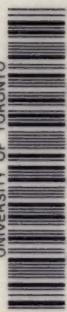
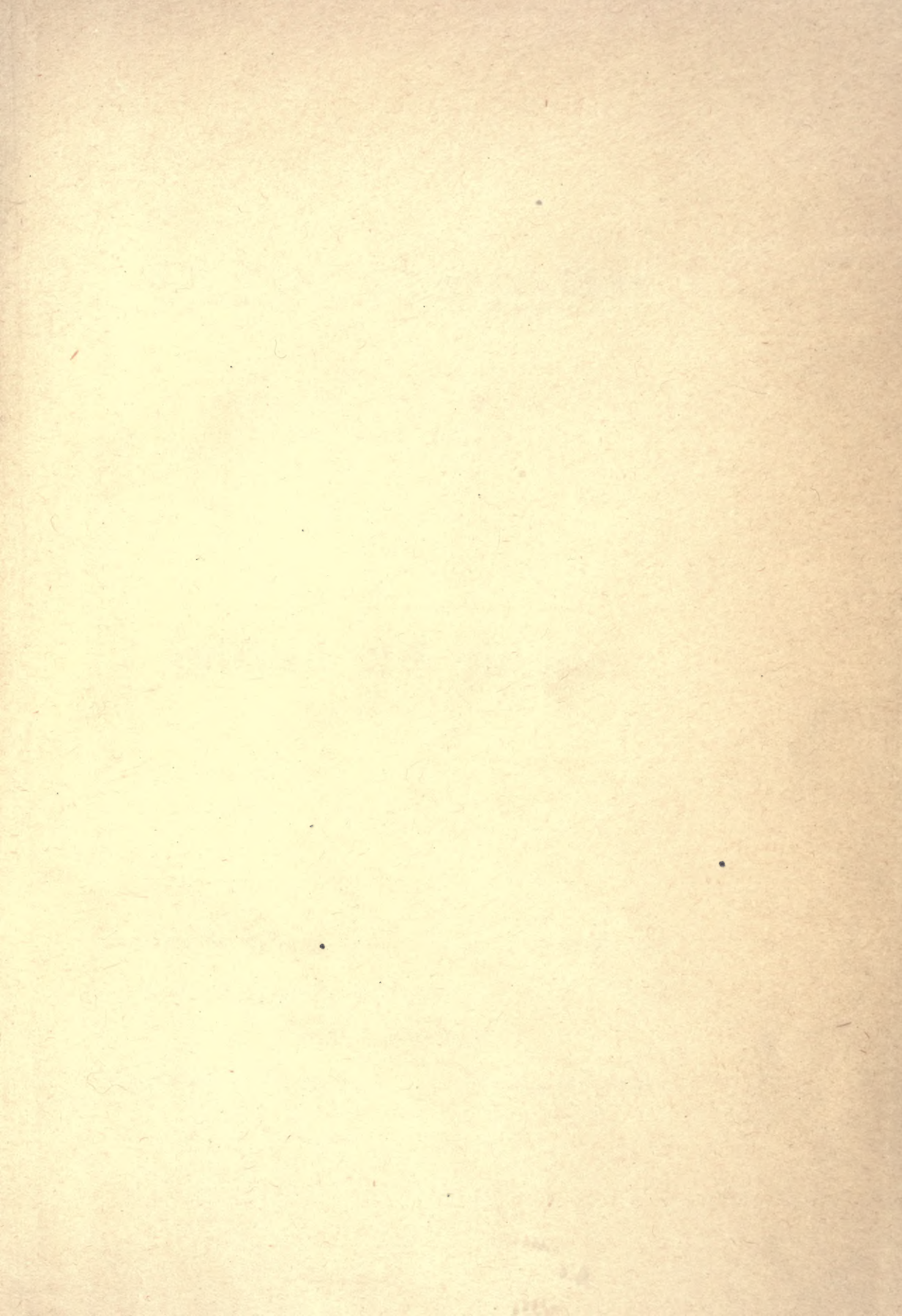


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The Tudor Facsimile Texts

Solimon and Perseda

Licensed for Printing 20 Nov., 1592

Date of earliest known dated edition 1599

(B.M., Grenville Copy.)

Reproduced in Facsimile 1912

~~1912~~

The Tudor Facsimile Texts

[Vol. 113]

Under the Supervision and Editorship of

JOHN S. FARMER

Solimon and Perseda

1599

Issued for Subscribers by the Editor of

THE TUDOR FACSIMILE TEXTS
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1599a

Solimon and Perseda

c. 1592-9

This facsimile is taken from the best of four copies in the British Museum. The Grenville Copy is undated, but another is dated 1599. There are internal reasons for supposing that whilst passing through the press, differing impressions were issued. Solimon and Perseda was licensed for printing 20 Nov. 1592: whether the dated or undated copies can claim priority is unknown, though it may be noted that some of the undated examples are described as "newly corrected and amended."

The authorship has been attributed to Kyd (Sir Sidney Lee, q.v., Kyd in D.N.B.)

The reproduction is excellent: some pages of all the original copies are exceedingly bad, being very much off-set.

JOHN S. FARMER.



THE
TRAGEDIAE
OF SOLIMON AND
PERSEDA.

*Wherein is laide open, Loues
constancie, Fortunes incon-
stancie, and Deaths
Triumphs.*



AT LONDON
Printed by *Edward Alde*, for
Edward White, and are to be solde at
the little North doore of Paules Church,
at the signe of the Gun.



THE
Tragedie of *Soliman* and
Perfeda.

ACTVS PRIMVS.

Enter Loue, Fortune, Death.

Loue.

WHat, *Death* and *Fortune* crosse the way of *Loue*?
For. Why, what is *Loue*, but *Fortunes* tennis-ball?
Death. Nay, what are you both, but subiects
vnto *Death*?

And I commaund you to forbear this place:
For heere the mouth of sad *Melpomenè*,
Is wholly bent to tragedies discourse:
And what are tragedies but acts of death?
Here meanes the wrathfull muse in seas of teares,
And lowd laments to tell a dismall tale:
A tale wherein she lately hath bestowed,
The huskie humor of her bloody quill,
And now for tables, takes her to her tung.

Loue. Why thinks *Death*, *Loue* knows not the historie,
Of braue *Erastus* and his *Rodian* dame?

'Twas I that made their harts consent to loue,
And therefore come I now as fittest person,
To serue for *Chorus* to this Tragedie:

Had I not beene, they had not dyed so soone.

Death. Had I not beene, they had not dyed so soone.

The Tragedie

For. Nay then it seemes you both doo misse the marke,
Did not I change long loue to sudden hate?
And then rechange their hatred into loue?
And then from loue deliuer them to death?
Fortune is Chorus, Loue and Death be gone.

Death. I tell thee *Fortune*, and thee wanton *Loue*,
I will not downe to euerlasting night,
Till I haue moralliz'd this Tragedie,
Whose cheefest actor was my fable dart.

Loue. Nor will I vp into the brightsome sphere,
From whence I sprung, till in the chorus place,
I make it knowne to you and to the world,
What interest *Loue* hath in Tragedies.

For. Nay then though *Fortune* haue delight in change,
He stay my flight, and cease to turne my wheele,
Till I haue showne by demonstration,
What intrest I haue in a Tragedie:

Fush, Fortune can doo more then Loue or Death.

Loue. Why stay we then, lets giue the Actors leaue,
And as occasion serues, make our returne. *Exeunt.*

Enter Erasmus and Perseda.

Erast. Why when *Perseda*, wilt thou not assure me?
But shall I like a mastlesse ship at sea,
Goe every way, and not the way I would?
My loue hath lasted from mine infancie,
And still increased as I grew my selfe.
When did *Perseda* pastime in the streetes,
But her *Erastus* ouer-eyed her sporte?
When didst thou with thy sampler in the Sunne,
Sit sowing with thy seres, but I was by,
Marking thy lilly hands dexteritie:
Comparing it to twenty gracious things.
When didst thou sing a note that I could heare,
But I haue framde a dittie to the tune,
Figuring *Perseda* twenty kinde of ways.

When

of Soliman and Perseda.

When didst thou goe to Church on hollydaies,
But I haue waited on thee too and fro:
Marking my times, as Faulcons watch their flight,
When I haue mist thee how I haue lamented,
As if my thoughts had been assured true.
Thus in my youth, now since I grew a man,
I haue perseuered to let thee know,
The meaning of my true harts constancie:
Then be not nice *Perseda* as women woot
To hasty louers whose fancy soone is fled:
My loue is of a long continuance,
And merites not a strangers recompence.

Per. Enough *Erastus*, thy *Perseda* knowes,
She whom thou wouldst haue thine, *Erastus* knowes.

Erast. Nay my *Perseda* knowes, and then tis well.

Per. I watch you vantages, thine be it then,
I haue forgot the rest, but thats the effect:
Which to effect, accept this carkanet,
My Grandame on her death bed gaue it me,
And there, euen there, I vovd vnto my selfe,
To keepe the same, vntill my wandring eye,
Should finde a harbour for my hart to dwell.
Euen in thy brest doe I elect my rest,
Let in my hart to keep thine company.

Erast. And sweet *Perseda* accept this ring,
To equall it, receiue my hart to boote,
It is no boote, for that was thine before:
And far more welcome is this change to me,
Then sunny dayes to naked Sauages,
Or newes of pardon to a wretch condemnd,
That waiteth for the fearefull stroke of death.
As carefull will I be to keepe this chaine,
As doth the mother keepe her children,
From water pits, or falling in the fire.
Ouer mine armour will I hang this chaine,
And when long combat makes my body faint,
The sight of this shall shew *Persedas* name,

The Tragedie

And ad fresh courage to my fainting lims.
This day the eger Turke of Tripolis,
The knight of Malra, honoured for his worth,
And he thats titled by the golden spurre.
The Moore vpon his hot Barbarian horse,
The fiery Spaniard bearing in his face,
The empresse of a noble warriour.
The sudden Frenchman, and the bigbon'd Dane,
And English Archers, hardy men at armes,
Eclipped Lyons of the Westerné worlde;
Each one of these approued combatants,
Assembled from seuerall corners of the world,
Are hither come to trie their force in armes,
In honour of the Prince of Cypris nuptials:
Amongst these worthies will *Erastus* troops,
Though like a Gnat amongst a hiue of Bees:
Know me by this thy pretious carkaner,
And if Ithriue, in valour as the glasse,
That takes the Sun-beames burning with his force:
Ile be the glasse and thou that heavenly Sun,
From whence Ile borrow what I do atchieue:
And sweet *Perfeda* vnnoted though I be,
Thy beauty yet shall make me knowne ere night.

Per. Yong slippes are neuer graft in windy daies,
Yong schollers neuer entered with the rod.
Ah my *Erastus* there are Europes Knights,
That carry honour grauen in their helmes,
And they must winne it deere that winne it thence,
Let not my beutie prick thee to thy bane,
Better fit still then rise and ouertane.

Erast. Counsell me not, for my intent is sworne,
And be my fortune as my loue deserues.

Per. So be thy fortune as thy features serue,
And then *Erastus* liues without compare.

Enter a Messenger.

Here comes a Messenger to hast me hence,
I know your message, hath the Princesse sent for me?

Messen.

of Soliman and Perseda.

Messen. She hath, and desires you to consort her to the
Enter Piston. (triumphes.

Piston. Who saw my Master?
O sir, are you heere?
The Prince and all the outlandish Gentlemen,
Are ready to goe to the triumphs, they stay for you.

Erast. Goe sirra, bid my men bring my horse,
and a dosen staues.

Pist. You shall haue your horses and two dosen staues.

Exit Piston.
Erast. With me good hap *Perseda* and Ile winne
Such glory, as no time shall ere race out,
Or end the period of my youth in blood.

Per. Such fortune as the good *Andromache*,
Wisht valiant *Hezor* wounded with the Greekes,
I wish *Erastus* in his maiden warres.
Orecome with yallor these high minded Knights,
As with thy vertue thou hast conquered me,
Heauens heare my hartly prayer and it effect. *Exeunt.*

Enter Phillippo, the Prince of Cipris, Basilisco,
and all the Knights.

Phil. Braue Knights of Christendome, and turkish both,
Assembled heere in thirsty honors cause,
To be enrolled in the brass leaued booke,
Of neuer waiting perpetuity,
Put Lambe-like mildenes to your Lyons strength,
And be our tilting like two brothers sports,
That exercise their warrè with friendly blowes.
Braue Prince of Cipris, and our sonne in law,
Welcome these worthies by their seuerall countries,
For in thy honor hether are they come,
To grace thy nuptials with their deeds at armes.

Cipris. First welcome thise renowned Englishman,
Graced by thy country, but ten times more
By thy approoued valour in the field,
Vpon the onset of the enemy.

The Tragedie

What is thy motto when thou spurres thy horse?

Englishman. In Scotland was I made a Knight at armes,
Where for my countries cause I charg'de my Launce;
In France I tooke the Standard from the King,
And giue the flower of Gallia in my crest.
Against the light foote Irish haue I serued,
And in my skinne bare tokens of their skenes:
Our word of courage all the world hath heard,
Saint George for England, and Saint George for me.

Cipris. Like welcome vnto thee faire Knight of Fraunce,
Well famed thou art for discipline in warre,
Vpon the incounter of thine enemy,
What is thy mot renowned Knight of Fraunce?

Frenchman. In Italy I put my Knight hood on,
Where in my shirt but with a single Rapier,
I combated a Romane much renownd,
His weapons point impoisoned for my bane,
And yet my starres did bode my victory,
Saint Denis is for Fraunce, and that for me.

Cipris. Welcome *Castilian* too amongst the rest,
For fame doth sound thy valour with the rest:
Vpon thy first encounter of thy foe,

What is thy word of courage braue man of Spaine?
Spaniard. At foureteene yeeres of age was I made Knight,
When twenty thousand Spaniards were in field,
What time a daring Rutter made a challenge,
To change a bullet with his swift flight shot,
And I with single heed and leuell, hit
The haughtie challenger and strooke him dead.
The golden Fleece is that we cry vpon,
And Iaques, Iaques, is the Spaniards choffe.

Cipris. Next welcome vnto thee renowned Turke,
Not for thy lay, but for thy worth in armes:
Vpon the first braue of thine enemy,
What is thy noted word of charge, braue Turke?

Brufor. Against the Sophy in three pitched fields,
Vnder the conduct of great *Soliman*,

of Soliman and Perseda.

Haue I brought this to your commandment of an hundred
And put the flint heart Besfrans in the sword
The desert plaine of Affricke haue I staith
With blood of Moores, and there in theee fift battels fought,
Marcht conqueror through Asia, I had in time
Along the coasts held by the Portinguzes
Euen to the verge of golde, aboording Spaine
Hath Brusor led a valiant troope of Turkes
And made foure Christians kneele to Mahomet
Him we adore, and in his name I cry
Mahomet for me and Solimans

Cip. Now Signeur Basile you will know
And therefore giue not you a strangers welcome
You are a Rutter borne in Germanie
Vpon the first encounter of your foe:

What is your brave upon the enemy?
Basile. Of fight non with my tongue, this is my Oratrix
Laying his hand upon his sword

Cip. Why Signeur Basile, is it she that
Basile. I, and so are all blades
Perdie, each female is the weaker vessel
And the vigour of this remaineth
The temper of any blade, quoth my assertion
And theroby gather, that this blade being approued weaker
than this lim, may very well beare a feminine Epitheton.

Cip. Tis well proued, but what is the word that glories you?

Basile. Sooth to say, the earth is my countrey,
As the aire to the fowle, or the marine moisture
To the red guild fish: I repute myself noe towards
For humilitie shall moue my heart
I keep no table to character my forepassed conflicts
As I remember, where I happened a foild draught
In some part of Belgia, that the Iuening
Was feared with the Sunne Gods Element
I held it pollicie to put the thane children
Of that climate to the sword
That the thane children might rest in the parched earth

The Tragedie

The men died, the women wept, and the grasse grew,
Els had my Frize-land horse perished,
Whose losse would haue more grieued me,
Than the ruine of that whole Country.
Vpon a Time in Ireland I fought,
On horsebacke with an hundred Kernes,
From *Titans* Easterne vprise, to his Western downe-fall:
Insomuch that my Steed began to faint;
I coniecturing the cause to be want of water, dismounted:
In which place there was no such Element,
Enraged therefore with this Semitor,
All on foote like, an *Herculian* of-spring,
Endured some three or foure houres combat,
In which proesse, my body distilled such dewy shower of
That from the warlike wrinckles of my front, (sweet,
My Palfray coold his thirst.
My mercy in conquest, is equall with my manhood in fight,
The teare of an infant, hath bin the rancome of a conquered.
Whereby I purchased the surname of *Pities adomant*. (citic,
Rough wordes blowe my choller,
As the wind dooth *Mulcibers* worke house,
I haue no word, because no country,
Each place is my habitation,
Therefore each countries word mine to pronounce.
Princes, what would you?
I haue seen much, heard more, but done most,
To be briefe, hee that will trie mee, let him wast me with his
I am his, for some fise launces. (arme.
Although it go against my starres to iest,
Yet to gratulate this beninge Prince,
I will suppressse my condition,
Philip. He is beholding to you greatly sir:
Mount ye braue Lordings, forwards to the tilt,
Myselfe will censure of your chiuallrie,
And with impartiall eyes behold your deedes,
Forward braue Ladies, place you to behold
The faire demcanor of these warlike Knights. *Exeunt* and I
Manet.

of Soliman and Perseda.

Manet Basilisco.

Basi. I am melancholy: an humor of Venus beleagereth me:
I haue reiected with contemptable frownes,
The sweet glances of many amorous girles or rather ladies:
But certes, I am now captiuated with the reflecting eye
Of that admirable comet *Perseda*.
I will place her to behold my triumphes,
And do wonders in hir sight,
O heauen she comes, accompanied with a child,
Whose chin beares no impression of manhood,
Not an hayre, not an excrement.

Enter Erastus, Perseda, and Pystan.

Erast. My sweet *Perseda*.

Exeunt Erastus and Perseda.

Basi. Peace Infant thou blasphemest.

Pist. You are deceiued sir, he swore not.

Basi. I tell thee Iester he did worse, he cald that Ladie his.

Pist. Iester: *O extempore, o flores!*

Basi. O harsh vn-edicate illiterate pefant,
Thou abusest the phrase of the Latine.

Pist. By gods fish friend, take you the Latins part, ile abuse

Basi. What saunce dread of our indignation? (you to.

Pist. Saunce: what languidge is that?

I thinke thou art a word maker by thine occupation.

Basi. I, termest thou me of an occupation;

Nay then this fierie humor of choller is supprest,

By the thought of loue. Faire Ladie,

Pist. Now by my troth she is gon.

Basi. I, hath the infant transported her hence,

He saw my anger figured in my brow,

And at his best aduantage stole away,

But I will follow for reuenge.

Pist. Naye, but here you sir,

I must talke with you before you goe.

Then Piston gets on his back, and pul's him downe.

Basi. O if thou beest magnanimous, come before me.

Pist. Nay, if thou beest a right warrior, get from vnder me.

Baf. What wouldst thou have me a Typhon,
For bearing the name of Offender: as I am
Pist. Typhon is a name of blasphemy: I have received with contentment
But I weare upon my backe a dagger, to receive of thee
Not to give thee any harme: I am now caparisoned
But stay with me, and look upon the oil of
Baf. O thou shalt thereby receive thy glory: for I will
Pist. I care not for that, wilt thou not I weare
Baf. O I weare, I weare: O because of this
Whose name is written upon his dagger: and
Pist. By the contents of this blade.
Baf. By the name of this blade.
Pist. I the aforesaid *Basilisco*.
Baf. The aforesaid *Basilisco*.
Knight good fellow, Knight, Knight.
Pist. Knaue good fellow, knaue, knaue.
Baf. Will not offer to goe from the side of *Piston*.
Pist. Will not offer to goe from the side of *Piston*.
Baf. Without the leave of the said *Piston*.
Pist. Without the leave of the said *Piston*.
Baf. Without the leave of the said *Piston*.
Licensed, obtained and granted.
Pist. I inioy thy life and liue, I give it thee.
Baf. I inioy my life at thy hands; I confesse it,
I am vp; but that I am religious in mine oath.
Pist. What would you do sir, what would you do,
Will you vp the ladder sir, and see the tilting.
Then they go up the ladders, and they sound
within to the first course.
Baf. Better a Dog fawne on me, then barke.
Pist. Now sir, how likes you this course,
Baf. Their Launces were coucht too hie,
And their Steedes ill borne.
Pist. It may be so, it may be so.
Sound to the second course.
Now sir, how like you this course.
Baf. Prettie, prettie, but not famous,
Well for a learner, but not for a warriour.
Pist.

of Soliman and Perseda.

Pist. By my faith me thought it was excellent crow

Baf. I in the eye of an infant, a Peacocks taile is glorious.

Sound to the third course.

Pist. O well ran, the baye horse with the blew taile,

And the siluer knight, are both downe,

By Cock and Pie, and Moufe foote,

The Englishman is a fine Knight.

Baf. Now by the marble face of the Welkin,

He is a braue warriour.

Pist. What an oath is there, sic vpon the executioner,

Baf. Now comes in the infant that courts my mistresse

Sound to the fourth course.

Oh that my lance were in my rest,

And my Beauer clod for this encounter,

Pist. O well ran, my maister hath ouerthrowne the Turke.

Baf. Now sic vpon the Turke,

To be dismounted by a Childè it vexeth me.

Sound to the fifth course.

Pist. O well ran maister, he hath duentrowne the French.

Baf. It is the fury of his horse, not the strength of his armè.

I would thou wouldst remit my oath,

That I might assaile thy maister.

Pist. I giue thee leaue, go to thy destruction,

But syrra wheres thy horse?

Baf. Why my Page holding him by the bridle.

Pist. Well goe mount thee, goe.

Baf. I go; and Fortune guide my Launce.

Exit Basilisco.

Pist. Take the bragging knaue in Christendom with thee:

Truly I am forrie for him,

He iust like a Knight; heele iust like a Iade.

It is a world to heere the foole prate and brag,

He will iet as if it were a Goose on a greene:

He goes many times supperles to bed,

And yet he takes Phisick to make him leane.

Last night he was bidden to a Gentlewomans to supper,

And because he would not be put to carue,

The Tragedie

He wore his hand in a scarfe, and said he was wounded:
He weares a coloured lath in his scabberd,
And when twas found vpon him, he said he was wrathfull,
He might not weare iron. He weres Ciuet,
And when it was askt him, where he had that muske,
He said, all his kindred smelt so:
Is not this a counterfet foole?
Well ile vp and see how he speedes.

Sound the sixt course,

Now by the faith of a squire he is a very faint knight,
Why my maister hath ouerthrowne him
And his Curtall, both to the ground,
I shall haue olde laughing,
It will be better then the Fox in the hole for me,

*Sound: Enter Philippo, Erastus, Ferdinando,
Lucina, and all the Knights.*

Cipr. Braue Gentlemen, by all your free consents,
This Knight vnknowne, hath best demcand himself.
According to the proclamation made,
The prize and honor of the day is his,
But now vnmaske thyselfe, that we may see,
What warlike wrinckles time has characterized,
With ages print vpon thy warlike face.

Englisb. Accord to his request, brave man at armes,
And let me see the face that vanquished me,

French. Vnmaske thy selfe, thou well approoued knight.

Turke. I long to see thy face braue warriour.

Luci. Nay valiant sir, we may not be denide,
Faire Ladies should be coye to showe their faces,
Least that the sun should tan them with his beames,
Ile be your Page this once, for to disarme you.

Pist. Thats the reason, that he shall helpe
Your husband to arme his head,
Oh the pollicie of this age is wonderfull.

Phillip. What young *Erastus*, is it possible?

Cipr. *Erastus* be thou honoured for this deed.

Englisb. So yong, and of such good accomplishment,

Thriue

of Soliman and Perseda.

Thriue faire beginner as this time doth promise,
In vertue, valour and all worthines:

Giue me thy hand, I vow my selfe thy friend.

Erast. Thankes worthy sir, whose fauorable hand,

Hath entred such a yongling in the warre,

And thankes vnto you all, braue worthy sirs,

Impose me taske, how I may doe you good,

Erastus will be dutifull in all.

Phil. Leauē protestations now, and let vs hie,

To tread lauolto, that is womens walke,

There spend we the remainder of the day.

Exeunt. Manet Ferdinando.

Ferdi. Though ouer-borne, and foyled in my course,

Yet haue I partners in mine infamy.

Tis wondrous, that so young a toward warriour,

Should bide the shock of such approoued knights,

As he this day hath matcht and mated too,

But vertue should not enuy good desert,

Therefore *Erastus* happy, laude thy fortune,

But my *Lucina*, how she changed her colour,

When at the encounter I did loose a stirrop,

Hanging her head as partner of my shame.

Therefore now will I goe visit her,

And please her with this Carcanet of worth,

Which by good fortune I haue found to day,

When valour failes then must golde make the way. *Exit.*

Enter Basilisco riding of a Mule.

Bas. O cursed Fortune enemy to Fame,

Thus to disgrace thy honored name,

By ouerthrowing him that far hath spred thy praise,

Beyond the course of *Titans* burning raies.

Enter Piston.

Page set a side the iecture of my enemy,

Giue him a Fidlers see, and send him packing.

Pist. Ho, God saue you sir, haue you burst your shin,

Bas. I villaine, I haue broke my shin bone,

My backe bone, my channell bone, and my thigh bone,

Be-

Beside two ~~passions~~ of small inferior bones

Pist. A shrewd losse by my faith, fir

But wheres your couriers taylor?

Bas. He lost the same in seruice

Pist. There was a horse piece of seruise where he lost his taylor

But how chance his taylor is slit

Bas. For presumption, for covering the Emperors Mare

Pist. Marry a foule fault, but why ate his taylor cut?

Bas. For neighing in the Emperors court

Pist. Why then thy horse hath bin a Colt in his taylor

Bas. True, thou hast said

O touch not the cheek of my Pilphrey

Least he discoment me while my wounds are greene

Page, run, bid the surgion bring his incision

Yet stay Ile ride along with thee my selfe

Pist. And he bears you company

Piston getteth up on his Ass; and ritteth with him

to the doore, and misseth the Cryer

Enter the Cryer

Pist. Come sirra, let me see how finely youle cry this chain

Cryer. Why what is it worth?

Pist. It was worth more, then thou add all thy kin are

Cry. It may be so, but what must he haue that findes it?

Pist. Why a hundred Crownes

Cry. Why then he haue ten for the crying of it

Pist. Ten Crownes, and had but sixpence

For crying a little wench of thirty yeeres olde and vntwardes

That had lost her selfe betwixt a Tanerme and a baydy house

Cry. I, that was a wench, and this is Gold

She was poore, but this is rich

Pist. Why then by this reckoning, a Hackney man

Should haue ten shillings for horsing a Gentlewoman

Where he hath but ten pence of a begger

Cry. Why and reason good,

Let them pay that best may

As the day is for their rich Chyants

Be

When

of Soliman and Perseda.

When they let the poore goe vnder *Forma pauperis.*

Pist. Why then I pray thee cry the chayne for me,

Sub. forma pauperis.

For money goes very low with me at this time.

Crier. I sir, but your master is, though you be not.

Pist. I but he must not know,

That thou cryest the chayne for me,

I doe but vse the to saue me a labour,

That am to make inquiry after it.

Cri. Well sir, youle see me considered, will you not?

Pist. I marry will I, why what lighter payment can there
be, then consideration.

Cri. O yes.

Enter Erastus.

Erast. How now sirra, what are you crying?

Cri. A chayne sir a chayne, that your man bad me cry.

Erast. Get you away sirra, I aduise you

Meddle with no chaines of mine.

Exit Cryer.

You paltry knaue, how durst thou be so bould,

To cry the chayne, when I bid thou shouldst not,

Did I not bid thee onely vnderhand,

Make priuie inquirie for it through the towne,

Least publike rumour might aduertise her,

Whose knowledge were to me a second death?

Pist. Why would you haue me runne vp and downe the
towne? and my shooes are doone.

Erast. What you want in shooes, ile giue you in blowes.

Pist. I pray you sir hold your hands,

And as I am an honest man,

Ile doe the best I can to finde youre chayne

Exit Piston.

Erast. Ah treacherous *Fortune*, enemy to *Loue*,

Didst thou aduance me for my greater fall,

In dalyng war, I lost my chiefest peace,

In hunting after praise, I lost my loue,

And in loues shipwracke will my life miscarrie,

Take thou the honor and giue me the chayne,

Wherein was linkt the sum of my delight.

C

When

The Tragedie

When she deliuered me the Carkanet,
Keep it quoth she, as thou wouldst keep my selfe:
I kept it not, and therefore she is lost,
And lost with her is all my happinesse,
And losse of happines is worse than death.
Come therefore gentle death and ease my grieffe,
Cut short what malice *Fortune* misintends,
But stay a while good *Death*, and let me liue,
Time may restore what *Fortune* tooke from me.
Ah no, great losses sildome are restord.
What if my chaine shall neuer be restord,
My innocence shall clear my negligence.
Ah! but my loue is ceremonious,
And lookes for justice at her louers hand,
Within forst furrowes of her clowding brow,
As stormes that fall amid a sun shine day,
I read her iust desires, and my decay.

Exit.

*Enter Solyman, Haleb, Amarath, and
Ianesaries.*

Sol. I long till *Brufor* be returnde from *Rhodes*,
To know how he hath borne him gainst the Christians,
That are assembled there to try their valour,
But more to be well assured by him,
How *Rhodes* is fenc'd, and how I best may lay,
My neuer failing siege to win that plot,
For by the holy Alcaron I sweare,
Ile call my Souldiers home from *Persia*,
And let the Sophie breath, and from the *Russian* broiles
Call home my hardy, dauntlesse Ianisaries,
And from the other skirts of Christendome,
Call home my Bassowes and my men of war,
And so beleager *Rhodes* by sea and land,
That Key will serue to open all the gates,
Through which our passage cannot finde a stop,
Till it haue prickt the heart of Christendome,
Which now that paltry Iland keeps from scath.

Say

of Soliman and Perseda.

Say brother *Amurath*, and *Haleb*, say,
What thinke you of our resolution?

Amu. Great *Soliman*, heauens onely substitute,
And earths commander vnder *Mahomet*:
So counfel I, as thou thy selfe hast said.

Haleb. Pardon me dread Soueraigne, I hold it not
Good pollicie, to call your forces home
From *Persea* and *Polonia*, bending them
Vpon a paltrie Ile of small defence.

A common presse of base superfluous Turkes,
May soon be leuied for so slight a taske.

Ah *Soliman*, whose name hath shakt thy foes,
As withered leaues with Autumn throwne downe,

Fog not thy glory with so fowle eclipse,

Let not thy Souldiers sound a base retire,

Till *Persea* stoope, and thou be conquerour.

What scandall were it to thy mightinesse,

After so many valiant *Bassowes* slaine,

Whose blood hath bin manured to their earth,

Whose bones hath made their deepe waies passable,

To founde homeward, dull, and harsh retreat,

Without a conquest, or a mean reuenge.

Strive not for *Rhodes*, by letting *Persea* slip,

The ones a Lyon almost brought to death,

Whose skin shall counteruaille the hunters toile;

The other is a Wasp with threatning sting,

Whose Hunny is not worth the taking vp.

Amu. Why *Haleb* didst thou not heare our brother sweare,
Vpon the *Alcaron* religiously:

That he would make an vniuersall Campe

Of all his scattered Legions: and darest thou

Infer a reason why it is not meete,

After his Highnes sweares it shall be so,

Were it not thou art my fathers sonne,

And struing kindnes wrestled not with ire,

I would not hence, till I had let thee know,

What twere to thwart a Monarchs holy oath.

The Tragedie

Haleb. Why, his highnes gaue me leaue to speake my will,
And farre from flattery I spoke my minde,
And did discharge a faithfull subiects loue,
Thou *Aristippus* like didst flatter him,
Not like my brother, or a man of worth:
And for his highnesse vowe, I crost it not,
But gaue my censure, as his highnesse bad.
Now for thy chastisement know *Amurath*,
I scorne them as a retchlesse Lion scornes,
The humming of a Gnat in Summers night.

Amur. I take it *Haleb* thou art friend to Rhodes.

Haleb. Not halfe so much am I a friend to Rhodes,
As thou art enemy to thy Soueraigne:

Amur. I charge thee say wherein, or else by Mahomet,
Ile hazard dutie in my Soueraignes presence.

Haleb. Not for thy threats, but for my selfe I say,
It is not meete, that one so base as thou,
Shouldst come about the Person of a King.

Soli. Must I give ayme to this presumption?

Amur. Your Highnesse knowes, I spake in dutious loue!

Haleb. Your Highnesse knowes I spake at your command,
And to the purpose, far from flattery.

Amur. Thinkst thou I flatter, now I flatter not,

Then he kills Haleb.

Soli. What dismall Planets guides this fatall hower,
Villaine, thy brothers grones do call for thee,

Then Soliman kills Amurath.

To wander with them through eternall night.

Amu. Oh *Soliman* for louing thee I die:

Sol. No *Amurath*, for murdering him thou dyest:

Oh *Haleb* how shall I begin to mourne,

Or how shall I begin to shed salt teares,

For whom no wordes nor teares can well suffice?

Ah that my rich imperiall Diadem,

Could satisfie thy cruel destinie:

Or that a thousand of our Turkish soules,

Or twenty thousand millions of our foes,

Could

of Soliman and Perseda.

Could ransome thee from fell deaths tirannie,
To win thy life, would *Soliman* be poore,
And liue in seruile bondage all my dayes,
Accursed *Amurath*, that for a worthlesse cause,
In blood hath shortened our sweet *Haleb*s dayes,
Ah what is dearer bond then brotherhood,
Yet *Amurath* thou wert my brother too,
If wilfull folly did not blinde mine eyes,
I, I, and thou as vertuous as *Haleb*,
And I as deare to thee as vnto *Haleb*,
And thou as neere to me as *Haleb* was,
Ah *Amurath*: why wert thou so vnkinde to him,
For vttering but a thwarting word?
And *Haleb*, why did not thy harts counsell,
Bridle the fond intemperance of thy tongue?
Nay wretched *Soliman*, why didst not thou
Withhold thy hand, from heaping bloud on bloud,
Might I not better spare one ioy then both,
If loue of *Haleb* forst me on to wrath,
Curst be that wrath that is the way to death.
If iustice forst me on, curst be that iustice
That makes the brother, Butcher of his brother.
Come Ianifaries, and helpe me to lament,
And beare my ioyes on either side me:
I, late my ioyes; but now my lasting sorrow,
Thus, thus, let *Soliman* passe on his way,
Bearing in either hand his hearts decayd *Exeunt.*

Enter Chorus.

Loue. Now *Death* and *Fortuna* which of all vs three,
Hath in the Actors showne the greatest power.
Haue not I taught *Erastus* and *Perseda*,
By mutuall tokens to seal vp their loues?
Fortune. I but those tokens, the Ring and Carkanet,
Were *Fortunes* gifts, *Loue* giues no gould or iewels.
Loue. Why what is iewels, or what is gould but earth,
An humor knit together by compression,

The Tragedie

And by the worlds bright eye, first brought to light,
Only to feed mens eyes with vaine delight.
Loues workes are more then of a mortall temper,
I couple minds together by consent,
Who gaue Rhodes Princes to the Ciprian Prince: but *Loue*
For. *Fortune* that first by chance brought them together,
For till by *Fortune* persons meete each other,
Thou canst not teach their eyes to wound their hearts.

Loue. I made those Knights of seuerall sect and countries,
Each one by armes to honor his beloued:

For. Nay one alone to honor his beloued,
The rest by turning of my tickle wheele,
Came short in reaching of faire honors markes:
I gaue *Erastus* onely that dayes prize,
A sweet renoune, but mixt with bitter sorrow:
For in conclusion of his happines,
I made him loose the pretious Carcanet,
Whereon depended all his hope and ioy.

Death. And more then so: for he that found the chaine;
Euen for that Chaine shall be deprived of life.

Loue. Besides, *Loue* hath infort a foole;
The fond *Bragardo* to presume to ammes.

For. I, but thou seest how he was ouerthrowne,
By *Fortunes* high displeasure.

Death. I and by *Death* had beene surpris'd,
If Fates had giuen me leaue
But what I mist in him and in the rest,
I did accomplish on *Haleb* and *Amurath*,
The worthy brethren of great *Sildman*.

But wherefore stay we, let the sequēle prooue,
Who is greatest, *Fortune*, *Death*, or *Loue*.

Enter *Ferdinando* and *Lucina*

Fer. As fits the time, so now well fits the place,
To coole affection with our words and lookes,
If in our thoughts be semblance simpatie.

Luci. My words, my lookes, my thoughts are all on thee

68

Fer-

of Soliman and Perseda.

Ferdinando is *Lucinaes* onely ioy,

Fer. What pledge thereof?

Luci. An oath, a hand, a kisse.

Ferdi. O holy oath, faire hand and sugred kisse:

Oh neuer may *Ferdinando* lack such blisse.

But say my deare, when shall the gates of heauen,

Stand all wide ope for celestiaall Gods?

With gladsome lookes to gaze at *Hymens* robes.

When shall the graces, or *Lucinas* hand,

With Rosie chaplets deck my golden tresses,

And Cupid bring me to thy nuptiall bed,

Where thou in joy and pleasure must attend,

A blissful war with me thy chiefest friend.

Luci. Full fraught with loue, and burning with desire,

I long haue longd for light of *Hymens* lights.

Ferdi. Then that same day, whose warme & pleasant sight

Brings in the spring, with many gladsome flowers,

Be our first day of ioy and perfect peace:

Till when, receiue this precious Carcanet,

In signe, that as the links are interlaced,

So both our hearts are still combined in one,

Which neuer can be parted but by death.

Enter Basilisco and Perseda.

Luci. And if I liue this shall not be forgot:

But see *Ferdinando* where *Perseda* comes,

Whom women loue for vertue, men for beauty,

All the world loues, none hates but enuy.

Bas. All haile braue Caelere: God morrow madam,

The fairest shine that shall this day be seene,

Except *Persedas* beautious excellence,

Shame to loues Queen, and Empreffe of my thoughts.

Ferdi. Marry thrise happy is *Persedas* chance,

To haue so braue a champion to her Squire.

Bas. Her squire: her knight, and who so else denies,

Shall feele the rigour of my Sword and Launce.

Ferdi. O sir, not I.

Luci. Heere is none but freinds, yet let me challenge you,
For

The Tragedie

For gracing me with a malignant stile,
That I was fairest, and yet *Perfedafayrer*.
We Ladie, stand vpon our beauties much.

Per. Herein *Lucina* let me buckler him.

Bas. Not Mars himselfe had care so faire a Buckler.

Per. Loue makes him blinde,

And blinde can judge no colour.

Luci. Why then the mends is made, and we still friends.

Per. Still friends, still foes, she weares my Carcanet.

Ah false *Erastus*, how am I betraid!

Luci. What ailes you madam, that your colour changes

Per. A suddenn qualme, I therefore take my leaue.

Luci. Weele bring you home.

Per. No, I shall soone get home.

Luci. Why then farewell: *Fernando* lets away.

Exeunt Ferdinando and Lucina.

Bas. Say worlds bright star,

Whence springs this suddaine change,

Is it vnkindnes at the little praise

I gaue *Lucina* with my glosing stile?

Per. No, no, her beautie far surpasseth mine,

And from my neck, her neck hath woone the praise.

Bas. What is it then, if loue of this my person,

By fauour and by iustice of the heauens,

At last haue percft through thy tralucent brest,

And thou misdoubts perhaps that ile proue coye,

Oh be assur'd tis far from noble thoughts,

To tyrannise ouer a yeelding foe.

Therefore be blithe, sweet loue abandon feare,

I will forget thy former crueltie.

Per. Ah false *Erastus* full of treacherie.

Bas. I alwayes told you that such coward knights,

Were faithlesse swaines and worthie no respect.

But tell me sweete loue, what is his offence?

That I with words and stripes may chastice him,

And bring him bound for thee to tread vpon.

Per. Now must I find the meanes to rid him hence.

Go

of Soliman and Perseda.

Goe thou forthwith arme thee from top to toe,
And come an houre hence vnto my lodging.
Then will I tell thee this offence at large,
And thou in my behalfe shalt work reuenge.

Baf. I, thus should men of valour be emploide,
This is good argument of thy true love.
I go, make reconing that *Erastus* dyes,
Vnlesse forewarnd, the weakling coward flies.

Exit Basilisco.

Per. Thou foolish coward flies, *Erastus* liues,
The fairest shape, but fowlest minded man,
That ere sunne saw within our hemyspheare,
My tongue to tell my woes is all to weake.
I must vnclaspe me, or my heart will breake:
But inward cares are most pent in with grieffe,
Vnclasping therefore yeelds me no releefe.
Ah that my moyst and cloud compacted braine,
Could spend my cares in showers of weeping raine.
But scalding sighes like blasts of boisterous windes,
Hinder my teares from falling on the ground,
And I must dye by closure of my wound.
Ah false *Erastus*, how had I misdoone,
That thou shouldst quit my loue with such a scorne.

Enter Erastus.

Heere comes the Synon of my heart,
Ile frame my selfe to his dissembling arte.

Erast. Desire perfwades me on, feare puls me backe,
Tush I will to her, innocence is bould,
How fares *Perseda* my sweet second selfe?

Per. Well, now *Erastus* my hearts onely ioy,
Is come to ioyne both hearts in vnion.

Erast. And till I came whereas my loue did dwell
My pleasure was but paine, my solace woe.

Per. What loue means my *Erastus*, pray thee tell?

Erast. Matchlesse *Perseda*, she that gaue me strength,
To win late conquest from many victors hands,
Thy name was conquerour, not my chialry:

D

Thy

The Tragedie

Thy looks did arme me, not my coate of Steele,
Thy beauty did defend me, not my force,
Thy fauours bore me, not my light foote Steed,
Therefore to thee I owe both loue and life.
But wherefore makes *Perfeda* such a doubt,
As if *Erastus* could forget himselfe:
Which if I doe all vengeance light on me.

Per. Aye me, how gracelesse are these wicked men,
I can no longer hold my patience.

Ah how thine eyes can forge alluring looks,
And faine deep oathes to wound poor silly Maides,
Are there no honest drops in all thy cheekes,
To checke thy fraudfull countenance with a blush?
Calst thou me loue, and louest another better,
If heauens were iust, thy teeth would teare thy tongue,
For this thy periurde false disloyalty.

If heauens were iust, men should haue open brests,
That we therein might read their guilefull thoughts.

If heauens were iust, that power that forceth loue,
Would neuer couple Wolues and Lambes together.

Yes, heauens are iust, but thou art so corrupt,
That in thee, all their influence doth change,

As in the spider good things turne to poison.

Ah false *Erastus*, how had I misdome?

That thou shouldst pawne my true affections pledge,
To her whose worth will neuer equall mine.

What, is *Lucinaes* wealth exceeding mine?

Yet mine sufficient to encounter thine.

Is she more faire then I? thats not my fault,

Nor her defart: whats beauty but a blast?

Soone cropt with age, or with infirmities.

Is she more wise? her yceres are more then mine,

What ere she be, my loue was more than hers,

And for her chastity let others iudge.

But what talke I of her? the fault is thine,

If I were so disgratiuous in thine eye,

That she must needs enjoy my interest,

Why

of Soliman and Perseda.

Why didst thou deck her with my ornament?
Could nothing serue her but the Carcanet,
Which as my life I gaue to thee in charge?
Couldst thou abuse my true simplicitie,
Whose greatest fault was ouer louing thee?
Ile keepe no tokens of thy periury,
Heere giue her this *Perseda* now is free,
And all my former loue is turnd to hate.

Erast. Ah stay my sweete *Perseda* heare me speake.

Per. What are thy words? but Syrens guilefull songs:
That please the eare, but seeke to spoile the heart.

Erast. Then view my teares, that plead for innocence.

Per. What are thy teares? but *Circes* magike seas,
Where none scape wrackt, but blindfould Marriners.

Erast. If words & teares displease then view my lookes,
That plead for mercy at thy rigorous hands,

Per. What are thy lookes? but like the Cockatrice,
That seekes to wound poore silly passengers.

Erast. If words, nor teares, nor lookes, may win remorse,
What then remaines? for my perplexed heart
Hath no interpreters but wordes, or teares, or lookes.

Perse. And they are all as false as thou thy selfe.

Exit Perseda.

Erast. Hard doome of death before my case be knowne,
My iudge vniust, and yet I cannot blame her,
Since Loue and ieaousie misled her thus,
Myselfe in fault, and yet not worthie blame,
Because that Fortune made the fault, not Loue.
The ground of her vnkindnes growes, because I lost
The pretious Carcanet she gaue to me:

Lucina hath it, as her words import,
But how she got it, heauen knows, not I,
Yet this is some alegement to my sorrow,
That if I can but get the Chaine againe,
I boldly then shall let *Perseda* know,
That she hath wrongd *Erastus* and her frend;
Ah Loue, and if thou beest of heauenly power,

The Tragedie

Inspire me with some present stratagem,
It must be so, *Lucinas* a franke Gaimster,
And like it is, in play sheele hazard it,
For if report but blasen her aright,
Shees a franke gaimster, and inclinde to play. Ho *Piston?*

Enter Piston.

Pist. Heere sir, what would you with me?

Era. Desire *Guelpio* & signior *Iulio* come speake with me,
And bid them bring some store of crownes with them,
And firra, prouide me foure Visards,
Foure Gownes, a boxe, and a Drum,
For I intend to go in mummery.

Pist. I will sir.

Exit Piston.

Eraß. Ah vertuous Lampes of euer turning heauens,
Incline her minde to play, and mine to win,
Nor do I couet but what is mine owne,
Then shall I let *Perseda* vnderstand,
How iecaloufie had armd her tongue with malice.
Ah were she not *Perseda* whom my heart,
No more can flie, then iron can Adamant,
Her late vnkindnes would haue changed my minde.

Enter Guelpio and Iulio and Piston.

Guelp. How now *Erastus*, wherein may we pleasure thee?

Eraß. Sirs thus it is, we must to mummerie,
Vnto *Lucina*, neither for loue nor hate,
But if we can, to win the chaine she weares,
For though I haue some interest therein,
Fortune may make me maister of mine owne,
Rather than ile seeke iustice gainst the Dame,
But this assure your selues it must be mine,
Be game, or change, by one deuise or other:
The rest ile tell you when our sport is doone.

Iulio. Why then lets make vs ready and about it.

Eraß. What store of Crownes haue you brought?

Guel. Feare not for money man, ile beare the Boxe,

Iulio. I haue some little reply, if neede require.

Pist. I but heare you Maister, was not he a foole,

That

of Soliman and Perseda.

That went to shoote, and left his arrowes behinde him.

Eraft. Yes, but what of that?

Pist. Mary that you may loose your money,
And go without the chaine, vnlesse you carry false dice.

Gnel. Mas the foole says true, lets haue some got.

Pist. Nay I vse not to go without a pair of false Dice,
Heere are tall men and little men.

Julio. Hie men and low men thou wouldst say.

Eraft. Come firs lets go, Drumsler pray for me,
And ile reward thee: and firra *Piston*,
Mar not our sport with your foolery.

Pist. I warrant you fir, they get not one wise word of me.
Sound up the Drum to Lucinaes doore.

Enter Lucina.

Luci. I marrie, this shoves that Charleman is come,
What shall we play heere? content,
Since Signior *Ferdinand* will haue it so.

*Then they play and when she hath lost her gold, Eraftus
pointeth to her chaine, and then she saies:*

I were it *Cleopatraes* vnion:

Then Eraftus winneth the Chaine, and looseth his gould.

And Lucina saies.

Signior *Fernando*, I am sure tis you,
And Gentlemen, vnmaske ere you depart,
That I may know to whom my thanks is due,
For this so courtéous and vnlookt for sport:
No wilt not be, then sup with me to morrow,
Well then ile looke for you, till then farewell.

Exit Lucina.

Eraft. Gentlemen, each thing hath sorted to our wish,
Shee tooke me for *Fernando*, markt you that:
Your gould shall be repaide with double thanks,
And fellow Drumsler, ile reward you well.

Pist. But is there no reward for my false dice?

Eraft. Yes fir, a garded futé from top to toe.

Enter Ferdinando.

Ferdi. Daseell mine eyes, or ist *Lucinaas* chaine,

The Tragedie

False-trecher, lay downe the chaine that thou hast stole,

Erast. He lewdly lyes that calls me treacherous.

Fern. That lye my weapon shall put down thy throate.

Then Erastus slaies Ferdinando.

Iulio. Flie *Erastus*, ere the Governour haue any newes,
Whose neere alye he was, and cheefe delight.

Erast. Nay Gentlemen, flye you and save your selues,
Least you pertake the hardnes of my fortune.

Exeunt Guelpio and Iulio.

Ah fickle and blind guidresse of the world,
What pleasure hast thou in my miserie?
Wast not enough when I had lost the Chaine,
Thou dist bereaue me of my dearest loue,
But now when I should repofesse the same,
To crosse me with this haplesse accedent:

Ah if but time and place would giue me leaue,

Great ease it were for me to purge my selfe,

And to accuse fell *Fortune*, *Loue* and *Death*,

For all these three conspire my tragedie.

But danger waites vpon my words and steps.

I dare not stay, for if the Governour

Surprise me heere, I dye by marshall law,

Therefore I go. But whether shall I go?

If into any flay adioyning *Rhodes*,

They will betray me to *Phylippos* hands,

For loue, or gaine, or flatterie.

To *Turkie* must I goe, the passage short,

The people warlike, and the king renownd,

For all heroyicall and kingly vertues.

Ah hard attempt, to tempt a foe for ayde,

Necessitie yet says it must be so,

Or suffer death for *Ferdinandos* death,

Whom honors title forst me to misdoe,

By checking his outrageous insolence.

Piston, heere take this chaine, and giue it to *Perfeda*,

And let her know what hath befallen me.

When thou hast deliuered it, take ship and follow me.

I will

of Soliman and Perseda.

I will be in Constantinople.
Farewell my country dearer then life;
Farewell deare friends, dearer then countrey soyle,
Farewell *Perseda*, dearest of them all,
Dearer to me, then all the world besides.

Exit Erastus.

Pist. Now am I growing into a doubtful agony,
What I were best to doe, to run away with this Chaine,
Or deliuer it, and follow my Maister.
If I deliuer it and follow my maister, I shall haue thanks,
But they will make me neuer the fatter,
If I run away with it, I may liue vpon credit,
All the while I weare this chaine,
Or dominere with the money when I haue sold it,
Hitherto all goes well, but if I be taken,
I marry sir, then the case is altered, I and haltered to,
Of all things I doe not loue to preach
With a haulter about my necke:
Therefore for this once, Ile be honest against my will,
Perseda shall haue it, but before I goe, Ile be so bolde
As to diue into the Gentlemans pocket, for good luck sake,
If he deny me not: how say you sir, are you content?
A plain case, *Qui tacet confitiri videtur.*

Enter Phylippo and Iulio.

Iulio. See where his body lyes.

Philip. I, I, I see his body all to soone,
What barbarous villaine in that rifles him.
Ah *Ferdinando*, the stay of my olde age,
and chiefe remainder of our progeny,
Ah louing cosen how art thou misdome,
By false *Erastus*, ah no by trechery,
For well thy valour hath been often tride,
But while I stand and weep, and spend the time,
In fruitlesse plaintes the murtherer will escape,
Without reuenge, the salue for such a sore.
Say villaine wheretore didst thou rifle him?

Pist.

The Tragedie

Pist. Faith sir for pure good will,
Seeing he was going towards heauen,
I thought to see, if he had a passport to *S. Nicholas* or no.

Phil. Some sot he seems to be, twere pittie to hurt him:
Sirra canst thou tell who slew this man?

Pist. I sir very well, it was my maister *Erastus*.

Phil. Thy maister, and whether is he gone now?

Pist. To fetch the Sexton to bury him I thinke.

Phil. Twere pittie to imprison such a sot.

Pist. Now it fits my wisdome to counterfeit the foole.

Phil. Come hether sirra thou knowest me
For the Governour of the Citty, dost thou not?

Pist. I forsooth sir.

Phil. Thou art a bondman, and wouldst faine be free?

Pist. I forsooth sir.

Phil. Then doe but this, and I will make thee free,
And rich withall, learne where *Erastus* is,
And bring me word, and Ile reward thee well.

Pist. That I will sir, I shal finde you at the Castle, shall I not?

Phil. Yes.

Pist. Why Ile be heere, as soon as ever I come again.

Exit Piston.

Phil. But for Assurance that he may not scape,
Weele lay the ports and hauens round about,
And let proclamation straight be made,
That he that can bring forth the murtherer,
Shall have three thousand Duckets for his paine,
My selfe will see the body borne from hence,
And honored with Balme and funerall. *Exit.*

Enter Piston.

Pist. God sends fortune to fooles,
Did you ever see wise men escape as I haue done.
I must betray my master: I but when can you tell?

Enter Perfedra.

See where *Perfedra*, comes to saue me a labour,
After my most hartly commendations,
This is to let you vnderstand,

That

of *Soliman and Perseda.*

That my maister was in good health at the sending thereof
Yours for euer and euer and euer,
In most humble wife *Piston.*

Then he deliuereth her the chaine.

Per. This makes me thinke that I haue been to cruell,
How got he this from of *Lucinas* arme?

Pist. Faith in a mummerly, and a pair of false dice,
I was one of the mummers my selfe, simple as I stand here.

Per. I rather thinke it cost him very deare.

Pist. I so it did, for it cost *Ferdinando* his life.

Per. How so?

Pist. After we had got the chaine in mummerly,
And lost our box in counter cambio,
My maister wore the chaine about his necke,
Then *Ferdinando* met vs on the way,
And reuil'd my maister, saying he stole the chaine,
With that they drew, & there *Ferdinando* had the prickado.

Per. And whether fled my poore *Erastus* then?

Pist. To *Constantinople* whether I must follow him,
But ere he went, with many sighes and teares,
He deliuered me the chaine, and bad me giue it you,
For perfect argument that he was true,
And you too credulous.

Per. Ah stay, no more, for I can heere no more.

Pist. And I can sing no more.

Per. My heart had arm'd my tongue with iniury,
To wrong my friend, whose thoughts were euer true,
Ah poore *Erastus* how thy starres maling:
Thou great commander of the swift wingd winds,
And dreadful *Neptune* bring him backe againe,
But *Eolus* and *Neptune* let him go,
For heere is nothing but reuenge and death,
Then let him go, ile shortly follow him,
Not with slow sailes, but with loues goulden wings,
My ship shall be borne with teares, and blowne with sighs,
So will I soare about the Turkish land,
Vntill I meete *Erastus* my sweete friend.

The Tragedie

And then and there, fall downe amid his armes,
And in his bosom there power foorth my soule,
For satisfaction of my trespasse past.

Enter Basilisco armed.

Bas. Faire Loue, according vnto thy command,
I seeke *Erastus* and will combat him.

Per. I seeke him, finde him, bring him to my fight,
For till we meete, my hart shall want delight.

Exit Perseda.

Bas. My petty fellow, where hast thou hid thy maister.

Pis. Marrie sir in an Armourours shop,
Where you had not best go to him.

Bas. Why so, I am in honor bound to combat him.

Pis. I sir, but he knowing your fierce conditions,
Hath planted a double cannon in the doore,
Ready to discharge it vpon you, when you go by,
I tell you for pure good will.

Bas. In Knightly curtesie, I thanke thee,
But hopes the coystell to escape me so,
Thinks he bare cannon shot can keep be back:
Why wherefore serves my targe of prooffe, but for the bullet,
That once put by, I roughly come vpon him,
Like to the wings of lightning from aboue,
I with a martiall look astonish him,
Then fals he downe poore wretch vpon his knee,
And all to late, repents his surquedry.
Then do I take him on my fingers point,
And thus I beare him through euery streete,
To be a laughing stock to all the towne:
That done, I lay him at my mistresse feete,
For her to give him doom of life or death.

Pis. I but heere you sir, I am bound
In paine of my maisters displeasure,
To haue about at cuffes, afore you and I part.

Bas. Ha, ha, ha, Eagles are chalenged by paltry flyes,
Thy folly giues thee priuiledge, begon, begon.

Pis. No, no sir, I must haue about with you sir, thats flat,
Leaft

of Soliman and Perseda.

Least my maister turne me out of seruice.

Basi. Why, art thou wearie of thy life?

Pis. No by my faith sir.

Bas. Then fetch thy weapons, and with my single fist,
Ile combat thee, my body all vnarmd.

Pis. Why lend me thine, and saue me a labour.

Bas. I tell thee, if *Alcides* liued this day,
He could not wield my weapon.

Pis. Why wilt thou stay till I come againe?

Bas. I vpon my honour.

Pis. That shall be when I come from Turkey. *Exit Pis.*

Bas. Is this little desperate fellow gon,
Doubtlesse he is a very tall fellow,
And yet it were a disgrace to all my chiuallrie,
To combate one so base:

Ile send some Crane to combate with the Pigmew,
Not that I feare, but that I scorne to fight. *Exit Basilif.*

Enter Chorus.

Loue. Fortune thou madest *Fernando* finde the chaine,
But yet by *Loues* instruction he was taught,
To make a present of it to his mistris.

For. But *Fortune* would not let her keepe it long.

Loue. Nay rather *Loue*, by whose suggisted power,
Erastus vsde such dice, as being false,
Ran not by *Fortune*, but necessitie.

For. Meantime I brought *Fernando* on the way,
To see and chalenge what *Lucina* lost.

Death. And by that chalenge I abridgd his life,
And forst *Erastus* into banishment,
Parting him from his loue, in spight of *Loue*.

Loue. But with my goulden wings ile follow him,
And giue him aide and succour in distresse.

For. And doubt not to, but *Fortune* will be there,
And crosse him too, and sometimes flatter him,
And list him vp, and throw him downe againe.

Death. And heere, and there in ambush *Death* will stand.

The Tragedie

To mar, what *Loue* or *Fortune* takes in hand.

Exeunt.

Enter Solyman and Brusor, with Ianifaries.

Soli. How long shall *Solyman* spend his time,
And walle his dayes in fruitlesse obsequies?
Perhaps my greefe and long continuall moane,
Ads but a trouble to my brothers ghoasts,
Which but for me would now haue tooke their rest.
Then farewell sorrow, and now reuenge draw neere.
In controuersie touching the Ile of Rhodes,
My brothers dyde, on Rhodes ile be reuengd.
Now tell me *Brusor*, whats the newes at Rhodes?
Hath the yong prince of *Cipris* married
Cornelia, daughter to the Gouvernour.

Bru. He hath my Lord, with the greatest pompe,
That ere I saw at such a festiuall.

Soli. What greater then at our coronation?

Bru. Inferiour to that onely.

Soli. At tilt, who woone the honor of the day?

Bru. A worthy Knight of Rhodes, a matchlesse man,
His name *Erasmus*, not twentie yeares of age,
Not tall, but well proportioned in his lims.
I neuer saw, except your excellence,
A man whose presence more delighted me,
And had he worshipt Mahomet for Christ,
He might haue borne me through out all the world,
So well I loued and honoured the man.

Soli. These praises *Brusor* touch me to the heart,
And makes me wish that I had been at Rhodes,
Vnder the habit of some errant knight,
Both to haue seene and tride his valour.

Bru. You should haue seene him foile and ouerthrow,
All the Knights that there incountred him.

Soli. What ere he be, euen for his vertues sake,
I wish that fortune of our holy wars,
Would yeeld him prisoner vnto *Soliman*:
That for retaining one so vertuous,

We

of Soliman and Perseda.

We may ourselues be famd for vertues.
But let him passe, and *Brufor* tell me now,
How did the Christians vse our Knights?

Bru. As if that we and they had been on sect.

Soli. What thinkst thou of their valour and demeanor?

Bru. Braue men at armes, and friendly out of armes,
Courteous in peace, in battle dangerous,
Kinde to their foes, and liberall to their friends;
And all in all, their deedes heroicall.

Soli. Then toll me *Brufor*, how is Rhodes fenst,
For eyther Rhodes shall be braue *Solimans*,
Or cost me more braue Souldiers
Then all that lie will beare.

Bru. Their fleete is weake:
Their horse, I deeme them fiftie thousand strong,
Their footmen more, well exercised in war,
And as it seemes, they want no needful vittaile.

Soli. How euer Rhodes be fenst by sea or land,
It eyther shall be mine, or burie me.

Enter Erastus.

Whats he that thus bouldly enters in?
His habite argues him a Christian.

Erast. I worthy Lord, a forlorne Christian.

Soli. Tell me man what madnes brought the hether?

Erast. Thy vertuous fame, and mine owne miserie.

Soli. What miserie? speake, for though you Christians,
Account our Turkish race but barbarous,
Yet have we eares to heare a iust complaint,
And iustice to defend the innocent,
And pitie to such as are in pouertie,
And liberall hands to such as merit bountie.

Bru. My gracious Soueraigne, as this Knight,
Seemes by greefe tyed to silence,
So his desert binds one to speake for him.
This is *Erastus* the Rhodian worthie,
The flower of chiuallrie and curtesie.

Sol. Is this the man that thou hast so describde?

The Tragedie

Stand vp faire Knight, that what my heart desires,
Mine eyes may view with pleasure and delight,
This face of thine should harbour no deceit.

Erastus, ile not yet vrge to know the cause,
That brought thee hether,
Least with the discourse, thou shouldst afflict thy selfe,
And crosse the fulnes of my ioyful passion.
But that we are assurde,
Heauens brought thee hether for our benefit.
Know thou that Rhodes, nor all that Rhodes containes,
Shall win thee from the side of *Soliman*,
If we but finde thee well inclinde to vs.

Erast. If any ignoble or dishonourable thoughts,
Should dare attempt, or but creepe neere my heart:
Honour should force disdaine to roote it out,
As ayre bred Eagles, if they once perceiue,
That any of their broode but close their sight,
When they should gaze against the glorious Sunne,
They straight way cease vpon him with their talents,
That on the earth it may vntimely die,
For looking but a scue at heauens bright eye.

Soli. *Erastus*, to make thee well assurde,
How well thy speach and presents liketh vs,
Aske what thou wilt, it shall be granted thee.

Erast. Then this my gracious Lord is all I craue,
That being banisht from my natiue soile,
I may haue libertie to liue a Christian.

Soli. I that, or any thing thou shalt desire,
Thou shalt be Captaine of our Ianisaries,
And in our counsell shalt thou sit with vs,
And be great *Solimans* adopted friend.

Erast. The least of these surpasse my best desart,
Vnlesse true loyaltie may seeme desart.

Soli. *Erastus*, now thou hast obtaind thy boone,
Denie not *Soliman* his owne request:
A vertuous enuie pricks me with desire,
To trie thy valour, say art thou content?

Erast.

of Soliman and Perseda.

Erast. I, if my soueraigne say content, I yeeld.

Soli. Then giue vs Swordes and Targers,
And now *Erastus* thinke thee mine enemy,
But euer after thy continuall friend,
And spare me not for then thou wrongst my honour.

Then they fight, and Erastus ouercomes Solyman.

Nay, nay *Erastus*, throw not downe thy weapons,
As if thy force did faile, it is enough
That thou hast conquered *Soliman* by strength,
By cōtesie let *Soliman* conquer thee.

And now from armes, to counsell fit thee downe,
Before thy coming I yowd to conquer Rhodes,
Say wilt thou be our Lieutenant there,
And further vs in manage of these wars?

Erast. My gracious Soueraigne, without presumption,
If poore *Erastus* may once more intreate,
Let not great *Solimans* commaund,
To whose behest I vow obedience,
Inforce me sheath my slaughtering blade,
In the deare bowels of my countrymen:
And were it not that *Soliman* hath sworne,
My teares should plead for pardon in that place:
I speake not this to shrink away for feare,
Or hide my head in time of dangerous stormes,
Imploy me else where in thy forraine wars,
Against the Persians or the barbarous Moore,
Erastus will be formost in the battaile.

Soli. Why fauourst thou thy countrymen so much,
By whose cruelty thou art exilde?

Erast. Tis not my countrey, but *Philippos* wrath,
It must be toulde, for *Ferdinandos* death,
Whom I in honours cause haue rest of life.

Soli. Nor suffer this or that to trouble thee,
Thou shalt not need *Philippo* nor his Ile,
Nor shalt thou war against thy Countrymen.
I like thy vertue in refusing it,
But that our oath may haue his currant course,

Brusor

The Tragedie

Brufor goe leuie men,
Prepare a flecte to affault and conquer Rhodes,
Meane time *Eraſtus* and I will ſtriuē,
By mutuall kindenes to excell each other,
Brufor begon, and ſee not *Soliman*,
Till thou haſt brought Rhodes in ſubiection. *Exit Brufor.*
And now *Eraſtus* come and follow me,
Where thou ſhalt ſee what pleaſures and what ſports,
My minions and my Euenukes can deuife,
To driue away this melancholy moode. *Exit Soliman.*

Enter Piſton.

Piſt. Oh maifter ſee where I am.

Eraſt. Say *Piſton* whats the newes at Rhodes?

Piſt. Colde and comfortles for you,
Will you haue them all at once?

Eraſtus. I.

Piſt. Why the Gouvernour will hang you and he catch you.
Ferdinando is buried, your friends commend them to you,
Perſeda hath the chaine, and is like to dye for ſorrow.

Eraſt. I thats the griefe, that we are parted thus.
Come follow me and I will heare the reſt,
For now I muſt attend the Emperour. *Exeunt.*

Enter Perſeda, Lucina and Baſiliſco.

Per. Accurſed chaine, vnfortunate *Perſeda*.

Lu. Accurſed chaine, vnfortunate *Lucina*.
my friend is gone and I am deſolate.

Per. my friend is gone and I am deſolate,
Returne him back faire ſtarres or let me dye.

Luci. Returne him backe fair heauens, or let me dye,
For what was he but comfort of my life?

Per. For what was he but comfort of my life?
But why was I ſo carefull of the Chaine.

Luci. But why was I ſo careleſſe of the Chaine,
Had I not loſt it, my friend had not been ſlaine.

Per. Had I not aſkt it, my friend had not departed,
His parting is my death.

Luci.

of Soliman and Perseda.

Luci. His deaths my liues deparring,
And here my tongue dooth stay with swolne hearts greefe.

Per. And here my swolne harts greef doth stay my tongue.

Bas. For whom weepe you?

Luci. Ah, for *Fernandos* dying.

Bas. For whom mourne you?

Per. Ah, for *Erastus* flying.

Bas. Why Lady is not *Basilisco* here?

Why Lady dooth not *Basilisco* liue?

Am not I worth both these for whom you mourne?

Then take each one halfe of me, and cease to weepe,

Or if you gladly would inioy me both,

Ile serue the one by day, the other by night,

And I will pay you both your sound delight.

Luci. Ah how vnpleasent is mirth to melancholy.

Per. My heart is full, I cannot laugh at follie.

Exeunt Ladies.

Bas. See, see, *Lucina* hates me like a Toade,

Because that when *Erastus* spake my name,

Her loue *Fernando* dyed at the same,

So dreadfull is our name to cowardice.

On the other side, *Perseda* takes it vnkindly,

That ere he went I brought not bound vnto her,

Erastus, that faint hearted run away:

Alasse how could I, for his man no sooner

Informd him, that I fought him vp and downe,

But he was gone in twinckling of an eye:

But I will atter my delicious loue,

For well I wot, though she defemble thus,

And cloake affection with her modestie,

With loue of me her thoughts are ouer gone,

More then was *Pbillis* with her *Demophon*. *Exit.*

Enter Philippo, the Prince of Cipris, with

other Souldiers.

Phil. Braue prince of Cipris, and our sonne in law,

Now there is little time to stand and talke,

The Turkes haue past our Gallies and are landed,

F

You

The Tragedie

You with some men at armes shall take the Tower,
I with the rest will downe vnto the strañe:
If we be beaten backe weele come to you,
And here in spight of damned Turkes, weele gaine
A glorious death, or famous victorie.

Cyp. About it then. *Exeunt.*

Enter Brusor, and his Souldiers.

Bru. Drum sound a parle to the Citizens.

The Prince of Cipris on the walles.

Cyp. What parle craues the Turkish at our hands?

Bru. We come with mightie *Solimans* commaund,
Monarch and mightie Emperour of the world,
From East to West, from South, to Septentrion,
If you resist, expect what warre affords,
Mischiefe, murther, bloud and extremitie,
What wilt thou yeeld and trie our clemencie?
Say I, or no: for we are peremtorie.

Cyp. Your Lord vsurps in all that he possesseth,
And that great God which we do truly worship,
Shall strengthen vs against your insolence.

Bru. Now if you plead for mercie, tis too late:
Come fellow Souldiers, let vs to the breach,
Thats made already on the other side. *Exeunt to the battel,*
Phylippo and Cipris are both slaine.

*Enter Brusor, with Souldiers, hauing Guelpio, Iulio, and
Basilisco, with Perfeda and Lucina prisoners.*

Bru. Now Rhodes is yoakt, and stoopes to *Saliman*,
There lyes the Governour, and there his sonne:
Now let their soules tell sorrie tidings to their ancestors,
What millions of men opprest with ruine and scath,
The Turkish armies did in Christendome.
What say these prisoners, will they turne Turke, or no?

Iulio. First *Iulio* will die ten thousand deaths.

Guel. And *Guelpio*, rather then denie his Christ.

Bru. Then stab the slaues, and send their soules to hell.

They stab Iulio and Guelpio.

Bast.

of Soliman and Perseda.

Baf. I turne, I turne, oh saue my life, I turne.

Bru. Forbear to hurt him: when we land in Turkie,
He shall be circumcised and haue his rites.

Baf. Thinke you I turne Turque,
For feare of seruile death thats but a sport,
I faith fir no:

Tis for *Perseda* whom I loue so well,
That I would follow her, though she went to hell.

Bru. Now for these Ladies: their liues priuiledge
Hangs on their beautie, they shall be preserued,
To be presented to great *Soliman*,
The greatest honor Fortune could affoord.

Perse. The most dishonour that could ere befall. *Exeunt.*

Enter Chorus.

Loue. Now *Fortune*, what hast thou done in this later passage

For. I plaste *Eraslus* in the fauour,
Of *Soliman* the Turkish Emperour.

Loue. Nay that was *Loue*, for I coucht my selfe,
In poore *Eraslus* eyes, and with a looke
Orespred with teares, bewitched *Solyman*.
Beside, I sat on valiant *Brusfors* tongue,
To guide the praises of the herodian Knight.
Then in the Ladies passions, I showed my power,
And lastly *Loue* made *Basiliscos* tongue,
To countercheck his hart by turning Turke,
And saue his life, in spite of deaths despight.

Death. How chance it then, that *Loue* and *Fortunes* power,
Could neither saue *Philippo* nor his sonne,
Nor *Guelpio*, nor signior *Iulio*,
Nor rescue Rhodes from out the hands of *Death*?

For. Why *Brusfors* victorie was *Fortunes* gift.

Death. But had I slept, his conquest had beene small.

Loue. Wherefore stay we, thers more behind which proues,
That though *Loue* winke, *Loue's* not starke blinde. *Exeunt.*

Enter Eraslus and Piston.

Pist. Faith maister, me thinkes you are vnwise,

The Tragedie

That you weare not the high Sugar-loafe hat,
And the gilded gowne the Emperour gaue you.

Erast. Peace fool, a fable weed fits discontent. Away, be-

Pist. He go prouide your supper, (gon.

A shoulder of mutton, and neuer a Sallit. *Exit Piston.*

Erast. I must confesse that *Solyman* is kinde;

Past all compare, and more then my desart,

But what helps gay garments, when the minds opprest,

What pleaseth the eye, when the sence is altered?

My heart is overwhelmed with thousand woes,

And melancholie leads my soule in triumphe,

No meruaile then if I haue little minde

Of rich imbroderie, or costly ornaments,

Of honors, titles, or of wealth, or gaine,

Of musicke, viands, or of dainty dames,

No, no, my hope full long agoe was lost,

And Rhodes it selfe is lost, or els destroyde,

If not destroyde, yet bound and captiuat,

If captiuat, then forst from holy faith:

If forst from faith, for euer miserable,

For what is misery, but want of God,

And God is lost, if faith be ouerthrowne.

Enter Soliman.

Soli. Why how now *Erastus*, alwaies in thy dumps?

Still in black habite fitting funerall?

Cannot my loue perswade thee from this moode,

Nor all my faire intreats and blandishments?

Wert thou my friend, thy mind would iumpe with mine,

For what are friends, but one minde in two bodies.

Perhaps thou doubts my friendships constancie,

Then doost thou wrong the measure of my loue,

Which hath no measure, and shall neuer end.

Come *Erastus* sit thee downe by me,

And ile impart to thee our *Brusors* newes,

Newes to our honour, and to thy content:

The Governour is stone that sought thy death.

Erast. A worthy man, though not *Erastus* friend.

Soli.

of *Soliman* and *Perseda*.

Soli. The Prince of *Cipris* to, is likewise slaine:

Erast. Faire blossome, likely to haue proued good fruitē.

Soli. Rhodes is taken, and all the men are slaine,
Except some few that turne to *Mahomet*.

Erast. I there it is, now all my friends are slaine,
And faire *Perseda* murthred or deslowerd:

Ah gracious *Soliman* now shoue thy loue,

In not denying thy poore supplyants

Suffer me not to stay here in thy presente,

But by my selfe lament me once for all.

Heere if I stay but st suppress my teares,

And teares suppress will but increase my sorrow.

Soli. Go then, go spend thy mournings all at once,

That in thy presençe *Soliman* may ioy,

For hether to haue I reaped little pleasure:

Well well *Erastus*, Rhodes may blesse thy birth,

For his sake onely will I spare them more,

From spoile, pillage, and oppression,

Then *Alexander* spard warlike *Thebes*

For *Pindarus*: or then *Augustus*

Sparde rich *Alexandria* for *Arias* sake:

Enter *Brusor*, *Perseda*, and *Lucina*:

Bru. My gracious Lord, reioyce in happiness,

All Rhodes is yoakt, and stoopes to *Soliman*:

Soli. First thanks to heauen, and next to *Brusors* valour,

Which ile not guerdon with large promises,

But straight reward thee with a bounteous largesse:

But what two Christian Virgins haue we here?

Bru. Part of the spoile of Rhodes, which were preserued

To be presented to your mightinesse.

Soli. This present pleaseth mote then all the rest,

And were their garments turned from black to white,

I should haue deemd them *Iunoes* goodly Swannes,

Or *Venus* milke white Doves, so milde they are,

And so adord with beauties miracle.

Heere *Brusor* this kinde Turtle shall be thine,

Take her and vse her at thy pleasure:

Exit

The Tragedie.

But this kinde Turtle is for *Soliman*,
That her captiuitie may turne to blisse.
Faire lookes resembling *Phœbus* radiant beames,
Smooth forehead like the table of high *Ioue*,
Small pensild eye browes, like to glorious rainebowes,
Quick lampelike eyes, like heauens two brightest orbes,
Lips of pure Corall breathing ambrosie,
Cheekes, where the Rose and Lillie are in combate,
Neck whiter then the Snowie Apenines,
Brests like two ouerflowing Fountaines,
Twixt which a vale leads to the *Elisian* shades,
Where vnder couert lyes the fount of pleasure;
Which thoughts may gesse, but tongue must not prophane.
A sweeter creature nature neuer made,
Loue neuer tainted *Soliman* till now,
Now faire Virgin let me heare thee speake.

Per. What can my tongue vtter, but grieefe and death?

Soli. The sound is hunnie, but the sence is gall:

Then sweeting blisse me with a cheerefull looke.

Per. How can mine eyes dart forth a pleasant looke,

When they are stopt with flouds of flowing teares?

Soli. If tongue with grieefe, and eyes with teares be filld,

Say Virgin, how dooth thy heart admit,

The pure affection of great *Soliman*?

Per. My thoughts are like pillers of *Adamant*,

Too hard to take an new impression:

Soly. Nay then I see my stooping makes her proud,

She is my vassaile, and I will commaund.

Coye Virgin knowest thou what offence it is,

To thwart the will and pleasure of a king?

Why thy life is doone, if I but say the word.

Per. Why thats the period that my heart desires.

Soli. And die thou shalt, vnlesse thou change thy minde.

Per. Nay then *Perfeda* growes resolute,

Solimans thoughts and mine resemble,

Liues paralise that neuer can be ioyned.

Soli. Then kneele thou downe,

And

of Soliman and Perseda.

And at my hands receiue the stroke of death,
Domde to thy selfe by thine owne wilfulness.

Per. Strike, strike, thy words pearce deeper then thy blows.

Soli. *Brufor* hide her, for her lookes withold me,

Then Brufor hides her with a Lawne.

O *Brufor* thou hast not hid her lippes,
For there sits *Venus* with *Cupid* on her knee,
And all the Graces smiling round about her,
So crauing pardon that I cannot strike.

Bru. Her face is couerd ouer quite me Lord.

Soli. Why, so.

O *Brufor* see'st thou not her milke white necke,
That Alabaſter tower,
Twill breake the edge of my keene Semitor,
and peeces flying backe will wound my selfe.

Bru. Now she is all couerd my Lord.

Soli. Why now at last she dyes.

Per. O Christ receiue my soule.

Soli. Harke *Brufor* she calls on Christ,

I will not send her to him,

Her words are musicke,

The selfe same musicke that in auncient daies,
Brought *Alexander* from war to banqueting,
and made him fall from skirmishing to kissing.
No my deare, Loue would not let me kill thee,
Though Maiesty would turne desire to wrath,
There lyes my sword, humbled at thy feete,
and I my selfe that gouerne many kings,
Intreate a pardon for my rash misdeede.

Per. Now *Soliman* wrongs his imperiall state,
But if thou love me, and haue hope to win,
Graunt one boone that I shall craue of thee.

Soli. What ere it be, *Perseda* I graunt it thee.

Per. Then let me liue a Christian Virgin still,
Vnlesse my state shall alter with my will.

Soli. my word is past, and I recall my passions,
What should he doe with crowne and Empery,

That

The Tragedie

That cannot gouerne priuate fond affections?
Yet giue me leaue in honest sort to court thee,
To rale; though not to cure, my maladie:
Come sit thee downe vpon my right hand heere,
This seat I keep voide for another friend:
Goe Ianifaries call in your Gouvernör;
So shall I ioy betweene two captiue friends,
And yet my selfe be captiue to them both,
If friendships yōake were not at liberty:
See where he comes my other best beloued.

Enter Erastus.

Perse. My sweet and best beloued;

Erast. My sweet and best beloued;

Per. For thee my deare *Erastus* haue I liued.

Erast. And for thee or els I had not liued.

Soli. What words in affection doe I see?

Erast. Ah pardon me great *Soliman*, for this is she,
For whom I mourned more then for all *Rhodes*,
And from whose absence I triued my sorrow.

Per. And pardon me my Lord, for this is he,
For whom I thwarted *Solimans* intreates,
And for whose exile I lamented thus:

Erast. Euen from my childhood haue I tendered thee,
Witness the heavens of my unfeined loue.

Soli. By this one accident I well perceiue,
That heavens and heavenly powers do manage loue,
I loue them both, I know not which the better;
They loue each other best, what then should follow?
But that I conquer both by my defarts,
And ioyne their hands, whose hearts are knit already.

Erastus and *Perfeda* come you hether,
And both giue me your hands;

Erastus, none but thou couldst win *Perfeda*,

Perfeda, none but thou couldst win *Erastus*,

From great *Soliman*; so well I loue you both,
And now to fulfill the late promises to good effect,

Be thou *Erastus* Governör of *Rhodes*;

By

of Soliman and Perseda.

By this thou shalt dismiss my garison.

Bruf. Must he reape that for which I tooke the toile?
Come enuie then and sit in friendships seate,
How can I loue him that inioyes my right?

Soli. Giue me a crowne, to crowne the bride withall.

Then he crownes Perseda.

Perseda, for my sake weare this crowne:

Now is she fairer then she was before,
This title so augments her beautie as the fire
That lay with honours hand rackt vp in ashes,
Reuiues againe to flames, the force is such,
Remooue the cause, and then the effect will die,
They must depart, or I shall not be quiet.

Erastus and *Perseda* meruaile not,

That all in hast I wish you to depart,
There is an vrgent cause, but priuie to my selfe,
Commaund my shipping for to waft you ouer.

Eraf. My gracious Lord, whē *Erastus* doth forget this fauor,
Then let him liue abandond and forlorne.

Per. Nor will *Perseda* slacke euen in her prayers,
But still sollicite God for *Soliman*,

Whose minde hath proued so good and gracious. *Exeunt.*

Soli. Farewell *Erastus*, *Perseda* farewell to:

Me thinks I should not part with two such friends,
The one so renownd for armes and curtesie,
The other so adorned with grace and modestie:
Yet of the two *Perseda* mooues me most,
I and so mooues me, that I now repent,
That ere I gaue away my hearts desire,
What was it but abuse of Fortunes gift,
And therefore Fortune now will be reuengde.
What was it but abuse of Loues commaund,
And therefore mightie Loue will be reuengd:
What was it but abuse of heauens that gaue her me,
And therefore angrie heauens will be reuengd:
Heauens, Loue, and Fortune, all three haue decreed,
That I shall loue her still, and lack her still,

G

Like

The Tragedie

Like euer thirsting wretched *Tantalus*:
Foolish *Solyman*, why did I striue,
To do him kindnes, and vndoe my selfe?
Well governd friends do first regard themselues.

Bru. I now occasion serues to stumble him,
That thrust his sickle in my harvest corne,
Pleaseth your Maiestie to heare *Bru* for speake.

Soli. To one past cure, good counsell comes too late,
Yet say thy minde.

Bru. With secret letters woe her, and with gifts..

Soli. My lines and gifts will but returne my shame.

Luci. Here me my Lord, let me go ouer to Rhodes,
That I may plead in your affections cause,
One woman may do much to win another.

Soli. Indeed *Lucina* were her husband from her,
Shee happely might be woone by thy perswades,
But whilst he liues there is no hope in her.

Bru. Why liues he then to greoue great *Soliman*?
This onely remaines, that you consider,
In two extreames the least is to be chosen,
If so your life depend vpon your loue,
And that her loue depends vpon his life;
Is it not better that *Erastus* die

Ten thousand deaths, then *Soliman* should perish?

Soli. I saist thou so? why then it shall be so,
But by what means shall poore *Erastus* dye?

Bru. This shall be the meanes,
Ill fetch him back againe,

Vnder coulour of great consequence,

No sooner shall he land vpon our shore,

But witnes shall be ready to accuse him,

Of treason doone against your mightines,

And then he shall be doo'd my marshall law.

Soli. O fine deuise, *Bru* for get thee gone,

Come thou againe, but let the Lady stay,

To win *Persida* to my will: meane while,

Will I prepare the iudge and witnesses,

And

of Soliman and Perseda.

And if this take effect, thou shalt be Viceroy,
And faire *Lucina* Queene of *Tripolie*.
Brusor be gone, for till thou come I languish.

Exeunt Brusor and Lucina,

And now to ease my troubled thoughts at last,
I will go sit among my learned Euenukes,
And heere them play, and see my minions dance,
For till that *Brusor* bring me my desire,
I may asswage but neuer quench loues fire. *Exit.*

Enter Basilisco.

Bas. Since the expugnation of the Rhodian Ile,
Me thinkes a thousand years are ouerpast,
More for the lack of my *Persedas* presence,
Then for the losse of Rhodes that paltry Ile,
Or for my friends that there were murdered,
My valour euery where shall purchase friends,
And where a man liues well, there is his countrie.
Alas the Christians are but very shallow,
In giuing iudgement of a man at armes,
A man of my desert and excellence.
The Turkes whom they account for barbarous,
Hauing forehard of *Basiliscoes* worth,
A number vnder prop me with their shoulders,
And in procession bare me to the Church,
As I had beene a second Mahomet,
I fearing they would adore me for a God,
Wisely informd them that I was but man,
Although in time perhaps I might aspire,
To purchase Godhead, as did *Hercules*.
I mean by doing wonders in the world:
Amidst their Church they bound me to a pillar,
And to make triall of my valiancie,
They lopt a collop of my tendrest member.
But thinke you *Basilisco* squicht for that,
Euen as a Cow for tickling in the horne,
That doone, they set me on a milke white Ass,
Compassing me with goodly ceremonies,

The Tragedie

That day me thought, I sat in *Pompeyes* Chaire,
And viewd the Capitoll, and was Romes greatest glorie.

Enter Piston.

Pist. I would my maister had left
Some other to be his agent here :
Faith I am wearie of the office alreadie.
What Seigniour *Tremomundo*,
That rid a pilgrimage to beg cakebread.

Bas. O take me not vnprouided, let me fetch my weapons.

Pist. Why I meant nothing but a *Basolus manus*.

Bas. No, didst thou not meane to giue me the priuie stab?

Pist. No by my troth sir.

Bas. Nay if thou hadst, I had not feard thee I,
I tell thee my skin holds out Pistoll prooffe.

Pist. Pistoll prooffe? ile trie if it will hold out pin prooffe.

Then he pricks him with a pin.

Bas. O shoote no more, great God I yeeld to thee.

Pist. I see his skin is but pistol profe from the girdle vpward.
What suddaine agonie was that?

Bas. Why sawst thou not, how *Cupid* God of loue,
Not daring looke me in the marshall face,
Came like a coward stealing after me,
And with his pointed dart prickt my posteriors.

Pist. Then here my opinion concerning that point,
The Ladies of Rhodes hearing that you haue lost,
A capitoll part of your Lady ware,
Haue made their petition to *Cupid*,
To plague you aboue all other,
As one preuditiall to their muliebritie.
Now sir, *Cupid* seeing you alreadie hurt before,
Thinks it a greater punishment to hurt you behind,
Therefore I would wish you to haue an eye to the back dore.

Bas. Sooth thou sayest, I must be fenced behinde,
Ile hang my target there.

Pist. Indeed that will serue to beare of some blowes,
When you runaway in a fraye.

Bas. Sirra, sirra, what art thou?

That

of Soliman and Perseda.

That thus incrochest vpon my familiaritie,
Without speciall admittance.

Pist. Why do you not know me? I am *Erastus* man.

Baf. What art thou that pettie pigmie,
That chalenged me at Rhodes;
Whom I refusd to combat for his minoritic,
Where is *Erastus*, I owe him chastisment in *Persedas* quarrel.

Pist. Do not you know that they are all friends,
And *Erastus* maryed to *Perseda*,
And *Erastus* made gouernour of Rhodes,
And I left heere to be their agent?

Baf. O *cælum*, O *terra*, O *maria Neptune*,
Did I turne Turke to follow her so far?

Pist. The more shame for you.

Baf. And is she linkt in liking with my foe?

Pist. Thats because you were out of the way.

Baf. O wicked Turke for to steale her hence.

Pist. O wicked turne coate that would haue her stay.

Baf. The truth is, ile be a Turke no more,

Pist. And I feare thou wilt neuer prooue good christian.

Baf. I will after to take reuenge.

Pist. And ile stay heere about my maisters busines.

Baf. Farewell Constantinople, I will to Rhodes. *Exit.*

Pist. Farewell counterfeit foole,

God fend him good shipping:

Tis noisd about, that *Brusor* is sent,

To fetch my maister back againe,

I cannot be well till I heare the rest of the newes,

Therefore ile about it straight. *Exit.*

Enter Chorus.

Loue. Now *Fortune* what hast thou done in this latter act?

For. I brought *Perseda* to the presence
Of *Soliman* the turkish Emperour,
And gaue *Lucina* into *Brusors* hands.

Loue. And first I stung them with consenting loue,
And made great *Soliman* sweete beauties thrall,
Humble himselfe at faire *Persedas* feete,

The Tragedie

And made him praise loue, and captiues beautie:
Againe, I made him to recall his passions,
And giue *Perfeda* to *Erastus* hands,
And after make repentance of the deed.

For. Meane time I fild *Erastus* sailes with winde,
And brought him home vnto his natiue land.

Death. And I subornd *Brufor* with enuious rage,
To counsell *Soliman* to slay his friend,
Brufor is sent to fetch him back againe,
Marke well what followes, for the historie
Prooues me cheefe actor in this tragedie. *Exeunt.*

Enter Erastus and Perfeda.

Erast. *Perfeda*, these dayes are our dayes of ioy,
What could I more desire then thee to wife,
And that I haue: or then to gouerne Rhodes,
And that I doe, thanks to great *Soliman*.

Per. And thanks to gracious heauens; that fo
Brought *Soliman* from worse to better,
For though I neuer tould it thee till now,
His heart was purposd once to do thee wrong.

Erast. I that was before he knew thee to be mine,
But now *Perfeda*, lets forget ould greefes,
And let our studies wholly be imploid,
To work each others blisse and hearts delight.

Per. Our present ioyes will be so much the greater,
When as we call to minde forepassed greefes,
So singes the Mariner vpon the shore,
When he hath past the dangerous time of stormes:
But if my Loue will haue olde greefes forgot,
They shall lye buried in *Perfeda*s brest.

Enter Brufor and Lucina.

Erast. Welcome Lord *Brufor*.

Per. And *Lucina* to.

Bru. Thanks Lord Gouvernour.

Luci. And thanks to you Madame,

Erast.

of Soliman and Perseda.

Erast. What hasty newes brings you so soon to Rhodes?
Although to me you never come to soone.

Bru. So it is my Lord, that vpon great affaires,
Importuning health and wealth of *Soliman*,
His highnes by me intreateth you,
As euer you respect his future loue,
Or haue regard vnto his curtesie,
To come your selfe in person and visit him,
Without inquiry what should be the cause.

Erast. Were there no ships to crosse the Seas withall,
My armes should frame mine oares to crosse the seas,
And should the seas turne tide to force me backe,
Desire should frame me wings to fly to him,
I goe *Perseda* thou must giue me leaue.

Per. Though loath, yet *Solimans* commaund preuailes.

Luci. And sweete *Perseda* I will stay with you,
From *Brusor* my beloued, and ile want him,
Till he bring backe *Erastus* vnto you.

Erast. Lord *Brusor* come, tis time that we were gon.

Bru. *Perseda* farewell, be not angry,
For that I carry thy beloued from thee,
We will returne with all speed possible,
and thou *Lucina*, vse *Perseda* so,
That for my carrying of *Erastus* hence,
She curse me not, and so farewell to both.

Per. Come *Lucina* lets in, my heart is full. *Exeunt.*

*Enter Soliman, Lord marshall, the two witnesses
and Ianifaries.*

Soli. Lord marshall, see you handle it cunningly.
And when *Erastus* comes our periurd friend,
See he be condemd by marshall law,
Heere will I stand to see and not be seene.

Marshall. Come fellowes see when this matter comes in
You stagger not: and Ianifaries, (question
See that your strangling cords be ready.

Soli. Ah that *Perseda* were not half so faire,

llr.

Or

The Tragedie

Or that *Soliman* were not so fond,
Or that *Perfeda* had some other loue,
Whose death might saue my poore *Erastus* life.

Enter Brusfor and Erastus.

See where he comes, whome though I deerely loue,
Yet must his bloud be spilt for my behoofe,
Such is the force of marrow burning loue.

Mar. *Erastus*, Lord *Gouernour* of *Rhodes*,
I arrest you in the *Kings* name.

Erast. What thinkes Lord *Brusfor* of this strange arrest,
Hast thou intrapt me to this trechery:
Intended well I wot without the leaue
Or licence of my Lord great *Soliman*.

Brus. Why then appeale to him, where thou shalt know,
And be assured that I betray thee not.

Soli. Yes, thou, and I, and all of vs betray him.

Mar. No, no, in this case no appeale shall serue.

Erast. Why then to thee, or vnto any else,
I there protest by heauens vnto you all,
That neuer was there man more true or iust,
Or in his deedes more loyall and vpright,
Or more louing, or more innocent,
Than I haue been to gracious *Soliman*,
Since first I set my teete on *Turkish* land.

Soli. My selfe would be his witnesse if I durst,
But bright *Perfeda*s beauty stops my tongue.

Mar. Why firs, why face to face expresse you not,
The treasons you reueald to *Soliman*?

Witnesses. That very day *Erastus* went from hence,
He sent for me into his Cabinet,
And for that man that is of my profession.

Erast. I neuer saw them-vntill this day.

Witnesses. His Cabine doore fast shut, he first began
To question vs of all sorts of fire workes,
Wherein, when we had fully resolued him,
What might be done, he spreding on the board,
A huge heape of our imperiall coyne,

All

of Soliman and Perfeda.

All this is yours quoth he, if you consent,
To leaue great *Soliman* and serue in Rhodes.

Mar. Why that was treason, but onward with the rest.

Enter Piston.

Pist. What haue we heere, my Master before the Marshall?

Wit. We said not I, nor durst we say him nay,
Because we were alreadie in his Gallies,
But seemd content to flie with him to Rhodes,
With that he purst the golde, and gaue it vs,
The rest I dare not speake it is so bad. (them?)

Erast. Heauens heare you this, and drops not vengeance on

Theotherwit. The rest, and worse, will I discourse in brieft.
Will you consent quoth he to fire the fleete,
That lyes hard by vs heere in *Bosphoron*,
For be it spoke in secret heere quoth he,
Rhodes must no longer beare the turkish yoake.
We said the taske might easilie be performd,
But that we lackt such drugs to mixe with powder,
As were not in his gallies to be got,
At this he leapt for ioy, swearing and promising,
That our reward should be redoubled:
We came aland not minding to returne,
And as our duety and alleageance bound vs,
We made all knowhe vnto great *Soliman*,
But ere we could summon him a land,
His ships were past a kenning from the shoare,
Belike he thought we had betraid his treasons.

Mar. That all is true that heere you haue declard,
Both lay your hands vpon the Alcaron.

1. *Wit.* Foule death betide me if I sweare not true.

2. *Wit.* And mischiefe light on me, if I sweare false.

Soli. mischiefe and death shall light vpon you both.

Mar. *Erastus* thou seest what witnes hath produced against
What answerest thou vnto their accusation? (thee;

Erast. That these are Synons and my selfe poore Troy.

Mar. Now it resteth, I appoint thy death.
Wherein thou shalt confesse Ile fauour thee.

H

For

The Tragedie

For that thou wert beloved of *Soliman*,
Thou shalt forthwith be bound vnto that post,
And strangled as our turkish order is.

Pist. Such fauour send all turkes I pray God.

Eraft. I see this traine was plotted ere I came,
What bootes complaining wheres no remedy:
Yet giue me leaue before my life shall end,
To moane *Perfeda*, and accuse my friend.

Soli. O vniust *Soliman*, O wicked time,
Where filthie lust must murder honest loue.

Marsh. Dispatch, for our time limited is past.

Eraft. Alas, how can he but be short, whose tongue
Is fast tide with galling sorrow.

Farewell *Perfeda*, no more but that for her :

Inconstant *Soliman*, no more but that for him:

Vnfortunate *Eraftus*, no more but that for me:

Loe this is all, & thus I leaue to speake. *Then they strangle him.*

Pist. Marie sir this is a faire warning for me to get me gon.

Exit Piston.

Soli. O saue his life, if it be possible,
I will not loose him for my kingdomes worth.
Ah poore *Eraftus* art thou dead already,
Whatould presumer durst be so resolued,
For to bercaue *Eraftus* life from him,
Whose life to me was dearer then mine owne,
Wast thou and thou, Lord marshall bring them hether,
And at *Eraftus* hand let them receiue,
The stroke of death, whom they have spoild of life.
VVhat is thy hand to weake? then mine shall helpe,
To send them down to euerlasting night,
To waite vpon thee through eternall shade.
Thy soule shall not go mourning hence alone:
Thus die, and thus, for thus you murderd him.

Then he kills the two Ianisaries, that killd Eraftus.

But soft me thinkes he is not satisfied,
The breath dooth murmure softly from his lips,
And bids me kill those bloudie witnesse,

By

of Soliman and Perseda.

By whose treacherie *Erastus* dyed:

Lord Marshall, hale them to the towers top,
And throw them headlong downe into the vailey,
So let their treasons with their liues haue end.

1. *Witn.* Your selfe procured vs. 2. *Wit.* Is this our hier?

Then the Marshall beares them to the tower top.

Soli. Speake not a worde, least in my wrathfull furie,
I doome you to ten thousand direfull torments:
And *Brufor* see *Erastus* be interd,
With honour in a kingly sepulcher.
Why when Lord marshall? great *Hectors* sonne,
Although his age did plead for innocence,
Was sooner tumbled from the fatall tower,
Then are those periurde wicked witnesses.

Then they are both tumbled downe.

Why now *Erastus* Ghost is satisfied:

I, but yet the wicked Iudge suruiues,
By whom *Erastus* was condemnd to die,
Brufor, as thou louest me stab in the marshall,
Least he detect vs vnto the world,
By making knowne our bloody practises,
And then wilt thou and I hoist saile to Rhodes,
Where thy *Lucina* and my *Perseda* liues.

Bru. I will my lord. lord Marshal, it is his highnes pleasure
That you commend him to *Erastus* soule.

Then he kills the Marshall.

Soli. Heere ends my deere *Erastus* tragedie,
And now begins my pleasant Comedie.
But if *Perseda* vnderstand these newes,
Our seane will prooue but tragicomicall.

Bru. Feare not my Lord, *Lucina* plaies her part,
And woos apace in *Solimans* behalfe.

Soli. Then *Brufor* come, and with some few men,
Lets saile to Rhodes with all conuenient speede,
For till I fould *Perseda* in mine armes,
My troubled eares are deaft with loues alarmes.

Exeunt.

Enter Perseda, Lucina, and Basilisco.

The Tragedie

Per. Now signior *Basilisco*, which like you,
The Turkish or our nation best?

Basi. That which your ladyship will haue me like.

Luci. I am deceiued but you were circumcised.

Basi. Indeed I was a little cut in the porpuse.

Per. What meanes made you steale back to Rhodes?

Basi. The mightie pickanyed brand bearing God,
To whom I am so long true seruitor,
When he espyde my weeping fouds of teares,
For your depart, he bad me follow him.
I followed him, he with his fier brand,
Parted the seas, and we came ouer drie-shod.

Luci. A matter not vnlikely: but how chance,
Your turkish bonnet is not on your head?

Basi. Because I now am Christian againe,
And that by naturall meanes, for as
The old Cannon saies very pretily,
Nibill est tam naturali, quod eo modo colligatum est.
And so foorth: so I became a Turke to follow her,
To follow her, am now returnd a Christian.

Enter Piston.

Pist. O Lady and mistris, weepe and lament,
And wring your hands, for my maister
Is condemnd and executed.

Luci. Be patient sweete *Perseda*, the foole but iests.

Per. Ah no, my nightly dreames foretould me this,
Which foolish woman fondly I neglected.
But say, what death dyed my poore *Erastus*?

Pist. Nay, God be praisd, his death was reasonable,
He was but strangled.

Per. But strangled, ah double death to me:
But say, wherefore was he condemnd to die?

Pist. For nothing but high treason.

Per. What treason, or by whom was he condemnd?

Pist. Faith two great knights of the post, swore vpon the
Alcaron, that he would haue firde the Turkes Fleete.

Per. Was *Brusor* by?

Piston.

of Soliman and Perseda.

Piston. I.

Perse. And Soliman?

*Pist. No, but I saw where he stood,
To heere and see the matter well conuaid.*

*Per. Accursed Soliman, prophane Alcaron:
Lucina, came thy husband to this end,
To leade a lambe vnto the slaughter-house?
Hast thou for this in Solimans behalfe,
With cunning wordes tempted my chastitie?
Thou shalt abide for both your trecheries,
It must be so. Basilisco dooest thou loue me, speake.*

*Bas. I more then I loue either life or soule,
What shall I stab the Emperour for thy sake?*

Per. No, but Lucina, if thou louest me kill her.

Then Basilisco takes a dagger & feeles vpon the point of it.

Basi. The point will marre her skin.

*Per. What darest thou not, giue me the dagger then,
Theres a reward for all thy treasons past,*

Then Perseda kils Lucina.

Basi. Yet dare I beare her hence, to do thee good:

*Per. No let her lye, a prey to rauening birds:
Nor shall her death alone suffice for his,
Rhodes now shall be no longer Solymans,
Weele fortifie our walles, and keepe the towne,
In spight of proud insulting Soliman.
I know the letcher hopes to haue my loue,
And first Perseda shall with his hand die,
Then yeeld to him, and liue in infamie.*

Exeunt.

Manet Basilisco.

*Basi. I will ruminare. Death which the Poets
Faine to be pale and meager,
Hath depriued Erastus trunk from breathing vitalitie,
A braue Caelere, but my approoued soeman.
Let me see: where is that Alcides, furnamed Hercules,
The onely Club man of his time? dead.
Where is the eldest sonne of Pryam,
That abraham-coloured Troion? dead:*

The Tragedie

VWhere is the leader of the mirmidons,
That well knit *Accill*? dead.
VWhere is that furious *Aiax*, the sonne of *Telamon*,
Or that fraudfull squire of *Jtbaca*, iclipt *Vlisses*? dead.
Where is tipsie *Alexander*, that great cup conquerour,
Or *Pompey* that braue Warriour? dead:
I am my selfe strong, but I confesse death to be stronger:
I am valiant, but mortall,
I am adorned with natures gifts,
A giddie goddesse, that now giueth and anon taketh:
I am wise, but quiddits will not answer death:
To conclude in a word, to be captious, vertuous, ingenious,
Or to be nothing when it pleaseth death to be enuious.
The great Turque, whose seat is Constantinople,
Hath beleagred Rhodes, whose chieftaine is a woman.
I could take the rule vpon me,
But the shrub is safe when the Cedar shaketh:
I loue *Perseda* as one worthie,
But I loue *Basilisco* as one I hould more worthy,
My fathers sonne, my mothers solace, my proper selfe.
Faith he can doe little that cannot speake,
And he can doe lesse that cannot runne away:
Then sith mans life is a glasse, and a phillip may cracke it,
Mine is no more, and a bullet may pearce it:
Therefore I will play least in fight. *Exit.*

Enter Soliman, Brusor, with Janisaries.

Soli. The gates are shut, which prooues that Rhodes reuolts,
And that *Perseda* is not *Solimans*:

Ah *Brusor* see where thy *Lucina* lyes,
Butcherd despightfully without the walles.

Bru. Vnkinde *Perseda*, couldst thou vse her so?
And yet we vsd *Perseda* little better.

Soli. Nay gentle *Brusor* stay thy teares a while,
Least with thy woes thou spoile my commedie,
And all too soone be turnd to Tragedie.

Go *Brusor*, beare her to thy priuate tent,
Where we at leisure will lament her death,

And

of Soliman and Perseda.

And with our teares bewaile her obsequies:
For yet *Perseda* liues for *Soliman*.
Drum found a parle, were it not for her,
I would sacke the towne ere I would found a parle.

The Drum soundes a parle.

*Perseda comes upon the walls in mans apparell,
Basilisco and Piston, upon the walles.*

Per. At whose intreatie is this parle founded?

Soli. At our intreatie, therefore yeeld the towne.

Per. Why what art thou that boldlie bids vs yeeld?

Soli. Great *Soliman*, Lord of all the world.

Per. Thou art not Lord of all, Rhodes is not thine.

Soli. It was, and shall be maugre who saies no.

Per. I that say no will neuer see it thine.

Soli. Why what art thou that dares resist my force?

Per. A Gentleman and thy mortall enemy,
and one that dares thee to the single combate.

Soli. First tell me doth *Perseda* liue or no?

Per. She liues to see the wrack of *Soliman*.

Soli. Then Ile combate thee what ere thou art.

Perse. and in *Erastus* name Ile combate thee.

and heere I promise thee on my Christian faith,

Then will I yeeld *Perseda* to thy hands,

That if thy strength shall ouer match my right,

To vse, as to thy liking shall seeme best.

But ere I come to enter single fight,

First let my tongue vtter my hearts despight,

and thus my tale begins: thou wicked tirant,

Thou murtherer, accursed Homicide,

For whom hell gapes, and all the vgly feindes,

Doe waite for to receiue thee in their iawes,

Ah periur'd and inhumaine *Soliman*,

How could thy heart harbour a wicked thought,

against the spotlesse life of poore *Erastus*?

Was he not true? would thou hadst been as iust.

Was he not valiant? would thou hadst been as vertuous.

Was he not loyall? would thou hadst been as louing.

The Tragedie

Ah wicked tirant in that one mans death,
Thou hast betraide the flower of Christendome.
Dyed he because his worth obscured thine?
In slaughtering him thy vertues are defamed.
Didst thou misdoe him, in hope to win *Perfeda*?
Ah foolish man, therein thou art deceiued,
For though she liue, yet will she nere liue thine,
Which to approue, Ile come to combate thee.

Sol. Iniurious foule mouth'd Knight, my wrathfull arme
Shall chastice and rebuke these iniuries.

*Then Perfeda comes down to Soliman, and
Basilisco and Piston.*

Pist. I but heare you, are you so foolish to fight with him?

Bas. I sirra, why not, as long as I stand by?

Sol. Ile not defend *Erastus* innocence,
But thee in maintaining *Perfeda*s beautie.

Then they fight, Soliman kills perfeda.

Per. I now I lay *Perfeda* at thy feete,
But with thy hand first wounded to the death,
Now shall the world report that *Soliman*,
Slew *Erastus* in hope to win *perfeda*,
And murdred her for louing of her husband.

Sol. What my *perfeda*, all that haue I done,
Yet kisse me gentle loue before thou die.

Per. A kisse I graunt thee though I hate thee deadlie.

Sol. I loued thee dearelie and accept thy kisse.
Why didst thou loue *Erastus* more then me,
Or why didst thou not giue *Soliman* a kisse
Ere this vnhappy time, then hadst thou liued.

Bas. Ah let me kisse thee to before I dye.

Then Soliman kills Basilisco:

Sol. Nay die thou shalt for thy presumption,
For kissing her whome I doe hold so deare.

Pist. I will not kisse her sir, but giue me leaue
To weepe ouer her, for while she liued,
She loued me dearely, and I loued her.

Sol. If thou didst loue her villaine as thou saidst,

Then

of Soliman and Perseda.

Then wait on her thorough eternal night:

Then Soliman kills Piston.

Ah *Perseda*, how shall I mourne for thee?

Faire springing Rose, ill pluckt before thy time.

Ah heauens that hitherto haue smilde on me,

Why doe you vnkindly lowre on *Solyman*?

The losse of halfe my Realmes, nay crownes decay,

Could not haue prickt so neere vnto my heart,

As doth the losse of my *Persedaes* life:

And with her life, I likewise loose my loue,

And with her loue my hearts felicitie.

Euen for *Erastus* death, the heauens haue plagued me.

Ah no the heauens did neuer more accurse me,

Then when they made me Butcher of my loue.

Yet iustly how can I condemne my selfe,

When *Brusor* liues, that was the cause of all?

Come *Brusor*, helpe to lift her body vp,

Is she not faire?

Bru. Euen in the houre of death.

Soli. Was she not constant?

Bru. As firme as are the poles whereon heauen lyes.

Soli. Was she not chaste?

Bru. As is *Pandora* or *Dianaes* thoughts.

Soli. Then tell me (his treasons set aside)

What was *Erastus* in thy opinion?

Bru. Faire spoken, wise, courteous, and liberall:

Kinde, euen to his foes, gentle and affable,

And all, in all his deeds heroyacall.

Soli. Ah, was he so: how durst thou then vngratious coun-

First cause me murder such a worthy man, (seller,

And after tempt so vertuous a woman?

Be this therefore the last that ere thou speake:

Ianifaries, take him straight vnto the block,

Off with his head, and suffer him not to speake.

Exit Brusor.

And now *Perseda*, heere I lay me downe,

And on thy beautie still contemplate,

The Tragedie

Vntill mine eyes shall surfet by my gasing:
But stay, let me see what paper is this.

Then he takes up a paper and reedes in it as followeth.

*Tyrant my lips were furnish with deadly poyson,
To plague thy hart that is so full of poyson.*

What am I poisoned? then Ianifaries,
Let me see Rhodes recovered ere I die.
Souldiers, assault the towne on every side,
Spoile all, kill all, let none escape your furie.

Sound an alarum to the fight.

Say Captaine, is Rhodes recovered againe.

Capt. It is my Lord, and stoopes to *Soliman*.

Soli. Yet that alayes the furie of my paine,

Before I die, for doubtlesse die I must,
I, fates, iniurious fates, haue so decreed,
For now I feele the poyson gins to worke,
And I am weake euen to the very death,
Yet something more contentedly I dye,
For that my death was wrought by her deuise,
Who liuing was my ioy, whose death my woe.
Ah Ianifaries now dyes your Emperour:
Before his age hath scene his mellowed yeares,
And if you euer loued your Emperour,
Affright me not with sorrowes and laments:
And when my soule from body shall depart,
Trouble me not, but let me passe in peace,
And in your silence let your loue be showne:
My last request for I commaund no more,
Is that my body, with *Persedas* be,
Interd, where my *Erastus* lyes intombd,
And let one Epitaph containe vs all:
Ah now I feele the paper tould me true,
The poison is disperst through euerie vaine,
And boyles like *Etna* in my trying guts.
Forgiue me deere *Erastus* my vnkindnes,

of Soliman and Perseda.

I haue reuengd thy death with many deaths:
And sweete *Perseda* flie not *Soliman*,
When as my gliding ghost shall follow thee,
With eager moode, thorow eternall night:
And now pale Death sits on my panting soule,
And with reuenging ire dooth tyrannise,
And sayes for *Soliman* too much amisse,
This day shall be the peryod of my blisse. *Exeunt.*
Then Soliman dyes, and they carry him forth in silence.

Enter Chorus.

Fortune. I gaue *Erastus* woe and miserie,
Amidst his greatest ioy and iollitie.
Loue. But I that haue power in earth and heauen about,
Stung them both with neuer failing loue.
Death. But I bereft them both of loue and life.
Loue. Of life, but not of loue, for euen in death,
Their soules are knit, though bodyes be disioynd,
Thou didst but wound their flesh, their minds are free,
Their bodies buried yet they honour me.
Death. Hence foolish *Fortune*, and thou wanton *Loue*,
Your deeds are trifles, mine of consequence.
For. I giue worlds happines and woes increase.
Loue. By ioyning persons, I increase the world.
Death. By wastning all, I conquer all the world.
And now to end our difference at last,
In this last act, note but the deedes of Death,
VVhere is *Erastus* now but in my triumph?
Where are the murtherers but in my triumph?
Where Iudge and witnesses but in my triumph?
Wheres false *Lucina* but in my triumph?
Wheres faire *Perseda* but in my triumph?
Wheres *Basilisco* but in my triumph?
VVheres faithfull *Piston* but in my triumph?
VVheres valiant *Erusor* but in my triumph?
And wheres great *Soliman* but in my triumph?
Their loues and fortunes ended with their liues,

The Tragedie

And they must wait vpon the Carre of Death:
Packe *Loue* and *Fortune*, play in Commedies,
For powerfull Death best fitteth Tragedies.

Loue. I go, yet *Loue* shall neuer yeeld to *Death*.

Exit Loue.

Death. But *Fortune* shall, for when I waste the world,
Then times and kingdomes *Fortunes* shall decay.

For. Meane time will *Fortune* gouerne as she may.

Exit Fortune.

Death. I, now will *Death* in his most haughtie pride,
Fetch his imperiall Carre from deepest hell,
And ride in triumph through the wicked world,
Sparing none but sacred *Cynthias* friend,
VVhom *Death* did feare before her life began:
For holy fates haue grauen it in their tables,
That *Death* shall die, if he attempt her end,
Whose life is heauens delight and *Cynthias* friend.

FINIS.



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