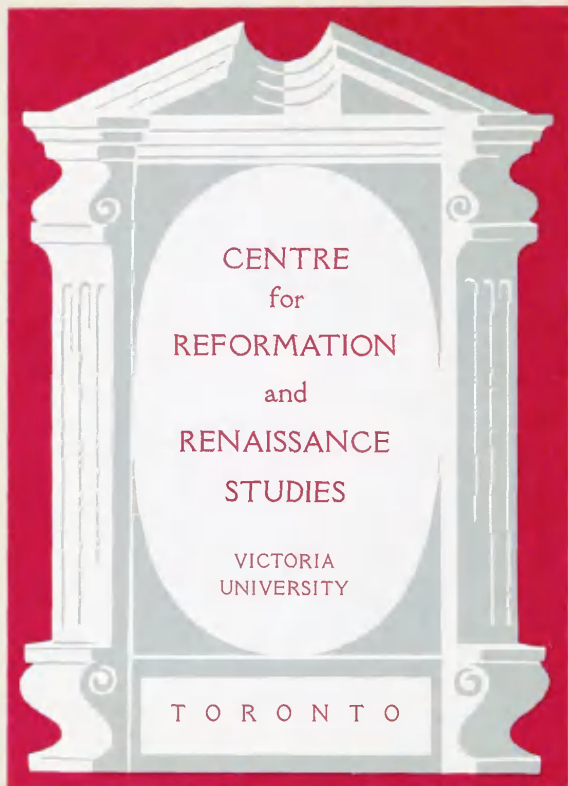


PR
2411
S4
1909

77



49 50

PRINTED FOR THE MALONE SOCIETY BY
CHARLES WHITTINGHAM & CO
AT THE CHURCH
PRESS

PRINTED FOR THE MALONE SOCIETY BY
CHARLES WHITTINGHAM & CO.
AT THE CHISWICK
PRESS

THE TRAGICAL REIGN
OF SELIMUS

1594

THE MALONE SOCIETY
REPRINTS

1908

PR
2411
S4
1909

REF. & REN.

This reprint of the *Tragical Reign of Selimus* has been prepared by W. Bang and checked by the General Editor.

Feb. 1909.

W. W. Greg.

70405
1-5-46

No entry of *Selimus* has been found on the Stationers' Registers.

The play was printed in quarto by Thomas Creede with the date 1594, and this is the only edition known. It is described on the title-page as 'The First part of the Tragicall raigne of Selimus,' and the epilogue promises a continuation, but there is no evidence that any such second part was ever written. In 1638 the unsold stock was issued by John Croke and Richard Serger, with a new title-page as 'The Tragedy of Selimus Emperour of the Turkes. Written [by] T. G.' These initials are supposed to refer to Thomas Goffe, whose Turkish tragedies were then fairly recent. The prologue, which occupied the verso of the cancelled title-page, was not reprinted.

Of the original issue there are copies at the British Museum (C. 34. b. 43), and the Bodleian, two in the Dyce collection (one imperfect), and one in that of the Duke of Devonshire. Of these the first two have been collated throughout in preparing the present reprint, while all irregularities have been checked with the two Dyce copies. Of the later issue copies are found at the British Museum (643. c. 45) and the Bodleian. The former has been collated. The first and last leaves, presumably blank, are wanting in all copies seen. No variants have been observed. The text of the quarto is printed in an ordinary roman type of a body closely resembling modern Pica (20 ll. = 83 mm.), the prologue in the corresponding italic, and the epilogue or 'Conclusion' in a larger roman type of a body between modern English and Great Primer (20 ll. = 111 mm.).

With regard to authorship it may be said that there is exactly the same evidence for ascribing *Selimus* to Greene, as for ascribing the *Battle of Alcazar* to Peele. Six passages, namely, taken from *Selimus* are quoted

above Greene's name in *England's Parnassus* (1600, s.v. Delay, Fear, Hate, Kings, Phoenix; see Collins' *Greene*, ii. 398-406). These passages correspond to the following lines of the quarto: 499-505, 1388-9, 1395, 35-6, 849-53, and 454-5, the only variations beyond points of orthography being 'Echinæus' for 'Echinæis' in l. 455, 'the' for 'his' in l. 500, 'them' for 'him' in l. 502, the correction of 'Danicles' in l. 851. This is valuable evidence, but it cannot unfortunately be regarded as conclusive even of the compiler's opinion as to the authorship, for we elsewhere find Greene's name appended to three quotations from Spenser, while the description of Samela from Greene's *Menaphon* is assigned to Lodge.

The author of *Selimus*, whoever he may have been, seems to have drawn his material from the Turkish Chronicles of Paulus Jovius, but whether from the original or from a translation is at present uncertain.

LIST OF IRREGULAR AND DOUBTFUL READINGS.

41. runne.	317. them (then)	588. fword (fword.)
42. spright? (spright.)	335. religions (religious)	596. Hnd
59. poore,	344. loue. (like.?)	597. said thou
84, 89, 100, 163.	351. where.	609. aud
<i>Selmi</i>	360. as the rest.	633. Ægyptian
117. Enters	432. greeue:	651. sonnes (sonne?)
139. gainst Perfians	434. leane on (leauē)	652. Bassaies (Bassaes)
140. creakt.	496. sleept (steept)	666. nere (here?)
143. <i>Mustafsa</i>	509. runnages, (runnagates,)	677. pratroneffe
147. <i>Neroes (Meroes)</i>	510. ftates,	691. witth
152. haruingers	511. <i>Cherfeo. Go</i> (Cherfeoli, go not indented)	723. <i>Acomat Visir,</i> (<i>Acomat, Visir,</i>)
171. matry (marry)		732. low (now?)
180. (indented)		735. fuquidrie (furquidrie?)
242. case.		
265. him. (it.)		

737. *Cytheree*.
 773. (*indented*)
 784. obedience
 (difobedience?)
 785. best:
 789. *Baizets*
 792. By (But)
 808. will (wile)
 810. stedfast (*i.e.*
 stedfast'st)
 813. he (he'll?)
 825. fare (fear)
 834. Ar (Or)
 851. *Daniacles*
 869. vnreasonables
 941. peere, (peeres,)
 964. *Regian*.
 968. messenger.
 1009. Shall (To?)
 1070. Lord (Lords)
 1101. refistance
 1137. to (vnto?)
 1165. parley (parley.)
 1181. wy
 1186. thy (his?)
 1189. mote (more)
 1193. *Mahomet*
 (*Acomat*)
 1216. curfe:
 1230. *Ron.* (*Zon.*)
 1257. bodie (bodies)
 1263. tomlack (*i.e.*
 tomb-black)
 1274. fay: (fays:?)
 1296. torne.
 1297. difobedience.
 1298. feed.
 1306. compande,
 1316. men.
 1319. *Erymnies*
 1324. endue (endure)
 1325. thy sifter (his
 sifter)
 1346. fouldieis

1365. honours
 (earers?)
 1381. bewitcyes
 1420. *Anthropomphagi*,
 1427. vnpuifhed,
 1432. Fmperour
 1450. ruine (raine)
 fhew'r (*i.e.* fhower)
 1466. *Acomot*
 1469. keeling
 1480. Puld (Pull?)
 1493. fo cut (fo to cut)
 1531. (*indented*)
 1634. Then (When?)
 1635. that (the?)
 1697. *Auicemaes*
 1754. incage (inacage?)
 1756. am. (am now.?)
 1771. rages (raging?)
 1773. flafhing
 (flafhing?)
 1776. leaud...ftirreth
 (*i.e.* lewd...steereth)
 1780. vales (rules?)
 1787. chrillant
 (thrillant?)
 fteele (fteele.)
 1790. tell (tells)
 1809. hall.
 1810. fleepe, (fteepe,)
 1829. For
 1876. dies (dies.)
 1915. And (To?)
 1922. companie
 (companies?)
 1958. *Bull.* (*speech*
should run on)
 1996. *Mustaffa*
 (*Baiazet*)
 2002. mortarie. (*i.e.*
 mortuary.)
 2018. earth
 2061. *Ampharous*
 (*Amphiarous*)

2070. it is muft
 2073-4. (*a blank*)
 2077. to (from?)
 2099. Diademe.
 2137. *Coreut*
 2141. please (peafe?)
 2147. Butis (Itisbut?)
 2186. foule (foules)
 2231. hane
 2248, 2253, 2268, 2402.
Alinda (*Aladin*)
 2254. them, (him,?)
 2272. leffon
 2291. Ianizars
 (Ianizaries?)
 2315. coul'ft
 2318. after liue (liue
 after or after-liue?)
 2335. die.
 2358. Ianizaries.
 2367. *Solima?*
 (*Solima,*)
 2369. maffacres;
 2370. blood.
 2386. refiiftance
 2387. *Seli,*
 2396. though brau'd
 (though you brau'd)
 2397. *Amanonian*
 (*Amazonian*)
 2413. ftir (*i.e.* steer)
 2421. buganets,
 (burganets,?)
 2424. Heape (Heapt?)
 2430. Ianizaties,
 2431. *Viffr,* (*Viffr,*)
 2439. *Scythia*
 (*Scythian?*)
 2463. *Exit* (Enter)
 2467. *Selimus.*
 2469. their fwods.
 (his fword.?)
 2485. Perfians.
 2487. balles, (bulles,)

2488. pawes.	2501-2. (<i>lacuna?</i>)	2542. trees.
2489. adamantiue	2519. ouerpaft.	2553. greatly (gently)
2494. Ianizaries.	2521. -garden(-guarded	2560. trinmphant
2492. <i>Hebras</i>	or possibly -garden?)	2562. their (his)
(<i>Hebrus</i>)	2538. <i>Baiazet.</i>	

The conjectural readings in ll. 666, 1365, 1786, are from Grosart's editions. The text contains a rather unusually large number of roman capitals to italic words. The printer seems also to have been short of italic z. In two cases (ll. 2128, 2277) we actually find the form '*Baiazet.*' The signature C 3 is misprinted A 3.

LIST OF CHARACTERS,

in order of entrance.

BAJAZET, Emperor of the Turks.	The Belierbey of Natolia.
MUSTAFFA, his son-in-law.	ZONARA, sister to Mahomet.
CHERSEOLI, follower of Bajazet.	AGA, follower of Bajazet.
two Messengers from Selimus.	ABRAHAM, a Jew.
SELIMUS, son to Bajazet, Soldan of	BULLITHRUMBLE, a shepherd.
Trebizond.	CORCUT, son to Bajazet, Soldan of
SINAM BASSA } followers of	Magnesia.
OTTRANTE } Selimus.	his Page.
OCCHIALI }	SOLIMA, daughter to Bajazet and
ACOMAT, son to Bajazet, Soldan of	wife to Mustaffa.
Amasia.	ALADIN
his Vizir.	AMURATH, or } sons to Acomat.
REGAN, follower of Acomat.	MURATH }
CALI BASSA } courtiers of Bajazet.	a Messenger from Mustaffa.
HALI BASSA }	TONOMBAY, son to the Soldan of
a Messenger from Corcut.	Egypt, ally of Acomat.
MAHOMET, grandson of Bajazet,	The Queen of Amasia, wife to
Prince of Natolia.	Acomat.

Janissaries, soldiers, messenger.

The spelling of several names varies. Selimus is often called Selim (sometimes misprinted Selmi), Tonombey appears as Tonombeius, and Aladin's name is persistently misprinted Alinda. The form Murath appears for Amurath in l. 2234. Similarly we have Natalia in ll. 1516, 2495, and Natolia elsewhere; Churlu in l. 2280, and Chiurlu in ll. 2163-5. Bassa is, of course, a form of Bashaw, the modern Pasha.

THE First part of the Tra-

gicall raigne of Selimus, sometime Empe-
rour of the Turkes, and grandfather to him
that now raigneth.

Wherein is showne how hee most vnnaturally
raised warres against his owne father *Baias*, and pre-
uailing therein, in the end caused him to
be poysoned:

Also with the murdering of his two brethren,
Corent, and *Acomar*.

As it was playd by the Queenes Maiesties
Players.



LONDON
Printed by Thomas Creede, dwelling in Thames
streete at the signe of the Kathren wheele,
neare the olde Swanne.

1594.



THE FIRST PART OF THE
most tyrannicall Tragedie and raigne of Selimus,
Emperour of the Turkes, and grandfather to him
that now raigenth.

*Enter Baiazet Emperour of Turkie, Mustaffa, Chericoely,
and the Iannisaries.*

Biazet.

Leaue me my Lords vntill I call you foorth,
For I am heauie and disconsolate.

Exeunt all but Biazet.

So Biazet, now thou remainst alone,
Vnrip the thoughts that harbour in thy brest,
And eate thee vp, for arbiter heres none,
That may discric the cause of thy virest,
Vnlesse these walles thy secret thoughts declare,
And Princes walles they say, vnfaithfull are.
Why thats the profit of great regiment,
That all of vs are subiect vnto feares,
And this vaine shew and glorious intent,
Prinie suspition on each scruple reares,
I, though on all the world we make extent,
From the South-pole vnto the Northren beares,
And stretch our raig from East to Western shore,
Yet doubt and care are with vs euermore.
Looke how the earth clad in her sommers pride,
Embroydereth her mantle gorgioufly,
With fragrant hearbes, and flowers gaily dide,

A 3

Spreading

of Selimus, Emperour of the Turkes.

Conclusion.

Thus haue we brought victorious Selimus,
Vnto the Crowne of great Arabia :
Next shall you see him with trinnphant sword,
Diuiding kingdomes into equall shares,
And giue them to their warlike followers.
If this first part Gentles, do like you well,
The second part, shall greater murthers tell.

F I N I S.





THE
TRAGEDY
OF
SELIMVS
Emperour of the *Turkes*.

~~Written T. G.~~

LONDON:
Printed for *John Crooke* and *Richard Serger*
and are to be sold at their shop
in *Pauls Church-yard* at
the signe of the Grey-
Hound. 1638.

FACSIMILES BY HORACE HART, M.A., AT THE OXFORD UNIVERSITY PRESS

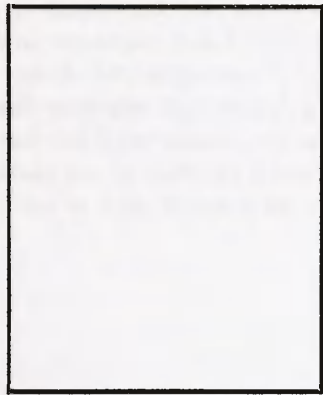
THE First part of the Tra=

gicall raigne of Selimus, fometime Empe-
rour of the Turkes, and grandfather to him
that now raigneth.

Wherein is showane how hee most vnnaturally
raifed warres against his owne father *Baiazet*, and pre-
uailing therein, in the end caused him to
be poyfoned:

Also with the murthering of his two brethren,
Corcut, and *Acomat*.

As it was playd by the Queenes Maiesties
Players.



LONDON

Printed by Thomas Creede, dwelling in Thames
strecte at the signe of the Kathren wheele,
neare the olde Swanne.

1594.

Prologue.

*No fained toy nor forged Tragedie,
Gentles we here present vnto your view,
But a most lamentable historie
Which this last age acknowledgeth for true.
Here shall you see the wicked sonne pursue
His wretched father with remorselesse spight:
And danted once, his force againe renue,
Poyson his father, kill his friends in fight.
10 You shall behold him character in bloud,
The image of an vnplacable King:
And like a sea or high refurging floud,
All obstant lets, downe with his fury fling.
Which if with patience of you shalbe heard,
VVe haue the greatest part of our reward.*

Exit.

[]

THE FIRST PART OF THE
most tyrannicall Tragedie and raigne of Selimus,
Emperour of the Turkes, and grandfather to him
that now raigneth.

*Enter Baiazet Emperour of Turkie, Mustaffa, Cherseoly,
and the Iannifaries.* Sc. i

Baiazet.

L Eaue me my Lords vntill I call you foorth,
For I am heauie and disconfolate.

Exeunt all but Baiazet.

So *Baiazet*, now thou remainst alone,
Vnrip the thoughts that harbour in thy brest,
And eate thee vp, for arbiter heres none,
That may discricie the cause of thy vnrest, 10
Vnlesse these walles thy secreet thoughts declare,
And Princes walles they say, vnfaithfull are.
Why thats the profit of great regiment,
That all of vs are subiect vnto feares,
And this vaine shew and glorious intent,
Priuie suspition on each scruple reares,
I, though on all the world we make extent,
From the South-pole vnto the Northren beares,
And stretch our raign from East to Western shore,
Yet doubt and care are with vs euermore. 20
Looke how the earth clad in her sommers pride,
Embroydereth her mantle gorgiously,
With fragrant hearbes, and flowers gaily dide,

The first part of the Tragicall raigne

Spreading abroad her spangled Tapistrie:
Yet vnder all a loathsome Inake doth hide.
Such is our life, vnder Crownes, cares do lie,
And feare the scepter still attends vpon,
Oh who can take delight in kingly throne?
Publike disorders ioynd with priuate carke,
30 Care of our friends, and of our children deare,
Do tosse our liues, as waues a silly barke.
Though we be fearelesse, tis not without feare,
For hidden mischiefe lurketh in the darke:
And stormes may fall, be the day nere so cleare.
He knowes not what it is to be a King,
That thinks a scepter is a pleasant thing.
Twice fifteene times hath faire *Latonaes* sonne
Walked about the world with his great light:
Since I began, would I had nere begunne
40 To sway this scepter. Many a carefull night
When *Cynthia* in hast to bed did runne.
Haue I with watching vext my aged spright?
Since when what dangers I haue ouerpast,
Would make a heart of adamant agast.
The Persian *Sopbi* mightie *Ismaell*,
Tooke the *Leuante* cleane away from mee,
And *Caraguis Bassa* sent his force to quell,
Was kild himselfe the while his men did flee.
Poore *Hali Bassa* hauing once sped well,
50 And gaine of him a bloodie victorie,
Was at the last slaine fighting in the field,
Charactering honor in his batt' red shield.
Ramirchan the Tartarian Emperour,
Gathering to him a number numberlesse,
Of bigbond Tartars in a haplesse houre
Encountred me, and there my chiefest bleffe
Good *Alemshae* (ah this remembrance foure)
Was slaine the more t'augment my sad distresse,
In leeing *Alemshae* poore, I lost more

Then

of Selimus, Emperour of the Turkes.

Then euer I had gained theretofore. 60
Well may thy foule rest in her latest graue,
Sweete *Alemshae* the comfort of my dayes,
That thou might'ft liue, how often did I craue?
How often did I bootlesse praiers raise
To that high power that life first to thee gaue?
Trustie waite thou to me at all affaies,
And deereft child thy father oft hath cride,
That thou hadst liu'd, so he himselfe had dide.
The Christian Armies, oftentimes defeated
By my victorious fathers valiance, 70
Haue all my Captaines famously confronted,
And crackt in two our vncontrolled lance.
My strongest garrisons they haue supplanted,
And ouerwhelmed me in sad mischance:
And my decrease so long wrought their increase,
Till I was forc'd conclude a friendly peace.
Now all these are but forraine dammages,
Taken in warre whose die vncertaine is,
But I shall haue more home-borne outrages,
Vnlesse my diuination aimes amisse: 80
I haue three sonnes all of vnequall ages,
And all in diuerse studies set their blisse.
Corcut my eldest a Philosopher,
Acomat pompous, *Selmi* a Warriour.
Corcut in faire *Magnesfa* leades his life,
In learning Arts, and *Mabounds* dreaded lawes:
Acomat loues to court it with his wife,
And in a pleasant quiet ioyes to pause:
But *Selmi* followes warres in dismall strife,
And snatcheth at my Crowne with greedy clawes: 90
But he shall misse of that he aimeth at,
For I referue it for my *Acomat*.
For *Acomat*? Alasse it cannot be,
Stearne *Selimus* hath wonne my peoples hart,
The Ianissaries loue him more then me:

And

The first part of the Tragicall raigne

And for his cause will suffer any smart.
They see he is a friend to chiuallrie,
And sooner will they from my faith depart,
And by strong hand *Baiazet* pull thee downe,
100 Then let their *Selmi* hop without the Crowne.
Ah, if the souldiers ouerrule thy state,
And nothing must be done without their will,
If euery base and vpstart runnagate
Shall crosse a Prince and ouerthwart him still.
If *Corcut*, *Selimus*, and *Acomat*,
With crowns and kingdoms shal their hungers fill?
Poore *Baiazet* what then remaines to thee?
But the bare title of thy dignitie.
I, and vnlesse thou do dissemble all,
110 And winke at *Selimus* aspiring thought:
The *Bassaes* cruelly shall worke thy fall,
And then thy Empire is but deerly bought.
Ah that our sonnes thus to ambition thrall,
Should set the law of Nature all at nought.
But what must be, cannot chuse but be done,
Come *Bassaes* enter, *Baiazet* hath done.

Enters againe.

Cherseoli. Dread Emperour, long may you happie liue,
Lou'd of your subiects, and feard of your foes:
120 We wonder much what doth your highnesse grieue,
That you will not vnto your Lords disclofe.
Perhaps you feare least we your loyall Peeres,
Would prooue disloyall to your Maiestie,
And be rebellious in your dying yeeres.
But mightie Prince the heauens can testifie,
How dearly we esteeme your safetie.
Mustaf. Perhaps you thinke *Mustaffa* wil reuolt
And leaue your grace, and cleaue to *Selimus*,
But sooner shall th'almighties thunderbolt
130 Strike me downe to the caue tenebrious
The lowest land, and damned spirits holt

Then

of Selimus, Emperour of the Turkes.

Then true *Mustaffa* prooue so treacherous:
Your Maiestie then needs not much to feare,
Since you are lou'd of subiect, Prince, and Peere.
First shall the Sunne rise from the occident,
And loose his steeds benighted in the East,
First shall the sea become the continent,
Ere we forsake our soueraignes behest:
We fought not for you gainst Persians Tent,
Breaking our Launces on his sturdie creast. 140
We fought not for you gainst the Christian hoast,
To become traytors after all our cost.

Baia. Heare me *Mustaffa* and *Cherseoli*,
I am a father of a headstrong brood,
Which if I looke not closely to my selfe,
Will seeke to ruinate their fathers state,
Euen as the vipers in great *Neroes* fenne,
Eate vp the belly that first nourish'd them.
You see the haruest of my life is past,
And aged winter hath besprent my head, 150
With a hoare frost of siluer coloured haire,
The haruingers of honourable eld,
These branchlike vaines which once did guide my armes
To tesse the speare in battellous array,
Now withered vp, haue lost their former strength:
My sonnes whom now ambition ginnes to pricke,
May take occasion of my weakned age,
And rise in rebell armes against my state.
But staie, here comes a Messenger to vs.

Sound within. Enters a Messenger. 160
Messen. Health and good hap to *Baiazet*,
The great commander of all *Asia*,
Selmi the Soldane of great *Trebisond*,
Sends me vnto your grace, to signifie
His alliance with the King of *Tartary*.

Baia. Said I not Lords as much to you before,
That mine own sonnes would seek my ouerthrow?

B

And

The first part of the Tragicall raigne

- And see here comes a lucklesse messenger,
To prooue that true, which my mind did foretell.
- 170 Does *Selim* make so small account of vs,
That he dare matry without our consent,
And to that diuell too of *Tartarie*?
And could he then vnkind, so soone forget
The iniuries that *Ramir* did to me,
Thus to confort himselfe with him gainst me?
Cherfe. Your maiestie misconfers *Selimus*,
It cannot be that he in whose high thoughts
A map of many valures is enshrin'd,
Should seeke his fathers ruine and decay.
- 180 *Selimus* is a Prince of forward hope,
Whose onely name affrights your enemies,
It cannot be he should prooue false to you.
Baia. Can it not be? Oh yes *Cherseoli*,
For *Selimus* hands do itch to haue the Crowne,
And he wil haue it, or else pull me downe.
Is he a Prince? ah no he is a sea,
Into which runne nought but ambitious reaches,
Seditious complots, murther, fraud, and hate.
Could he not let his father know his mind,
- 190 But match himselfe when I least thought on it?
Must. Perhaps my Lord *Selimus* lou'd the dame,
And feard to certifie you of his loue,
Because her father was youremie.
Baia. In loue *Mustaffa*, *Selimus* in loue?
If he be, Lording, tis not Ladies loue,
But loue of rule, and kingly foueraigntie.
For wherefore should he feare t'aske my consent?
Trustie *Mustaffa*, if he had feard me,
He neuer would haue lou'd mineemie.
- 200 But this his marriage with the Tartars daughter,
Is but the prologue to his crueltie,
And quickly shall we haue the Tragedie.
Which though he act with meditated brauerie,

of Selimus, Emperour of the Turkes.

The world will neuer giue him plauditie.
What yet more newes?

Sound within. Enters another Messenger.

Mess. Dread Emperour, *Selimus* is at hand,
Two hundred thousand strong Tartarians
Armed at all points dooes he lead with him,
Besides his followers from *Trebisond*.

210

Baia. I thought so much of wicked *Selimus*,
Oh forlorne hopes and haplesse *Baiazet*.
Is dutie then exiled from his brest,
Which nature hath inscrib'd with golden pen,
Deepe in the hearts of honourable men?
Ah *Selim*, *Selim*, wert thou not my sonne,
But some strange vnacquainted forreiner,
Whom I should honour as I honour'd thee:
Yet would it greeue me euen vnto the death,
If he should deale as thou hast dealt with me.
And thou my sonne to whom I freely gaue
The mightie Empire of great *Trebisond*,
Art too vnnaturall to requite me thus,
Good *Alemshae* hadst thou liu'd till this day,
Thou wouldst haue blushed at thy brothers mind.
Come sweete *Mustaffa*, come *Cherseoli*,
And with some good aduice recomfort me.

220

Exeunt. All.

Enter *Selimus*, *Sinam Bassa*, *Otrante*, *Occhialie*,
and the souldiers.

Sc. ii

Seli. Now *Selimus* consider who thou art,
Long hast thou marched in disguis'd attire,
But now vnmaske thy selfe, and play thy part,
And manifest the heate of thy desire:
Nourish the coales of thine ambitious fire.
And thinke that then thy Empire is most sure,
When men for feare thy tyrannie endure.
Thinke that to thee there is no vvorfe reproach,

231

The first part of the Tragicall raigne

Then filiall dutie in so high a place,
240 Thou oughtst to set barrells of blood abroach,
And seeke with sward whole kingdomes to displace,
Let *Mabounds* lawes be lockt vp in their case.
And meaner men and of a baser spirit,
In vertuous actions seeke for glorious merit.
I count it sacriledge, for to be holy,
Or reuerence this thred-bare name of good,
Leaue to old men and babes that kind of follie,
Count it of equall value with the mud:
Make thou a passage for thy gushing flood,
250 By slaughter, treason, or what else thou can,
And scorne religion, it disgraces man.
My father *Baiazet* is weake and old,
And hath not much about two yeares to liue,
The Turkish Crowne of Pearle and *Ophir* gold,
He meanes to his deare *Acomat* to giue.
But ere his ship can to her hauen driue,
He send abroad my tempests in such fort,
That she shall sinke before she get the port.
Alasse, alasse, his highnesse aged head
260 Is not sufficient to support a Crowne,
Then *Selimus* take thou it in his steed,
And if at this thy boldnesse he dare frowne,
Or but resist thy will, then pull him downe:
For since he hath so short a time t'enyoy it,
He make it shorter, or I will destroy him.
Nor passe I what our holy votaries
Shall here obiect against my forward minde,
I wreake not of their foolish ceremonies,
But meane to take my fortune as I finde,
270 Wisedome commands to follow tide and winde:
And catch the front of swift occasion,
Before she be too quickly ouergone:
Some man will say I am too impious,
Thus to laie siege against my fathers life,

And

of Selimus, Emperour of the Turkes.

And that I ought to follow vertuous
And godly sonnes: that vertue is a glasse
Wherein I may my errant life behold,
And frame my selfe by it in auncient mould.
Good sir, your wisedomes ouerflowing wit,
Digs deepe with learnings wonder-working spade: 280
Perhaps you thinke that now forsooth you sit
With some graue wifard in a pratling shade.
Auant such glasses: let them view in me,
The perfect picture of right tyrannie.
I like a Lions looke not worth a leeke,
When euery dog depriues him of his pray:
These honest termes are farre enough to seeke.
When angry Fortune menaceth decay,
My resolution treads a nearer way.
Giue me the heart conspiring with the hand, 290
In such a cause my father to withstand.
Is he my father? why I am his sonne:
I owe no more to him then he to me,
If he proceed as he hath now begunne,
And passe from me the Turkish Seigniorie,
To *Acomat*, then *Selimus* is free:
And if he iniure me that am his sonne,
Faith all the loue twixt him and me is done.
But for I see the schoolemen are prepard,
To plant gainst me their bookish ordinance, 300
I meane to stand on a sentencious gard:
And without any far fetcht circumstance,
Quickly vnfold mine owne opinion,
To arme my heart with irreligion.
When first this circled round, this building faire,
Some God tooke out of the confused masse,
(What God I do not know, nor greatly care)
Then euery man of his owne dition was,
And euery one his life in peace did passe.
Warre was not then, and riches were not knowne, 310

The first part of the Tragicall raigne

And no man said, this, or this, is mine owne.
The plough-man with a furrow did not marke
How farre his great possessions did reach :
The earth knew not the share, nor seas the barke.
The souldiers entred not the battred breach,
Nor Trumpets the tantara loud did teach.
There needed them no iudge, nor yet no law,
Nor any King of whom to stand in awe.
But after *Ninus*, warlike *Belus* sonne,
320 The earth with vnknowne armour did warray,
Then first the sacred name of King begunne :
And things that were as common as the day,
Did then to set possessours first obey.
Then they establisht lawes and holy rites,
To maintaine peace, and gouerne bloodie fights.
Then some sage man, aboue the vulgar wise,
Knowing that lawes could not in quiet dwell,
Vnlesse they were obserued : did first deuise
The names of Gods, religion, heauen, and hell,
330 And gan of paines, and faind rewards to tell :
Paines for those men which did neglect the law,
Rewards, for those that liu'd in quiet awe.
Whereas indeed they were meere fictions,
And if they were not, *Selism* thinks they were :
And these religions obseruations,
Onely bug-beares to keepe the world in feare,
And make men quietly a yoake to beare.
So that religion of it selfe a bable,
Was onely found to make vs peaceable.
340 Hence in especiall come the foolish names,
Of father, mother, brother, and such like :
For who so well his cogitation frames,
Shall finde they serue but onely for to strike
Into our minds a certaine kind of loue.
For these names too are but a policie,
To keepe the quiet of societie.

Indeed

of Selimus, Emperour of the Turkes.

Indeed I must confesse they are not bad,
Because they keepe the baser fort in feare:
But we, whose minde in heauenly thoughts is clad,
Whose bodie doth a glorious spirit beare, 350
That hath no bounds, but flieth euery where.
Why should we seeke to make that foule a flauē,
To which dame Nature so large freedome gaue.
Amongst vs men, there is some difference,
Of actions tearmed by vs good or ill:
As he that doth his father recompence,
Differs from him that doth his father kill.
And yet I thinke, thinke other what they will,
That Parricides, when death hath giuen them rest,
Shall haue as good a part as the rest. 360
And thats iust nothing, for as I suppose
In deaths voyd kingdome raignes eternall night:
Secure of euill, and secure of foes,
Where nothing doth the wicked man affright,
No more then him that dies in doing right.
Then since in death nothing shall to vs fall,
Here while I liue, Ile haue a snatch at all.
And that can neuer, neuer be attaind,
Vnlesse old *Baiazet* do die the death:
For long inough the gray-beard now hath raign'd, 370
And liu'd at ease, while others liu'd vneath.
And now its time he should resigne his breath.
T'were good for him if he were pressed out,
T'would bring him rest, and rid him of his gout.
Resolu'd to do it, cast to compasse it
Without delay or long procrastination:
It argueth an vnmanured wit,
When all is readie for so strong inuasion,
To draw out time, an vnlookt for mutation
May soone preuent vs if we do delay, 380
Quick speed is good, vvhere vvifedome leades the
Occhiali? (vvay.

Occhi.

The first part of the Tragicall raigne

Occbi. My Lord.

Sel. Lo flie boy to my father *Baiazet*,
And tell him *Selim* his obedient sonne,
Desires to speake with him and kisse his hands,
Tell him I long to see his gracious face,
And that I come with all my chiuallrie,
To chase the Christians from his Seignorie:
390 In any wise say I must speake with him.

Exit Occbiali.

Now *Sinam* if I speed.

Sinam. What then my Lord?

Sel. What then? why *Sinam* thou art nothing woorth,
I will endeuour to persuaide him man,
To giue the Empire ouer vnto me,
Perhaps I shall attaine it at his hands:
If I cannot, this right hand is resolu'd,
To end the period with a fatall stabbe.

400 *Sin.* My gracious Lord, giue *Sinam* leaue to speake,
If you resoluue to worke your fathers death,
You venture life: thinke you the Ianissaries
Will suffer you to kill him in their fight,
And let you passe free without punishment?

Sel. If I resoluue? as sure as heauen is heauen,
I meane to see him dead, or my selfe King:
As for the *Bassaes* they are all my friends,
And I am sure would pawne their dearest blood,
That *Selim* might be Emperour of Turkes.

410 *Sin.* Yet *Acomut* and *Corcut* both suruiue,
To be reuenged for their fathers death.

Sel. *Sinam* if they or twentie such as they,
Had twentie feuerall Armies in the field,
If *Selimus* were once your Emperour,
Ide dart abroad the thunderbolts of warre,
And mow their hartlesse squadrons to the ground.

Sin. Oh yet my Lord after your highnesse death,
There is a hell and a reuenging God.

Sel. Tush

of Selimus, Emperour of the Turkes.

Seli. Tush *Sinam* these are schoole conditions,
To feare the diuell or his curfed damme: 420
Thinkst thou I care for apparitions,
Of *Sisiphus* and of his backward stone,
And poore *Ixions* lamentable mone?
Now I thinke the caue of damned ghoasts,
Is but a tale to terrifie yoong babes:
Like diuels faces scor'd on painted poasts,
Or fained circles in our astrolabes.
Why theirs no difference when we are dead,
And death once come, then all alike are sped.
Or if there were, as I can scarce beleue, 430
A heauen of ioy, and hell of endlesse paine:
Yet by my soule it neuer should me greeue:
So I might on the Turkish Empire raigne,
To enter hell, and leane on faire heauens gaine.
An Empire *Sinam*, is so sweete a thing,
As I could be a diuell to be a King.
But go we Lords and folace in our campe,
Till the returne of yoong *Occhiali*,
And if his answere be to thy desire,
Selim thy minde in kingly thoughts attire. 440

Exeunt. All.

Enter *Baiazet*, *Mustaffa*, *Cherseoli*, *Occhiali*, and
the *Ianissaries*. *Sc. iii*

Baia. Euen as the great *Ægyptian Crocodile*,
Wanting his praie, with artificiall teares,
And fained plaints his subtill tongue doth file,
T'entrap the silly wandring traueller,
And moue him to aduance his footing neare,
That when he is in danger of his clawes,
He may deuour him with his famished iawes, 450
So plaieth craftie *Selimus* with me,
His haughtie thoughts still wait on Diadems,
And not a step but treads to maiestie.

C

The

The first part of the Tragical raigne

The Phœnix gazeth on the Suns bright beames,
The Echinæis fwimmes against the streames.
Nought but the Turkish scepter can him please,
And there I know lieth his chiefe disease.
He sends his messenger to craue access,
And saies he longs to kisse my aged hands:
460 But howsoeuer he in shew professe,
His meaning with his words but weakly stands.
And sooner will the *Syrteis* boyling sands,
Become a quiet roade for fleeting shippes,
Then *Selimus* heart agree with *Selims* lippes.
Too well I know the Crocodiles fained teares,
Are but nettes wherein to catch his pray:
Which who so mou'd with foolish pitie heares,
Will be the authour of his owne decay.
Then hie thee *Baiazet* from hence away:
470 A fawning monster is false *Selimus*,
Whose fairest words are most pernicious.
Yoong man, would *Selim* come and speak with vs?
What is his message to vs, canst thou tell?
 Occhi. He craues my Lord, another seignorie,
Nearer to you and to the Christians,
That he may make them know, that *Selimus*
Is borne to be a scourge vnto them all.
 Baia. Hee's born to be a scourge to me & mine,
He neuer would haue come with such an hoast,
480 Vnlesse he meant my state to vndermine,
What though in word he brauely seeme to boast,
The forraging of all the Christian coast?
Yet we haue cause to feare when burning brands,
Are vainly giuen into a mad mans hands.
Well I must seeme to winke at his desire,
Although I see it plainer then the light,
My lenitie addes fuell to his fire,
Which now begins to breake in flashing bright,
Then *Baiazet* chastise his stubborne spright.

of Selimus, Emperour of the Turkes.

Least these small sparkles grow to such a flame,
As shall consume thee and thy houses name. 490
Alasse I spare when all my store is gone,
And thrust my fickle where the corne is reapt,
In vaine I send for the phisition,

When on the patient is his graue dust heapt.
In vaine, now all his veines in venome sleapt
Breake out in blisters that will poyson vs,
VVe seeke to giue him an Antidotus.
He that will stop the brooke, must then begin
VWhen sommers heate hath dried vp his spring, 500
And when his pittering streames are low & thin,
For let the winter aide vnto him bring,
He growes to be of watry fouds the King.

And though you dam him vp with loftie rankes,
Yet will he quickly ouerflow his bankes.
Messenger, go and tell yoong *Selimus*,
We giue to him all great *Samandria*,
Bordring on *Bulgrade of Hungaria*,
Where he may plague those Christian runnages,
And salue the wounds that they haue giuen our states, 510

Cherseo. Go and prouide a gift,
A royall present for my *Selimus*,
And tell him messenger another time
He shall haue talke inough with *Baiazet*.

Exeunt Cherseoli and Occhiali.

And now what counsell giues *Mustaffa* to vs?
I feare this hastie reckoning will vndo vs.

Must. Make haste my Lord from *Andrinople* walles,
And let vs flie to faire *Bizantium*,
Least if your sonne before you take the towne, 520
He may with little labour winne the crowne.

Baia. Then do so good *Mustaffa*, call our gard,
And gather all our warlike Ianiffaries,
Our chiefest ayd is swift celeritie,
Then let our winged coursers tread the winde,

The first part of the Tragical raigne

And leaue rebellious *Selimus* behinde.

Exeunt. All.

Sc. iv

Enter *Selimus, Sinam, Occhiali, Ottrante,*
and their souldiers.

530 *Selim.* And is his answere so *Occhiali*?

Is *Selim* such a corfiue to his heart,
That he cannot endure the fight of him?
Forsooth he giues thee all *Samandria*,
From whence our mightie Emperour *Mahomet*,
Was driuen to his country backe with shame.
No doubt thy father loues thee *Selimus*,
To make thee Regent of so great a land,
Which is not yet his owne: or if it were,
What dangers wayt on him that should it stere.

540 Here the *Polonian* he comes hurtling in,
Vnder the conduct of some forraine prince,
To fight in honour of his crucifix!
Here the *Hungarian* with his bloodie crosse,
Deales blowes about to win *Belgrade* againe.

And after all, forsooth *Basilius*
The mightie Emperour of *Russia*,
Sends in his troupes of slaue-borne *Muscouites*,
And he will share with vs, or else take all.
In giuing such a land so full of strife,

550 His meaning is to rid me of my life.
Now by the dreaded name of *Termagant*,
And by the blackest brooke in loathsome hell,
Since he is so vnnaturall to me,
I will prooue as vnnaturall as he.
Thinks he to stop my mouth with gold or pearle?
Or rustie iades fet from *Barbaria*?

No let his minion his philosopher,
Corcut and *Acomat* be enrich'd with them.

I will not take my rest, till this right hand
560 Hath puld the Crowne from off his cowards head,

And

of Selimus, Emperour of the Turkes.

And on the ground his bastards gore-blood shead :
Nor shall his flight to old *Bizantium*,
Dismay my thoughts which neuer learnd to stoup.
March *Sinam*, march in order after him:
Were his light steeds as swift as *Pegasus*,
And trode the ayrie pauement with their heeles,
Yet *Selimus* would ouertake them soone.
And though the heauens do nere so crosly frowne,
In spight of heauen shall *Selim* weare the crowne.

Exeunt. 570

Alarum within. Enter *Baiazet*, *Mustaffa*, *Cberseoli* and the *Sc. v*
Ianiffaries, at one doore. *Selimus*, *Sinam*, *Otrante*, *Occhia-*
li, and their souldiers at another.

Baia. Is this thy dutie sonne vnto thy father,
So impioufly to leuell at his life?
Can thy soule wallowing in ambitious mire,
Seeke for to reauce that breft with bloudie knife,
From whence thou hadst thy being *Selimus*?
Was this the end for which thou ioyndst thy selfe,
With that mischieuous traytor *Ramirchan*? 580
Was this thy drift to speake with *Baiazet*?
Well hoped I (but hope I see is vaine)
Thou wouldst haue bene a comfort to mine age,
A scourge and terrour to mine enemies,
That this thy comming with so great an hoast,
Was for no other purpose and intent,
Then for to chastise those base Christians
Which spoile my subiects welth with fire & sword
Well hoped I the rule of *Trebisond*,
Would haue increafde the valour of thy minde, 590
To turne thy strength vpon thy Perfians.
But thou like to a craftie *Polipus*,
Doeft turne thy hungry iawes vpon thy selfe,
For what am I *Selimus* but thy selfe?

A 3

When

The first part of the Tragical raigne

- VWhen courage first crept in thy manly brest,
Hnd thou beganst to rule the martiall sword,
How oft said thou the sun shuld change his course,
VVater should turn to earth, & earth to heauen,
Ere thou wouldst prooue disloyall to thy father.
- 600 O *Titan* turne thy breathlesse courfers backe,
And enterprise thy iourney from the East.
Blush *Selim* that the world should say of thee,
That by my death thou gaindst the Emperie.
Seli. Now let my cause be pleaded *Baiazet*,
For father I disdaine to call thee now :
I tooke not Armes to seaze vpon thy crowne,
For that if once thou hadst bene layd in graue,
Should fit vpon the head of *Selimus*
In spight of *Corcut* aud *Acomat*.
- 610 I tooke not Armes to take away thy life,
The remnant of thy dayes is but a span,
And foolish had I bene to enterprize
That which the gout and death would do for me.
I tooke not armes to shed my brothers blood,
Because they stop my passage to the crowne.
For while thou liu'st *Selimus* is content
That they shuld liue, but when thou once art dead
VVhich of them both dares *Selimus* withstand?
I soone should hew their bodies in peecemeale,
- 620 As easie as a man would kill a gnat.
But I tooke armes vnkind to honour thee,
And winne againe the fame that thou hast lost.
And thou thoughtst sorne *Selim* should speake with thee.
But had it bene your darling *Acomat*,
You would haue met him half the way your selfe.
I am a Prince, and though your yoonger sonne,
Yet are my merits better then both theirs :
But you do seeke to disinherit me,
And meane t'ineest *Acomat* with your crowne.
- 630 So he shall haue a princes due reward,

That

of Selimus, Emperour of the Turkes.

That cannot shew a scarre receiu'd in field,
VVe that haue fought with mighty *Prestor Iohn*,
And stript th'Ægyptian foldan of his camp,
Venturing life and liuing to honour thee,
For that same cause shall now dishonour'd be.

Art thou a father? Nay false *Baiazet*

Disclaime the title which thou doest not merit.

A father would not thus flee from his sonne,

As thou doest flie from loyall *Selimus*.

A father would not iniure thus his sonne,

640

As thou doest iniure loyall *Selimus*.

Then *Baiazet* prepare thee to the fight,

Selimus once thy sonne, but now thy foe,

Will make his fortunes by the sword,

And since thou fear'st as long as I do liue,

Ile also feare, as long as thou doest liue.

Exit Selim and his company.

Ba. My heart is ouerwhelm'd with fear & grief,

What difmall Comet blazed at my birth,

Whose influence makes my strong vnbrideled

650

In steed of loue to render hate to me? (sonnes

Ah *Bassaies* if that euer heretofore

Your Emperour ought his safetie vnto you,

Defend me now gainst my vnnaturall sonne:

Non timeo mortem: mortis mihi displicet author.

Exit Baiazet and his company.

Alarum, Mustaffa beate *Selimus* in, then *Otrante*

Sc. vi

and *Cherseoli* enter at diuerse doores.

Cherfe. Yeeld thee Tartarian or thou shalt die,

Vpon my swords sharpe point standeth pale death

660

Readie to riue in two thy caitiue brest.

Ott. Art thou that knight that like a lion fierce,

Tiring his stomacke on a flocke of lambes,

Haft broke our rankes & put them cleane to flight?

Cherfe.

The first part of the Tragickall raigne

Cherfe. I and vnlesse thou looke vnto thy selfe,
This swoord nere drunke in the *Tartarian* blood,
Shall make thy carkasse as the outcast dung.

Ottran. Nay I haue matcht a brauer knight then you,
Strong *Alemshae* thy maisters eldest sonne,
670 Leauing his bodie naked on the plaines,
And *Turke*, the selfefame end for thee remaines.

They fight. He killeth *Cherfeoli*, and flieth.
Sc. vii Alarum, enter *Selimus*.

Selim. Shall *Selims* hope be buried in the dust?
And *Baiazet* triumph ouer his fall?
Then oh thou blindfull mistresse of mishap,
Chiefe pratroneffe of *Rhamus* golden gates,
I will aduance my strong reuenging hand,
And plucke thee from thy euerturning wheele.
680 *Mars*, or *Minerua*, *Mabound*, *Termagaunt*,
Or who so ere you are that fight gainst me,
Come and but shew your selues before my face,
And I will rend you all like trembling reedes.
Well *Baiazet* though Fortune smile on thee,
And decke thy campe with glorious victorie,
Though *Selimus* now conquered by thee,
Is faine to put his safetie in swift flight:
Yet so he flies, that like an angry ramme,
689 Heele turne more fiercely then before he came.

Exit Selimus.

Sc. viii Enter *Baiazet*, *Mustaffa*, the souldier witt the
bodie of *Cherfeoli*, and *Ottrante*
prifoner.

Baia. Thus haue we gaine a bloodie victorie,
And though we are the maisters of the field,
Yet haue we lost more then our enemies:
Ah lucklesse fault of my *Cherfeoli*,
As deare and dearer wert thou vnto me,
Then any of my sonnes, then mine owne selfe.
700 When I was glad, thy heart was full of ioy,

And

of Selimus, Emperour of the Turkes.

And brauely haft thou died for *Baiazet*.
And though thy bloudleffe bodie here do lie,
Yet thy sweet foule in heauen for euer blest,
Among the ftarres enioyes eternall reft.
What art thou warlike man of *Tartarie*,
Whofe hap it is to be our prifoner?

Ottran. I am a prince, *Ottrante* is my name,
Chiefe captaine of the *Tartars* mightie hoaft.

Ba. *Ottrante*? Wast not thou that flue my fon?

Ottran. I, and if fortune had but fauour'd me, 710
Had sent the fire to keepe him company.

Baia. Off with his head and fpoyle him of his Armes,
And leaue his bodie for the ayrie birds.

Exit onewith Ottrante.

The vnreuedged ghoaft of *Alemshae*,
Shall now no more wander on *Stygian* banks,
But reft in quiet in th'*Elyfian* fields.

Mustaffa, and you worthie men at Armes,
That left not *Baiazet* in greateft need, 720
When we arriue at *Constantines* great Tour,
You fhall be honour'd of your Emperour.

Exeunt All.

Enter *Acomat* *Visir*, *Regan*, and a band of 8c. ix
fouldiers.

Aco. Perhaps you wonder why prince *Acomat*,
Delighting heretofore in foolish loue,
Hath chang'd his quiet to a fouldiers ftate:
And turnd the dulcet tunes of *Himens* fong,
Into *Bellonas* horrible outcries,
You thinke it ftrange, that whereas I haue liu'd, 730
Almost a votarie to wantonneffe,
To fee me low laie off effeminate robes,
And arme my bodie in an iron wall.
I haue enioyed quiet long inough,
And furfeted with pleafures fuquidrie
A field of dainties I haue paffed through,

D

And

The first part of the Tragicall raigne

And bene a champion to faire *Cytheree*.
Now since this idle peace hath weered me,
Ile follow *Mars* and warre another while,
740 And die my shield in dolorous vermeil.
My brother *Selim* through his manly deeds,
Hath lifted vp his fame vnto the skies,
While we like earth wormes lurking in the weeds,
Do liue inglorious in all mens eyes.
What lets me then from this vaine slumber rise,
And by strong hand atchieue eternall glorie,
That may be talkt of in all memorie?
And see how fortune fauours mine intent,
Heard you not Lordings, how prince *Selimus*
750 Against our royall father armed went,
And how the Ianissaries made him flee
To *Ramir* Emperour of *Tartarie*?
This his rebellion greatly profits me,
For I shall sooner winne my fathers minde,
To yeeld me vp the Turkish Empire,
Which if I haue, I am sure I shall finde
Strong enemies to pull me downe againe,
That faine would haue prince *Selimus* to raigne.
Then ciuill discord, and contentious warre,
760 Will follow *Acomats* coronation.
Selim no doubt will broach seditious iarre,
And *Corcut* too will seeke for alteration,
Now to preuent all suddaine perturbation,
We thought it good to muster vp our power,
That danger may not take it vnprouided.
Visir. I like your highnesse resolution well,
For these should be the chiefe arts of a king,
To punish those that furiously rebell,
And honour those that sacred counsell bring,
770 To make good lawes, ill customes to expell:
To nourish peace from whence your riches spring,
And when good quarrels call you to the field,

of Selimus, Emperour of the Turkes.

T'excell your men in handling speare & shield.

Thus shall the glory of your matchlesse name,
Be registred vp in immortall lines :
Whereas that prince that followes lustfull game,
And to fond toyes his captiue minde enclines,
Shall neuer passe the temple of true fame,
Whose worth is greater then the *Indian* mines.

But is your grace assured certainly

780

That *Baiazet* doth fauour your request ?

Perhaps you may make him youremie,
You know how much your father doth detest,
Stout obedience and obstinacie.

I speake not this as if I thought it best :

Your highnesse should your right in it neglect,
But that you might be close and circumspect.

Aco. We thanke thee *Visir* for thy louing care,
As for my father *Baaizets* affection,
Vnlesse his holy vowes forgotten are,
I shall be sure of it by his election.

790

By after *Acomats* erection,

We must forecast what things be necessary,
Least that our kingdome be too momentary.

Reg. First let my Lord be seated in his throne,
Enstalled by great *Baiazets* consent,

As yet your haruest is not fully growne,
But in the greene and vnripe blade is pent :

But when you once haue got the regiment,
Then may your Lords more easly prouide,

800

Against all accidents that may betide.

Acomat. Then set we forward to *Bizantium*,
That we may know what *Baiazet* intends.

Aduise thee *Acomat*, whats best to do,

The *Ianissaries* fauour *Selimus*,

And they are strong vndanted enemies,

Which will in Armes gainst thy election rise.

Then will them to thy wil with precious gifts,

The first part of the Tragicall raigne

- And store of gold: timely largition
810 The stedfast persons from their purpose lifts:
But then beware least *Baiazets* affection
Change into hatred by such premunition.
For then he thinke that I am factious,
And imitate my brother *Selimus*.
Besides, a prince his honour doth debase,
That begs the common souldiers suffrages,
And if the *Bassæes* knew I fought their grace,
It would the more increase their insolentnesse.
To resist them were ouerhardinesse,
820 And worse it were to leaue my enterprize.
Well how so ere, resolue to venture it,
Fortune doth fauour euery bold assay,
And t'were a trick of an vnsetled wit
Because the bees haue stings with them alway,
To fare our mouthes in honie to embay.
Then resolution for me leades the dance,
827 And thus resolu'd, I meane to trie my chance.

Exeunt all.

Sc. x Enter *Baiazet, Mustaffa, Calibassa, Halibassa,*
and the Ianissaries.

- Baia.* What prince so ere, trusts to his mightie pow'r,
Ruling the reines of many nations,
And feareth not least fickle fortune loure,
Ar thinkes his kingdome free from alterations,
If he were in the place of *Baiazet*,
He would but litle by his scepter set.
For what hath rule that makes it acceptable,
Rather what hath it not worthie of hate:
First of all is our state still mutable,
840 And our continuance at the peoples rate,
So that it is a slender thred, whereon
Depends the honour of a princes throne.
Then do we feare, more then the child new borne,

Our

of Selimus, Emperour of the Turkes.

Our friends, our Lords, our subiects, & our sonnes.

Thus is our minde in fundry pieces torne

By care, by feare, fuspition, and diftrust,

In wine, in meate we feare pernicious poyfon,

At home, abroad, we feare feditious treason.

Too true that tyrant *Dionysus*

Did picture out the image of a King,

850

When *Daniocles* was placed in his throne,

And ore his head a threatning fword did hang,

Fastned vp onely by a horses haire.

Our chiefeft trust is secretly diftrust,

For whom haue we whom we may safely trust,

If our owne sonnes, neglecting awfull dutie,

Rife vp in Armes againft their louing fathers.

Their heart is all of hardest marble wrought,

That can laie way to take away their breath,

From whom they first sucked this vitall ayre.

860

My heart is heauie, and I needs must sleepe.

Bassaes withdraw your felues from me awhile,

That I may rest my ouerburdned soule.

They stand aside while the curtins are drawne.

Eunuchs plaie me some musicke while I sleepe.

Musicke within.

Must. Good *Baiazet*, who would not pitie thee,

Whom thine owne sonne so vildly persecutes.

More mildly do th'vnreasonables beasts

Deale with their dammes, then *Selimus* with thee.

870

Halibas. *Mustaffa* we are princes of the land,

And loue our Emperour as well as thou :

Yet will we not for pitying his estate,

Suffer our foes our wealth to ruinate.

If *Selim* haue playd false with *Baiazet*,

And ouerslipt the dutie of a sonne,

Why he was mou'd by iust occasion.

Did he not humbly fend his messenger

To craue acceffe vnto his maiestie?

The first part of the Tragicall raigne

880 And yet he could not get permission
To kisse his hands, and speake his mind to him.
Perhaps he thought his aged fathers loue
Was cleane estrang'd from him: and *Acomat*
Should reape the fruite that he had laboured for.
Tis lawfull for the father to take Armes,
I and by death chaftize his rebell sonne.
Why should it be vnlawfull for the sonne,
To leaue Armes gainst his iniurious fire?

Must. You reason *Hali* like a sophifter.

890 As if t'were lawfull for a subiect prince
To rise in Armes gainst his soueraigne,
Because he will not let him haue his will:
Much lesse ist lawfull for a mans owne sonne.
If *Baiazet* had iniur'd *Selimus*,

Or fought his death, or done him some abuse,
Then *Selimus* cause had bene more tollerable.

But *Baiazet* did neuer iniure him,
Nor fought his death, nor once abused him,
Vnlesse because he giues him not the crowne,

900 Being the yoongest of his highnesse sonnes.

Gaue he not him an Empire for his part,
The mightie Empire of great *Trebisond*?

So that if all things rightly be obseru'd,
Selim had more then euer he deseru'd.

I speake not this because I hate the prince,

For by the heauens I loue yoong *Selimus*,

Better then either of his brethren.

But for I owe alleagiance to my king,

And loue him much that fauours me so much.

910 *Mustaffa*, while old *Baiazet* doth liue,

Will be as true to him as to himselfe.

Cali. Why braue *Mustaffa*, *Hali* and my selfe

Were neuer false vnto his maiestie.

Our father *Hali* died in the field,

Against the *Sopbi*, in his highnesse warres.

And

of Selimus, Emperour of the Turkes.

And we will neuer be degenerate.
Nor do we take part with prince *Selimus*,
Because we would depose old *Baiazet*,
But for because we would not *Acomat*
That leads his life still in lasciuious pompe, 920
Nor *Corcut*, though he be a man of woorth,
Should be commander of our Empire.
For he that neuer saw his foe mans face,
But alwaies slept vpon a Ladies lap,
Will scant endure to lead a souldiers life.
And he that neuer handled but his penne,
Will be vnskilfull at the warlike lance.
Indeed his wisedome well may guide the crowne,
And keepe that safe his predeceffors got:
But being giuen to peace as *Corcut* is, 930
He neuer will enlarge the Empire:
So that the rule and power ouer vs,
Is onely fit for valiant *Selimus*.

Must. Princes, you know how mightie *Baiazet*
Hath honoured *Mustaffa* with his loue.
He gaue his daughter beautious *Solima*,
To be the soueraigne mistresse of my thoughts.
He made me captaine of the Ianissaries,
And too vnnaturall should *Mustaffa* be,
To rise against him in his dying age. 940
Yet know, you warlike peere, *Mustaffa* is
A loyall friend vnto prince *Selimus*,
And ere his other brethren get the crowne,
For his sake, I my selfe will pull them downe.
I loue, I loue them dearly, but the loue
Which I do beare vnto my countries good,
Makes me a friend to noble *Selimus*,
Onely let *Baiazet* while he doth liue,
Enioy in peace the Turkish Diademe.
When he is dead, and layd in quiet graue, 950
Then none but *Selimus* our helpe shall haue.

Sound

The first part of the Tragical raigne

Sound within. A Messenger enters, *Baiazet*
awaketh.

Baia. How now *Mustaffa*, what newes haue we there?

Is *Selim* vp in Armes gainst me againe?

Or is the *Sopbi* entred our confines?

Hath the Ægyptian snatch'd his crowne againe?

Or haue the vncontrolled Christians

Vntheath'd their swords to make more war on vs?

960 Such newes, or none will come to *Baiazet*.

Must. My gracious Lord, heres an Embassador

Come from your sonne the Soldan *Acomat*.

Baia. From *Acomat*? oh let him enter in.

Enter *Regian*.

Embassadour, how fares our louing sonne?

Reg. Mightie commander of the warlike Turks,

Acomat Souldane of *Amasia*,

Greeteth your grace by me his messenger.

He giues him a Letter.

970 And gratulates your highnesse good successe,

Wishing good fortune may befall you still.

Baia. *Mustaffa* reade.

He giues the letter to *Mustaffa*, and speakes the
rest to himselfe.

Acomat craues thy promise *Baiazet*,

To giue the Empire vp into his hands,

And make it sure to him in thy life time.

And thou shalt haue it louely *Acomat*,

For I haue bene encombred long inough,

980 And vexed with the cares of kingly rule,

Now let the trouble of the Empire

Be buried in the bosome of thy sonne.

Ah *Acomat*, if thou haue such a raigne

So full of sorrow as thy fathers was,

Thou wilt accurse the time, the day and houre,

In which thou was establish'd Emperour.

Sound. A Messenger from *Corcut*.

Yet

of Selimus, Emperour of the Turkes.

Yet more newes?

Mess. Long liue the mightie Emperour *Baiazet*,

Corcut the Soldan of *Magnesia*,

990

Hearing of *Selims* worthie ouerthrow,

And of the comming of yoong *Acomat*,

Doth certifie your maiestie by me,

How ioyfull he is of your victorie.

And therewithall he humbly doth require

Your grace would do him iustice in his cause.

His brethren both, vnworthie such a father,

Do seeke the Empire while your grace doth liue,

And that by vndirect finister meanes.

But *Corcuts* mind free from ambitious thoughts,

1000

And trusting to the goodnesse of his cause,

Ioyned vnto your highnesse tender loue,

Onely desires your grace should not inuest

Selim nor *Acomat*, in the Diademe,

Which appertaineth vnto him by right,

But keepe it to your selfe the while you liue:

And when it shall the great creator please,

Who hath the spirits of all men in his hands,

Shall call your highnesse to your latest home,

Then will he also sue to haue his right.

1010

Baia. Like to a ship sayling without starres,

Whom waues do tosse one way and winds another,

Both without ceasing: euen so my poore heart

Endures a combat betwixt loue and right.

The loue I beare to my deare *Acomat*,

Commands me giue my suffrage vnto him,

But *Corcuts* title, being my eldest sonne,

Bids me recall my hand, and giue it him.

Acomat, he would haue it in my life,

But gentle *Corcut* like a louing sonne,

1020

Desires me liue and die an Emperour,

And at my death bequeath my crowne to him.

Ah *Corcut* thou I see lou'st me indeed,

E

Selimus

The first part of the Tragicall raigne

Selimus sought to thrust me downe by force,
And *Acomat* seekes the kingdome in my life,
And both of them are grieu'd thou liu'ft so long.
But *Corcut* numbred not my dayes as they,
O how much dearer loues he me then they.
Bassaes, how counsell you your Emperour?

1030 *Must.* My gracious Lord, my self wil speak for al,
For all I know are minded as I am.
Your highnesse knowes the Ianissaries loue,
How firme they meane to cleaue to your behest,
As well you might perceiue in that sad fight,
When *Selim* fet vpon you in your flight.
Then we do all desire you on our knees,
To keepe the crowne and scepter to your selfe.
How grieuous will it be vnto your thoughts,
If you should giue the crowne to *Acomat*,
1040 To see the brethren disinherited,
To flesh their anger one vpon another,
And rend the bowels of this mightie raigne.
Suppose that *Corcut* would be well content,
Yet thinkes your grace if *Acomat* were king,
That *Selim* ere long would ioine league with him?
Nay he would breake from forth his *Trebisond*,
And waste the Empire all with fire and sword.
Ah then too weake would be poore *Acomat*,
To stand against his brothers puissance,
1050 Or saue himselfe from his enhanced hand.
While *Ismael* and the cruell Persians,
And the great Soldane of th'Egyptians,
Would smile to see our force dismembred so,
I and perchance the neighbour Christians
Would take occasion to thrust out their heads.
All this may be preuented by your grace,
If you will yeeld to *Corcuts* iust request,
And keepe the kingdome to you while you liue,
Meane time we that your graces subiects are,

of Selimus, Emperour of the Turkes.

May make vs strong, to fortifie the man, 1060
Whō at your death your grace shal chuse as king.

Baia. O how thou speakest euer like thy selfe,
Loyall *Mustaffa*: well were *Baiazet*
If all his sonnes, did beare such loue to him.
Though loth I am longer to weare the crowne,
Yet for I see it is my subiects will,
Once more will *Baiazet* be Emperour.
But we must send to pacifie our sonne,
Or he will storme, as earst did *Selimus*.
Come let vs go vnto our councill Lord, 1070
And there consider what is to be done.

Exeunt All.

Enter *Acomat*, *Regan*, *Visir*, and his souldiers. *Acomat* Sc. xi
must read a letter, and then renting it say:

Aco. Thus will I rend the crowne from off thy head,
False hearted and iniurious *Baiazet*,
To mocke thy sonne that loued thee so deare.
What? for because the head-strong Ianissaries
Would not consent to honour *Acomat*,
And their base Bassaes vow'd to *Selimus*, 1080
Thought me vnworthie of the Turkish crowne,
Should he be rul'd and ouerrul'd by them,
Vnder pretence of keeping it himselfe,
To wipe me cleane for euer being king?
Doth he esteeme so much the Bassaes words,
And prize their fauour at so high a rate,
That for to gratifie their stubborne mindes,
He casts away all care, and all respects
Of dutie, promise, and religious oathes?
Now by the holy Prophet *Mahomet*, 1090
Chiefe president and patron of the Turkes,
I meane to challenge now my right by Armes,
And winne by sword that glorious dignitie
Which he iniuriously detaines from me.

The first part of the Tragical raigne

Haply he thinkes because that *Selimus*
Rebuted by his warlike Ianiffaries,
Was faine to flie in haft from whence he came:
That *Acomat* by his example mou'd,
Will feare to manage Armes againſt his fire.
1100 Or that my life forepaſſed in pleaſures court,
Promiſes weake reſiſtance in the fight:
But he ſhall know that I can uſe my ſwoord,
And like a lyon ſeaze vpon my praiſe.
If euer *Selim* mou'd him heretofore,
Acomat meanes to mooué him ten times more.

Viſir. T'were good your grace would to *Amafia*,
And there increaſe your camp with freſh ſupply.

Aco. *Viſir*, I am impatient of delaie,
And ſince my father hath incenſt me thus,
1110 Ile quēch thoſe kindled flames with his hart blood.
Not like a ſonne, but a moſt cruell foe,
Will *Acomat* henceforth be vnto him.
March to *Natolia*, there we will begin
And make a preface to our maſſacres.
My nephew *Mabomet* ſonne to *Alemſhae*,
Departed lately from *Iconium*,
Is lodged there, and he ſhall be the firſt
1118 Whom I will ſacrifice vnto my wrath.

Exeunt All.

Sc. xii Enter the yoong Prince *Mabomet*, the *Belierbey* of
Natolia, and one or two ſouldiers.

Mabo. Lord Gouvernour, what thinke you beſt to doo?
If we receiue the Souldaine *Acomat*,
Who knoweth not but his blood-thirſtie ſwoord
Shall be embowell'd in our country-men.
You know he is diſpleaſde with *Baiazet*,
And will rebell, as *Selim* did to fore,
And would to God with *Selims* ouerthrow.
You know his angrie heart hath vow'd reuenge
1130 On all the ſubiects of his fathers land.

Belierbey.

of Selimus, Emperour of the Turkes.

Bel. Yoong prince, thy vnclē seekes to haue thy life,
Because by right the Turkish crowne is thine,
Saue thou thy selfe by flight or otherwise,
And we will make resistance as we can.
Like an Armenian tygre, that hath lost
Her loued whelpes, so raueth *Acomat*:
And we must be subiect to his rage,
But you may liue to venge your citizens.
Then flie good prince before your vnclē come.

Mabo. Nay good my Lord, neuer shall it be said 1140
That *Mabomet* the sonne of *Alemshae*,
Fled from his citizens for feare of death,
But I will staie, and helpe to fight for you,
And if you needs must die, ile die with you.
And I among the rest with forward hand,
Will helpe to kill a common enemie.

Exeunt All.

Enter *Acomat*, *Visir*, *Regan*, and the fouldiers. *Sc. xiii*

Aco. Now faire *Natolia*, shall thy stately walles 1150
Be ouerthrowne and beaten to the ground.
My heart within me for reuenge still calles.
Why *Baiazet*, thought'st thou that *Acomat*
Would put vp such a monstrous iniurie?
Then had I brought my chiuallrie in vaine,
And to no purpose drawne my conquering blade,
VWhich now vnsheth'd, shal not be sheath'd againe,
Till it a world of bleeding soules hath made.
Poore *Mabomet*, thou thought'st thy selfe too sure,
In thy strong citie of *Iconium*,
To plant thy Forces in *Natolia*, 1160
VWeakned so much before by *Selims* swoord.
Summon a parley to the citizens,
That they may heare the dreadfull words I speak,
And die in thought before they come to blowes.

All. A parley *Mabomet*, *Belierbey*, and fouldiers
on the walles.

The first part of the Tragical raigne

Mabo. What craues our vnclē *Acomat* of vs?

Aco. That thou & all the citie yeeld themselues,

Or by the holie rites of *Mabomet*

1170 *His* wondrous tomb, and sacred *Alcoran*,

You all shall die: and not a common death,

But euen as monstrous as I can deuise.

Mabo. Vnclē, if I may call you by that name,

Which cruelly hunt for your nephewes blood,

You do vs wrong thus to besiege our towne,

That nere deseru'd such hatred at your hands,

Being your friends and kinsmen as we are.

Aco. In that thou wrongst me that thou art my kinsman.

Mabo. Why for I am thy nephew doest thou frowne?

1180 *Aco.* I that thou art so neare vnto the crowne.

Mabo. Why vnclē I resigne my right to thee,

And all my title were it nere so good.

Aco. Wilt thou? then know assuredly from me,

Ile seale the resignation with thy blood:

Though *Alemshae* thy father lou'd me well,

Yet *Mabomet* thy sonne shall downe to hell.

Mab. Why vnclē doth my life put you in feare?

Aco. It shall not nephew, since I haue you here.

Mabo. VVhen I am dead, mote hindrers shalt thou finde.

1190 *Acom.* VVhen ones cut off, the fewer are behinde.

Mabo. Yet thinke the gods do beare an equall eye.

Aco. Faith if they all were squint-ey'd, what care I.

Mabo. Then *Mabomet* know we will rather die,

Then yeeld vs vp into a tyrants hand.

Aco. Beshrew me but you be the wiser *Mabomet*,

For if I do but catch you boy aliuē,

Twere better for you runne through Phlegiton.

Sirs scale the walles, and pull the caitiues downe,

I giue to you the spoyle of all the towne.

1200 *Alarum.* Scale the walles. Enter *Acomat*, *Vistr*
and *Regan*, with *Mabomet*.

Acom. Now yongster, you that brau'dst vs on the walles,

And

of Selimus, Emperour of the Turkes.

And shooke your plumed crest against our shield,
VVhat wouldst thou giue, or what wouldst thou not giue,
That thou wert far inough from *Acomat*?

How like the villaine is to *Baiazet*?

VVel nephew for thy father lou'd me well,

I will not deale extreemly with his sonne:

Then heare a briefe compendium of thy death.

Regan go cause a groue of steelehead speares,

Be pitched thicke vnder the castle wall,

And on them let this youthfull captaine fall.

Ma. Thou shalt not fear me *Acomat* with death,

Nor will I beg my pardon at thy hands.

But as thou giu'st me such a monstrous death,

So do I freely leaue to thee my curse:

Exit Regan with Mabomet.

Aco. O, that wil serue to fil my fathers purse.

Alarum. Enter a souldier with *Zonara*, sister

to *Mabomet*.

Zon. Ah pardon me deare vnclie, pardon me.

Aco. No minion, you are too neare a kin to me.

Zon. If euer pitie entered thy brest,

Or euer thou wast touch'd with womans loue,

Sweete vnclie spare wretched *Zonaras* life.

Thou once wast noted for a quiet prince,

Soft-hearted, mild, and gentle as a lambe,

Ah do not prooue a lyon vnto me.

Aco. VVhy would'st thou liue, when *Mabomet* is dead?

Ron. Ah who slew *Mabomet*? Vnclie did you?

Aco. He thats prepar'd to do as much for you.

Zon. Doeft thou not pitie *Alemshae* in me?

Aco. Yes that he wants so long thy companie.

Zon. Thou art not false groome son to *Baiazet*,

He would relent to heare a woman weepe,

But thou wast borne in defart *Caucasus*,

And the *Hircanian* tygres gaue thee sucke,

Knowing thou wert a monster like themselues.

Acomat.

1210

1220

1230

The first part of the Tragical raigne

Aco. Let you her thus to rate vs? Strangle her.

1240

They strangle her.

Now scoure the streets, and leaue not one aliue
To carrie these sad newes to *Baiazet*.
That all the citizens may dearly say,
This day was fatall to *Natolia*.

Exeunt All.

Sc. xiv Enter *Baiazet*, *Mustaffa*, and the Ianiffaries.

Ba. *Mustaffa*, if my minde deceiue me not,
Some strange misfortune is not farre from me.
I was not wont to tremble in this fort.

1250 Me thinks I feele a cold run through my bones,
As if it haftned to surprize my heart,
Me thinks some voice still whispereth in my eares
And bids me to take heed of *Acomat*.

Must. Tis but your highnesse ouercharged mind
VVhich feareth most the things it least desires.

Enter two souldiers with the *Belierbey* of *Natolia* in a chaire,
and the bodie of *Mabomet* and *Zonara*, in two coffins.

Ba. Ah sweet *Mustaffa*, thou art much deceiu'd,
My minde presages me some future harme,
1260 And loe what dolefull exequie is here.
Our chiefe commander of *Natolia*?

VVhat caitiue hand is it hath wounded thee?
And who are these couered in tomblack hearse?

Bel. These are thy nephewes mightie *Baiazet*,
The sonne and daughter of good *Alemshae*,
VVhom cruell *Acomat* hath murdered thus.

These eyes beheld, when from an ayrie toure,
They hurld the bodie of yoong *Mabomet*,
VVhereas a band of armed souldiers,

1270 Receiued him falling on their speares sharp points.
His sifter poore *Zonara*,
Entreating life and not obtaining it,
VVas strangled by his barbarous souldiers.

Baiazet fals in a fownd, and being recouered say:

Baia.

of Selimus, Emperour of the Turkes.

Baia. Oh you dispencers of our haplesse breath,
Why do you glut your eyes, and take delight
To see sad pageants of mens miseries?
Wherefore haue you prolong'd my wretched life,
To see my sonne my dearest *Acomat*,
To lift his hands against his fathers life? 1280
Ah *Selimus*, now do I pardon thee,
For thou did'st set vpon me manfully,
And mou'd by an occasion, though vniust.
But *Acomat*, iniurious *Acomat*,
Is tentimes more vnnaturall to me.
Haplesse *Zonara*, haplesse *Mahomet*,
The poore remainder of my *Alemshae*,
Which of you both shall *Baiazet* most waile?
Ah both of you are worthie to be wailde.
Happily dealt the froward fates with thee, 1290
Good *Alemshae*, for thou didst die in field,
And so preuentedst this sad spectacle,
Pitifull spectacle of sad dreeriment,
Pitifull spectacle of dismall death.
But I haue liu'd to see thee *Alemshae*,
By *Tartar* Pirates all in peeces torne.
To see yoong *Selims* disobedience.
To see the death of *Alemshaes* poore seed.
And last of all to see my *Acomat*
Prooue a rebellious enimie to me. 1300

Beli. Ah cease your teares vnhappie Emperour,
And shead not all for your poore nephews death.
Six thousand of true-hearted citizens
In faire *Natolia*, *Acomat* hath slaine:
The channels run like riuerets of blood,
And I escap'd with this poore compande,
Bemangled and dismembred as you see,
To be the messenger of these sad newes.
And now mine eyes fast swimming in pale death,
Bids me resigne my breath vnto the heauens, 1310

The first part of the Tragicall raigne

Death stands before readie for to strike.

Farewell deare Emperour and reuenge our losse,
As euer thou doest hope for happineffe. He dies.

Baia. Auernus iawes and loathsome *Tænarus*,

From whence the damned ghafts do often creep,
Back to the world to punish wicked men.

Black *Demogorgon*, grandfather of night,

Send out thy furies from thy firie hall,

The pitiless *Erymnie*s arm'd with whippes,

1320 And all the damned monsters of black hell,

To powre their plagues on curf'd *Acomat*.

How shall I mourne, or which way shall I turne

To powre my teares vpon my dearest friends?

Couldst thou endue false-hearted *Acomat*,

To kill thy nephew and thy sifter thus,

And wound to death so valiant a Lord?

And will you not you albeholding heauens,

Dart down on him your piercing lightning brand,

Enrold in sulphur, and consuming flames?

1330 Ah do not *Ioue*, *Acomat* is my sonne,

And may perhaps by counsell be reclaim'd

And brought to filiall obedience.

Aga thou art a man of peirfant wit,

Go thou and talke with my sonne *Acomat*,

And see if he will any way relent.

Speake him faire *Aga*, least he kill thee too.

And we my Lords will in, and mourne a while,

Ouer these princes lamentable tombs.

Exeunt all.

Sc. xv Enter *Acomat*, *Visir*, *Regan*, and their
souldiers.

1342 *Aco.* As *Tityus* in the countrie of the dead,

With restlesse cries doth call vpon high *Ioue*,

The while the vulture tireth on his heart,

So *Acomat*, reuenge still gnawes thy soule.

I thinke my souldieis hands haue bene too slow,

of Selimus, Emperour of the Turkes.

In sheading blood, and murthring innocents.
I thinke my wrath hath bene too patient,
Since ciuill blood quenbeth not out the flames
Which *Baiazet* hath kindled in my heart.

1350

Visir. My gracious Lord, here is a messenger
Sent from your father the Emperour.

Enter *Aga*, and one with him.

Aco. Let him come in: *Aga* what newes with you?

Aga. Great Prince, thy father mightie *Baiazet*,
Wonders your grace whom he did loue so much,
And thought to leaue possessor of the crowne,
Would thus requite his loue with mortall hate,
To kill thy nephewes with reuenging sword,
And massacre his subiects in such fort.

1360

Aco. *Aga*, my father traitrous *Baiazet*,
Detaines the crowne iniuriously from me,
Which I will haue if all the world say nay.
I am not like the vnmanured land,
Which answeres not his honours greedie mind:
I sow not seeds vpon the barren sand,
A thousand wayes can *Acomat* soone finde,
To gaine my will, which if I cannot gaine,
Then purple blood my angry hands shall staine.

Aga. *Acomat*, yet learne by *Selimus*,
That hastie purposes haue hated endes.

1370

Aco. Tush *Aga*, *Selim* was not wise inough
To set vpon the head at the first brunt:
He should haue done as I do meane to do,
Fill all the confines, with fire, sword, and blood:
Burne vp the fields, and ouerthrow whole townes,
And when he had endammaged that way,
Thē teare the old man peecemeale with my teeth,
And colour my strong hands with his gore-blood.

Aga. O see my Lord, how fell ambition
Deceiues your senses and bewityces you,
Could you vnkind performe so foule a deed,

1380

The first part of the Tragicall raigne

As kill the man, that first gaue life to you?
Do you not feare the peoples aduerse fame?

Aco. It is the greatest glorie of a king
When, though his subiects hate his wicked deeds
Yet are they forst to beare them all with praise.

Aga. Whom feare constraines to praise their princes deeds,
That feare, eternall hatred in them feeds.

1390 *Aco.* He knowes not how to sway the kingly mace,
That loues to be great in his peoples grace:
The surest ground for kings to build vpon,
Is to be fear'd and curst of euery one.
What though the world of nations me hate?
Hate is peculiar to a princes state.

Aga. Where ther's no shame, no care of holy law,
No faith, no iustice, no integritie,
That state is full of mutabilitie.

Aco. Bare faith, pure vertue, poore integritie,
1400 Are ornaments fit for a priuate man,
Beseemes a prince for to do all he can.

Aga. Yet know it is a sacrilegious will,
To slaie thy father were he nere so ill.

Aco. Tis lawfull gray-beard for to do to him,
What ought not to be done vnto a father.
Hath he not wip't me from the Turkish crowne?
Preferr'd he not the stubborne Ianizaries,
And heard the Bassaes stout petitions,
Before he would giue eare to my request?

1410 As sure as day, mine eyes shall nere tast sleepe,
Before my sword haue riuén his periur'd brest.

Aga. Ah let me neuer liue to see that day.

Aco. Yes thou shalt liue, but neuer see that day,
Wanting the tapers that should giue thee light:
Puls out his eyes.

Thou shalt not see so great felicitie,
When I shall rend out *Baiazets* dimme eyes,
And by his death install my selfe a king.

Aga.

of Selimus, Emperour of the Turkes.

Aga. Ah cruell tyrant and vnmercifull,
More bloodie then the *Antbropomphagi*, 1420
That fill their hungry stomachs with mans flesh.
Thou shouldst haue slaine me barbarous *Acomat*,
Not leaue me in so comfortlesse a life
To liue on earth, and neuer see the funne.

Aco. Nay let him die that liueth at his ease,
Death would a wretched caitiue greatly please.

Aga. And thinkst thou then to scape vnpuished,
No *Acomat*, though both mine eyes be gone,
Yet are my hands left on to murder thee.

Aco. T'was wel remembred: *Regan* cut them off. 1430

They cut of his hands and giue them *Acomat*.
Now in that fort go tell thy Fmperour
That if himselfe had but bene in thy place,
I would haue vs'd him crueller then thee:
Here take thy hands: I know thou lou'ft them wel.

Opens his bosome, and puts them in.
Which hand is this? right? or left? canst thou tell?

Aga. I know not which it is, but tis my hand.
But oh thou supreme architect of all,
First mouer of those tenfold christall orbes, 1440
Where all those mouing, and vnmouing eyes
Behold thy goodnesse euerlastingly:
See, vnto thee I lift these bloudie armes,
For hands I haue not for to lift to thee,
And in thy iustice dart thy smouldring flame
Vpon the head of curfed *Acomat*.

Oh cruell heauens and iniurious fates,
Euen the last refuge of a wretched man,
Is tooke from me: for how can *Aga* weepe?
Or ruine a brinish shew'r of pearled teares? 1450
Wanting the watry cesternes of his eyes?
Come lead me backe againe to *Baiazet*,
The wofullest, and sadd'ft Embassadour
That euer was dispatch'd to any King.

The first part of the Tragicall raigne

Aco. Why so, this musicke pleases *Acomat*.

And would I had my doating father here,
I would rip vp his breast, and rend his heart,
Into his bowels thrust my angry hands,
As willingly, and with as good a mind,
1460 As I could be the Turkish Emperour.
And by the cleare declining vault of heauen,
Whither the foules of dying men do flee,
Either I meane to dye the death my selfe,
Or make that old false faitour bleed his last.
For death no sorrow could vnto me bring,
So *Acomat* might die the Turkish king.

Exeunt All.

Sc. xvi Enter *Baiazet*, *Mustaffa*, *Cali*, *Hali*, and *Aga* led
by a souldier: who keeling before *Baiazet*,
1470 and holding his legs shall say:

Aga. Is this the bodie of my foueraigne?
Are these the sacred pillars that support
The image of true magnanimitie?
Ah *Baiazet*, thy sonne false *Acomat*
Is full resolued to take thy life from thee:
Tis true, tis true, witnesse these handleesse armes,
VVitnesse these emptie lodges of mine eyes,
VVitnesse the gods that from the highest heauen
Beheld the tyrant with remorcesse heart,
1480 Puld out mine eyes, and cut off my weake hands.
VVitnesse that sun whose golden coloured beames
Your eyes do see, but mine can nere behold:
VVitnesse the earth that sucked vp my blood,
Streaming in riuers from my tronked armes,
VVitnesse the present that he sends to thee,
Open my bosome, there you shall it see.

Mustaffa opens his bosome and takes out
his hands.

Those are the hands, which *Aga* once did vse,
1490 To tosse the speare, and in a warlike gyre

of Selimus, Emperour of the Turkes.

To hurtle my sharpe sword about my head,
Those fends he to the wofull Emperour,
With purpose so cut thy hands from thee.
Why is my soueraigne silent all this while?

Ba. Ah *Aga*, *Baiazet* faine would speak to thee,
But sodaine sorrow eateth vp my words.

Baiazet Aga, faine would weepe for thee,
But cruell sorrow drieth vp my teares.

Baiazet Aga, faine would die for thee,
But grieffe hath weakned my poore aged hands. 1500
How can he speak, whose tongue sorrow hath tide?
How can he mourne, that cannot shed a teare?
How shall he liue, that full of miserie
Callesh for death, which will not let him die?

Must. Let women weep, let children powre fourth teares,
And cowards spend the time in bootlesse mone.

Wee'l load the earth with such a mightie hoast
Of Ianizaries, sterne-borne sonnes of *Mars*,
That *Phæb* shall flie and hide him in the cloudes
For feare our iauelins thrust him from his waine. 1510

Old *Aga* was a Prince among your Lords,
His Councils alwaies were true oracles,
And shall he thus vnmanly be misus'd,
And he unpunished that did the deed?
Shall *Mabomet* and poore *Zonaras* ghoasts,
And the good gouernour of *Natalia*

Wander in *Stygian* meadowes vnreueug'd?
Good Emperour stir vp thy manly heart,
And send forth all thy warlike Ianizaries
To chastise that rebellious *Acomat*. 1520

Thou knowst we cannot fight without a guide,
And he must be one of the royall blood,
Sprung from the loines of mightie *Ottoman*,
And who remains now, but yoong *Selimus*?
So please your grace to pardon his offence,
And make him captaine of th'imperiall hoast.

Baia.

The first part of the Tragicall raigne

Baia. I good *Mustaffa*, send for *Selimus*,
So I may be reueng'd I care not how,
The worst that can befall me is but death,
1530 That would end my wofull miserie.

Selimus he must worke me this good turne,
I cannot kill my selfe, hee'l do't for me.
Come *Aga*, thou and I will weepe the while:
Thou for thy eyes and losse of both thy hands,
I for th'vnkindnesse of my *Acomat*.

Exeunt All.

Sc. xvii Enter *Selimus*, and a messenger with a letter
from *Baiazet*.

Selim. Will fortune fauour me yet once againe?
1540 And will she thrust the cards into my hands?
VVell if I chance but once to get the decke,
To deale about and shuffle as I would:
Let *Selim* neuer see the day-light spring,
Vnlesse I shuffle out my selfe a king.
Friend let me see thy letter once againe,
That I may read these reconciling lines.

Reades the letter.

Thou hast a pardon *Selim* granted thee.
Mustaffa and the forward *Ianizaries*
1550 Haue sued to thy father *Baiazet*,
That thou maist be their captaine generall
Against th'attempts of *Souldane Acomat*.
VVhy thats the thing that I requested most,
That I might once th'imperiall armie leade:
And since its offred me so willingly,
Besheew me but ile take their curtesie.
Soft let me see is there no policie
T'entrap poore *Selimus* in this deuce?
It may be that my father feares me yet,
1560 Least I should once againe rise vp in armes,
And like *Antæus* queld by *Hercules*,
Gather new forces by my ouerthrow:

And

of Selimus, Emperour of the Turkes.

And therefore sends for me vnder pretence
Of this, and that: but when he hath me there,
Hee'll make me sure for putting him in feare.
Distrust is good, when theirs cause of distrust.
Read it againe, perchance thou doest mistake.

(Reade.

O, heer's *Mustaffas* signet set thereto,
Then *Selim* cast all foolish feare aside,
For hee's a Prince that fauours thy estate,
And hateth treason worse then death it selfe.
And hardly can I thinke he could be brought
If there were treason, to subscribe his name.
Come friend, the cause requires we shuld be gone,
Now once againe haue at the Turkish throne.

1570

Exeunt Both.

Enter *Baiazet* leading *Aga*, *Mustaffa*,
Hali, *Cali*, *Selimus*, the Ianizaries.

Sc. xviii

Baia. Come mournfull *Aga*, come and sit by me,
Thou hast bene sorely grieu'd for *Baiazet*,
Good reason then that he should grieue for thee.
Giue me thy arm, though thou hast lost thy hands,
And liu'ft as a poore exile in this light,
Yet hast thou wonne the heart of *Baiazet*.

1580

Aga. Your graces words are verie comfortable,
And well can *Aga* beare his grieuous losse,
Since it was for so good a Princes sake.

Seli. Father, if I may call thee by that name,
Whose life I aim'd at with rebellious sword:
In all humilitie thy reformed sonne,
Offers himselfe into your graces hands,
And at your feete laieth his bloodie sword,
Which he aduanc'd against your maiestie.
If my offence do seeme so odious
That I deserue not longer time to liue,
Behold I open vnto you my brest,
Readie prepar'd to die at your command.

1590

G

But

The first part of the Tragicall raigne

- But if repentance in vnfaigned heart,
1600 And sorrow for my grieuous crime forepast,
May merit pardon at your princely hands.
Behold where poore inglorious *Selimus*,
Vpon his knees begs pardon of your grace.
Baia. Stand vp my son, I ioy to heare thee speak,
But more, to heare thou art so well reclaim'd.
Thy crime was nere so odious vnto me,
But thy reformed life and humble thoughts,
Are thrice as pleasing to my aged spirit.
Selim we here pronounce thee by our will,
1610 Chiefe generall of the warlike Ianizaries.
Go lead them out against false *Acomat*,
Which hath so grieuously rebell'd gainst me.
Spare him not *Selim*, though he be my sonne,
Yet do I now cleane disinherit him,
As common enemy to me and mine.
Seli. May *Selim* liue to shew how dutifull
And louing he will be to *Baiazet*.
So now doth fortune smile on me againe,
And in regard of former iniuries,
1620 Offer me millions of Diadems:
I smile to see how that the good old man,
Thinks *Selims* thoughts are broght to such an ebbe
As he hath cast off all ambitious hope.
But soone shall that opinion be remou'd,
For if I once get mongst the Ianizars,
Then on my head the golden crowne shall fit.
Well *Baiazet*, I feare me thou wilt greeue,
That ere thou didst thy faining sonne beleue.
Exit Selim, with all the rest, saue *Baiazet*
and *Aga*.
1630 *Ba*. Now *Aga*, all the thoghts that troubled me,
Do rest within the center of my heart,
And thou shalt shortly ioy as much with me,
Then *Acomat* by *Selims* consuming sword,

Shall

of Selimus, Emperour of the Turkes.

Shall leefe that ghoast, which made thee loofe thy fight.

Aga. Ah *Baiazet*, *Aga* lookes not for reuenge,
But will powre out his praiera to the heauens,
That *Acomat* may learne by *Selimus*,
To yeeld himselfe vp to his fathers grace.

Sound within, long liue *Selimus* Emperour
of Turkes. 1640

Baia. How now, what sodaine triumph haue we here?

Must. Ah gracious Lord, the captaines of the hoste,
With one assent haue crown'd Prince *Selimus*,
And here he comes with all the Ianizaries,
To craue his confirmation at thy hands.

Enter *Cali Bassa*, *Selimus*, *Hali Bassa*, *Sinam*,
and the Ianizaries.

Sinam. *Baiazet*, we the captaines of thy hoast,
Knowing thy weake and too vnwildie age,
Vnable is longer to gouerne vs: 1650

Haue chofen *Selimus* thy yoonger sonne
That he may be our leader and our guide,
Against the *Sophi* and his Persians,
Gainst the victorious Soldane *Tonumbey*.
Their wants but thy consent, which we wil haue,
Or hew thy bodie peece-meale with our fwords.

Baia. Needs must I giue, what is alreadie gone.
He takes of his crowne.

Here *Selimus*, thy father *Baiazet*
Weeried with cares that wayt vpon a king,
Refignes the crowne as willingly to thee,
As ere my father gaue it vnto me. 1660

Sets it on his head.

All. Long liue *Selimus* Emperour of Turkes.

Baia. Liue thou a long and a victorious raigne,
And be triumpher of thine enemies.
Aga and I will to *Dimoticum*,
And liue in peace the remnant of our dayes.

Exit Baiazet and *Aga.*

The first part of the Tragicall raigne

Seli. Now fit I like the arme-strong son of *Ioue*,
When after he had all his monsters quell'd,
He was receiu'd in heauen mongst the gods,
And had faire *Hebe* for his louely bride.
As many labours *Selimus* hath had,
And now at length attained to the crowne,
This is my *Hebe*, and this is my heauen.
Baiazet goeth to *Dimoticum*,
And there he purposeth to liue at ease,
1680 But *Selimus*, as long as he is on earth,
Thou shalt not sleep in rest without some broyle,
For *Baiazet* is vnconstant as the winde:
To make that sure I haue a platforme laid.
Baiazet hath with him a cunning Iew,
Professing phisicke, and so skill'd therein,
As if he had pow'r ouer life and death.
Withall, a man so stout and resolute,
That he will venture any thing for gold.
This Iew with some intoxicated drinke,
1690 Shall poyson *Baiazet* and that blind Lord,
Then one of *Hydraes* heads is cleane cut off.
Go some and fetch *Abraham* the Iew.

Exit one for *Abraham*.

Corcut, thy pageant next is to be plaid.
For though he be a graue Philosopher,
Giuen to read *Mahomets* dread lawes,
And *Razins* toyes, and *Auicemaes* drugges,
Yet he may haue a longing for the crowne.
Besides, he may by diuellish Negromancie
1700 Procure my death, or worke my ouerthrow,
The diuell still is readie to do harme.
Hali, you and your brother presently
Shall with an armie to *Magnesia*,
There you shall find the scholler at his booke,
And hear'st thou *Hali*? strangle him.

Exeunt *Hali*, and *Cali*.

Corcut

of Selimus, Emperour of the Turkes.

Corcut once dead, then *Acomat* remaines,
Whose death wil make me certaine of the crowne.

These heads of *Hydra* are the principall,
When these are off, some other will arise,
As *Amurath* and *Aladin*, sonnes to *Acomat*,
My sifter *Solyma*, *Mustaffaes* wife,
All these shall suffer shipwrack on a shelve,
Rather then *Selim* will be drown'd himselve.

1710

Enter *Abraham* the Iew.

Iew thou art welcome vnto *Selimus*,
I haue a piece of seruice for you fir,
But on your life be secret in the deed.
Get a strong poyson, whose enuenom'd taste
May take away the life of *Baiazet*,
Before he passe forth of *Bizantium*.

1720

Abra. I warrant you my gracious foueraigne,
He shall be quickly sent vnto his graue,
For I haue potions of so strong a force,
That whosoever touches them shall die.

Speakes aside.

And wold your grace would once but tast of them
I could as willingly affoord them you,
As your aged father *Baiazet*.
My Lord, I am resolu'd to do the deed.

1730

Exit. Abraham.

Seli. So this is well: for I am none of those
That make a conscience for to kill a man.
For nothing is more hurtfull to a Prince,
Then to be scrupulous and religious.
I like *Lysanders* counsell passing well,
If that I cannot speed with lyons force,
To cloath my complots in a foxes skin.
For th'onely things that wrought our Empirie
Were open wrongs, and hidden trecherie.
Oh, th'are two wings wherewith I vse to flie
And soare about the common fort.

1740

The first part of the Tragicall raigne

If any seeke our wrongs to remedie,
With these I take his meditation short,
And one of these shall stil maintaine my cause,
Or foxes skin, or lions rending pawes.

Exeunt All.

Sc. xix Enter *Baiazet, Aga*, in mourning clokes,
Abraham the Iew with a cup.
1750 *Baia*. Come *Aga* let vs sit and mourne a while,
For fortune neuer shew'd her selfe so crosse,
To any Prince as to poore *Baiazet*.
That wofull Emperour first of my name,
Whom the Tartarians locked in cage,
To be a spectacle to all the world,
Was ten times happier then I am.
For *Tamberlaine* the scourge of nations,
Was he that puld him from his kingdome so.
But mine owne sonnes, expell me from the throne,
1760 Ah where shall I begin to make my mone.
Or what shall I first reckon in my plaint,
From my youth vp I haue bene drown'd in woe,
And to my latestt houre I shall be so.
You swelling seas of neuer ceasing care,
Whose waues my weather-beaten ship do tosse,
Your boyftrous billowes too vnruely are
And threaten still my ruine and my losse:
Like hugie mountaines do your waters reare,
Their loftie toppes, and my weake vessell crosse.
1770 Alas at length allaie your stormie strife,
And cruell wrath within me rages rise.
Or else my feeble barke cannot endure,
Your flashing buffets and outragious blowes,
But while thy foamie floud doth it immure,
Shall soone be wrackt vpon the sandie shallowes.
Griefe my leaud boat-swaine stirreth nothing sure,
But without stars gainst tide and wind he rowes,
And cares not though vpon some rock we split,

A restlesse

of Selimus, Emperour of the Turkes.

A restlesse pilot for the charge vnfit.
But out alasse, the god that vales the sea, 1780
And can alone this raging tempest stent,
Will neuer blow a gentle gale of ease,
But suffer my poore vessell to be rent.
Then ô thou blind procurer of mischance,
That staist thy selfe vpon a turning wheele,
Thy cruel hand euen when thou wilt enhance,
And pierce my poore hart with thy chrillant steele
Aga. Cease *Baiazet*, now it is *Agas* turne,
Rest thou a while and gather vp more teares,
The while poore *Aga* tell his Tragedie. 1790
When first my mother brought me to the world,
Some blazing Comet ruled in the skie,
Portending miserable chance to me.
My parents were but men of poore estate,
And happie yet had wretched *Aga* bene,
If *Baiazet* had not exalted him.
Poore *Aga*, had it not bene much more faire,
T'haue died among the cruell Persians,
Then thus at home by barbarous tyrannie
To liue and neuer see the cheerfull day, 1800
And to want hands wherewith to feele the way.
Ba. Leauē weeping *Aga*, we haue wept inough,
Now *Baiazet* will ban another while,
And vtter curses to the concaue skie,
Which may infect the regions of the ayre,
And bring a generall plague on all the world.
Night thou most antient grand-mother of all,
First made by *Ioue*, for rest and quiet sleepe,
When cheerful day is gon from th'earths wide hall.
Henceforth thy mantle in blak *Lethe* sleepe, 1810
And cloath the world in darknesse infernall.
Suffer not once the ioyfull dailight peepe,
But let thy pitchie steeds aye draw thy waine,
And coaleblack silence in the world still raigne.

Curse

The first part of the Tragicall raigne

Curse on my parents that first brought me vp,
And on the cradle wherein I was rockt,
Curse on the day when first I was created
The chiefe commander of all *Asia*.

1820 Curse on my sonnes that driue me to this grieffe,
Curse on my selfe that can finde no reliefe.

And curse on him, an euerlasting curse,
That quenched those lampes of euerburning light,
And tooke away my *Agas* warlike hands.
And curse on all things vnder the wide skie,
Ah *Aga*, I haue curst my stomacke drie.

Abra. I haue a drinke my Lords of noble worth,
Which soone will calme your stormie passions,
And glad your hearts if so you please to taste it.

Baia. For who art thou that thus doest pitie vs?
1830 *Abra.* Your highnesse humble seruant *Abrahā*.

Baia. *Abraham* sit downe and drink to *Baiazet*.

Abra. Faith I am old as well as *Baiazet*,
And haue not many months to liue on earth,
I care not much to end my life with him.
Heer's to you Lordings with a full carouse.

He drinkes.

Baia. Here *Aga*, wofull *Baiazet* drinkes to thee.
Abraham, hold the cup to him while he drinkes.

Abra. Now know old Lords, that you haue drunk your last:
1840 This was a potion which I did prepare
To poyson you, by *Selimus* instigation,
And now it is disperfed through my bones,
And glad I am that such companions
Shall go with me downe to *Proserpina*.

He dies.

Baia. Ah wicked Iew, ah cursed *Selimus*,
How haue the destins dealt with *Baiazet*,
That none shuld cause my death but mine own son?
Had *Ismael* and his warlike Persians
1850 Pierced my bodie with their iron speares,

Or

of Selimus, Emperour of the Turkes.

Or had the strong vnconquer'd *Tonumbey*
With his Aegyptians tooke me prifoner,
And sent me with his valiant Mammalukes,
To be praie vnto the *Crocodilus*.
It neuer would haue grieu'd me halfe fo much.
But welcome death into whose calme port,
My sorrow-beaten foule ioyes to arriue.
And now farewell my difobedient fonnes,
Vnnaturall fonnes vnworthie of that name.
Farewell sweete life, and *Aga* now farewell,
Till we shall meete in the Elyfian fields.

1860

He dies.

Aga. What greater griefe had mournful *Priamus*,
Then that he liu'd to see his *Hector* die,
His citie burnt downe by reuenging flames,
And poore *Polites* flaine before his face?

Aga, thy griefe is matchable to his,
For I haue liu'd to see my foueraignes death,
Yet glad that I must breath my last with him.
And now farewell sweet light, which my poore eyes
These twice fix moneths neuer did behold:

1870

Aga will follow noble *Batizet*,
And beg a boone of louely *Proserpine*,
That he and I may in the mournfull fields,
Still weepe and waile our strange calamities.

He dies

Enter *Bullitbrumble*, the shepheard running in haft,
and laughing to himfelfe.

Sc. xx

Bulli. Ha, ha, ha, married quoth you? Marry and *Bullitbrum-*
ble were to begin the world againe, I would fet a tap abroach, 1880
and not liue in daily feare of the breach of my wiues ten-com-
mandemens. Ile tell you what, I thought my felfe as proper a
fellow at wasters, as any in all our village, and yet when my wife
begins to plaie clubbes trumpe with me, I am faine to fing:

What hap had I to marry a shrew,
For she hath giuen me many a blow,

H

And

The first part of the Tragical raigne

1890 And how to please her alas I do not know.
From morne to euen her toong ne'r lies,
Sometime she laughs, fometime she cries:
And I can scarce keep her talëts fro my eies.
When from abroad I do come in,
Sir knaue she cries, where haue you bin?
Thus please, or displease, she laies it on my
Then do I crouch, then do I kneele, (skin.
And wish my cap were furr'd with steele,
To beare the blows that my poore head doth feele.
But our fir *Iobn* beshrew thy hart,
For thou hast ioynd vs we cannot part,
And I poore foole, must euer beare the smart.

1900 Ile tell you what, this morning while I was making me readie, she came with a holly wand, and to blest my shoulders that I was faine to runne through a whole Alphabet of faces: now at the last seeing she was so cramuk with me, I began to sweare all the crisse croffe row ouer, beginning at great A, litle a, til I cam to w, x, y. And snatching vp my sheephooke, & my bottle and my bag, like a desperate fellow ranne away, and here now ile fit downe and eate my meate.

While he is eating, Enter *Corcut* and his Page,
disguised like mourners.

1910 *Cor.* O hatefull hellish snake of *Tartary*,
That feedest on the soule of noblest men,
Damned ambition, cause of all miserie,
Why doest thou creep from out thy loathsome fen,
And with thy poyson animatest friends,
And gape and long one for the others ends.
Selimus, could'st thou not content thy mind,
With the possession of the sacred throne,
Which thou didst get by fathers death vnkind:
Whose poison'd ghost before high God doth grone.
1920 But thou must seeke poore *Corcuts* ouerthrow,
That neuer iniured thee, so, nor so?

of Selimus, Emperour of the Turkes.

Old *Halies* sonnes with two great companie
Of barded horse, were sent from *Selimus*,
To take me prisoner in *Magnesia*,
And death I am sure should haue befell to me,
If they had once but set their eyes on me.
So thus disguised my poore Page and I,
Fled fast to *Smirna*, where in a darke caue
We meant t'await th'arriuell of some ship
That might transfreit vs safely vnto *Rhodes*.

1930

But see how fortune crost my enterprise.
Bostangi Bassa, *Selims* sonne in law,
Kept all the sea coasts with his *Brigandines*,
That if we had but ventured on the sea,
I presently had bene his prisoner.
These two dayes haue we kept vs in the caue,
Eating such hearbes as the ground did affoord:
And now through hunger are we both constrain'd
Like fearefull snakes to creep out step by step,
And see if we may get vs any food.
And in good time, see yonder sits a man,
Spreading a hungry dinner on the grasse.

1940

Bullitbrumble spies them, and puts vp his meate.

Bull. These are some felonians, that seeke to rob me, well, ile
make my selfe a good deale valianter then I am indeed, and if
they will needes creep into kindred with me, ile betake me to
my old occupation, and runne away.

Corcut. Haile groome.

Bull. Good Lord sir, you are deceiued, my names master *Bul-
litbrumble*: this is some coufoning conicatching crosbiter, that
would faine perswade me he knowes me, and so vnder a tence of
familiaritie and acquaintance, vnle me of victuals.

Corcut. Then *Bullitbrumble*, if that be thy name:

Bull. My name sir ô Lord yes, and if you wil not beleue me,
I wil bring my godfathers and godmothers, and they shal swear
it vpon the font-stone, and vpon the church booke too, where
it is written.

The first part of the Tragicall raigne

Bull. Maffe, I thinke he be some Iustice of peace, *ad quorum*, and *omnium populorum*, how he famines me: a christian, yes marrie am I fir, yes verely and do belecue: and it please you ile goe forward in my catechisme.

Corcut. Then *Bullitbrumble*, by that blessed Christ, And by the tombe where he was buried, By soueraigne hope which thou conceiu'ft in him, Whom dead, as euerliuing thou adorest.

Bull. O Lord helpe me, I shall be torne in peeces with diuels and goblins.

Corcut. By all the ioyes thou hop'ft to haue in heauen, Giue some meate to poore hunger-starued men.

1970 *Bulli.* Oh, these are as a man should say beggars: Now will I be as stately to them as if I were maister *Pigwiggen* our constable: well firs come before me, tell me if I should entertain you, would you not steale?

Page. If we did meane so fir, we would not make your worship acquainted with it.

Bulli. A good well nutrimented lad: well if you will keepe my sheepe truly and honestly, keeping your hands from lying and flandering, and your tongues from picking and stealing, you shall be maister *Bullitbrumbles* seruitures.

1980 *Corcut.* With all our hearts.

Bulli. Then come on and follow me, we will haue a hogges cheek, and a dish of tripes, and a societie of puddings, & to field: a societie of puddings, did you marke that well vsed metaphor? Another would haue said, a company of puddings: if you dwel with me long firs, I shall make you as eloquent as our parson himselfe.

Exeunt Corcut, and Bullitbrumble.

Page. Now is the time when I may be enrich'd.

The brethren that were sent by *Selimus*
1990 To take my Lord, Prince *Corcut* prifoner,
Finding him fled, proposd large rewards
To them that could declare where he remains.
Faith ile to them and get the portagues,

Though

of Selimus, Emperour of the Turkes.

Though by the bargain *Corcut* loose his head.

Exit Page.

Enter *Selimus*, *Sinam-bassa*, the courtes of *Mustaffa* and *Aga*, *Sc. xxi*
with funerall pompe, *Mustaffa*, and the Ianizaries.

Seli. Why thus must *Selim* blind his subiect eies,
And fraine his owne to weep for *Baiazet*.

They will not dreame I made him away, 2000
When thus they see me with religious pompe,
To celebrate his tomb-blacke mortarie. (To himselfe.

And though my heart cast in an iron mould,
Cannot admit the smallest dramme of grieffe,
Yet that I may be thought to loue him well,
Ile mourne in shew, though I reioyce indeed.

To the courtes.

Thus after he hath five long ages liu'd,
The sacred *Phœnix* of *Arabia*,
Loadeth his wings with pretious perfumes, 2010
And on the altar of the golden funne,
Offers himselfe a gratefull sacrifice.

Long didst thou liue triumphant *Baiazet*,
A feare vnto thy greatest enemies,
And now that death the conquerour of Kings,
Dislodged hath thy neuer dying soule,
To flee vnto the heauens from whence she came,
And leaue her fraile, earth pavilion,
Thy bodie in this auntient monument,
Where our great predeceffours sleep in rest: 2020

Suppose the Temple of *Mabomet*.

Thy wofull sonne *Selimus* thus doth place.
Thou wert the *Phœnix* of this age of ours,
And diedst wrapped in the sweete perfumes,
Of thy magnifick deeds, whose lasting praise
Mounteth to highest heauen with golden wings.
Princes come beare your Emperour companie
In, till the dayes of mourning be ore past,
And then we meane to rouze false *Acomat*,

The first part of the Tragical raigne

2030 And cast him fourth of *Macedonia*.

Exeunt All.

Sc. xxii

Enter *Hali, Cali, Corcuts* Page, and one
or two fouldiers.

Page. My Lords, if I bring you not where *Corcut* is, then let me be hanged, but if I deliuer him vp into your hands, then let me haue the reward due to so good a deed.

Hali. Page, if thou shew vs where thy maister is, Be sure thou shalt be honoured for the deed,
And high exalted aboute other men.

2040

Enter *Corcut*, and *Bullitbrumbe*.

Page. That same is he, that in disguised robes,
Accompanies yon shepheard to the fields.

Cor. The sweet content that country life affords,
Passeth the royall pleasures of a King:
For there our ioyes are interlaced with feares:

But here no feare nor care is harboured,
But a sweete calme of a most quiet state.

Ah *Corcut*, would thy brother *Selimus*

But let thee liue, here should'st thou spend thy life,
2050 Feeding thy sheep among these graffie lands.

But sure I wonder where my Page is gone.

Hali. Corcut.

Corcut. Ay-me, who nameth me?

Hali. Hali, the gouernour of *Magnesia*.

Poore prince, thou thoughtst in these disguised weeds,
To maske vnseene: and happily thou might'st,
But that thy Page betraied thee to vs.

And be not wrath with vs unhappie prince,
If we do what our soueraigne commands.

2060 Tis for thy death that *Selim* sends for thee.

Cor. Thus I like poore *Ampharaus*, fought
By hiding my estate in shepherds coate,
T'escape the angry wrath of *Selimus*.

But as his wife false *Eriphyle* did
Betray his safetie for a chaine of gold,

So

of Selimus, Emperour of the Turkes.

So my false Page hath vilely dealt with me,
Pray God that thou maist prosper so as she.

Hali, I know thou sorrowest for my case,
But it is bootlesse, come and let vs go,
Corcut is readie, since it is must be so.

2070

Cali. Shepherd.

Bulli. Thats my profession fir.

Cali. Come, you must go with vs.

Bulli. Who I? Alasse fir, I haue a wife and feunteene cradles rocking, two ploughs going, two barnes filling, and a great heard of beasts feeding, and you should vtterly vndo me to take me to such a great charge.

Cali. Well there is no remedie.

Exeunt all, but *Bullitbrumble* stealing from them
closely away.

2080

Bulli. The mores the pitie. Go with you quoth he, marrie that had bene the way to preferment, downe *Holburne* vp *Tiburne*: well ile keepe my best ioynt from the strappado as well as I can hereafter, Ile haue no more seruants.

Exit running away.

Enter *Selimus*, *Sinam-Bassa*, *Mustaffa*, and
the Ianizaries.

Sc. xxiii

Seli. *Sinam*, we heare our brother *Acomat*
Is fled away from *Macedonia*,
To aske for aide of Persian *Ismael*,
And the Ægyptian Soldane our chiefe foes.

2090

Sinam. Herein my Lord I like his enterprife,
For if they giue him aide as sure they will,
Being your highnesse vowed enemies,
You shall haue iust cause for to warre on them,
For giuing succour gainst you, to your foe.
You know they are two mightie Potentates,
And may be hurtfull neighbours to your grace,
And to enrich the Turkish Diademe.

With

The first part of the Tragicall raigne

2100 With two so worthie kingdomes as they are,
Would be eternall glorie to your name.

Seli. By heauens *Sinam*, th'art a Warriour,
And worthie counceller vnto a King.

Sound within. Enter *Cali* and *Hali*, with
Corcut and his Page.

How now, what newes?

Cali. My gracious Lord, we here present to you
Your brother *Corcut*, whom in *Smirna* coasts
Feeding a focke of sheepe vpon a downe,

2110 His traitrous Page betraied to our hands.

Seli. Thanks ye bold brethren, but for that false part,
Let the vile Page be famished to death.

Corcut. *Selim*, in this I see thou art a Prince,
To punish treason with condigne reward.

Seli. O fir, I loue the fruite that treason brings,
But those that are the traitors, them I hate.

But *Corcut* could not your Philosophie
Keepe you safe from my Ianizaries hands.

We thought you had old *Gyges* wondrous ring,

2120 That so you were inuisible to vs.

Cor. *Selim*, thou dealst vnkindly with thy brother,
To seeke my death, and make a iest of me.

Vpbraid'st thou me with my philosophie?

Why this I learn'd by studying learned arts,

That I can beare my fortune as it falles,

And that I feare no whit thy crueltie,

Since thou wilt deale no otherwise with me,

Then thou hast dealt with aged *Baiazet*.

Seli. By heauens *Corcut*, thou shalt surely die,

2130 For slandering *Selim* with my fathers death.

Cor. Thē let me freely speake my mind this once,
For thou shalt neuer heare me speake againe.

Sel. Nay we can giue such loofers leaue to speake.

Cor. Then *Selim*, heare thy brothers dying words,
And marke them well, for ere thou die thy selfe,

Thou

of Selimus, Emperour of the Turkes.

Thou shalt perceiue all things will come to passe,
That *Coreut* doth diuine before his death.
Since my vaine flight from faire *Magnesia*,
Selim I haue conuerst with Christians,
And learn'd of them the way to faue my soule, 2140
And please the anger of the highest God.
Tis he that made this pure Christalline vault
Which hangeth ouer our vnhappie heads,
From thence he doth behold each finners fault:
And though our finnes vnder our feete he treads,
And for a while seeme for to winke at vs,
But is to recall vs from our wayes.
But if we do like head-strong sonnes neglect
To hearken to our louing fathers voyce,
Then in his anger will he vs reiect, 2150
And giue vs ouer to our wicked choyce.
Selim before his dreadfull maiestie,
There lies a booke written with bloudie lines,
Where our offences all are registred.
Which if we do not hastily repent,
We are reseru'd to lasting punishment.
Thou wretched *Selimus* hast greatest need
To ponder these things in thy secret thoughts,
If thou consider what strange maffacres
And cruell murthers thou hast caus'd be done. 2160
Thinke on the death of wofull *Baiazes*.
Doth not his ghoast stil haunt thee for reuenge?
Selim in *Chiurlu* didst thou fet vpon
Our aged father in his sodaine flight:
In *Chiurlu* shalt thou die a greeuous death.
And if thou wilt not change thy greedie mind,
Thy soule shall be tormented in darke hell,
Where woe, and woe, and neuer ceasing woe,
Shall found about thy euer-damned soule.
Now *Selim* I haue spoken, let me die: 2170
I neuer will intreate thee for my life.

The first part of the Tragicall raigne

Selim farewell: thou God of Christians,
Receiue my dying foule into thy hands. (Strangles him.)

Seli. What is he dead? then *Selimus* is safe,
And hath no more corriuals in the crowne.
For as for *Acomat* he soone shall see,
His Persian aide cannot faue him from me.
Now *Sinam* march to faire *Amasia* walles,
Where *Acomats* stout Queene immures her selfe,
2180 And girt the citie with a warlike siege,
For since her husband is my enemy,
I see no cause why she should be my friend.
They say yoong *Amurath* and *Aladin*,
Her bastard brood, are come to succour her.
But ile preuent this their officiousnesse,
And send their foule downe to their grandfather.
Mustaffa you shall keepe *Bizantium*,
While I and *Sinam* girt *Amasia*.

Exit Selimus, Sinam, Ianzaries all faue one.
2190 *Must.* It grieues my foule that *Baiazets* faire line,
Should be eclipsed thus by *Selimus*,
Whose cruell foule will neuer be at rest
Till none remaine of *Ottomans* faire race
But he himselfe: yet for old *Baiazet*
Loued *Mustaffa* deare vnto his death,
I will shew mercy to his familie.
Go firra, poast to *Acomats* yoong sonnes,
And bid them as they meane to faue their liues,
To flie in haste from faire *Amasia*,
2200 Least cruell *Selim* put them to the sword.

Exit one to Amurath and Aladin.
And now *Mustaffa*, prepare thou thy necke,
For thou art next to die by *Selims* hands.
Stearne *Sinam Bassa*, grudgeth still at thee,
And crabbed *Hali* stormeth at thy life,
All repine that thou art honour'd so,
To be the brother of their Emperour.

Enter

of Selimus, Emperour of the Turkes.

Enter *Solyma*.

But wherefore comes my louely *Solyma*?

Soly. *Mustaffa* I am come to seeke thee out, 2210

If euer thy distressed *Solyma*,

Found grace and fauour in thy manly heart:

Flie hence with me vnto some desert land,

For if we tarry here we are but dead.

This night when faire *Lucinaes* shining waine,

Was past the chaire of bright *Cassiopey*,

A fearefull vision appear'd to me.

Me thought *Mustaffa*, I beheld thy necke

So often folded in my louing armes,

In foule disgrace of *Bassaes* faire degree, 2220

With a vile haltar basely compassed.

And while I powr'd my teares on thy dead corpes,

A greedie lyon with wide gaping throate,

Seaz'd on my trembling bodie with his feete,

And in a moment rent me all to nought.

Flie sweet *Mustaffa*, or we be but dead.

Must. Why should we flie beauteous *Solyma*,

Mou'd by a vaine and a fantastique dreame?

Or if we did flie, whither should we flie?

If to the farthest part of *Asia*, 2230

Know'st thou not *Solyma*, kings hane long hands?

Come, come, my ioy, returne againe with me,

And banish hence these melancholy thoughts. (*Exeunt.*)

Enter *Aladin*, *Murath*, the messenger. *Sc. xxiv*

Aladin. Messenger is it true that *Selimus*

Is not far hence encamped with his hoste?

And meanes he to disioyne the haplesse sonnes

From helping our distressed mothers towne?

Mess. Tis true my Lord, and if you loue your liues

Flie from the bounds of his dominions, 2240

For he you know is most vnmercifull.

Amu. Here messenger take this for thy reward. *Exit mess.*

But we sweet *Aladin*, let vs depart,

Now in the quiet silence of the night

The first part of the Tragicall raigne

That ere the windowes of the morne be ope,
We may be far inough from *Selimus*.

2247 Ile to *Aegyptus*.

Alinda. I to *Persa*. (Exeunt.

Sc. xxv Enter *Selimus*, *Sinam*, *Hali*, *Cali*, *Ianizaries*.

Seli. But is it certaine *Hali* they are gone?
And that *Mustaffa* moued them to flie?

Hali. Certaine my Lord, I met the messenger
As he returned from yoong *Alinda*:
And learned of them, *Mustaffa*, was the man
That certified the Princes of your will.

Seli. It is inough: *Mustaffa* shall abie
At a deare price his pitifull intent.

Hali go fetch *Mustaffa* and his wife. (Exit *Hali*.)

2260 For though she be sister to *Selimus*,
Yet loues she him better then *Selimus*.

So that if he do die at our command,
And she should liue: soone wold she worke a mean
To worke reuenge for her *Mustaffas* death.

Enter *Hali*, *Mustaffa*, and *Solima*.

Falſe of thy faith, and traitor to thy king,
Did we so highly alway honour thee,
And doest thou thus requite our loue with treason,
For why should'st thou send to yoong *Alinda*,
And *Amurath*, the sonnes of *Acomat*,

2270 To giue them notice of our ſecrecies,
Knowing they were my vowed enemies?

Must. I do not ſeeke to leſſon my offence
Great *Selimus*, but truly do proteſt
I did it not for hatred of your grace,
So helpe me God and holy *Mahomet*.
But for I grieu'd to ſee the famous ſtocke
Of worthie *Baiazet* fall to decay,
Therefore I ſent the Princes both away.

Your highneſſe knowes *Mustaffa* was the man
2280 That ſau'd you in the battell of *Churlu*,

When

of Selimus, Emperour of the Turkes.

When I and all the warlike Ianizaries
Had hedg'd your person in a dangerous ring.
Yet I tooke pitie on your daunger there,
And made a way for you to scape by flight.
But those your Bassaes haue incensed you,
Repining at *Mustaffas* dignitie.
Stearne *Sinam* grindes his angry teeth at me.
Old *Halies* sonnes do bend their browes at me,
And are agriued that *Mustaffa* hath
Shewed himselfe a better man then they.
And yet the Ianizars mourne for me,
They know *Mustaffa* neuer proued false.
I, I haue bene as true to *Selimus*,
As euer subiect to his foueraigne,
So helpe me God and holy *Mabomet*.

2290

Seli. You did it not because you hated vs,
But for you lou'd the sonnes of *Acomat*.
Sinam, I charge thee quickly strangle him,
He loues not me that loues mine enemies.
As for your holy protestation,
It cannot enter into *Selims* eares:
For why *Mustaffa*? euery marchant man
Will praise his own ware be it ne'r so bad.

2300

Solima. For *Solimas* sake mightie *Selimus*,
Spare my *Mustaffas* life, and let me die:
Or if thou wilt not be so gracious,
Yet let me die before I see his death.

Seli. Nay *Solima*, your selfe shall also die,
Because you may be in the selfesame fault.
Why staitst thou *Sinam*? strangle him I say.

2310

Sinam strangles him.

Soli. Ah *Selimus*, he made thee Emperour,
And wilt thou thus requite his benefits?
Thou art a cruell tygre and no man,
That coul'st endure to see before thy face,
So braue a man as my *Mustaffa* was,

The first part of the Tragicall raigne

Cruelly strangled for so small a fault.

Seli. Thou shalt not after liue him *Solima.*

Twere pitie thou should'st want the company

2320 Of thy deare husband: *Sinam* strangle her.

And now to faire *Amasia* let vs march.

Acomats wife, and her vnmanly hoast,

Will not be able to endure our fight,

Much lesse make strong resistance in hard fight.

Exeunt.

Sc. xxvi Enter *Acomat*, *Tonombeius*, *Visir*, *Regan*, and
their souldiers.

Aco. Welcome my Lords into my natiue soyle,

The crowne whereof by right is due to me:

2330 Though *Selim* by the Ianizaries choyce,

Through vsurpation keep the same from me.

You know contrary to my fathers mind,

He was enthronized by the *Bassaes* will,

And after his enstalling, wickedly

By poyson made good *Baiazet* to die.

And strangled *Corcut*, and exiled me.

These iniuries we come for to reuenge,

And raise his siege from faire *Amasia* walles.

Tonom. Prince of *Amasia*, and the rightful heire

2340 Vnto the mightie Turkish Diadem:

With willing heart great *Tonombey* hath left

Ægyptian Nilus and my fathers court,

To aide thee in thy vndertaken warre,

And by the great *Vsancaffanos* ghoast,

Companion vnto mightie *Tamberlaine*,

From whom my father lineally descends,

Fortune shall shew her selfe too crosse to me,

But we will thrust *Selimus* from his throne,

And reuest *Acomat* in the Empirie.

2350 *Aco.* Thanks to the vncontrolled *Tonombey.*

But let vs haste vs to *Amasia*,

To succour my besieged citizens.

None

of Selimus, Emperour of the Turkes.

None but my Queene is ouerfeer there,
And too too weake is all her pollicie,
Against so great a foe as *Selimus*.

Exeunt All

Enter *Selimus*, *Sinam*, *Hali*, *Cali*, and the
Ianizaries.

Sc. xxvii

Seli. Summon a parley firs, that we may know
Whether these Mushrooms here will yeeld or no.

2360

A parley: Queene of *Amasia*, and her fouldiers
on the walles.

Queen. What crauest thou bloud-thirstie parricide?

Ist not inough that thou hast foulely slaine,

Thy louing father noble *Baiazet*,

And strangled *Corcut* thine vnhappy brother

Slaine braue *Mustaffa*, and faire *Solima*?

Because they faoured my vnhappy sonnes,

But thou must yet seeke for more massacres?

Go, wash thy guiltie hands in luke-warme blood.

2370

Enrich thy fouldiers with robberies:

Yet do the heauens still beare an equall eye,

And vengeance followes thee euen at the heeles.

Seli. Queene of *Amasia*, wilt thou yeeld thy selfe?

Queen. First shall the ouer-flowing *Euripus*

Of swift *Eubæa* stop his restlesse course

And *Phæbs* bright globe bring the day frō the west,

And quench his hot flames in the Esterne sea.

Thy bloudie sword vngratious *Selimus*

Sheath'd in the bowels of thy dearest friends:

2380

Thy wicked gard which still attends on thee,

Fleshing themselues in murther, lust, and rape:

What hope of fauour? what securitie?

Rather what death do they not promise me?

Then thinke not *Selimus* that we will yeeld,

But looke for strong resistance at our hands.

Seli, Why then you neuer danted Ianizaries,

Aduance your shields and vncontrolled speares,

Your

The first part of the Tragicall raigne

Your conquering hands in foe-mens blood embay,
2390 For *Selimus* himfelfe will lead the way.
Allarum, beats them off the walles. Allarum.

Sc. xxxviii Enter *Selimus*, *Sinam*, *Hali*, *Cali*, Ianizaries, with
Acomats Queene prisoner.

Se. Now sturdie dame, where are your men of war
To gard your perfon from my angry sword?
What? though brau'd vs on your citie walles,
Like to that *Amanonian Menalip*,
Leauing the bankes of fwift-ftream'd *Thermodon*
To challenge combat with great *Hercules*:
2400 Yet *Selimus* hath pluckt your haughtie plumes,
Nor can your spoufe rebellious *Acomat*,
Nor *Alinda*, or *Amuratb* your fonnes,
Deliuier you from our victorious hands.

Queen. *Selim* I fcorne thy threatnings as thy felfe.
And though ill hap hath giuen me to thy hands,
Yet will I neuer beg my life of thee.
Fortune may chance to frowne as much on thee.
And *Acomat* whom thou doeft fcorne fo much,
May take thy bafe *Tartarian* concubine,
2410 As well as thou haft tooke his loyall Queene.
Thou haft not fortune tied in a chaine,
Nor doeft thou like a warie pilot fit,
And wifely ftir this all containing barge.
Thou art a man as thofe whom thou haft flaine,
And some of them were better far then thou.

Seli. Strangle her *Hali*, let her scold no more.
Now let vs march to meet with *Acomat*,
He brings with him that great *Ægyptian* bug,
Strong *Tonombey*, *Vfan-Caffanos* fonne.
2420 But we shall foone with our fine tempered fwords,
Engrauē our prowefse on their buganets,
Were they as mightie and as fell of force,
As thofe old earth-bred brethren, which once

of Selimus, Emperour of the Turkes.

Heape hill on hill to scale the starrie skie,
When *Briareus* arm'd with a hundreth hands,
Flung foorth a hundreth mountaines at great *Ioue*,
And when the monstros giant *Monichus*
Hurld mount *Olimpus* at great *Mars* his targe, 2428
And darted cedars at *Mineruas* shield. *Exeunt* All.
Allarum. Enter *Selimus*, *Sinam*, *Cali*, *Hali*, and the Ianizaties, *Sc. xxxix*
at one doore, and *Acomat*, *Tonombey*, *Regan*, *Vissr*, and their
souldiers at another.

Seli. What are the vrchins crept out of their dens,
Vnder the conduct of this porcupine?
Doeft thou not tremble *Acomat* at vs,
To see how courage masketh in our lookes,
And white-wing'd victorie fits on our swordes?
Captaine of *Ægypt*, thou that vant'st thy selfe
Sprung from great *Tamberlaine* the *Scythia* theefe,
Who bad the enterprife this bold attempt, 2440
To set thy feete within the Turkish confines,
Or lift thy hands against our maiestie?

Aco. Brother of *Trebisond*, your squared words,
And broad-mouth'd tearmes, can neuer conquer vs.
We come resolu'd to pull the Turkish crowne,
Which thou doest wrongfully detaine from me,
By conquering sword from of thy coward crest.

Seli. *Acomat*, sith the quarrell toucheth none
But thee and me: I dare, and challenge thee.

Tonum. Should he accept the combat of a boy? 2450
Whose vnripe yeares and farre vnriper wit
Like to the bold foole-hardie *Phæton*
That sought to rule the chariot of the sunne,
Hath mou'd thee t'vndertake an Empirie.

Seli. Thou that resoluest in peremptorie tearmes,
To call him boy that scornes to cope with thee:
But thou canst better vse thy bragging blade,
Then thou canst rule thy ouerflowing tongue,
Soone shalt thou know that *Selims* mightie arme

The first part of the Tragicall raigne

2460 Is able to ouerthrow poore *Tonombey*.

Allarum, *Tonombey* beates *Hali* and *Cali* in.

Selim beates *Tonombey* in. Allarum,

Sc. xxx

Exit Tonombey.

Tonom. The field is loft, and *Acomat* is taken.

Ah *Tonombey*, how canst thou shew thy face

To thy victorious fire, thus conquered.

A matchlesse knight is warlike *Selimus*.

And like a shepheard mongst a swarme of gnats,

Dings downe the flying *Perfians* with their swords.

2470 Twice I encountred with him hand to hand,

And twice returned foyled and asham'd.

For neuer yet since I could manage Armes,

Could any match with mightie *Tonombey*,

But this heroicke Emperour *Selimus*.

Why stand I still, and rather do not flie

The great occision which the victors make?

Exit Tonombey.

Sc. xxxi

Allarum. Enter *Selimus*, *Sinam Bassa*, with

Acomat prifoner, *Hali*, *Cali*, Ianizaries.

2480 *Seli*. Thus when the coward Greeks fled to their ships,

The noble *Hector* all besmear'd in blood,

Return'd in triumph to the walles of *Troy*.

A gallant trophee, *Bassaes* haue we wonne,

Beating the neuer-foyled *Tonombey*,

And hewing passage through the *Perfians*.

As when a lyon rauing for his praie,

Falleth vpon a droaue of horned balles,

And rends them strongly in his kingly pawes.

Or *Mars* arm'd in his adamantie coate,

2490 Mounted vpon his firie-shining waine,

Scatters the troupes of warlike *Thracians*,

And warmes cold *Hebras* with hot streams of blood.

Braue *Sinam*, for thy noble prifoner,

Thou shalt be generall of my Ianizaries.

And

of Selimus, Emperour of the Turkes.

And *Belierbey* of faire *Natalia*.

Now *Acomat*, thou monster of the world,
Why stoupe'st thou not with reuerence to thy king?

Aco. Selim if thou haue gotten victorie,
Then vse it to thy contentation.

If I had conquer'd, know assuredly 2500

I would haue said as much and more to thee.

Know I disdaine them as I do thy selfe,
And scorne to stoupe or bend my Lordly knee,
To such a tyrant as is *Selimus*.

Thou slew'st my Queene without regard or care,
Of loue or dutie, or thine owne good name.

Then *Selim* take that which thy hap doth giue,
Disgra'ft, displai'ft, I longer loath to liue.

Seli. Then *Sinam* strangle him: now he is dead,
Who doth remaine to trouble *Selimus*? 2510

Now am I King alone and none but I.

For since my fathers death vntill this time,
I neuer wanted some competitors.

Now as the weerie wandring traoueller
That hath his steppes guided through many lands,

Through boiling foile of *Affrica* and *Ind*,
When he returnes vnto his natieue home:

Sits downe among his friends, and with delight
Declares the trauels he hath ouerpast.

So maist thou *Selimus*, for thou hast trode 2520

The monster-garden paths, that lead to crownes.

Ha, ha, I smile to thinke how *Selimus*

Like the Ægyptian *Ibis* hath expelled
Those swarming armies of swift-winged snakes,

That fought to ouerrun my territories,
When foultring heat the earths green childrē spoiles

From foorth the fennes of venemous *Affrica*,

The generation of those flying snakes,

Do band themselues in troupes, and take their way

To *Nilus* bounds: but those industrious birds,

The first part of the Tragical raigne

Those *Ibides* meete them in fet array,
And eate them vp like to a swarme of gnats,
Preuenting such a mischiefe from the land.
But see how vnkind nature deales with them :
From out their egges rises the basiliske,
Whose onely sight killes millions of men.
When *Acomat* lifted his vngratious hands
Against my aged father *Barazet*.
They sent for me, and I like *Ægyps* bird
2540 Haue rid that monster, and his fellow mates.
But as from *Ibis* springs the *Basilisk*,
Whose onely touch burneth vp stones and trees.
So *Selimus* hath prou'd a Cocatrice,
And cleane consumed all the familie
Of noble *Ottoman*, except himselfe.
And now to you my neighbour Emperours,
That durst lend ayd to *Selims* enemies,
Sinam those Soldanes of the Orient,
Ægypt and *Persia*, *Selimus* will quell,
2550 Or he himselfe will sincke to lowest hell.
This winter will we rest and breath our selues :
But soone as *Zephyrus* sweete smelling blast
Shall greatly creep ouer the flourie meades,
Wee'll haue a sling at the *Ægyptian* crowne,
And ioyne it vnto ours, or loose our owne.

Exeunt.

of Selimus, Emperour of the Turkes.

Conclufion.

Thus haue we brought victorious Selimus,
Vnto the Crowne of great Arabia:
Next fhall you fee him with trinmphant fword,
Diuiding kingdomes into equall fhares,
And giue them to their warlike followers.
If this firft part Gentles, do like you well,
The fecond part, fhall greater murthers tell.

F I N I S.



DATE
DUE

CALL NUMBER	AUTHOR
PR Se48tM	
VOLUME	TITLE
	The tragical rei
COPY NO.	Selinus

NAME & ADDRESS

Recatalogued & transf
into Ref. & Ren.

PHONE DATE BO

VICTORIA UNIVERSITY LIBRA
DO NOT REMOVE THIS SLIP FROM BO



