thy rapier drink blood greedily,
as if it lov'd it 'cause it is thy friends,
now rid me of my woe, thy friendly vow
never did truly shew it self till now.

Pyl. Why then dear friend, I thus erect this arm,
and will be strong to thee, as thou to me,
we'll look upon our deaths with better face
then others do on life; come *Tyndarus*, see,
we scorn to live when all our friends are dead,
nor shall thy fury make base famine be
the executioner to my dearest friend,
whilst I can kill him, therefore spight of thee,

wee'll free our selves past all calamity.

Orest. Yes *Pylades*, we will beguile our time,
and make him search through every nook o'th world,
if he in all his race can ever spie,
two that like us did live, like us did die :
But we delay our death, now bravely come,
and the last parting word shall be, strike home.

They run at one another.

Pyl. O bravely strook dear friend, yet once again.

Run again.

Orest. Yes, at one thrust two friends must not be slain.
O, how I love these wounds ! heaven dropping showers,
when the outrageous dog makes clouds of dust
upon the thirsty earth, come not more sweet,
then the blest streams of blood thy rapier raines.
Hence weapon ; for my loyns now scorn all props,
but my friends arms, O, bear good legs a while ;
the weight of murder sits upon my soul,
and bends my staggering joynts unto the earth.

Pyl. Haste, haste, I faint, but O, yet let my strength
be *Atlas* to sustain the falling world ;
Breathe, breathe sweet vapors of two trusty hearts,
and let our breaths ascend to heaven before,
to make a room hard by the frozen pole,
where that our winged souls shall mount and sit,
more glorious then the Concubines of *Jove*,
wreath'd with a Crown of rich enamel'd stars,
leaving all ages to deplore our death ,
that friendships abstract perisht with our breath.

Orest. Fly thou best part of man, where *Hecate*
born on the swarthy shoulders of the Even,
sits in a grove of oakes, till gray ey'd morn
bids her to throw off nights black Canopie.

Pyl. Wil't die before me ? Stay, stay, I come.

Orest. O grasp me then, our names like *Gemini*,
shall make new stars for to adorn the sky.

Is thy breath gone? *Pyl.* O, yes, 'tis almost past,
then both together, thus wee'l breath our last.

They fall down dead, embracing each other.

Scena 8.

Enter in hast Tyndarus, Lords, with others.

Tyn. Went they this way? my Lords, you move me much,
could I find him now, I would seat him new,
in his right Kingdom, which doth weigh down me.

1. Lord. I see my Lord, *Orestes* and his friend,
without your leave, have made themselves an end.

Tynd. Then now is *Argos* Court like to some stage,
when the sad plot fills it with murdered Trunks
and none are left alive but only one,

to ask the kind spectators *plaudite*,
all else have bid *valete* to the world,
the man reserv'd for that, is *Tyndarus*,
who thus hath seen his childrens childrens end,
his Grandchild, a bad son, a most deare friend;
the Scene must now be overflow'd with groanes,
each man sits downe to waile his private mones.

one for the Queen doth weep, one for the King,
all taste the bitter waters of this Spring:

the Nurse bewails the child, that part she beares,
all have their subiects to bedew with teares;
each one yet have but one; but all of me,
challenge a part in griefes sad sympathy.

Orestes, Clytemnestra I must call,
these all for mine, thus must I weep for all:
let none believe this deed, or if they doe,
let them believe this punishment then too.

'Tis vile to hate a Father, but such love,
as breeds a hate to'th Mother, worse doth prove.
Our life consists of ayre, our state of wind,

all things we leave behind us which we find,
saving our faults; witnesse *Orestes* here,
who was his own tormentor, his own fear;
Who flying all, yet could not fly himself,
but needs must shipwrack upon murders shelf:
and so his brest made hard with misery,
he grew himself to be his enemy.
Thus griefe and gladnesse still by turnes do come,
but pleasure least while doth possesse the roome.
Long nights of grief may last, but lo, one day
of shining comfort slideth soon away.
He, whom all fear on earth, must fear a fate,
for all our powers are subordinate.
Three hours space thus well can represent,
vices contriv'd and murders punishment.
A Monarchs life can in this little space,
shew all the pomp that all the time doth grace.
His risings and his falls, and in one span
of time can shew the vanity of man.
For none of us can so command the powers,
that we may say, to morrow shall be ours,
Now fortunes wheele is turn'd, and time doth call,
to solemnize this friendly funerall.
No force so great, no so disaster wrong,
as can unknit the band which holdeth strong
united hearts: who since they thus are dead,
one room, one tomb shall hold them buried.
And as these friends joyn'd hands to beare their Fate,
so we desire you them to imitate.
Who since they all are dead, we needs must crave,
your gentle hands to bring them to their grave.

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