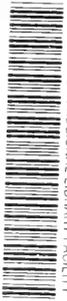


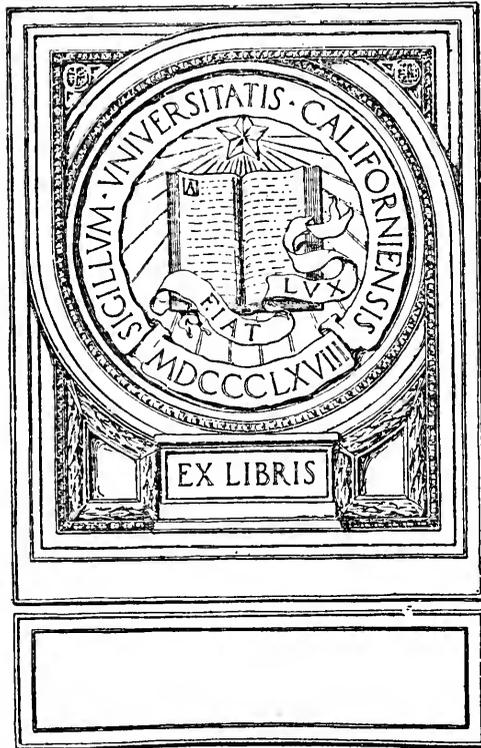
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**a**

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PRESS

THE TRAGICAL REIGN  
OF SELIMUS

1594

THE MALONE SOCIETY  
REPRINTS

1908

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

*Feb.* 1909.

W. W. Greg.

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

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

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

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

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

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

#### LIST OF IRREGULAR AND DOUBTFUL READINGS.

|                                      |                         |                            |
|--------------------------------------|-------------------------|----------------------------|
| 41. runne.                           | 317. them (then)        | 588. fword (sword.)        |
| 42. spright? (spright.)              | 335. religions          | 596. Hnd                   |
| 59. poore,                           | (religious)             | 597. said thou             |
| 84, 89, 100, 163.                    | 344. loue. (like.?)     | 609. aud                   |
| <i>Selmi</i>                         | 351. where.             | 633. Ægyptian              |
| 117. Enters                          | 360. as the rest.       | 651. fonnes (fonne?)       |
| 139. gainst Persians                 | 432. greeue:            | 652. Bassaies (Bassaes)    |
| 140. creast.                         | 434. leane on (leaeu)   | 666. nere (here?)          |
| 143. <i>Mustafa</i>                  | 496. slept (stept)      | 677. pratronefle           |
| 147. <i>Neroes</i> ( <i>Meroes</i> ) | 509. runnages,          | 691. witt                  |
| 152. haruingers                      | (runnagates,)           | 723. <i>Acomat Visfir,</i> |
| 171. matry (marry)                   | 510. states,            | ( <i>Acomat, Visfir,</i> ) |
| 180. ( <i>indented</i> )             | 511. <i>Cherseo.</i> Go | 732. low (now?)            |
| 242. case.                           | ( <i>Cherseoli, go</i>  | 735. fuquidrie             |
| 265. him. (it.)                      | <i>not indented</i> )   | ( <i>furquidrie?</i> )     |

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

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

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

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

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

LIST OF CHARACTERS,  
in order of entrance.

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

Janissaries, soldiers, messenger.

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

# THE First part of the Tra-

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

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

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

As it was playd by the Queenes Maiesties  
Players.



LONDON

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

1594.





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

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

*Biazet.*

**L**eaue me my Lords vntill I call you forth,  
For I am heauie and disconsolate.

*Exeunt all but Biazet.*

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

A 3

Spreading



of Selimus, Emperour of the Turkes.

Conclusion.

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

F I N I S.







*T H E*  
**TRAGEDY**  
*OF*  
**SELIMVS**  
Emperour of the *Turkes.*

---

~~Written T. G.~~

---

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







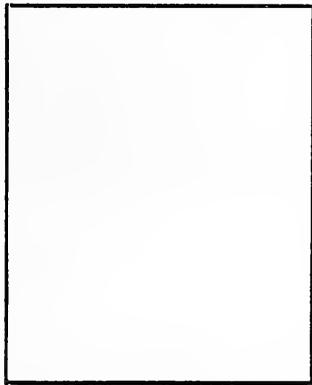
THE  
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gicall raigne of Selimus, sometime Empe-  
rour of the Turkes, and grandfather to him  
that now raigneth.

Wherein is showne how hee most vnnaturally  
raifed warres against his owne father *Baiazet*, and pre-  
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As it was playd by the Queenes Maiesties  
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LONDON

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neare the olde Swanne.

1594.

Prologue.

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

*Exit.*



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

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

*Biazet.*

**L** Eaue me my Lords vntill I call you foorth,  
For I am heaueie and difconfolate.  
*Exeunt all but Baiazet.*

So *Biazet*, now thou remainst alone,  
Vnríp the thoughts that harbour in thy brest,  
And eate thee vp, for arbiter heres none,  
That may difcrie the caufe of thy vnrest, 10  
Vnleffe thefe walles thy fecret thoughts declare,  
And Princes walles they fay, vnfaithfull are.  
Why thats the profit of great regiment,  
That all of vs are fubiect vnto feares,  
And this vaine fhew and glorious intent,  
Priuie fufpition on each fcrupte reares,  
I, though on all the world we make extent,  
From the South-pole vnto the Northren beares,  
And ftretch our raign from Eaft to Western shore, 20  
Yet doubt and care are with vs euermore.  
Looke how the earth clad in her fommers pride,  
Embroydereth her mantle gorgioufly,  
With fragrant hearbes, and flowers gaily dide,

## The first part of the Tragical raigne

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

Then

## of Selimus, Emperour of the Turkes.

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

And

## The first part of the Tragicall raigne

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

Enters againe.

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

Then

## of Selimus, Emperour of the Turkes.

Then true *Mustaffa* prooue so treacherous:  
Your Maieftie then needs not much to feare,  
Since you are lou'd of fubiect, Prince, and Peere.  
Firft fhall the Sunne rife from the occident,  
And loofe his fteeds benighted in the Eaft,  
Firft fhall the fea become the continent,  
Ere we forfake our foueraignes beheaft:  
We fought not for you gainft Perfians Tent,  
Breaking our Launces on his fturdie creaft. 140  
We fought not for you gainft the Christian hoaft,  
To become traytors after all our coft.

*Baia.* Heare me *Mustaffa* and *Cherfeoli*,  
I am a father of a headftiong brood,  
Which if I looke not clofely to my felfe,  
Will feeke to ruinate their fathers ftate,  
Euen as the vipers in great *Neroes* fenne,  
Eate vp the belly that firft nourifh'd them.  
You fee the harueft of my life is paff,  
And aged winter hath befprent my head, 150  
With a hoare froft of filuer coloured haire,  
The haruingers of honourable eld,  
Thefe branchlike vaines which once did guide my armes  
To toffe the fpeare in battellous array,  
Now withered vp, haue loft their former ftrengh:  
My fonnes whom now ambition ginnes to pricke,  
May take occafion of my weakned age,  
And rife in rebell armes againft my ftate.  
But ftaiie, here comes a Meflenger to vs.

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

*Baia.* Said I not Lords as much to you before,  
That mine own fonnes would feek my ouerthrow?

## The first part of the Tragical raigne

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

## of Selimus, Emperour of the Turkes.

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

Sound within. Enters another Messenger.

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

210

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

220

*Exeunt. All.*

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

*Sc. ii*

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

231

B 2

Then

## The first part of the Tragicall raigne

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

And

## of Selimus, Emperour of the Turkes.

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

## The first part of the Tragicall raigne

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

Indeed

## of Selimus, Emperour of the Turkes.

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

*Occbi.*

## The first part of the Tragicall raigne

*Occhi.* My Lord.

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

*Exit Occhiali.*

Now *Sinam* if I speed.

*Sinam.* What then my Lord?

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

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

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

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

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

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

*Sel.* Tush

## of *Selimus*, Emperour of the Turkes.

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

*Exeunt. All.*

Enter *Baiazet*, *Mustaffa*, *Cherfeoli*, *Occhiali*, and  
the Ianiffaries. *Sc. iii*

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

C

The

## The first part of the Tragickall raigne

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

## of Selimus, Emperour of the Turkes.

Least these small sparkles grow to such a flame,  
As shall consume thee and thy houses name. 490

Alasse I spare when all my store is gone,  
And thrust my sickle where the corne is reapt,  
In vaine I send for the phisition,  
When on the patient is his graue dust heapt.  
In vaine, now all his veines in venome sleept  
Breake out in blisters that will poyson vs,  
VVe seeke to giue him an Antidotus.

He that will stop the brooke, must then begin  
VWhen sommers heate hath dried vp his spring, 500  
And when his pittering streames are low & thin,  
For let the winter aide vnto him bring,  
He growes to be of watry floods the King.  
And though you dam him vp with loftie rankes,  
Yet will he quickly ouerflow his bankes.

Messenger, go and tell yong *Selimus*,  
We giue to him all great *Samandria*,  
Bordring on *Bulgrade* of *Hungaria*,  
Where he may plague those Christian runnages,  
And salue the wounds that they haue giuen our states, 510  
*Cherseo*. Go and prouide a gift,

A royall present for my *Selimus*,  
And tell him messenger another time  
He shall haue talke inough with *Baiazet*.

*Exeunt Cherseoli and Occhiali.*

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

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

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

# The first part of the Tragical raigne

And leaue rebellious *Selimus* behinde.

*Exeunt. All.*

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

And

## of Selimus, Emperour of the Turkes.

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

*Exeunt.* 570

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

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

580

590

A 3

When

## The first part of the Tragical raigne

VWhen courage first crept in thy manly brest,  
Hnd thou beganst to rule the martiall sword,  
How oft said thou the sun shuld change his course,  
VVater should turn to earth, & earth to heauen,  
Ere thou wouldst prooue disloyall to thy father.

600 O *Titan* turne thy breathlesse courfers backe,  
And enterprise thy iourny from the East.  
Blush *Selim* that the world should say of thee,  
That by my death thou gaindst the Emperie.

*Seli.* Now let my cause be pleaded *Baiazet*,  
For father I disdaine to call thee now :  
I tooke not Armes to seaze vpon thy crowne,  
For that if once thou hadst bene layd in graue,  
Should sit vpon the head of *Selimus*  
In spight of *Corcut* aud *Acomat*.

610 I tooke not Armes to take away thy life,  
The remnant of thy dayes is but a span,  
And foolish had I bene to enterprize  
That which the gout and death would do for me.  
I tooke not armes to shed my brothers blood,  
Because they stop my passage to the crowne.  
For while thou liu'st *Selimus* is content  
That they shuld liue, but when thou once art dead  
VVhich of them both dares *Selimus* withstand?  
I soone should hew their bodies in peecemeale,

620 As easie as a man would kill a gnat.  
But I tooke armes vnkind to honour thee,  
And winne againe the fame that thou hast lost.  
And thou thoughtst scorne *Selim* should speake with thee.  
But had it bene your darling *Acomat*,  
You would haue met him half the way your selfe.  
I am a Prince, and though your yoonger sonne,  
Yet are my merits better then both theirs :  
But you do seeke to disinherit me,  
And meane t'inuest *Acomat* with your crowne.

630 So he shall haue a princes due reward,

That

## of Selimus, Emperour of the Turkes.

That cannot shew a scarre receiu'd in field,  
VVe that haue fought with mighty *Prester Iohn*,  
And stript th'Ægyptian foldan of his camp,  
Venturing life and liuing to honour thee,  
For that fame cause shall now dishonour'd be.  
Art thou a father? Nay false *Baiazet*  
Disclaime the title which thou doest not merit.  
A father would not thus flee from his sonne,  
As thou doest flie from loyall *Selimus*.  
A father would not iniure thus his sonne,  
As thou doest iniure loyall *Selimus*.  
Then *Baiazet* prepare thee to the fight,  
*Selimus* once thy sonne, but now thy foe,  
VVill make his fortunes by the sword,  
And since thou fear'st as long as I do liue,  
He also feare, as long as thou doest liue.

640

*Exit Selim* and his company.

*Ba.* My heart is ouerwhelm'd with fear & grief,  
VVhat difmall Comet blazed at my birth,  
VVhose influence makes my strong vnbrideled  
In steed of loue to render hate to me? (sonnes  
Ah *Bassaies* if that euer heretofore  
Your Emperour ought his safetie vnto you,  
Defend me now gainst my vnnaturall sonne:  
*Non timeo mortem: mortis mihi displicet author.*

650

*Exit Baiazet* and his company.

*Alarum, Mustaffa* beate *Selimus* in, then *Otrante*  
and *Cherseoli* enter at diuerse doores.

*Sc. vi*

*Cherse.* Yeeld thee Tartarian or thou shalt die,  
Vpon my swords sharpe point standeth pale death  
Readie to riue in two thy caitiue brest.

660

*Ott.* Art thou that knight that like a lion fierce,  
Tiring his stomacke on a flocke of lambes,  
Hast broke our rankes & put them cleane to flight?

*Cherse.*

## The first part of the Tragicall raigne

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

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

They fight. He killeth *Cherfeoli*, and flieth.

*Sc. vii* Alarum, enter *Selimus*.

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

*Exit Selimus.*

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

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

And

## of Selimus, Emperour of the Turkes.

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

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

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

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

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

*Exit onewith Ottrante.*

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

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

*Exeunt All.*

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

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

D

And

## The first part of the Tragical raigne

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

T'excell

## of Selimus, Emperour of the Turkes.

T'excell your men in handling speare & shield.  
Thus shall the glory of your matchlesse name,  
Be registred vp in immortall lines :  
Whereas that prince that followes lustfull game,  
And to fond toyes his captiue minde enclines,  
Shall neuer passe the temple of true fame,  
Whose worth is greater then the *Indian* mines.  
But is your grace assured certainly  
That *Baiazet* doth fauour your request ?  
Perhaps you may make him your enemy,  
You know how much your father doth detest,  
Stout obedience and obstinacie.

780

I speake not this as if I thought it best :  
Your highnesse should your right in it neglect,  
But that you might be close and circumspect.  
*Aco.* We thanke thee *Visir* for thy louing care,  
As for my father *Baaizets* affection,  
Vnlesse his holy vowes forgotten are,  
I shall be sure of it by his election.

790

By after *Acomats* erection,  
We must forecast what things be necessary,  
Least that our kingdome be too momentary.  
*Reg.* First let my Lord be seated in his throne,  
Enstalled by great *Baiazets* consent,  
As yet your haruest is not fully growne,  
But in the greene and vnripe blade is pent :  
But when you once haue got the regiment,  
Then may your Lords more easily prouide,  
Against all accidents that may betide.

800

*Acomat.* Then set we forward to *Bizantium*,  
That we may know what *Baiazet* intends.  
Aduise thee *Acomat*, whats best to do,  
The Ianissaries fauour *Selimus*,  
And they are strong vndanted enemies,  
Which will in Armes gainst thy election rise.  
Then will them to thy wil with precious gifts,

## The first part of the Tragicall raigne

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

*Exeunt all.*

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

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

Our

## of Selimus, Emperour of the Turkes.

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

Thus is our minde in fundry pieces torne

By care, by feare, fufpition, and diftrust,

In wine, in meate we feare pernicious poyfon,

At home, abroad, we feare feditious treason.

Too true that tyrant *Dionysius*

Did picture out the image of a King,

850

When *Daniocles* was placed in his throne,

And ore his head a threatning fword did hang,

Fastned vp onely by a horfes haire.

Our chiefest trust is secretly diftrust,

For whom haue we whom we may safely trust,

If our owne sonnes, neglecting awfull dutie,

Rife vp in Armes againft their louing fathers.

Their heart is all of hardest marble wrought,

That can laie wayt to take away their breath,

From whom they first sucked this vitall ayre.

860

My heart is heauie, and I needs must sleepe.

*Baffaes* withdraw your felues from me awhile,

That I may rest my ouerburdned soule.

They stand aside while the curtins are drawne.

Eunuchs plaie me some musicke while I sleepe.

Musicke within.

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

Whom thine owne sonne so vildly perfecutes.

More mildly do th'vnreasonable beasts

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

870

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

And loue our Emperour as well as thou:

Yet will we not for pitying his estate,

Suffer our foes our wealth to ruinate.

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

And ouerslipt the dutie of a sonne,

Why he was mou'd by iust occasion.

Did he not humbly fend his messenger

To craue acceffe vnto his maiestie?

## The first part of the Tragicall raigne

- 880 And yet he could not get permission  
To kisse his hands, and speake his mind to him.  
Perhaps he thought his aged fathers loue  
Was cleane estrang'd from him: and *Acomat*  
Should reape the fruite that he had laboured for.  
Tis lawfull for the father to take Armes,  
I and by death chaftize his rebell sonne.  
Why should it be vnlawfull for the sonne,  
To leaue Armes gainst his iniurious fire?  
*Must.* You reason *Hali* like a sophister.
- 890 As if t'were lawfull for a subiect prince  
To rise in Armes gainst his foueraigne,  
Because he will not let him haue his will:  
Much lesse ist lawfull for a mans owne sonne.  
If *Baiazet* had iniur'd *Selimus*,  
Or fought his death, or done him some abuse,  
Then *Selimus* cause had bene more tollerable.  
But *Baiazet* did neuer iniure him,  
Nor fought his death, nor once abused him,  
Vnlesse because he giues him not the crowne,
- 900 Being the yoongest of his highnesse sonnes.  
Gauē he not him an Empire for his part,  
The mightie Empire of great *Trebisond*?  
So that if all things rightly be obseru'd,  
*Selim* had more then euer he deseru'd.  
I speake not this because I hate the prince,  
For by the heauens I loue yoong *Selimus*,  
Better then either of his brethren.  
But for I owe alleagiance to my king,  
And loue him much that fauours me so much.
- 910 *Mustaffa*, while old *Baiazet* doth liue,  
Will be as true to him as to himselfe.  
*Cali.* Why braue *Mustaffa*, *Hali* and my selfe  
Were neuer false vnto his maiestie.  
Our father *Hali* died in the field,  
Against the *Sopbi*, in his highnesse warres.

And

## of Selimus, Emperour of the Turkes.

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

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

Sound

## The first part of the Tragicall raigne

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

*Baia.* How now *Mustaffa*, what newes haue we there?  
Is *Selim* vp in Armes gainst me againe?  
Or is the *Sophi* entred our confines?  
Hath the Ægyptian snatch'd his crowne againe?  
Or haue the vncontrolled Christians  
Vnsheath'd their swords to make more war on vs?  
960 Such newes, or none will come to *Baiazet*.

*Must.* My gracious Lord, heres an Embassador  
Come from your sonne the Soldan *Acomat*.

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

Enter *Regian*.

Embassadour, how fares our louing sonne?

*Reg.* Mightie commander of the warlike Turks,  
*Acomat* Souldane of *Amasia*,

Greeteth your grace by me his messenger.

He giues him a Letter.

970 And gratulates your highnesse good successe,  
Wishing good fortune may befall you still.

*Baia.* *Mustaffa* reade.

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

*Acomat* craues thy promise *Baiazet*,  
To giue the Empire vp into his hands,  
And make it sure to him in thy life time.  
And thou shalt haue it louely *Acomat*,  
For I haue bene encombred long inough,  
980 And vexed with the cares of kingly rule,  
Now let the trouble of the Empirie  
Be buried in the bosome of thy sonne.  
Ah *Acomat*, if thou haue such a raigne  
So full of sorrow as thy fathers was,  
Thou wilt accurse the time, the day and houre,  
In which thou was establish'd Emperour.

Sound. A Messenger from *Corcut*.

Yet

## of Selimus, Emperour of the Turkes.

Yet more newes?

*Meff.* Long liue the mightie Emperour *Baiazet*,  
*Corcut* the Soldan of *Magnefia*, 990  
Hearing of *Selims* worthie ouerthrow,  
And of the comming of yong *Acomat*,  
Doth certifie your maieftie by me,  
How ioyfull he is of your victorie.

And therewithall he humbly doth require  
Your grace would do him iustice in his cause.  
His brethren both, vnworthie such a father,  
Do seeke the Empire while your grace doth liue,  
And that by vndirect finifter meanes.

But *Corcuts* mind free from ambitious thoughts, 1000  
And trusting to the goodnesse of his cause,  
Ioyned vnto your highnesse tender loue,  
Onely desires your grace should not inueft  
*Selim* nor *Acomat*, in the Diademe,  
Which appertaineth vnto him by right,  
But keepe it to your selfe the while you liue:  
And when it shall the great creator please,  
Who hath the spirits of all men in his hands,  
Shall call your highnesse to your latest home,  
Then will he also sue to haue his right. 1010

*Baia.* Like to a ship sayling without starres,  
Whom waues do tosse one way and winds another,  
Both without ceasing: euen so my poore heart  
Endures a combat betwixt loue and right.  
The loue I beare to my deare *Acomat*,  
Commands me giue my suffrage vnto him,  
But *Corcuts* title, being my eldest sonne,  
Bids me recall my hand, and giue it him.  
*Acomat*, he would haue it in my life,  
But gentle *Corcut* like a louing sonne, 1020  
Desires me liue and die an Emperour,  
And at my death bequeath my crowne to him.  
Ah *Corcut* thou I see lou'ft me indeed,

E

*Selimus*

## The first part of the Tragicall raigne

*Selimus* fought to thrust me downe by force,  
And *Acomat* seekes the kingdome in my life,  
And both of them are grieu'd thou liu'st so long.  
But *Corcut* numbred not my dayes as they,  
O how much dearer loues he me then they.  
*Bassaes*, how counsell you your Emperour?  
1030 *Must.* My gracious Lord, my self wil speak for al,  
For all I know are minded as I am.  
Your highnesse knowes the Ianissaries loue,  
How firme they meane to cleaue to your behest,  
As well you might perceiue in that sad fight,  
When *Selim* set vpon you in your flight.  
Then we do all desire you on our knees,  
To keepe the crowne and scepter to your selfe.  
How grieuous will it be vnto your thoughts,  
If you should giue the crowne to *Acomat*,  
1040 To see the brethren disinherited,  
To flesh their anger one vpon another,  
And rend the bowels of this mightie raigne.  
Suppose that *Corcut* would be well content,  
Yet thinkes your grace if *Acomat* were king,  
That *Selim* ere long would ioine league with him?  
Nay he would breake from forth his *Trebisond*,  
And waste the Empire all with fire and sword.  
Ah then too weake would be poore *Acomat*,  
To stand against his brothers puiffance,  
1050 Or saue himselfe from his enhanced hand.  
While *Ismael* and the cruell Persians,  
And the great Soldane of th'Egyptians,  
Would smile to see our force dismembred so,  
I and perchance the neighbour Christians  
Would take occasion to thrust out their heads.  
All this may be preuented by your grace,  
If you will yeeld to *Corcuts* iust request,  
And keepe the kingdome to you while you liue,  
Meane time we that your graces subiects are,

## of Selimus, Emperour of the Turkes.

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

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

*Exeunt* All.

Enter *Acomat*, *Regan*, *Visir*, and his souldiers. *Acomat* 1080  
must read a letter, and then renting it say:

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

## The first part of the Tragical raigne

Haply he thinkes because that *Selimus*  
Rebuted by his warlike Ianiffaries,  
Was faine to flie in haft from whence he came:  
That *Acomat* by his example mou'd,  
Will feare to manage Armes againft his fire.  
1100 Or that my life forepaffed in pleasures court,  
Promifes weake refiftance in the fight:  
But he fhall know that I can vfe my fwoord,  
And like a lyon feaze vpon my praie.  
If euer *Selime* mou'd him heretofore,  
*Acomat* meanes to moouie him ten times more.  
*Vifir*. T'were good your grace would to *Amafia*,  
And there increafe your camp with fresh fupply.  
*Aco*. *Vifir*, I am impatient of delaie,  
And fince my father hath incenft me thus,  
1110 Ile quēch thofe kindled flames with his hart blood.  
Not like a fonne, but a moft cruell foe,  
Will *Acomat* henceforth be vnto him.  
March to *Natolia*, there we will begin  
And make a preface to our maffacres.  
My nephew *Mabomet* fonne to *Alemshae*,  
Departed lately from *Iconium*,  
Is lodged there, and he fhall be the firft  
1118 Whom I will facrifice vnto my wrath.

*Exeunt All.*

*Sc. xii* Enter the yoong Prince *Mabomet*, the *Belierbey* of  
*Natolia*, and one or two fouldiers.  
*Mabo*. Lord Gouvernour, what thinke you beft to doo?  
If we receiue the Souldaine *Acomat*,  
Who knoweth not but his blood-thirftie fwoord  
Shall be embowell'd in our country-men.  
You know he is difpleafde with *Baiazet*,  
And will rebell, as *Selime* did to fore,  
And would to God with *Selims* ouerthrow.  
You know his angrie heart hath vow'd reuenge  
1130 On all the fubiects of his fathers land.

*Belierbey.*

## of Selimus, Emperour of the Turkes.

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

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

1140

*Exeunt All.*

Enter *Acomat*, *Visir*, *Regan*, and the souldiers.

*Sc. xiii*

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

1150

1160

All. A parley *Mabomet*, *Beliebey*, and souldiers  
on the walles.

## The first part of the Tragicall raigne

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

*Aco.* That thou & all the citie yeeld themselues,

Or by the holie rites of *Mabomet*

1170 His wondrous tomb, and sacred *Alcoran*,  
You all shall die: and not a common death,  
But euen as monstrous as I can deuise.

*Mabo.* Vncke, if I may call you by that name,  
Which cruelly hunt for your nephewes blood,  
You do vs wrong thus to besiege our towne,  
That nere deseru'd such hatred at your hands,  
Being your friends and kinsmen as we are.

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

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

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

*Mabo.* Why vncke I resigne my right to thee,  
And all my title were it nere so good.

*Aco.* Wilt thou? then know assuredly from me,  
Ile seale the resignation with thy blood:  
Though *Alemshae* thy father lou'd me well,  
Yet *Mabomet* thy sonne shall downe to hell.

*Mab.* Why vncke doth my life put you in feare?

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

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

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

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

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

*Mabo.* Then *Mabomet* know we will rather die,  
Then yeeld vs vp into a tyrants hand.

*Aco.* Beshrew me but you be the wiser *Mabomet*,  
For if I do but catch you boy aliue,  
Twere better for you runne through Phlegiton.  
Sirs scale the walles, and pull the caitiues downe,  
I giue to you the spoyle of all the towne.

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

*Acom.* Now youngster, you that brau'dst vs on the walles,  
And

## of Selimus, Emperour of the Turkes.

And shooke your plumed crest against our shield,  
VVhat wouldst thou giue, or what wouldst thou not giue,  
That thou wert far inough from *Acomat*?  
How like the villaine is to *Baiazet*?  
VVel nephew for thy father lou'd me well,  
I will not deale extreemly with his sonne:  
Then heare a brieife compendium of thy death.  
*Regan* go cause a groue of steelehead speares,  
Be pitched thicke vnder the castle wall,  
And on them let this youthfull captaine fall.

1210

*Ma.* Thou shalt not fear me *Acomat* with death,  
Nor will I beg my pardon at thy hands.  
But as thou giu'ft me such a monstrous death,  
So do I freely leaue to thee my curse:

*Exit Regan with Mabomet.*

*Aco.* O, that wil serue to fil my fathers purfe.

Alarum. Enter a fouldier with *Zonara*, sifter  
to *Mabomet*.

1220

*Zon.* Ah pardon me deare vncke, pardon me.

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

*Zon.* If euer pitie entered thy brest,  
Or euer thou wast touch'd with womans loue,  
Sweete vncke spare wretched *Zonaras* life.  
Thou once wast noted for a quiet prince,  
Soft-hearted, mild, and gentle as a lambe,  
Ah do not prooue a lyon vnto me.

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

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

1230

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

*Zon.* Doest thou not pitie *Alemsbae* in me?

*Aco.* Yes that he wants so long thy companie.

*Zon.* Thou art not false groome son to *Baiazet*,  
He would relent to heare a woman weepe,  
But thou wast borne in defart *Caucasus*,  
And the *Hircanian* tygres gaue thee sucke,  
Knowing thou wert a monster like themselues.

*Acomat.*

## The first part of the Tragicall raigne

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

1240 They strangle her.

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

*Exeunt All.*

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

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

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

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

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

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

Our chiefe commander of *Natolia*?  
VVhat caitiue hand is it hath wounded thee?  
And who are these couered in tomlack hearſe?

*Bel.* These are thy nephewes mightie *Baiazet*,  
The sonne and daughter of good *Alemſbae*,  
VVhom cruell *Acomat* hath murdered thus.  
These eyes beheld, when from an ayrie toure,  
They hurld the bodie of yoong *Mahomet*,  
VVhereas a band of armed souldiers,

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

*Baiazet* fals in a sownd, and being recouered say:

*Baia.*

## of Selimus, Emperour of the Turkes.

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

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

## The first part of the Tragicall raigne

Death stands before readie for to strike.  
Farewell deare Emperour and reuenge our losse,  
As euer thou doest hope for happinesse. He dies.

*Baia.* *Auernus* iawes and loathsome *Tænarus*,  
From whence the damned ghoasts do often creep,  
Back to the world to punish wicked men.  
Black *Demogorgon*, grandfather of night,  
Send out thy furies from thy firie hall,  
The pitilessse *Erymnie*s arm'd with whippes,  
1320 And all the damned monsters of black hell,  
To powre their plagues on curfed *Acomat*.  
How shall I mourne, or which way shall I turne  
To powre my teares vpon my dearest friends?  
Couldst thou endue false-hearted *Acomat*,  
To kill thy nephew and thy sifter thus,  
And wound to death so valiant a Lord?  
And will you not you albeholding heauens,  
Dart down on him your piercing lightning brand,  
Enrold in sulphur, and consuming flames?  
1330 Ah do not *Ioue*, *Acomat* is my sonne,  
And may perhaps by counsell be reclaim'd  
And brought to filiall obedience.  
*Aga* thou art a man of peirfant wit,  
Go thou and talke with my sonne *Acomat*,  
And see if he will any way relent.  
Speake him faire *Aga*, leaft he kill thee too.  
And we my Lords will in, and mourne a while,  
Ouer these princes lamentable tombs.

*Exeunt* all.

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

1342 *Aco.* As *Tityus* in the countrie of the dead,  
With restlesse cries doth call vpon high *Ioue*,  
The while the vulture tireth on his heart,  
So *Acomat*, reuenge still gnawes thy soule.  
I thinke my souldieis hands haue bene too slow,

## of Selimus, Emperour of the Turkes.

In sheading blood, and murthring innocents.

I thinke my wrath hath bene too patient,  
Since ciuill blood quenchem not out the flames  
Which *Baiazet* hath kindled in my heart.

1350

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

Enter *Aga*, and one with him.

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

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

1360

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

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

1370

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

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

1380

## The first part of the Tragicall raigne

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

*Aga.*

## of Selimus, Emperour of the Turkes.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

## The first part of the Tragicall raigne

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

*Exeunt All.*

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

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

*Mustaffa* opens his bosome and takes out  
his hands.

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

## of Selimus, Emperour of the Turkes.

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

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

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

*Baiazet Aga*, faine would die for thee,  
But grieue hath weakned my poore aged hands.

1500

How can he speak, whose tongue sorrow hath tide?

How can he mourne, that cannot shead a teare?

How shall he liue, that full of miserie

Calleth for death, which will not let him die?

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

Wee'l load the earth with such a mightie hoast

Of Ianizaries, sterne-borne sonnes of *Mars*,

That *Phæb* shall flie and hide him in the cloudes

For feare our iauelins thrust him from his waine.

1510

Old *Aga* was a Prince among your Lords,

His Councils alwaies were true oracles,

And shall he thus vnmanly be misus'd,

And he vnpunished that did the deed?

Shall *Mabomet* and poore *Zonaras* ghoasts,

And the good gouernour of *Natalia*

Wander in *Stygian* meadowes vnreung'd?

Good Emperour stir vp thy manly heart,

And send forth all thy warlike Ianizaries

To chastise that rebellious *Acomat*.

1520

Thou knowst we cannot fight without a guide,

And he must be one of the royall blood,

Sprung from the loines of mightie *Ottoman*,

And who remains now, but yoong *Selimus*?

So please your grace to pardon his offence,

And make him captaine of th'imperiall hoast.

*Baia.*

## The first part of the Tragicall raigne

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

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

*Exeunt All.*

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

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

Reades the letter.

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

And

## of Selimus, Emperour of the Turkes.

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

(Reade.

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

1570

*Exeunt* Both.

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

*Sc. xviii*

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

1580

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

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

1590

G

But

## The first part of the Tragicall raigne

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

Shall

## of Selimus, Emperour of the Turkes.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

*Baia.* Needs must I giue, what is alreadie gone.

He takes of his crowne.

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

Sets it on his head.

*All.* Long liue *Selimus* Emperour of Turkes.

*Baia.* Liue thou a long and a victorious raigne,  
And be triumpher of thine enemies.

*Aga* and I will to *Dimoticum*,  
And liue in peace the remnant of our dayes.

*Exit Baiazet* and *Aga.* 1670

## The first part of the Tragicall raigne

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

*Exit* one for *Abraham*.

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

*Exeunt Hali*, and *Cali*.

*Corcut*

## of Selimus, Emperour of the Turkes.

*Corcut* once dead, then *Acomat* remains,  
Whose death wil make me certaine of the crowne.  
These heads of *Hydra* are the principall,  
When these are off, some other will arise,  
As *Amurath* and *Aladin*, sonnes to *Acomat*,  
My sifter *Solyma*, *Mustaffaes* wife,  
All these shall suffer shipwrack on a shelve,  
Rather then *Selim* will be drown'd himselfe.

1710

Enter *Abraham* the Iew.

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

1720

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

Speakes aside.

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

1730

*Exit. Abraham.*

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

1740

## The first part of the Tragicall raigne

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

*Exeunt All.*

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

A restlesse

## of Selimus, Emperour of the Turkes.

A restlesse pilot for the charge vnfit.  
But out alasse, the god that vales the sea, 1780  
And can alone this raging tempest stent,  
Will neuer blow a gentle gale of ease,  
But suffer my poore vessell to be rent.  
Then ô thou blind procurer of mischance,  
That staist thy selfe vpon a turning wheele,  
Thy cruel hand euen when thou wilt enhance,  
And pierce my poore hart with thy chrillant Steele

*Aga.* Cease *Baiazet*, now it is *Agas* turne,  
Rest thou a while and gather vp more teares,  
The while poore *Aga* tell his Tragedie. 1790  
When first my mother brought me to the world,  
Some blazing Comet ruled in the skie,  
Portending miserable chance to me.  
My parents were but men of poore estate,  
And happie yet had wretched *Aga* bene,  
If *Baiazet* had not exalted him.

Poore *Aga*, had it not bene much more faire,  
T'haue died among the cruell Persians,  
Then thus at home by barbarous tyrannie  
To liue and neuer see the cheerfull day, 1800  
And to want hands wherewith to feele the way.

*Ba.* Leauē weeping *Aga*, we haue wept inough,  
Now *Baiazet* will ban another while,  
And vtter curses to the concaue skie,  
Which may infect the regions of the ayre,  
And bring a generall plague on all the world.  
Night thou most antient grand-mother of all,  
First made by *Ioue*, for rest and quiet sleepe,  
When cheerful day is gon from th'earths wide hall.  
Henceforth thy mantle in blak *Lethe* sleepe, 1810  
And cloath the world in darknesse infernall.  
Suffer not once the ioyfull dailight peepe,  
But let thy pitchie steeds aye draw thy waine,  
And coaleblack silence in the world still raigne.

Curse

## The first part of the Tragicall raigne

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

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

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

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

*Baia.* For who art thou that thus doest pitie vs?

1830 *Abra.* Your highnesse humble seruant *Abrabā*.

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

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

He drinks.

*Baia.* Here *Aga*, wofull *Baiazet* drinks to thee.

*Abraham*, hold the cup to him while he drinks.

*Abra.* Now know old Lords, that you haue drunk your last:

1840 This was a potion which I did prepare  
To poyson you, by *Selimus* instigation,  
And now it is disperfed through my bones,  
And glad I am that such companions  
Shall go with me downe to *Proserpina*.

He dies.

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

1850 Pierced my bodie with their iron speares,

Or

## of Selimus, Emperour of the Turkes.

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

186o

He dies.

*Aga*. What greater griefe had mournful *Priamus*,  
Then that he liu'd to fee his *Hector* die,  
His citie burnt downe by reuenging flames,  
And poore *Polites* flaine before his face?  
*Aga*, thy griefe is matchable to his,  
For I haue liu'd to fee my foueraignes death,  
Yet glad that I muft breath my laft with him.  
And now farewell sweet light, which my poore eyes  
Thefe twice fix moneths neuer did behold:  
*Aga* will follow noble *Baiazet*,  
And beg a boone of louely *Proferpine*,  
That he and I may in the mournfull fields,  
Still weepe and waile our ftrange calamities.

187o

He dies

Enter *Bullithrumble*, the fhepheard running in haft,  
and laughing to himfelfe.

Sc. xx

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

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

H

And

## The first part of the Tragicall raigne

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

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

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

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

## of Selimus, Emperour of the Turkes.

Old *Halies* sonnes with two great companie  
Of barded horse, were sent from *Selimus*,  
To take me prisoner in *Magnesia*,  
And death I am sure should haue befell to me,  
If they had once but set their eyes on me.  
So thus disguised my poore Page and I,  
Fled fast to *Smirna*, where in a darke caue  
We meant t'await th'arriuall of some ship  
That might transfreit vs safely vnto *Rhodes*. 1930  
But see how fortune crost my enterprife.  
*Bostangi Bassa*, *Selims* sonne in law,  
Kept all the sea coasts with his *Brigandines*,  
That if we had but ventured on the sea,  
I presently had bene his prisoner.  
These two dayes haue we kept vs in the caue,  
Eating such hearbes as the ground did affoord:  
And now through hunger are we both constrain'd  
Like fearefull snakes to creep out step by step,  
And see if we may get vs any food. 1940  
And in good time, see yonder sits a man,  
Spreading a hungry dinner on the grasse.

*Bullitbrumble* spies them, and puts vp his meate.

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

*Corcut.* Haile groome.

*Bull.* Good Lord sir, you are deceiued, my names maister *Bullitbrumble*: this is some cousoning conicatching crosbiter, that 1950 would faine perfwade me he knowes me, and so vnder a tence of familiaritie and acquaintance, vnle me of victuals.

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

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

## The first part of the Tragicall raigne

*Bull.* Masse, I thinke he be some Iustice of peace, *ad quorum*,  
and *omnium populorum*, how he famines me: a christian, yes mar-  
1960 rie am I fir, yes verely and do beleue: and it please you ile goe  
forward in my catechisme.

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

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

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

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

*Page.* If we did meane so fir, we would not make your wor-  
ship acquainted with it.

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

1980 *Corcut.* With all our hearts.

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

*Exeunt Corcut, and Bullitbrumble.*

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

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

Though

## of Selimus, Emperour of the Turkes.

Though by the bargain *Corcut* loofe his head.

*Exit Page.*

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

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

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

And though my heart caft in an iron mould,  
Cannot admit the fmalleft dramme of grieffe,  
Yet that I may be thought to loue him well,  
He mourne in fhew, though I reioyce indeed.

To the courtes.

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

Long didft thou liue triumphant *Baiazet*,  
A feare vnto thy greateft enemies,  
And now that death the conquerour of Kings,  
Dislodged hath thy neuer dying foule,  
To flee vnto the heauens from whence fhe came,  
And leaue her fraile, earth pauilion,  
Thy bodie in this auntient monument,  
Where our great predeceffours fleep in reft: 2020

Suppofe the Temple of *Mahomet*.

Thy wofull fonne *Selimus* thus doth place.  
Thou wert the *Phœnix* of this age of ours,  
And diedft wrapped in the fweete perfumes,  
Of thy magnifick deeds, whose lafting praife  
Mounteth to higheft heauen with golden wings.  
Princes come beare your Emperour companie  
In, till the dayes of mourning be ore paff,  
And then we meane to rouze falfe *Acomat*,

# The first part of the Tragicall raigne

2030 And cast him forth of *Macedonia*.

*Exeunt All.*

*Sc. xxii*

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

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

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

2040

Enter *Corcut*, and *Bullithrumble*.

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

*Cor.* The sweet content that country life affords, Passeth the royall pleasures of a King: For there our ioyes are interlaced with feares: But here no feare nor care is harboured, But a sweete calme of a most quiet state.

Ah *Corcut*, would thy brother *Selimus*

But let thee liue, here should'st thou spend thy life,

2050

Feeding thy sheep among these grassie lands.

But sure I wonder where my Page is gone.

*Hali. Corcut.*

*Corcut.* Ay-me, who nameth me?

*Hali. Hali*, the gouernour of *Magnesia*.

Poore prince, thou thoughtst in these disguised weeds,

To maske vnseene: and happily thou might'st,

But that thy Page betraied thee to vs.

And be not wrath with vs vnhappy prince,

If we do what our soueraigne commands.

2060

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

*Cor.* Thus I like poore *Ampharaus*, fought

By hiding my estate in shepherds coate,

T'escape the angry wrath of *Selimus*.

But as his wife false *Eriphyle* did

Betray his safetie for a chaine of gold,

## of Selimus, Emperour of the Turkes.

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

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

2070

*Cali*. Shepheard.

*Bulli*. Thats my profession fir.

*Cali*. Come, you must go with vs.

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

*Cali*. Well there is no remedie.

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

2080

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

*Exit* running away.

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

Sc. xxiii

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

2090

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

With

## The first part of the Tragicall raigne

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

*Seli.* By heauens *Sinam*, th'art a warriour,  
And worthie counseller vnto a King.  
Sound within. Enter *Cali* and *Hali*, with  
*Corcut* and his Page.

How now, what newes?

*Cali.* My gracious Lord, we here present to you  
Your brother *Corcut*, whom in *Smirna* coasts  
Feeding a flocke of sheepe vpon a downe,  
2110 His traitrous Page betraied to our hands.

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

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

*Seli.* O fir, I loue the fruite that treason brings,  
But those that are the traitors, them I hate.  
But *Corcut* could not your Philosophie  
Keepe you safe from my Ianizaries hands.  
We thought you had old *Gyges* wondrous ring,  
2120 That so you were inuisible to vs.

*Cor.* *Selim*, thou dealst vnkindly with thy brother,  
To seeke my death, and make a iest of me.  
Vpbraid'st thou me with my philosophie?  
Why this I learn'd by studying learned arts,  
That I can beare my fortune as it falles,  
And that I feare no whit thy crueltie,  
Since thou wilt deale no otherwise with me,  
Then thou hast dealt with aged *Baiazet*.

*Seli.* By heauens *Corcut*, thou shalt surely die,  
2130 For slandering *Selim* with my fathers death.

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

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

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

Thou

## of Selimus, Emperour of the Turkes.

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

## The first part of the Tragicall raigne

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

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

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

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

Enter

# of Selimus, Emperour of the Turkes.

Enter *Solyma*.

But wherefore comes my louely *Solyma*?

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

If euer thy distressed *Solyma*,

Found grace and fauour in thy manly heart:

Flie hence with me vnto some defert land,

For if we tarry here we are but dead.

This night when faire *Lucinaes* shining waine,

Was past the chaire of bright *Cassiopey*,

A fearefull vision appear'd to me.

Me thought *Mustaffa*, I beheld thy necke

So often folded in my louing armes,

In foule disgrace of *Bassaes* faire degree, 2220

With a vile haltar basely compassed.

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

A greedie lyon with wide gaping throate,

Seaz'd on my trembling bodie with his feete,

And in a moment rent me all to nought.

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

*Must.* Why should we flie beauteous *Solyma*,

Mou'd by a vaine and a fantastique dreame?

Or if we did flie, whither should we flie?

If to the farthest part of *Asia*, 2230

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

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

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

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

*Aladin.* Messenger is it true that *Selimus*

Is not far hence encamped with his hoste?

And meanes he to disioyne the haplesse sonnes

From helping our distressed mothers towne?

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

Flie from the bounds of his dominions, 2240

For he you know is most vnmercifull.

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

But we sweet *Aladin*, let vs depart,

Now in the quiet silence of the night

## The first part of the Tragicall raigne

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

2247 Ile to *Aegyptus*.

*Alinda*. I to *Perfia*. (Exeunt.

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

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

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

*Seli*. It is inough: *Mustaffa* shall abie  
At a deare price his pitifull intent.  
*Hali* go fetch *Mustaffa* and his wife. (Exit *Hali*.  
For though she be sifter to *Selimus*,

2260 Yet loues she him better then *Selimus*.

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

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

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

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

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

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

When

## of Selimus, Emperour of the Turkes.

When I and all the warlike Ianizaries  
Had hedg'd your perfon in a dangerous ring.  
Yet I tooke pitie on your daunger there,  
And made a way for you to scape by flight.  
But thofe your Baffaes haue incensed you,  
Repining at *Mustaffas* dignitie.

Stearne *Sinam* grindes his angry teeth at me.  
Old *Halies* fonnes do bend their browes at me,  
And are agriewed that *Mustaffa* hath  
Shewed himfelfe a better man then they.

2290

And yet the Ianizars mourne for me,  
They know *Mustaffa* neuer proued false.

I, I haue bene as true to *Selimus*,  
As euer fubiect to his foueraigne,  
So helpe me God and holy *Mahomet*.

*Seli*. You did it not because you hated vs,  
But for you lou'd the fonnes of *Acomat*.  
*Sinam*, I charge thee quickly ftrangle him,  
He loues not me that loues mine enemies.

As for your holy proteftation,  
It cannot enter into *Selims* eares:

2300

For why *Mustaffa*? euery marchant man  
Will praife his own ware be it ne'r fo bad.

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

*Seli*. Nay *Solima*, your felfe fhall alfo die,  
Because you may be in the felfefame fault.  
Why ftai'ft thou *Sinam*? ftrangle him I fay.

2310

*Sinam* ftrangles him.

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

## The first part of the Tragicall raigne

Cruelly strangled for so small a fault.

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

Twere pitie thou should'st want the company

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

And now to faire *Amasia* let vs march.

*Acomats* wife, and her vnmanly hoast,

Will not be able to endure our fight,

Much lesse make strong resistance in hard fight.

*Exeunt.*

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

*Aco.* Welcome my Lords into my natiue foyle,

The crowne whereof by right is due to me:

2330 Though *Selim* by the Ianizaries choyce,

Through vsurpation keep the same from me.

You know contrary to my fathers mind,

He was enthronized by the *Bassaes* will,

And after his enstalling, wickedly

By poyson made good *Baiazet* to die.

And strangled *Corcut*, and exiled me.

These iniuries we come for to reuenge,

And raise his siege from faire *Amasia* walles.

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

2340 Vnto the mightie Turkish Diadem:

With willing heart great *Tonombey* hath left

*Ægyptian Nilus* and my fathers court,

To aide thee in thy vndertaken warre,

And by the great *Vsancassanos* ghoast,

Companion vnto mightie *Tamberlaine*,

From whom my father lineally descends,

Fortune shall shew her selfe too crosse to me,

But we will thrust *Selimus* from his throne,

And reuest *Acomat* in the Empirie.

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

But let vs haste vs to *Amasia*,

To succour my besieged citizens.

None

## of Selimus, Emperour of the Turkes.

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

*Exeunt* All

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

*Sc. xxvii*

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

2360

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

*Queen*. What crauest thou bloud-thirstie parricide?  
Ist not inough that thou hast foulely slaine,  
Thy louing father noble *Baiazer*,  
And strangled *Corcut* thine vnhappie brother  
Slaine braue *Mustaffa*, and faire *Solima*?  
Because they faouered my vnhappie sonnes,  
But thou must yet seeke for more massacres?  
Go, wash thy guiltie hands in luke-warme blood.

2370

Enrich thy souldiers with robberies:  
Yet do the heauens still beare an equall eye,  
And vengeance followes thee euen at the heeles.

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

*Queen*. First shall the ouer-flowing *Euripus*  
Of swift *Eubæa* stop his restlesse course  
And *Phæbs* bright globe bring the day frō the west,  
And quench his hot flames in the Esterne sea.

Thy bloudie sword vngratious *Selimus*  
Sheath'd in the bowels of thy dearest friends:  
Thy wicked gard which still attends on thee,  
Fleshing themselues in murther, lust, and rape:  
What hope of fauour? what securitie?

2380

Rather what death do they not promise me?  
Then thinke not *Selimus* that we will yeeld,  
But looke for strong resistance at our hands.

*Seli*, Why then you neuer danted Ianzaries,  
Aduance your shields and vncontrolled speares,

Your

## The first part of the Tragicall raigne

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

Sc. xxviii Enter *Selimus*, *Sinam*, *Hali*, *Cali*, Ianizaries, with  
*Acomats* Queene prifoner.

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

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

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

## of Selimus, Emperour of the Turkes.

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

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

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

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

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

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

# The first part of the Tragicall raigne

2460 Is able to ouerthrow poore *Tonombey*.

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

*Selim* beates *Tonombey* in. Allarum,

Sc. xxx

*Exit Tonombey*.

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

Ah *Tonombey*, how canst thou shew thy face

To thy victorious fire, thus conquered.

A matchlesse knight is warlike *Selimus*.

And like a shepheard mongst a swarme of gnats,

Dings downe the flying Persians with their swords.

2470 Twice I encountred with him hand to hand,

And twice returned foyled and asham'd.

For neuer yet since I could manage Armes,

Could any match with mightie *Tonombey*,

But this heroicke Emperour *Selimus*.

Why stand I still, and rather do not flie

The great occision which the victors make?

*Exit Tonombey*.

Sc. xxxi

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

*Acomat* prisoner, *Hali*, *Cali*, Ianizaries.

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

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

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

A gallant trophee, Bassaes haue we wonne,

Beating the neuer-foyled *Tonombey*,

And hewing passage through the Persians.

As when a lyon rauing for his praie,

Falleth vpon a droaue of horned balles,

And rends them strongly in his kingly pawes.

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

2490 Mounted vpon his fire-shining waine,

Scatters the troupes of warlike Thracians,

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

Braue *Sinam*, for thy noble prisoner,

Thou shalt be generall of my Ianizaries.

And

## of Selimus, Emperour of the Turkes.

And *Belierbey* of faire *Natalia*.

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

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

If I had conquer'd, know affuredly 2500

I would haue ſaid as much and more to thee.

Know I diſdaine them as I do thy ſelfe,  
And ſcorne to ſtoupe or bend my Lordly knee,

To ſuch a tyrant as is *Selimus*.

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

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

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

Now am I King alone and none but I.

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

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

Through boiling foile of *Affrica* and *Ind*,

When he returnes vnto his natiue home:  
Sits downe among his friends, and with delight

Declares the trauels he hath ouerpast.

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

The monſter-garden paths, that lead to crownes.

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

Like the *Ægyptian Ibis* hath expelled

Thoſe ſwarming armies of ſwift-winged ſnakes,

That fought to ouerrun my territories,

When ſoultring heat the earths green childrē ſpoiles

From forth the fennes of venemous *Affrica*,

The generation of thoſe flying ſnakes,

Do band themſelues in troupes, and take their way

To *Nilus* bounds: but thoſe induſtrious birds, 2530

## The first part of the Tragicall raigne

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

*Exeunt.*

of Selimus, Emperour of the Turkes.

Conclufion.

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

F I N I S.



















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