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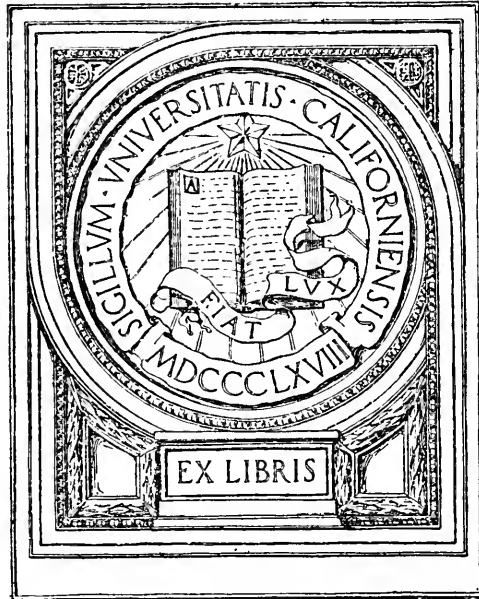
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THE BATTLE OF
ALCAZAR

1594

THE MALONE SOCIETY
REPRINTS

1907

This reprint of the *Battle of Alcazar* has been prepared
by the General Editor and checked by Frank Sidgwick.

Dec. 1906.

W. W. Greg.

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ABRIDGED BY
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Reminisc

No entry of the *Battle of Alcazar* is found in the Stationers' Register.

According to the title-page of the quarto edition printed in 1594 the piece 'was sundrie times plaid by the Lord high Admirall his seruants.' Since there is no trace of it among the plays recorded by Henslowe as having been acted by that company in 1594 (Diary, fols. 9, etc.), the statement must refer to an earlier occasion. This was probably the original performance, which may be supposed to have taken place not later than Christmas 1588, since the play seems to be mentioned, under the title of 'Tom Stukeley,' in Peele's *Farewell to Norris and Drake*, entered 18 April 1589. It has been usually identified with a piece of the name of *Muly Mollocco* ('mvlo mvloco' 'mvlomvrco,' etc.; cf. l. 15) mentioned in Henslowe's Diary as having been performed by Strange's men on fourteen occasions between 20 (? 21) Feb. 1591/2 and 20 Jan. 1592/3 (fols. 7-8); but this, though possible, wants confirmation.

A manuscript 'Plot' of the play, differing in some respects from the printed version, is preserved in the British Museum (MS. Add. 10,449, fol. 3). This is imperfect, but can be confidently assigned on internal evidence to the Admiral's company, and about the year 1598.

A passage from the second act (ll. 512, 516-21) was quoted by Jonson in his *Poetaster* (III. iv; 1616, p. 308). The only variant reading is 'fore-runners' in place of 'fore-tellers' in the last line.

Malone first ascribed the *Battle of Alcazar* to George Peele, on what grounds is not known. His conjecture was confirmed by Dyce, who pointed out that six lines from the play (ll. 467-72) are quoted above Peele's

127317

name in *England's Parnassus* (1600, s.v. Country). Such an attribution is not, indeed, indisputable evidence, but in the present case there is no reason to suppose it incorrect. The author seems to have used the 'Historia de Bello Africano . . . in Latinum translata per Ioannem Thomam Freigium D. Noribergae' (1580). A contemporary account of the battle will also be found in the State Papers (Foreign, Aug. 1578).

The only early edition which is known to have appeared is dated 1594. Of this there are copies in the British Museum (C. 34. b. 1), Bodleian, Dyce, and Huth libraries, all perfect except for the blank leaf at the end, which is uniformly absent. The text is seriously corrupt, and the printing very irregular in the use of italics for names and stage directions. Anomalous instances of 'v' (medially), 's' (e.g. before 'd'), and 'f' (before 'f') occur; also a sprinkling of wrong fount letters which have not been retained in the reprint. The smallness of the type, the narrowness of the spacing, and the irregularity of the casting, combine to make it difficult to decide for certain where spaces occur and where not. It seemed safest, under the circumstances, to give the printer the benefit of the doubt, where the meaning was clear, and to call attention to doubtful points in the subjoined list. Since this list is merely intended to substantiate the fidelity of the reprint, only such irregularities are, as a rule, recorded as escaped notice in the careful edition of Peele's works by A. H. Bullen. The British Museum and Dyce copies, which differ in a few readings (see list), have been collated throughout for the purposes of the present reprint, while the others recorded above have been consulted on specific points. One copy often supplies small deficiencies, such as defaced letters and the

like, occurring in another. Little value attaches to the punctuation of the original: it has been scrupulously reproduced, but no notice of its frequent irregularities is taken in the following list. The original is printed in a roman type of the usual character and a body slightly smaller than modern Pica (20 ll. = 82 mm.).

IRREGULAR AND DOUBTFUL READINGS

T.P.	9. Asi t (<i>B.M.</i>) Asit (<i>Dyce, Huth</i>)	Text 897. lead
	12. fhopp e (?)	915. receines
H.T.	1. Alcazzar (<i>Dyce, Bodl.</i>)	965. pretends
R.T. A3 ^v .	Alcazzar (<i>Dyce, Bodl.</i>)	985. Ropofe
Text	17. deifnes	1017. dant
	71. Alhaile	1079. Areil (Arzil ?)
	101. ofthis (?)	1097. thinkes
	139. <i>Muli zaref</i>	1132. firftdispoſe, (?)
	143. <i>Mulizaref</i>	1144. force, (<i>comma doubtful</i>)
	263. Muly Zarif	1164. a duife (?)
	267. blond,	1189. vncaldeI (?)
	292. flight	1193. exclime
	305. <i>ſecunda.</i>	1216. wine
	450. yoo	1227. a worke, (?)
	513. wonnd	1233. Driuc
	518. foul e (?)	1249. Tifons (Titan's ?)
	568. Father s (?)	1270. deſcendethfame (?)
	582. <i>lyons (raw? see Plot)</i>	1281. Caſyopa
	590. childliſh	1297. Geue
	605. ofall, (?)	1302. ſtill. then (?)
	619. <i>Sebaſtian (the e is indif-</i> <i>tinguiſhable)</i>	1336. Skirmidge,
	698. vnro (?)	1379. ouer-rod.
	750. Veptune	1389. borſe (<i>B.M., Dyce</i>)
	766. fore (<i>B.M. only</i>)	1411. rulthleſſe
	792. fath	1423. Eocus,
	847. with (will ?)	1488. Liſhborne
		1505. MahometSeth (?)

The quarto prints: Anwerpe, Argier, Cardis, Liſborne, and Tangar or Tanger.

LIST OF CHARACTERS,
in order of entrance.

The Presenter.

ABDELMELEC, uncle of the Moor.

CALSEPIUS BASSA } followers of Ab-
ARGERD ZAREO } delmelec.
ABDIL RAYES }

MULY MAHAMET XEQUE (SETH),
brother of Abdelmelec.

RUBIN ARCHES, widow of Abdel-
munen.

MULY MAHAMET, the Moor.

MULY MAHAMET, the younger, his
son.

PISANO, his captain.

a Messenger.

a Queen.

DIEGO LOPIS, governor of Lisbon.
an Irish Bishop.

TOM STUKLEY.

JONAS } Italians in Stukley's ser-
HERCULES } vice.

CALIPOLIS, wife of the Moor.

ZAREO, a follower of the Moor.

SEBASTIAN, king of Portugal.

The Duke of AVERO

The Duke of BARCELES

LEWES DE SELVA

CHRISTOPHERO DE TAVERA

Ambassadors from the Moor.

Ambassadors of Spain.

a Legate.

a Follower of Stukley (?).

DON DE MENYSIS, governor of
Tangier.

two Captains in his service.

LORD LODOWICK.

CELYBYN, a follower of Abdelmelec.

a Boy, serving the Moor.

a Portuguese soldier.

a Moorish soldier (?).

In the Dumb Shows.

two young Brothers of the Moor.

two Murderers.

ABDELMUNEN, uncle of the Moor.

three Ghosts.

FAME.

Moors, Janissaries, Ladies, Soldiers.

The names are to some extent corrupt. Muly Mahamet Xequé is called Muly Mahamet Seth in his later entrances. The two Zareos are probably due to confusion. Calipolis properly enters in I. ii, and is addressed, though she has no part in the scene (cf. l. 221, and see Plot). Lord Lodowick is addressed (l. 1052), but has no part. He is presumably the Lodevico Caesar mentioned later (l. 1114).

The thanks of the Society are due to Mr. A. H. Huth
for information concerning his copy of the original.



THE
BATTLE

OF ALCAZAR, FOUGHT
in Barbarie, betweene Sebastian king
of Portugall, and Abdelmelec king
of Marocco. With the
death of Captaine
Stukeley.

As it was sundrie times plaid by the Lord high Admirall
his seruants.



Imprinted at London by Edward Allde for Richard
Bankworth, and are to be sold at his shoppe in
Poals Churchyard at the signe of the
Sunne. 1 5 9 4.





The Tragical battell of Alcazzar in Barba-
ric. With the death of three Kings, and
Captaine Stukley an Englishman.

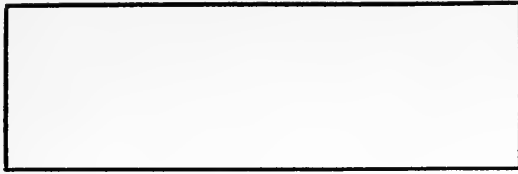
Enter the Presenter.



Honor the spurre that pricks the prince-
ly minde,
To followe rule and climbe the stately
chaire; (gall,
With great desire inflames the Portin-
An honorable and couragious king,
To vndertake a dangerous dreadfull warre,
And aide with christian armes the barbarous Moore,
The Negro *Muly Hamet* that with-holds
The kingdome from his vnk'e *Abdikmelec*,
Whom proud *Abdallas* wrongd,
And in his throne instals his cruell sonne,
That now vsurps vpon this prince,
This braue Barbarian Lord *Muly Molocco*.
The passage to the crowne by murder made,
Abdallas dies, and deisnes this tyrant king,
Of whome we treat sprong from the Arabian moore
Blacke in his looke, and b'oudie in his deeds,
And in his shirt staind with a c'oud of gore,
Presents himselfe with naked sword in hand,
Accompanied as now you may behold;
With deuils coted in the shaples of men.

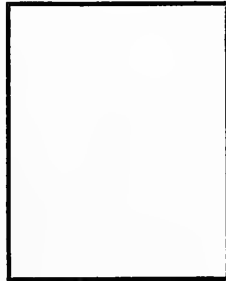
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The Tragical battell of Alcazar in Barba-
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Enter the Presenter.

Act 1

Honor the spurre that pricks the prince-
ly minde,
To followe rule and climbe the stately
chaire, (gall,
With great desire inflames the Portin-
An honorable and couragious king,
To vndertake a dangerous dreadfull warre,
And aide with christian armes the barbarous Moore,
The Negro *Muly Hamet* that with-holds 10
The kingdome from his vnkle *Abdilmelec*,
Whom proud *Abdallas* wrongd,
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That now vsurps vpon this prince,
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The passage to the crowne by murder made,
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Of whome we treat sprong from the Arabian moore
Blacke in his looke, and bloudie in his deeds,
And in his shirt staind with a cloud of gore, 20
Presents himselfe with naked sword in hand,
Accompanied as now you may behold,
With deuils coted in the shapes of men.

A 2

The

The battell of Alcazar

The first dumbe shew.

Enter Muly Mabamet and his sonne, and his two young brethren, the Moore sheweth them the bed, and then takes his leaue of them, and they betake them to their rest. And then the presenter speaketh.

Like those that were by kind of murther mumd,
30 Sit downe and see what hainous stratagems
These damned wits contriue. And lo alas
How lyke poore lambes prepard for sacrifice,
This traitor king haies to their longest home,
These tender Lords his yonger brethren both.

The fecond dumbe shew.

Enter the Moore and two murdrers bringing in his vnkle Abdelmunen, then they draw the curtains and smother the yong princes in the bed. Which done, in sight of the vnkle they strangle him in his chaire, and then goe forth. And then the
40 *Presenter saith.*

His brethren thus in fatall bed beheartf,
His fathers brother of too light beleefe,
This Negro puts to death by proud command.
Saie not these things are faind, for true they are,
And vnderstand how eager to inioy
His fathers crowne, this vnbeleeuing Moore
Murthering his vnkle and his brethren,
Triumphs in his ambitious tyrannie,
Till Nemisis high mistres of reuenge,
50 That with her scourge keepes all the world in awe,
With thundering drums awakes the God of warre,
And cals the furies from Auernus crags,
To range and rage, and vengeance to inflict
Vengeance on this accursed Moore for sinne,
And now behold how Abdelmelec comes,
Vnkle to this vnhappie traitor king,

Armde

in Barbarie.

Armd with great aide that *Amurath* had fent,
Great *Amurath* Emperor of the East,
For seruice done to *Sultan Solimon*,
Vnder whose colours he had serud in field, 60
Flying the furie of this Negroes father,
That wrongd his brethren to inshall his sonne.
Sit you and see this true and tragicke warre,
A modern matter full of bloud and ruth,
Where three bolde kings confounded in their height,
Fell to the earth contending for a crowne,
And call this warre *The battell of Alcazar*. *Exit*.

*Sound Drummes and trumpets, and enter Abdilmelec Act 1
with Calcepius Bassa and his gard, and Zareo a Moore with* ^{sc. i}
souldiers. 70

Abdel. Alhaile Argerd Zareo and yee Moores,
Salute the frontires of your natiue home,
Cease ratling drums, and Abdilmelec here
Throw vp thy trembling hands to heauens throne
Pay to thy God due thanks, and thanks to him
That strenghtens thee with mightie gracious armes,
Against the proud vsurper of thy right,
The roiall feate and crowne of Barbarie,
Great Amurath great Emperour of the world,
The world beare witnesse how I do adore 80
The sacred name of Amurath the great.
Calcepius Bassa, Bassa Calcepius
To thee and to thy trustie band of men
That carefully attend vs in our camp,
Pickt souldiers comparable to the guard
Of Mermidons, that kept Achilles tent
Such thanks we giue to thee, and to them all,
As may conferne a poore distressed king
In honour and in princely curtesie.

The battell of Alcazar

90 *Bafsa.* Curteous and honourable *Abdilmelec*,
VVe are not come at *Amuraths* command,
As merfenarie men to ferue for pay,
But as fure friends by our great master sent
To gratifie and to remunerate,
Thy loue, thy loialtie, and forwardnes,
Thy feruice in his fathers dangerous warre,
And to performe in view of all the world,
The true office of right and roialtie,
To see thee in thy kingly chaire inthronde,
100 To fettle and to feate thee in the fame,
To make thee Emperor of this Barbarie,
Are come the viferoies and fturdie Ianifaries
Of *Amurath*, fonne to *Sultan Solimon*.

*Enter Muly Mahamet Xequé, Rubin Arches, Abdil.
Raves, with others.*

Abdil Raves Long liue my Lord the foueraigne of
my heart,
Lord *Abdilmelecke* whom the God of kings,
The mightie *Amurath* hath happie made,
110 And long liue *Amurath* for this good deed.
Muly Mab. Our Moores haue feen the filuer moons
to wane,
In banners brauely fpreading ouer the plaine,
And in this femicircles haue defcride
All in a golden field a ftarre to rife,
A glorious comet that begins to blafe,
Promifing happie fortng to vs all.
Rubyn. Braue man at armes whom *Amurath* hath sent
To fow the lawfull true fucceeding feed
120 In Barbarie, that bowes and grones withall
Vnder a proud vfurping tyrants mafé,
Right thou the wrongs this rightfull king hath borne.
Abd.

in Barbarie.

Abdilm. Distressed ladies and yee dames of Fesse,
Sprong from the true Arabian *Muly Xarif*
The loadstarre and the honor of our line,
Now cleere your watrie eies, wipe teares away,
And cheerfully giue welcome to these armes,
Amurath hath sent scourges by his men,
To whip that tyrant traitor king from hence,
That hath vsurpt from vs, and maimd you all. 130
Souldiers sith rightfull quarrels ayde
Succesfull are, and men that manage them
Fight not in feare as traitors and their pheres
That you may vnderstand what armes we beare,
What lawfull armes against our brothers sonne,
In fight of heauen, euen of mine honors worth,
Truly I will deliuer and discourse
The summe of all. Descended from the line
Of *Mabomet*, our grandfire *Muli zaref*
With store of golde and treafure leaues Arabia, 140
And strongly plants himselfe in Barbary,
And of the Moores that now with vs do wend,
Our grandfire *Mulizaref* was the first,
From him well wot ye *Muly Mabamet Xequé*,
Who in his life time made a perfect lawe,
Confirmd with generall voice of all his peeres
That in his kingdome should succesiue
His sonnes succede. *Abdullas* was the first
Eldest of faire *Abdelmenen* the second,
And we the rest my brother and my selfe, 150
Abdullas raigned his time. But see the change,
He labours to inuest his sonne in all,
To disanull the lawe our father made,
And dis-inherite vs his brethren,
And in his life time wrongfully proclaimes,
His sonne for king that now contends with vs,
Therefore I craue to reobtaine my right

That

The battell of Alcazar

That *Muly Mahamet* the traitor holdes,
Traitor and bloudie tyrant both at once,
160 That murdered his yonger brethren both,
But on this damned wretch, this traitor king,
The Gods shal poure down showers of sharp reuenge.
And thus a matter not to you vnknown
I haue deliuered. Yet for no distrust
Of loyaltie my welbeloued friend,
But that the occasions fresh in memorie
Of these incumbers, so may moue your mindes,
As for the lawfull true succeeding prince,
Ye neither thinke your liues nor honors deare
170 Spent in a quarrell iust and honorable.

Bassa. Such and no other we repute the cause,
That forwardly for thee we vndertake,
Thrice puissant and renowned *Abdilmelec*,
And for thine honor, safetie and crowne,
Our liues and honours frankly to expose,
To all the dangers that our warre attends,
As freely and as resolutely all,
As anie Moore whom thou commandest most.

Muly Xe. And why is *Abdilmelec* then so slow
180 To chastise him with furie of the sword,
Whose pride doth swell to sway beyond his reach,
Follow this pride then with furie of reuenge.

Rub. Ar. Of death, of bloud, of wreake, and deepe
reuenge,
Shall Rubin Archis frame her tragicke songs,
In bloud, in death, in murther and misdeede,
This heauens mallice did begin and end.

Abdilm. Rubin these rights to Abdelmunens ghoft,
Haue pearst by this to Plutos graue below,
190 The bels of Pluto ring reuenge amaine,
The furies and the fiends conspire with thee,
Warre bids me drawe my weapons for reuenge

Of

in Barbarie.

Of my deepe wrongs, and my deare brothers death.

Muly Xe. Sheath not your swords you soulders of Amurath,

Sheath not your swords you Mores of Barbary

That fight in right of your annointed king,

But follow to the gates of death and hell,

Pale death and hell to entertaine his soule.

Follow I saie to burning *Pblegion*,

200

This traitor tyrant and his companies.

Baf. Heaue vp your swords against these stony holds,

Wherein these barbarous rebels are inclofde,

Called for is Abdilmelec by the Gods,

To sit vpon the throne of Barbarie.

Abd. Ra. Bassa great thanks the honor of the Turks.

Forward braue Lords vnto this rightfull warre,

How can this battell but succesfull be,

Where courage meeteth with a rightfull cause?

Rub. Go in good time my best beloued Lord,

210

Succesfull in thy worke thou vndertakes.

Exit.

Enter the Moore in his Chariot, attended with his sonne. Act I
Pisano his captaine with his gard and treasure. sc. ii

Moore. *Pisano*, take a cornet of our horse,

As many argolets and armed pikes,

And with our carriage march awaie before

By Scyras, and those plots of ground

That to Moroccus leads the lower waie.

Our enemies keepe vpon the mountaine tops,

And haue incampt themselues not farre from Fesse,

220

Madame, gold is the glue, finewes, and strength of war,

And we must see our treasure may go safe,

Away.

Now boy whats the newes?

Muly Mab. The newes my Lord is warre, warre and

B

reuenge.

The battell of Alcazar

reuenge.

And if I shall declare the circumstance,
Tis thus.

- Rubyn our vnkles wife that wrings her hands
230 For Abdilmunens death, accompanied
With many dames of Fesse in mourning weeds,
Neere to Argier encountred Abdilmelec,
That bends his force puft vp with Amuraths aide,
Against your holds and castles of defence.
The yonger brother Muly Mahamet Seth,
Greets the great Bassa, that the king of Turkes
Sends to inuade your right and royall realme,
And basely beg reuenge, arch-rebels all,
To be inflict vpon our progenie.
- 240 *Moore.* Why boy, is Amuraths Bassa such a bug,
That he is markt to do this doubtie deed?
Then Bassa locke the winds in wards of brasse,
Thunder from heauen damne wretched men to death
Barre all the offices of Saturnes sonnes,
Be Pluto then in hell and barre the fiends,
Take Neptunes force to thee and calme the seas,
And execute Ioues iustice on the world,
Conuey Tamberlaine into our Affrike here,
To chastice and to menace lawfull kings,
250 Tamberlaine triumph not, for thou must die
As Philip did, Cæsar, and Cæsars peeres.
- Muly Mah.* The Bassa grossly flattered to his face,
And Amuraths praise aduancde aboue the found
Vpon the plaines, the souldiers being spread,
And that braue gard of sturdie Ianizaries,
That Amurath to Abdilmelec gaue,
And bad him boldly be to them as safe,
As if he slept within a walled towne,
Who take them to their weapons threatning reuenge.
260 Bloudie reuenge, bloudie reuengefull warre.

Moore.

in Barbarie.

Moore. Awaie, and let me heare no more of this,
Why boy, are we successours to the great Abdilmelec,
Descended from the Arabian Muly Zarif,
And shall we be afraide of Bassas and of bugs,
Rawe head and bloudie bone ?
Boy, seest here this semitarie by my side,
Sith they begin to bath in blond,
Bloud be the theame whereon our time shall tread,
Such slaughter with my weapon shall I make,
As through the streame and bloudie chanel deepe, 270
Our Moores shall faile in ships and pinnaces,
From Tanger shore vnto the gates of Fesse.

Muly Mab. And of those slaughtered bodies shall
thy sonne,
A huge towre erect like Nemrods frame,
To threaten those vniust and parciall Gods,
That to Abdallas lawfull seed denie,
A long, a happie, and triumphant raigne.

Sound an alarum within, and enter a
messenger. 280

Mef. Flie king of Fesse, king of Moroccus flie,
Flie with thy friends Emperour of Barbary,
O flie the sword and furie of the foe,
That rageth as the ramping lyonesse,
In rescue of her yonglings from the beare,
Thy townes and holds by numbers basely yeeld,
Thy land to Abdilmelecs rule resignes,
Thy carriage and thy treasure taken is
By Amuraths souldiers, that haue sworne thy death,
Flie Amuraths power, and Abdilmelecs threats, 290
Or thou and thine looke heere to breath your last.

More. Villain, what dreadfull sound of death & flight
Is this, wherewith thou doest afflict our eares ?
But if there be no safetie to abide

The battell of Alcazar

The fauor, fortune, and successe of warre.

Away in hast, roule on my chariot wheelles

Restlesse, till I be safely set in shade

Of some vnhanted place, some blasted groue

Of deadly hue, or dismall cypres tree,

300 Farre from the light or comfort of the Sunne,

There to curse heauen, and he that heaues me hence,

To seeke as Enuie at Cecropes gate,

And pine the thought and terrour of mishaps,

Awaie.

Exit.

Act II

Actus secunda. Scæna prima.

Alarum.

And then the presenter speaketh.

Now warre begins his rage and ruthlesse raine,

And Nemifis with bloudie whip in hand,

310 Thunders for vengeance on this Negro moore.

Nor may the silence of the speechlesse night,

Diuine Architects of murthers and misdeeds,

Of tragedies, and tragicke tyrannies,

Hide or containe this barbarous crueltie

Of this vsurper to his progenie.

Three ghosts crying Vindicta.

Hearke Lords, as in a hollow place a farre,

The dreadfull shrikes and clamors that resound,

And sound reuenge vpon this traitors soule,

320 Traitor to kinne and kinde, to Gods and men.

Now Nemifis vpon her doubling drum,

Moude with this gasty mone, this sad complaint,

Larumes aloud into Alectos eares,

And with her thundering wakes whereas they lie,

In caue as darke as hell, and beds of steele,

The furies iust impes of dire reuenge,

Reuenge

in Barbarie.

Reuenge cries Abdilmelecs griued ghoft,
And roufeth with the terror of this noife
Thefe nymphs of Erybus. Wreake and reuenge
Ring out the foules of his vnhappie brethren, 330
And now ftart vp thefe torments of the world,
Wakt with the thunder of Ramufians drum,
And feareful ecchos of thefe griued ghofts,
Alecto with her brand and bloudie torch,
Megæra with her whip and fnakie haire,
Tyfiphone with her fatall murthering yron,
Thefe three confpire, thefe three complaine & mone,
Thus Muly Mahamet is a counfell held,
To wreake the wrongs and murthers thou haft done.
By this imagine was this barbarous Moore 340
Chafed from his dignitie and his diademe,
And liues forlorne among the mountaine shrubs,
And makes his food the flefh of fauage beafts.
Amureths fouldiers haue by this inftald
Good Abdelmelec in his roiall feate,
The dames of Fefse and ladies of the land,
In honor of the fonne of Soliman,
Erect a ftatue made of beaten gold,
And fing to Amurath fongs of lafting praife.
Muly Mahamets furie ouer-rulde, 350
His crueltie controld, and pride rebukt,
Now at laft when sober thoughts renude,
Care of his kingdome and defired crowne,
The aide that once was offered and refufde
By meffengers, he furiously imployes,
Sebaftians aide braue king of Portugall,
He forward in all armes and chiuallrie
Hearkens to his Embaffadors, and grants
What they in letters and by words intreate.
Now liften lordings now begins the game, 360

The battell of Alcazar

Sebastians tragedie in this tragicke warre.

Act II Alarum within, and then enter Abdilmelec, Muly
sc. i Mahamet Seth, Calsepius Bassa, with Moores and Ianzaries, and the Ladies.

Abdil. Now hath the Sun displaid his golden beams,
And duskie clouds dispearst, the welkin cleeres,
Wherein the twentie coloured rainbow shewes,
After this fight happie and fortunate,
Wherein our Moores haue lost the day,
370 And victorie adordnd with fortunes plumes,
Alights on Abdelmelecs glorious creast,
Here finde we time to breath, and now begin
To paie thy due and duties thou doest owe,
To heauen and earth, to Gods and Amurath.

Sound Trumpets.

And now drawe neere, and heauen and earth giue eare
Giue eare and record heauen and earth with me,
Ye Lords of Barbarie hearken and attend,
Hearke to the wordes I speake, and vowe I make,
380 To plant the true succefsion of the crowne,
Loe Lords, in our seate roiall to succeede,
Our onely brother here we doo install,
And by the name of Muly Mahamet Seth,
Intitle him true heire vnto the crowne,
Ye Gods of heauen gratulate this deed,
That men on earth may therwith stand content.
Lo thus my due and duetie is done, I paie
To heauen and earth, to Gods and Amurath.

Sound Trumpets.

390 *Muly Mab.* Renowned Bassa, to remunerate
Thy worthines and magnanimitie,
Behold the noblest ladies of the land,
Bring present tokens of their gratitude.

Rubin

in Barbarie.

Rub. Ar. Rubin that breaths but for reuenge,
Bassa by this commends her selfe to thee
Resigne the token of her thankfulness
To Amurath the God of earthly kings,
Doth Rubin giue and sacrifice her sonne,
Not with sweet smoake of fire, or sweet perfume,
But with his fathers sword, his mothers thanks 400
Doth Rubin giue her sonne to Amurath.

Queene. As Rubin giues her sonne, so we our selues
To Amurath giue, and fall before his face.
Bassa, weare thou the golde of Barbarie,
And glister like the pallace of the Sunne,
In honour of the deed that thou hast dun.

Baf. Well worthie of the aide of Amurath,
Is Abdilmelec and these noble dames,
Rubin thy sonne I shall ere long bestow,
Where thou doest him bequeath in honours fee, 410
On Amurath, mightie Emperor of the East,
That shall receiue the impe of roiall race,
With cheerefull lookes and gleames of princely grace,
This chofen gard of Amuraths Ienizaries,
I leaue to honor and attend on thee,
King of Marocco conqueror of thy foes,
True king of Fesse, Emperor of Barbarie,
Muly Molocco liue and keepe thy seate,
In spite of fortunes spite or enemies threats,
Ride Bassa now, bold Bassa homeward ride, 420
As glorious as great Pompey in his pride.

Exit omnes.

Enter Diego Lopis gouernor of Lisborne, the Irish Bishop, Act II
Stukley, Ionas, and Hercules. *sc. ii.*

Dieg. Welcome to Lisborne valiant Catholikes,
Welcome braue English-men to Portugall,
Most reuerent primate of the Irish Church.

And

The battell of Alcazar

And noble *Stukeley* famous by thy name,
Welcome, thrice welcome to Sebastians towne,
430 And welcome English captaines to you all,
It ioyeth vs to see his holynes fleet,
Cast ancor happily vpon our coast.

Bishop. These welcomes worthie gouernor of Lif-
borne,

Argue an honorable minde in thee,
But treat of our misfortune therewithall,
To Ireland by pope Gregories command,
Were we all bound, and therefore thus imbarckt,
To land our forces there at vnawares,
440 Conquering the land for his holyneffe,
And so restore it to the Romane faith,
This was the cause of our expedition,
And Ireland long ere this had bin subdude,
Had not foule weather brought vs to this bay.

Diego. Vnder correction, are ye not all Englishmen,
And longs not Ireland to that kingdome Lords?
Then may I speake my conscience in the cause,
Sance scandall to the holy sea of Rome,
Vnhonorable is this expedition,
450 And misbeseeming yoo to meddle in.

Stuk. Lord gouernour of Lisborne vnderstand,
As we are Englishmen, so are we men,
And I am Stukley so resolute in all,
To follow rule, honor and Emperie,
Not to be bent so strictly to the place,
Wherein at first I blew the fire of life,
But that I may at libertie make choise,
Of all the continents that bounds the world,
For why? I make it not so great desert
460 To be begot or borne in anie place,
Sith thats a thing of pleasure and of ease,
That might haue bin performd else-where as well.

Die

in Barbarie.

Die. Follow what your good pleafure will,
Good Captaine Stukley be it farre from me
To take exceptions beyond my priuiledge.

Bifb. Yet captaine giue me leaue to fpeake,
We muft affect our countrie as our parents,
And if at anie time we alianate
Our loue or induftrie from doing it honor,
It muft respect effects and touch the foule,
Matter of confcience and religion,
And not defire of rule or benefite.

470

Stuk. Well faid Bifhop, spoken like your felfe,
The reuerent lordly bifhop of faint Affes.

Herc. The bifhop talkes according to his coate,
And takes not meafure of it by his minde,
You fee he hath it made thus large and wide,
Because he may conuert it as he lift,
To anie forme may fit the fafhion beft,

Bifb. Captaine you do me wrong to defcant thus, 480
Vpon my coate or double confcience,
And cannot anfwere it in another place.

Die. Tis but in ieft, Lord bifhop put it vp,
And all as friends daine to be entertaind,
As my abilitie here can make prouifion,
Shortly fhall I conduct you to the king,
Whofe welcomes euermore to ftrangers are,
Princely and honorable as his ftate becomes.

Stuk. Thankes worthie gouernor, come bifhop come
Will you fhew fruits of quarrell and of wrath, 490
Come let vs in with my Lord of Lisborne here.
And put all confcience into one caroufe,
Letting it out againe, as we may liue.
There fhall no action pafse my hand or fword,
That cannot make a ftep to gaine a crowne,
No word fhall pafse the office of my tong,
That founds not of affection to a crowne,

C

No

The battell of Alcazar

No thought haue being in my lordly brest,
That workes not euerie waie to win a crowne,
500 Deeds, wordes and thoughts shall all be as a kings,
My chiefeft companie shall be with kings,
And my deferts shall counterpoise a kings,
Why should not I then looke to be a king?
I am the marques now of Ireland made,
And will be shortly king of Ireland,
King of a mole-hill had I rather be,
Than the richest subiect of a monarchie,
Huffe it braue minde, and neuer cease t'aspire,
509 Before thou raigne sole king of thy desire. *Exeunt.*

*Act II Enter the Moore, with Calipolis his wife, Muly Mahamet
sc. iii his sonne, and two others.*

Moore. Where art thou boy, where is Calypolis?
O deadly wondnd that passeth by mine eie,
The fatall prison of my swelling heart!
O fortune constant in vnconstancie!
Fight earth-quakes in the intrailles of the earth,
And Easterne whirl-windes in the hellish shades,
Some foule contagion of the infected heauen,
Blast all the trees, and in their curfed tops,
520 The dismall night rauens and tragike owle
Breed, and become fore-tellers of my fall,
The fatall ruine of my name and me,
Adders and serpents hiss at my disgrace,
And wound the earth with anguish of their stings,
Now Abdelmelec, now triumph in Fesse,
Fortune hath made thee king of Barbary.

Caly. Alas my Lord, what boots these huge exclaims
To aduantage vs in this distrest estate,
O pittie our perplext estate my Lord,
530 And turne all curses to submisse complaints,
And those complaints to actions of reliefe,
I faint my Lord, and naught may cursing plaintes

Refresh

in Barbarie.

Refresh the fading substance of my life.

Moore. Faint all the world, consume and be accurst,
Since my state faints and is accurst.

Calyp. Yet patience Lord to conquere forrowes fo.

More. What patience is for him that lacks his crown?

There is no patience where the losse is such,
The shame of my disgrace hath put on wings,
And swiftly flies about this earthly ball,
Car'ft thou to liue then fond Calypolis,
When he that should giue essence to thy soule,
He on whose glorie all thy ioy should stay,
Is soulelesse, glorylesse, and desperate,
Crying for battell, famine, sword and fire,
Rather then calling for reliefe or life.

54^o

But be content, thy hunger shall haue end,
Famine shall pine to death and thou shalt liue,
I will go hunt these cursed solitaries,
And make the sword and target here my hound,
To pull downe lyons and vntamed beasts. *Exit.*

55^o

Mab. Tush mother, cherish your vnheartie soule,
And feede with hope of happines and ease,
For if by valor or by policie,
My kingly father can be fortunate,
We shall be Ioues commanders once againe,
And flourish in a three-fold happines.

Zareo His maiestie hath sent Sebastian
The good and harmelesse king of Portugall,
A promise to resigne the roialtie
And kingdome of Marocco to his hands,
But when this haughtie offer takes effect,
And workes affiance in Sebastian,
My gracious Lord warnd wisely to aduise,
I doubt not but will watch occasion,
And take her fore-top by the slenderest haire,
To rid vs of this miserable life.

56^o

The battell of Alcazar

Mab. Good madame cheere your selfe, my Fathers
wife,

570 He can submit himselfe and liue below,
Make shew of friendship, promise, vow and sweare,
Till by the vertue of his faire pretence,
Sebastian trusting his integritie,
He makes himselfe possessor of such fruits,
As grow vpon such great aduantages.

Calip. But more dishonor hangs on such misdeeds,
Than all the profit their returne can beare,
Such secret iudgements hath the heauens imposde
Vpon the drouping state of Barbarie,
580 As publike merites in such lewd attempts,
Hath drawne with violence vpon our heads.

*Enter Muly Mahamet with Lyons flesh vpon
his sword.*

Mu. Ma. Hold thee Calypolis feed and faint no more,
This flesh I forced from a lyonesse,
Meate of a princeesse, for a princeesse meate,
Learne by her noble stomacke to esteeme
Penurie plentie, in extreamest dearth,
Who when she sawe her foragement bereft,
590 Pinde not in melancholy or childlish feare,
But as braue mindes are strongest in extreames,
So she redoubling her former force
Rangde thorough the woodes, and rent the breeding
vaultes
Of proudest sauages to saue her selfe,
Feede then and faint not faire Calypolis,
For rather than fierce famine shall preuaile,
To gnaw thy intrailles with her thornie teeth,
The conquering lyonesse shall attend on thee,
600 And laie huge heapes of slaughtered carcasses

As

in Barbarie.

As bulwarkes in her waie to keepe her backe.
I will prouide thee of a princely ofpraie,
That as she flyeth ouer fish in pooles,
The fish shall turne their glistering bellies vp,
And thou shalt take thy liberall choice of all,
Ioues stately bird with wide commanding wings
Shall houer still about thy princely head,
And beate downe fowle by sholes into thy lap,
Feede then and faint not faire Calypolis.

Calyp. Thankes good my Lord, and though my sto- 610
macke be

Too queasie to digest such bloudie meate,
Yet strength I it with vertue of my minde,
I doubt no whit but I shall liue my Lord.

Moore. Into the shades then faire Calypolis,
And make thy sonne and Negros here good cheere,
Feede and be fat that we may meete the foe
With strength and terror to reuenge our wrong. 618

*Enter Sebastian king of Portugall, the Duke of Auero, Act II
the duke of Barceles, Leues de Silua, Christophero de Tauera sc. iv*

Sebast. Call forth those Moores, those men of Bar-
barie,
That came with letters from the king of Fesse.

Exit one.

Ye warlike lords and men of chiuallrie,
Honorable Embassadors of this high regent,
Harke to Sebastian king of Portugall:
These letters sent from your distressed Lord,
Torne from his throne by Abdilmelecs hand,
Strengthened and raised by furious Amurath,
Imports a kingly fauor at our hands,
For aide to reobtaine his roiall seate,
And place his fortunes in their former height.

630

The battell of Alcazar

- For quitall of which honorable armes,
By these his letters he doth firmly vow,
Wholy to yeeld and to surrender vp
The kingdome of Maroccus to our hands,
And to become to vs contributarie,
And to content himfelfe with the realme of Fesse,
640 These lines my Lords writ in extremitie,
Containe therefore but during fortunes date,
How shall Sebastian then belecue the same?
Embaf. Vicerioies, and most christian king of Por-
tugall,
To fatisfie thy doubtfull minde heerein,
Command forthwith a blasing brand of fire
Be brought in prefence of thy maiestie,
Then shalt thou see by our religious vowes
And ceremonies most inuiolate
650 How firme our foueraignes protestations are,
Beholde my Lord, this bindes our faith to thee,
In token that great Muly Mahamets hand
Hath writ no more than his stout heart allowes,
And will performe to thee and to thine heires,
We offer heere our hands into this flame,
And as this flame doth fasten on this flesh,
So from our soules we wish it may consume
The heart of our great Lord and foueraigne
Muly Mahamet king of Barbarie,
660 If his intent agree not with his wordes.
Sebast. These ceremonies and protestations
Sufficeth vs ye Lordes of Barbarie,
Therefore returne this answere to your king,
Assure him by the honour of my crowne,
And by Sebastians true vnfained faith
He shall haue aide and succour to recouer,
And feate him in his former emperie,
Let him relie vpon our princely word,

Tell

in Barbarie.

Tell him by August we will come to him,
With such a power of braue impatient mindes, 670
As Abdelmelec and great Amurath
Shall tremble at the strength of Portugall.

Emb. Thanks to the renowned king of Portugal
On whose stout promises our state depend.

Sebast. Barbarians go glad your distressed king,
And saie Sebastian liues to right his wrong, *Exit.*
Duke of Auero call in those English-men,
Don Stukley, and those Captaines of the fleet
That lately landed in our bay of Lisborne.

Now breath Sebastian, and in breathing blow 680
Some gentle gale of thy new formed ioyes,
Duke of Auero, it shall be your charge,

To take the muster of the Portugals,
And brauest blouds of all our countrie,

Lewes de Sylua you shall be dispatcht
With letters vnto Philip king of Spaine,

Tell him we craue his aide in this behalfe,
I know our brother Philip will denie

His furtherance in this holy christian warre,
Duke of Barceles as thy ancestors

Haue alwaies loiall bin to Portugall, 690
So now in honor of thy toward youth,
Thy charge shall be to Anwerpe speedily,

To hire vs mercenarie men at armes,
Promise them princely paie, and be thou sure

Thy word is ours, Sebastian speakes the word.

Cbri. I beseech your maiestie employ me in this war.

Seb. Christopher de Tauera, next vnto my selfe
My good Efestian, and my bedfellow,

Thy cares and mine shall be alike in this, 700
Enter Stukley and the rest.

And thou and I will liue and die together.
And now braue English-men to you,

Whom

The battell of Alcazar

Whom angrie stormes haue put into our bay,
Hold not your fortune ere the worfe in this,
We holde our strangers honors in our hand,
And for distressed franke and free reliefe,
Tell me then Stukley, for thats thy name I trow,
Wilt thou in honor of thy countries fame,
710 Hazard thy person in this braue exploit,
And follow vs to fruitfull Barbarie,
With these fixe thousand souldiers thou hast brought
And choicely pickt through wanton Italy,
Thou art a man of gallant personage,
Proud in thy lookes, and famous euerie waie,
Frankly tell me, wilt thou go with me?

Stuk. Couragious king, the wonder of my thoughts
And yet my Lord, with pardon vnderstand,
My selfe and these, whom weather hath inforst,
720 To lie at roade vpon thy gracious coast,
Did bend our course and made amaine for Ireland.

Sebast. For Ireland Stukley, thou mistakst me wonderous much,
With seuen shippes, two pinnaces, and fixe thousand men,
I tell thee Stukley, they are farre too weake,
To violate the Queene of Irelands right,
For Irelands Queene commandeth Englands force,
Were euerie ship ten thousand on the seas,
730 Mand with the strength of all the Easterne kings,
Conuaying all the monarchs of the world,
To inuade the Iland where her highnes raignes,
Twere all in vaine, for heauens and destinies
Attend and wait vpon her Maiestie,
Sacred, imperially, and holy is her seate,
Shining with wisdome, loue and mightines.
Nature that euerie thing imperfect made,
Fortune that neuer yet was constant found,

Time

in Barbarie.

Time that defaceth euerie golden shew,
Dare not decay, remoue, or be impure, 740
Both nature, time and fortune, all agree,
To blesse and serue her roiall maiestie,
The wallowing Ocean hems her round about,
Whose raging fouds do swallow vp her foes,
And on the rockes their ships in peeces split,
And euen in Spaine where all the traitors dance,
And plaie themselues vpon a funny daie,
Securely gard the west part of her Isle,
The South the narrow Britaine sea begirts, 750
Where Veptune sits in triumph, to direct
Their course to hell that aime at her disgrace,
The Germaine seas alongst the East do run,
Where Nenus banquets all her water Nymphs,
That with her beautie glansing on the waues,
Disdaines the checke of faire Proserpina,
Aduise thee then proud Stukley ere thou passe,
To wrong the wonder of the highest God,
Sith danger, death and hell doth follow thee,
Thee and them all that seeke to danger her.
If honor be the marke wherat thou aimst, 760
Then followe me in holy christian warres,
And leaue to seeke thy Countries ouerthrow.

Stuk. Rather my Lord, let me admire these wordes,
Than answere to your firme obiections,
His holynes Pope Gregorie the seuenth,
Hath made vs foure the leaders of the rest,
Amongst the rest my Lord, I am but one,
If they agree, Stukley will be the first
To die with honor for Sebastian.

Sebast. Tell me Lord Bishop, Captaines tell me all, 770
Are you content to leaue this enterprise,
Against your countrie and your countrie men,
To aide Mahamet king of Barbarie?

D

Bish

The battell of Alcazar

Bish. To aide Mahamet king of Barbarie,
Tis gainst our vowes great king of Portugall.

Sebast. Then Captaines what saie you?

Jonas I saie my Lord as the Bishop said,
We may not turne from conquering Ireland.

Herc. Our countrie and our country-men will con-
780 demne

Vs worthie of death, if we neglect our vowes.

Sebast. Consider Lords you are now in Portugall,
And I may now dispose of you and yours.
Hath not the winde and weather giuen you vp,
And made you captiues to our roiall will?

Jonas. It hath my Lord, and willingly wee yeeld
To be commanded by your maiestie,
But if you make vs voluntarie men,
Our course is then direct for Ireland.

790 *Sebast.* That course will we direct for Barbary,
Follow me Lords, Sebastian leades the way,
To plant the christian fath in Affrica.

Stuk. Saint George for England, and Irelande nowe
adue,

For here Tom Stukley shapes his course anue.

Exit.

Act III

Enter the presenter and speaks.

Lo thus into a lake of bloud and gore,
The braue couragious king of Portugall
800 Hath drencht himselfe, and now prepares amaine
With failes and oares to crosse the swelling seas,
With men and ships, courage and canon shot,
To plant this cursed Moore in fatall houre,
And in this Catholike case the king of Spaine
Is cald vpon by sweet Sebastian.
Who fursfetting in prime time of his youth,

Vpon

in Barbarie.

Vpon ambitious poifon dies thereon.

By this time is the Moore to Tangar come,

A citie longing to the Portugall,

And now doth Spaine promife with holy face,

810

As fauouring the honor of the caufe,

His aide of armes, and leuies men apace,

But nothing leffe than king Sebaftians good

He meanes, yet at Sucor de Tupea,

He met some faie in perfon with the Portugall,

And treateth of a marriage with the king,

But ware ambitious wiles and poifned eies,

There was nor aide of armes nor marriage,

For on his waie without thofe Spaniardes king Seba-

ftian went.

820

Enter the king of Portugall and his Lordes, Lewes de Syl- Act III
ua, and the Embafadors of Spaine. *sc. i*

Seb. Honorable Lords, Embaffadors of Spaine,

The many fauors by our meetings done

From our beloued and renownmed brother,

Philip the Catholike king of Spaine

Say therefore good my Lord Embaffador,

Saie how your mightie mafter minded is,

To propagate the fame of Portugall.

Embaf. To propagate the fame of Portugall,

830

And plant religious truth in Affrica,

Philip the great and puifant king of Spaine,

For loue and honor of Sebaftians name,

Promifeth aide of armes, and fweares by vs

To doe your maieftie all the good he can,

With men, munition, and fupply of warre,

Of Spaniards proud in king Sebaftians aide,

D 2

To

The battell of Alcazar

To spend their blouds in honor of their Christ.

Legate. And farther to manifest vnto your maiesty
840 How much the Catholike king of Spaine affects
This warre with Moores and men of little faith,
The honour of your euerlasting praise,
Behold to honor and inlarge thy name,
He maketh offer of his daughter Ifabel,
To linke in marriage with the braue Sebastian,
And to inrich Sebastians noble wife,
His maiestie with promise to resigne
The titles of the Islands of Moloccus,
That by his roialtie in Iudah he commands
850 These fauors with vnfained loue and zeale,
Voweth king Philip to king Sebastian.

Sebast. And God so deale with king Sebastians soul
As iustly he intends to fight for Christ,
Nobles of Spaine, sith our renowned brother,
Philip the king of honor and of zeale,
By you the chosen Orators of Spaine,
The offer of the holdes he makes
Are not so precious in our account,
As is the peerlesse dame whom we adore,
860 His daughter, in whose loyaltie consists
The life and honor of Sebastian.
As for the aide of armes he promiseth,
We will expect, and thankfully receiue
At Cardis, as we faile alongst the coast.
Sebastian clap thy hands for ioy,
Honourd by this meeting and this match,
Go Lords and follow to the famous warre
Your king, and be his fortune such in all,
As he intends to manage armes in right.

870 *Exeunt.*

Manet Stukley and another.

Stuk. Sit fast Sebastian, and in this worke

God

in Barbarie.

God and good men labor for Portugall,
For Spaine disguising with a double face,
Flatters thy youth and forwardnes good king,
Philip whome some call the catholike king,
I feare me much thy faith will not be firme,
But difagree with thy profefsion.

The other. What then shall of these men of warre become, 880

Those numbers that do multiply in Spaine?

Stuk. Spaine hath a vent for them and their supplies,
The Spaniard readie to imbarke himselfe,
Heere gathers to a head, but all to fure,
Flanders I feare shall feele the force of Spaine,
Let Portugall fare as he may or can,
Spaine meanes to spend no powder on the moores.

The other. If kings doo dally so with holy oaths,
The heauens will right the wrongs that they sustaine,
Philip if these forgeries be in thee, 890
Assure thee king, twill light on thee at last,
And when proud Spaine hopes foundly to preuaile,
The time may come that thou and thine shall faile.

Exit.

Enter Abdelmelec, Muly Mahamet Setb, Zareo Act III
and their Traine. sc. ii

Abdelm. The Portugall lead with deceiuing hope,
Hath raifde his power, and receiu'd our foe
With honorable welcomes and regard,
And left his cuntry bounds, and hether bends, 900
In hope to helpe Mahamet to a crowne,
And chafe vs hence, and plant this Negro moore
That clads himselfe in coat of hammerd steele,
To heaue vs from the honor we possesse,
But for I haue my selfe a souldier bin,

D 3

I haue

The battell of Alcazar

I haue in pittie to the *Portugall*
Sent secrett meffengers to counsell him.
As for the aide of Spaine whereof they hop'd,
We haue difpatcht our letters to their prince,
910 To craue that in a quarrell fo vniuft,
He that intituled is the Catholike king,
Would not afsift a carelefse chriſtian prince,
And as by letters we are let to know,
Our offer of the feuen holdes we made,
He thankfully receines, with all conditions,
Differing in minde farre from all his wordes
And promiſes to king Sebastian,
As we would wiſh, or you my Lords deſire.
Zareo. What reſteth then but Abdilmelec may
920 Beate backe this proud inuading *Portugall*,
And chaſtice this ambitious Negro moore
With thouſand deaths for thouſand damned deeds.
Abdilm. Forward Zareo and ye manly moores,
Sebastian ſee in time vnto thy ſelfe,
If thou and thine miſled doe thriue amiſſe,
Guilteſſe is Abdilmelec of thy bloud.

Exeunt.

Act III *Enter Don de Menyſis gouernor of Tangar, with his com-*
ſc. iii *panie ſpeaking to the Captaine.*

930 *Gouer.* Captaine, we haue receiued Letters from the
king,
That with ſuch ſignes and arguments of loue,
We entertaine the king of Barbarie,
That marcheth toward Tangar with his men,
The poore remainders of thoſe that fled from Feſſe,
When Abdilmelec got the glorious day,
And ſtald himſelfe in his emperiall throne.
Cap. Lord gouernor, we are in readines
To welcome and receiue this hapleſſe king,

Chafed

in Barbarie.

Chafed from his land by angrie Amurath, 940
And if the right rest in this lustie Moore,
Bearing a princely heart vnvanquishable,
A noble resolution than it is,
In braue Sebastian our christian king,
To aide this Moore with his victorious armes,
Thereby to propagate religious truth,
And plant his springing praise in Affrica.

Ano. Capt. But when ariues this braue Sebastian,
To knit his forces with this manly Moore,
That both in one, and one in both may ioyne 950
In this attempt of noble consequence?
Our men of Tangar long to see their king,
Whose princely face that lyke the summers sonne,
Glads all these hether parts of Barbarie.

Gouern. Captaines, he commeth hetherward amaine,
Top and top gallant, all in braue araie
The 26. daie of Iune he lefte the bay of Lisborne,
And with all his fleete at Cardis happily he
Ariu'de in Spain the eight of Iuly, tarrying for the aide
That *Philip* king of Spaine had promised, 960
And fiteene daies he there remaind aboard,
Expecting when this Spanish force would come,
Nor stept a shore as he were going still:
But Spaine that meant and minded nothing lesse,
pretends a sodaine feare and care to keepe
His owne from Amuraths fierce inuasion,
And to excuse his promise to our king,
For which he stormes as great Achilles earst.
Lying for want of winde in Aldest gulfe,
And hoiseth vp his sailes, and anchors waighs, 970
And hetherward he comes, and lookes to meete
This manly Moore, whose case he vndertakes,
Therefore go we to welcome and rescue,
With canon shot, and shouts of yong and olde,

This

The battell of Alcazar

This fleet of Portugals and troupe of Moores.

Exit.

Act III *The Trumpets sound, the chambers are dischargde. Then*
sc. iv *enter the king of Portugall and the Moore, with all theyr*
traine.

980 *Sebast.* Muly Mahamet king of Barbarie
Well met, and welcome to our towne of Tanger,
After this sodaine shocke and haplesse warre,
Welcome braue Queene of Moores, repose thee here,
Thou and thy noble sonne, and souldiers all,
Ropose you here in king Sebastians towne.
Thus farre in honor of thy name and aide
Lord Mahamet, we haue aduentured
To winne for thee a kingdome, for our selues
Fame, and performance of those promises,
990 That in thy faith and roialtie thou hast
Sworne to Sebastian king of *Portugall*,
And thriue it so with thee as thou doest meane,
And meane thou so as thou doest wish to thriue,
And if our Christ for whom in chiefe we fight,
Heereby to inlarge the bounds of christendome,
Fauor this warre, and as I do not doubt,
Send victorie to light vpon my crest.
Braue Moore I will aduance thy kingly sonne,
And with a diademe of pearle and golde,
1000 Adorne thy temples and inrich thy head,
Moore O braue Sebastian noble *Portugall*,
Renowmd and honourd euer maist thou bee,
Triumphuer ouer those that menace thee.
The hellish prince grim *Pluto* with his mace
Ding downe my soule to hel, and with this soule
This sonne of mine, the honor of my house,
But I performe religiously to thee,

That

in Barbarie.

That I haue holyly earft vndertane,
And that thy Lords and Captaines may perceiue
My minde in this fingle and pure to be, 1010
As pure as is the water of the brooke,
My dearest sonne to thee I doo ingage,
Receiue him Lord in hostage of my vow,
For euen my minde prefageth to my felfe,
That in some flauish fort I shall beholde
Him dragde along this running riuer shore,
A spectacle to dant the pride of those
That climbe aloft by force, and not by right.

The Moores sonne. Nor can it otherwise befall the man
That keeps his seate and sceptor all in feare, 1020
That wears his crowne in eie of all the world,
Reputed theft and not inheritance.
What title then hath Abdilmelec here,
To barre our father or his progenie,
Right roiall prince, hereof you make no doubt,
Agreeing with your wholsome christian lawes,
Helpe then couragious Lord with hand and sword,
To cleere his waie, whose lets are lawlesse men,
And for this deede ye all shall be renowmd,
Renowmd and chronicled in bookes of fame, 1030
In bookes of fame and characters of brasse,
Of brasse, nay beaten golde, fight then for fame,
And finde the Arabian Muly Hamet here,
Aduenturous, bold, and full of rich reward.

Stuk. Braue boy, how plaine this princely mind in
thee
Argues the height and honor of thy birth,
And well haue I obseru'd thy forwardnes,
Which being tendred by your maiestie,
No doubt the quarrell opened by the mouth 1040
Of this yong prince vnpartially to vs,
May animate and hearten all the hoast,

The battell of Alcazar

To fight againſt the deuill for Lord Mahamet.

Sebaſt. True Stukley, and ſo freſhly to my minde,
Hath this yong prince redus'd his fathers wrong,
That in good time I hope this honors fire,
Kindled alreadie with regard of right,
Burſts into open flames, and calſ for warres,
Warres, warres to plant the true ſucceeding prince.
1050 Lord Mahamet, I take thy noble ſonne
A pledge of honor, and ſhal uſe him ſo.
Lord Lodowicke, and my good Lord of Auero
See this yong prince conuaide ſafe to Meſſegon,
And there accompanide as him fitteth beſt,
And to this warre prepare ye more and leſſe,
This rightfull warre, that Chriſtians God will bleſſe.
Exeunt.

Act IV

Actus 4.

The preſenter ſpeaketh.

1060 Now hardned is this hapleſſe heathen prince,
And ſtrengthned by the armes of Portugall,
This Moore, this murtherer of his progenie.
And warre and weapons now, and bloud and death
Wait on the counſels of this curſed king:
And to a bloudie banket he inuites
The braue Sebaſtian and his noble peeres.

Enter to the bloudie banket.

In fatall houre ariu'd this peereleſſe prince,
To looſe his life, his life and many liues
1070 Of luſtie men, couragious Portugals,
Drawen by ambitious golden lookes,
Let fame of him no wrongfull cenſure ſound,

Honor

in Barbarie.

Honour was object of his thoughtes, ambition was
his ground.

Exit.

Enter Abdilmelec and his traine.

Act IV
sc. i

Abdilm. Now tell mee Celybin, what doeth the e-
nemie?

Celybin. The enimie dread lord, hath left the towne
Of Areil, with a thousand souldiers armde,
To gard his fleet of thirteene hundred saile, 1080
And mustering of his men before the wals,
He found he had two thousand armed horse,
And foureteene thousand men that serue on foot,
Three thousand pioners, and a thousand cochmen,
Besides a number almost numberlesse
Of drudges, Negroes, slaues and Muliters,
Horse-boies, landresses and curtizans,
And fiteene hundred waggons full of stufte
For noble men, brought vp in delicate.

Abdil. Alas good king, thy fore-sight hath bin small 1090
To come with women into Barbarie,
With landresse, with baggage, and with trash,
Numbers vnfit to multiplie thy hoast.

Cely. Their paiment in the campe is pasing flow,
And victuals scarce, that many faint and die.

Abdilm. But whether marcheth he in all this hast?

Cely. Some thinkes he marcheth hetherward,
And meanes to take this citie of Alcazar.

Abdil. Vnto Alcazar, O vnconstant chance!

Cely. The braue and valiant king of Portugall 1100
Quarters his power in foure batalians,
Afront the which, to welcome vs withall,
Are fixe and thirtie roaring peeces plast,
The first consisting of light armed horse,
And of the garisons from Tangar brought

The battell of Alcazar

Is lead by Aluaro Peres de Tauero,
The left or middle battell of Italians,
And Germane horse-men Stukley doth command,
A warlike Englishman sent by the pope,
1110 That vainly calls himselfe Marques of Ireland.
Alonso Aquilaz conducts the third,
That wing of Germaine souldiers most consists.
The fourth legion is none but Portugals,
Of whom Lodeuico Cæsar hath the chiefeft charge,
Besides there stand fixe thousand horse
Brauely attirde, prest where need requires.
Thus haue I tolde your roiall maiestie,
How he is plac'd to braue his fight.
Abdil. But where's our nephew Muly Mahamet?
1120 *Cely* He marcheth in the middle, garded about
With full five hundred hargubuze on foote,
And twice three thousand needlesse armed pikes.
Zareo. Great foueraigne, vouchsafe to heare me speak,
And let Zareos counsell now preuaile,
Whilst time doth serue, and that these Christians dare
Approch the field with warlike Ensignes spread,
Let vs in hast with all our forces meete,
And hemme them in, that not a man escape,
So will they be aduisde another time,
1130 How they doo touch the shore of Barbarie.
Abdilm. Zareo, heare our resolution,
And thus our forces we will first dispose,
Hamet my brother with a thousand shot
On horse-backe, and choice harguebuziers all,
Hauing ten thousand with speare and shield,
Shall make the right wing of the battell vp,
Zareo you shall haue in charge the left,
Two thousand argolets and ten thousand horse,
The maine battell of harguebuze on foot,
1140 And twentie thousand horse-men in their troupes,
My

in Barbarie.

My felfe inuirond with my trustie gard
Of Ianizaries, fortunate in warre,
And toward Arzil will we take our waie,
If then our enimie will balke our force,
In Gods name let him, it will be his best,
But if he leuell at Alcazar wals,
Then beate him backe with bullets as thicke as haile,
And make him know and rue his ouersight,
That rashly seekes the ruine of this land.

Exeunt.

1150

Enter Sebastian king of Portugall, the Duke of Auero, Act 1V
Stukley, and others. *sc. ii*

Sebast. Why tell me Lords, why left ye Portugall,
And crost the seas with vs to Barbarie,
Was it to see the countrie and no more,
Or else to slay before ye were assaild?
I am ashamd to thinke that such as you,
Whose deeds haue bin renowmed heretofore,
Should slacke in such an act of consequence,
We come to fight, and fighting vow to die,
Or else to win the thing for which we came,
Because *Abdilmelec* as pittying vs,
Sends messages to counsell quietnes,
You stand amaz'd and thinke it sound aduise,
As if our enimie would wish vs anie good,
No, let him know we scorne his curtesie,
And will resist his forces what so ere.
Cast feare aside, my felfe will leade the way,
And make a passage with my conquering sword
Knee deepe in bloud of these accursed Moores,
And they that loue my honor follow me.

1160

1170

The battell of Alcazar

Were you as resolute as is your king,
Alcazar wals should fall before your face,
And all the force of this Barbarian Lord
Should be confounded, were it ten times more.

Auero. So well become these words a kingly mouth
That are of force to make a coward fight,
But when aduice and prudent fore-fight
Is ioyned with such magnanimitie,
1180 Troupes of victorie and kingly spoiles
Adorne his crowne, his kingdome, and his fame.

Herc. We haue descride vpon the mountaine tops
A hugie companie of inuading Moores,
And they my lord, as thicke as winters haile,
Will fall vpon our heads at vnawares,
Best then betimes t'auoide this gloomie storme,
It is in vaine to striue with such a streame.

Enter Muly Mahamet.

Muly Mab. Beholde thrice noble Lorde, vncalde I
1190 come,
To counfell where necessitie commands,
And honor of vndoubted victorie,
Makes me exclime vpon this daftard flight.
Why king Sebastian, wilt thou now fore-flow,
And let so great a glorie slip thy hands?
Saie you doo march vnto Tariffa now,
The forces of the foe are come so nigh,
That he will let the passage of the riuer,
So vnawares you will be forst to fight.
1200 But know O king, and you thrice valiant Lords,
Few blowes will ferue, I aske but onely this,
That with your power you march into the field,
For now is all the armie resolute,
To leaue the traitor helplesse in the fight,

And

in Barbarie.

And flie to me as to their rightfull prince,
Some horſe-men haue alreadie lead the waie,
And vow the like for their companions,
The hoſt is full of tumult and of feare.

Then as you come to plant me in my ſeate,
And to enlarge your fame in Affrica,

1210

Now, now or neuer brauely execute
Your reſolution ſound and honorable,
And end this warre together with his life,
That doth vſurpe the crowne with tyrannie.

Sebaſt. Captaines, you heare the reaſons of the king,
Which ſo effectually haue pearſt wine eares,
That I am fully reſolute to fight,
And who refuseth now to follow me,
Let him be euer counted cowardly.

Auero. Shame be his ſhare that flies when kings do
fight,

Auero laies his life before your feet.

Stukley For my parte Lordes, I cannot ſell my bloud
Deerer than in the companie of kings.

Exeunt.

Manet Muly Mahamet.

Muly Ma. Now haue I ſet theſe Portugals aworke,
To hew a waie for me vnto the crowne,
Or with your weapons here to dig your graues,
You daſtards of the night and Erybus,
Fiends, Fairies, hags that fight in beds of ſteele,
Range through this armie with your yron whips,
Driue forward to this deed this chriſtian crew,
And let me triumph in the tragedie,
Though it be ſeald and honourd with my bloud,
Both of the Portugall and barbarous Moore,
Ride Nemifs, ride in thy firie cart,

1230

And

The battell of Alcazar

And sprinkle gore amongst these men of warre,
That either partie eager of reuenge,
1240 May honor thee with sacrifice of death,
And hauing bath'd thy chariot wheeles in bloud,
Descend and take to thy tormenting hell,
The mangled bodie of that traitor king,
That scornes the power and force of Portugall.
Then let the earth discouer to his ghost,
Such tortures as vsurpers feele below,
Rackt let him be in proud Ixions wheele,
Pinde let him be with Tantalus endlesse thirst,
Praie let him be to Tifons greedie bird,
1250 Wearied with Sifiphus immortal toile,
And lastly for reuenge, for deepe reuenge,
Whereof thou goddesse and deuifer art,
Damnd let him be, damnd and condemnd to beare
All torments, tortures, plagues and paines of hell.

Exit.

Act V *Enter the Presenter before the last dumbe show,
and speaketh.*

Ill be to him that so much ill bethinkes,
And ill betide this foule ambitious Moore,
1260 Whose wily traines with smootheest course of speech,
Hath tide and tangled in a dangerous warre,
The fierce and manly king of Portugall.

Lightning and thunder.

Nowe throwe the heauens foorth their lightning
flames,

And thunder ouer Affrickes fatall fields,
Bloud will have bloud, foul murther scape no scourge.

*Enter Fame like an Angell, and hangs the
crownes vpon a tree.*

1270 At last descendeth fame as Iris,

To

in Barbarie.

To finish fainting Didoes dying lyfe,
Fame from her stately bowre doth descend,
And on the tree as fruit new ripe to fall,
Placeth the crownes of these vnhappie kings,
That earst she kept in eie of all the world.

Heere the blazing Starre.

Now fire starres and streaming comets blaze,
That threat the earth and princes of the same.

Fire workes.

Fire, fire about the axiltree of heauen, 1280
Whoorles round, and from the foot of Casyopa
In fatall houre consumes these fatall crownes,

One fals.

Downe fals the diademe of Portugall,

The other fals.

The crownes of Barbary and kingdomes fall,
Ay me, that kingdomes may not stable stand,
And now approaching neere the dismall day,
The bloudie daie wherein the battels ioyne,
Mondaie the fourth of August seuentie eight, 1290
The funne shines wholly on the parched earth,
The brightest planet in the highest heauen,
The heathens eager bent against their foe,
Giue onfet with great ordnance to the warre.
The christians with great noise of canon shot,
Send angrie onsets to the enemie.

Geue eare and heare how warre begins his song,
With dreadfull clamors, noise, and trumpets found.

Exit.

1299

Alarums within, let the chambers be discharged, then *Act V*
enter to the battell, and the Moores flie. *sc. i*

Skirmish still, then enter Abdilmelec in his chaire, Zareo and their traine.

Abdil. Saie on Zareo, tell me all the newes,
Tell me what furie rangeth in our campe,

F

That

The battell of Alcazar

That hath inforst our Moores to turne their backes.
Zareo saie, what chance did bode this ill,
What ill inforst this dastard cowardise?

Zareo. My Lord, such chance as wilfull warre affords
1310 Such chances and misfortunes as attend
On him, the God of battell and of armes,
My Lord, when with our ordenance fierce we sent
Our Moores with smaller shot as thicke as haile,
Followes apace to charge the Portugall,
The valiant Duke the deuill of Auero,
The bane of Barbary, fraughted full of ire
Breakes through the rankes, and with five hundred
horffe

All men at armes, forward and full of might,
1320 Assaults the middle wing, and puts to flight
Eight thousand Harquebush that seru'd on foot,
And twentie thousand Moores with speare & sheild:
And therewithall the honour of the day.

Abdel. Ah Abdelmelec doost thou liue to heare
This bitter proceffe of this first attempt?
Labour my Lords to renue our force,
Of fainting Moores, and fight it to the last.
My horffe Zareo, O the goale is lost,
The goale is lost, thou King of Portugall
1330 Thrice happy chance it is for thee and thine
That heuens abates my strength and calles me hence.
My fight doth faile, my soule, my feeble soule
Shall be releaste from prison on this earth:
Farwell vaine world for I haue playd my parte.

He dyeth.

A long Skirmidge, and then enter his bro-
ther Muly Mahomet Seth.

Muly. Braue Abdelmelec, thou thrife noble Lord,
Not such a wound was giuen to Barbary,

Had

in Barbarie.

Had twenty hoasts of men beene put to swoord 1340
As death, pale death with fatall shaft hath giuen.
Loe dead is he, my brother and my King
Whome I might haue reuiu'd with newes I bring.

Zareo. His honours and his types he hath refignde
Vnto the world, and of a manly man
Loe, in a twinckling a fenceleffe stocke we see.

Muly. You trustie foldiers of this warlike King,
Be counfailde now by vs in this aduife,
Let not his death be bruted in the campe,
Least with the fodaine sorrowe of the newes, 1350
The armye wholly be discomfited.

My Lord Zareo thus I comferte you,
Our Moores haue brauely borne themselues in fight
Likely to get the honour of the day
If ought may gotten be where losse is such.
Therefore in this apparell as he dyed
My noble brother will we heere aduance
And fet him in his chayre with cunning props,
That our Barbarians may beholde their King
And thinke he doth repose him in his Tent. 1360

Zareo. Right pollitique and good is your aduice,
Goe then to see it speedily performd.
Braue Lord, if Barbary recouer this,
Thy soule with ioy will fit and see the fight.

Exeunt.

Alarmes. Enter to the battaile, and the christians flye. The Duke of A-
uero slaine.

Enter Sebastian and Stukeley.

Sebast. Seest thou not Stukley, O Stukley seest 1370
thou not
The great dishonour doone to Christendome?

The battell of Alcazar

Our cheerfull onfet croft in fpringing hope,
The braue and mightie prince, Duke of Auero
Slaine in my fight, now ioy betide his ghoft,
For like a lyon did he beare himfelfe.

Our battels are all now difordered,
And by our horfes ftrange retiring backe,
Our middle wing of foot-men ouer-rod.

1380 Stukley, alas I fee my ouer-fight,
Falfe hearted Mahamet, now to my coft,
I fee thy trecherie, warnd to beware
A face fo full of fraud and villanie.

Alarums within, and they runne out, and two fet vp-
pon Stukley, and he driueth them in.

Then enter the Moore and his boy flying.

Moore. Villaine, a horfe.

Boy. Oh my Lord, if you returne you die.

Moore. Villaine I faie, giue me a horfe to flie,

1390 To swimme the riuier villaine, and to flie.

Exit boy.

Where fhall I finde fome vnfrequented place,
Some vncouth walke where I may curfe my fill,
My ftarres, my dam, my planets and my nurfe,
The fire, the aire, the water, and the earth,
All caufes that haue thus confpirde in one,
To nourifh and preferue me to this fhame,
Thou that wert at my birth predominate,
Thou fatall ftarre, what planet ere thou be,

1400 Spit out thy poison bad, and all the ill
That fortune, fate or heauen may bode a man.
Thou Nurfe infortunate, guiltie of all:
Thou mother of my life that broughtft me forth,
Curft maift thou be for fuch a curfed fonne,
Curft be thy fonne with euerie curfe thou haft,
Ye Elements of whome confifts this clay,

This

in Barbarie.

This masse of flesh, this curfed crazed corpes,
Destroy, diffolue, difturbe, and difipate,
What water, earth, and aire conieald.

Alarums and enter the boy.

1410

Boy. Oh my Lorde, thefe rultleffe Moores purfue
you at the heeles,

And come amaine to put you to the fword.

Moore. A horfe, a horfe, villaine a horfe,
That I may take the riuer ftraight and flie,

Boy. Here is a horfe my Lord,
As fwiftly pac'd as Pegafus,
Mount thee thereon, and faue thy felfe by flight.

Moore. Mount me I will,
But may I neuer paffe the riuer till I be
Reuengde vpon thy foule accurfed Abdilmelec,
If not on earth, yet when we meete in hell,
Before grim Minos, Rodamant, and Eocus,
The cumbat will I craue vpon thy ghoft,
And drag thee thorough the lothfome pooles,
Of Lethes, Stikes, and frie Phlegiton.

1420

Exit.

Alarums.

Enter Stukley with two Italians.

Herc. Stand traitor, stand ambitious English-man, 1430
Proud Stukley stand, and firre not ere thou die,
Thy forwardnes to follow wrongfull armes,
And leaue our famous expedition earft,
Intended by his holynes for Ireland,
Fouly hath here betraide, and tide vs all
To ruthleffe furie of our heathen foe,
For which as we are fure to die,
Thou fhalt paie fatisfaction with thy bloud.

F3

Stuk.

The battell of Alcazar

Stuk. Auant bafe villaines, twit ye me with flame
1440 Or infamie of this iniurious warre?

When he that is the iudge of right and wrong
Determines battaile as him pleafeth beft.
But fith my ftarres bode me this tragicke end
That I muft perrifh by thefe barbarous Moores,
Whofe weapons haue made paffage for my foule
That breakes from out the prifon of my brest,
Ye proud malicious dogges of Italy
Strike on, ftrike downe this body to the earth
Whofe mounting minde ftoopes to no feeble ftroke.

1450 Stab him.

Ionas. Why fuffer we this English man to liue?
Villaine bleed on, thy blood in chanel run
And meet with thofe whome thou to death haft doon

Exeunt.

Stuk. Thus Stukley flaine with many a deadly ftab,
Dyes in thefe defart feilds of Affrica.
Harke freindes, and with the ftory of my life
Let me beguile the torment of my death.

In Englands London Lordings was I borne,
1460 On that braue Bridge, the barre that thwarts the
Thames.

My golden dayes, my yonger carelefse yeeres,
Were when I toucht the height of Fortunes wheele,
And liu'd in affluence of wealth and eafe.
Thus in my Countrie carried long aloft,
A difcontented humor draue me thence
To crosse the Seas to Ireland, then to Spaine,
There had I welcome and right royall pay
Of Phillip, whome fome call the Catholique King,
1470 There did Tom Stukley glitter all in golde,
Mounted vpon his Iennet white as fnowe,
Shining as Phœbus in King Phillips Court,
There like a Lord, famous Don Stukley liu'd,

For

in Barbarie.

For so they calde me in the Court of Spaine
Till for a blowe I gaue a Bishops man,
A strife gan rise betweene his Lord and me,
For which, we both were banisht by the King.
From thence, to Rome rides Stukley all a flaunt,
Receiud with royall welcomes of the Pope.
There was I grac'd by Gregorye the great, 1480
That then created me Marquis of Ireland.
Short be my tale, because my life is short,
The coast of Italy and Rome I left.
Then was I made Leiftennant Generall
Of those small Forces that for Ireland went,
And with my companies embarkt at Auftria
My Sayles I spred, and with these men of warre
In fatall houre at Lishborne we ariu'd.
From thence to this, to this hard exigent
Was Stukley driuen to fight or els to dye, 1490
Dar'd to the field, that neuer could endure
To heare God Mars his drum, but he must march.
Ah sweet Sebastian, hadst thou beene well aduisde
Thou mightst haue manag'd armes sucsefffully.
But from our Cradles we were marked all
And destinate to dye in Affric heere.
Stukley, the story of thy life is tolde,
Here breath thy last and bid thy freindes farwell.
And if thy Countries kindnes be so much,
Then let thy Countrie kindly ring thy knell. 1500
Now goe, and in that bed of honour dye
Where braue Sebastians breathles Course doth lye.
Heere endeth Fortune, rule, and bitter rage:
Heere ends Tom Stukleys pilgrimage. He dyeth

Enter Muly Mahomet Seth and his traine,
with Drums and Trumpets.

Muly. Retreat is founded through our Camp, & now
From

The battell of Alcazar

From battells furie cease our conquering Moores,
Paie thanks to heauen with sacrificing fire,
1510 Alcazar and ye townes of Barbarie.
Now hast thou sit as in a trance and seene,
To thy soules ioy and honor of thy house,
The trophes and the triumphs of thy men,
Great Abdilmelec and the God of kings,
Hath made thy warre succesfull by thy right,
His friends whom death and fates hath tane from thee,
Lo this was he that was the peoples pride,
And cheerfull Sun-shine to his subiects all,
Now haue him hence, that roially he may
1520 Be buried and imbalmd, as is meete.
Zareo, haue you thorough the campe proclaind
As earst we gaue in charge?

Zareo. We haue my Lorde, and rich rewardes pro-
posde

For them that finde the bodie of the king,
For by those gard that had him in their charge,
We vnderstand that he was done to death,
And for his searce two prisioners Portugals
Are set at large to finde their roiall king.

1530 *Muly Mab.* But of the traitrous Moore you heare
no newes.

That fled the field and fought to swim the foord?

Zareo. Not yet my Lord, but doubtlesse God wil tell
And with his finger point out where he hants.

Muly Mab. So let it rest, and on this earth bestow
This princely coarfe, till further for his funerals
We prouide.

Zareo. From him to thee as true succeeding prince,
With all allegeance, and with honors tipes,
1540 In name of all thy people and thy land,
We giue this kingly crowne and diademe.
Muly. We thanke you all, and as my lawfull right,
With

in Barbarie.

With Gods defence and yours shall I keepe.

Enter two Portugals with the bodie of the king.

Port. As gaue your grace in charge, right roiall prince,
The fields and fandie plaines we haue furuaide,
And euen among the thickest of his Lords,
The noble king of Portugall we found
Wrapt in his coulours coldly on the earth,
And done to death with many a mortall wound. 1550

Mab. Lo here my Lords, this is the earth and claie,
Of him that earst was mightie king of Portugall,
There let him lie, and you for this be free,
To make returne from hence to christendome.

Enter two bringing in the Moore.

One: Long liue the mightie king of Barbary.

Mab. Welcome my friend, what bodie hast thou
there?

One. The bodie of the ambitious enemie,
That squandred all this bloud in Affrica, 1560
Whose mallice sent so many foules to hell,
The traitor Muly Mahamet doo I bring,
And for thy slaue I throw him at thy feet.

Mab. Zareo, giue this man a rich reward,
And thanked be the God of iust reuenge,
That he hath giuen our foe into our hands,
Beastly, vnarmed, slauish, full of shame,
But saie, how came this traitor to his end?

One, Seeking to saue his life by shamefull flight,
He mounteth on a hot Barbarian horse, 1570
And so in purpose to haue past the streame,
His headstrong stead throwes him from out his seate,
Where diuing oft for lacke of skill to swim,

G

It

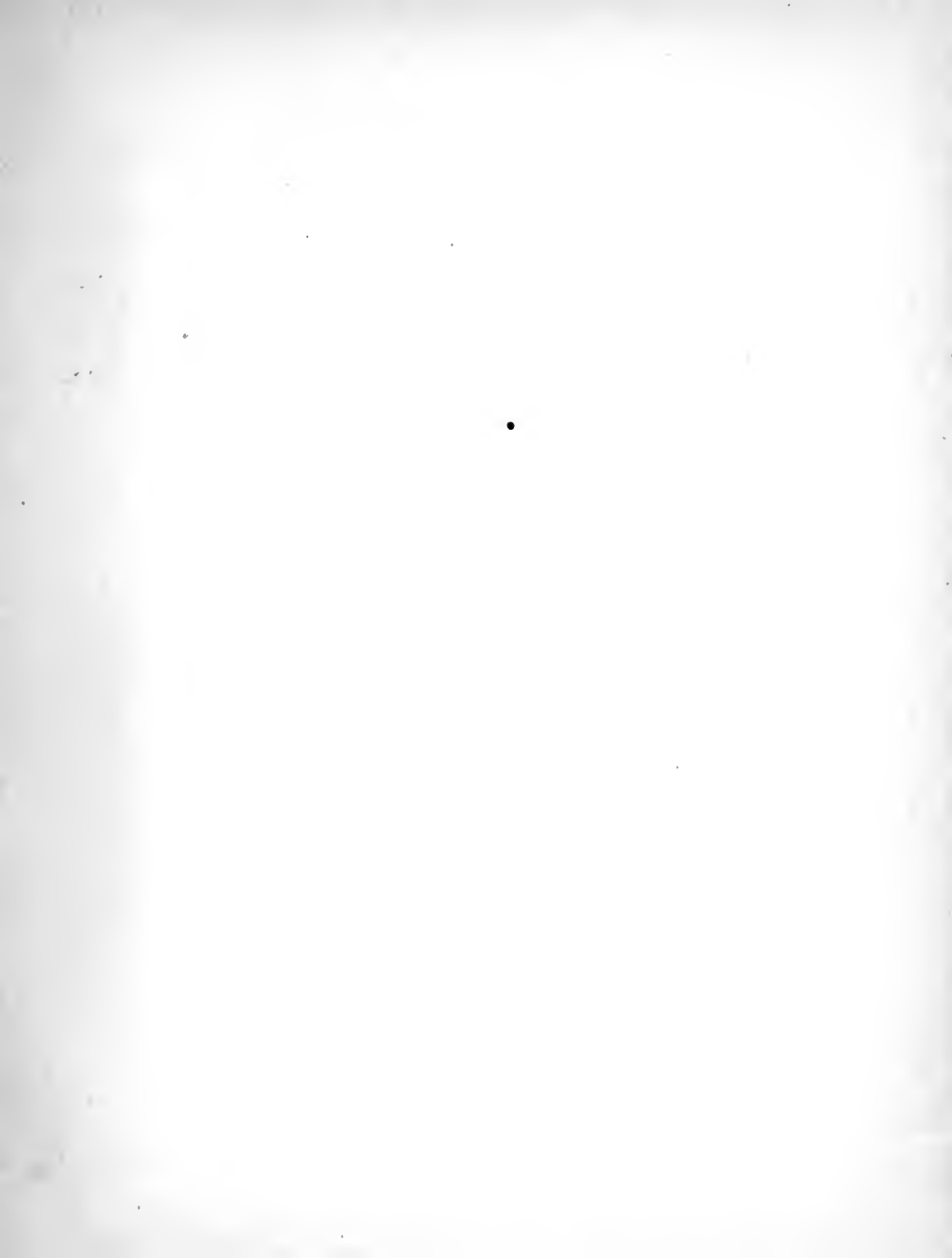
The battell of Alcazar

It was my chance alone to see him drownd,
Whom by the heeles I dragd from out the poole,
And hether haue him brought thus filde with mud.

Mab. A death too good for such a damned wretch,
But sith our rage and rigor of reuenge,
By violence of his end preuented is,
1580 That all the world may learne by him to auoide,
To hall on princes to iniurious warre,
His skin we will be parted from his flesh,
And being stifned out and stuft with strawe,
So to deterre and feare the lookers on,
From anie such foule fact or bad attempt,
Awaie with him.

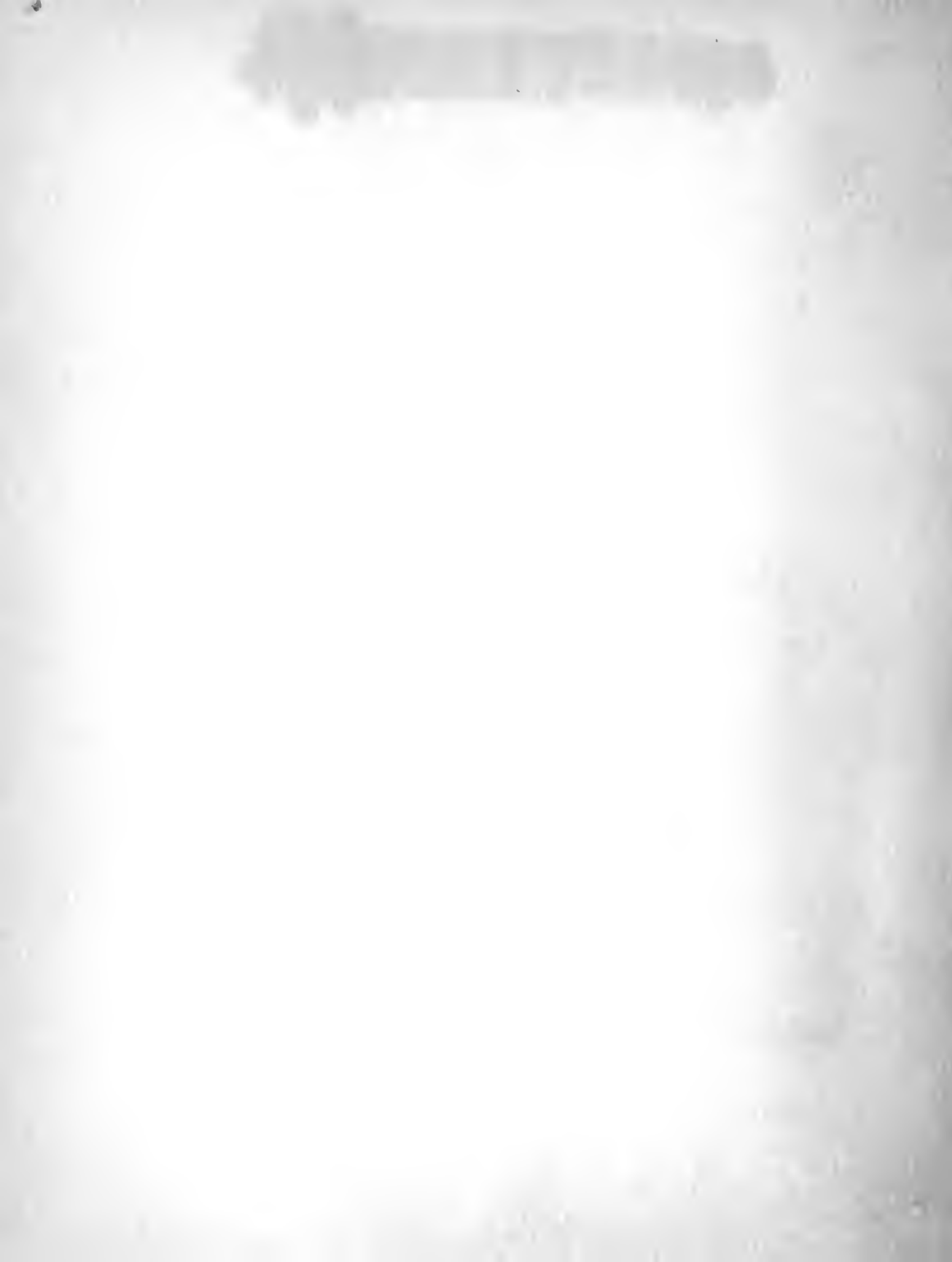
And now my Lords, for this christian king,
My Lord Zareo, let it be your charge,
To see the souldiers tread a solempne march,
1590 Trailing their pikes and Ensignes on the ground,
So to performe the princes funeralls.

Here endeth the tragicall battell of Alcazar.









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