found in water heads. One burn hole.

a couple of other holes, cropped.

Blank area from H3 - F3.

Play in verse.

369

MLP/X00
Ref: EL523

THE SARACEN THEME

GOFFE, Thomas. The Couragious Turke, or, Amurath the First. A Tragedie ... London Printed by B. Alsop, and T. Fawcet, for Richard Meighen, 1632.

Small 4to., catchword shaved on B3r, sidenotes cropped on C3v, C4r and D2v, closed tears in I1-2, corner of H3 torn just touching one letter on verso; tiny rust-holes in D1 and G2; title and A2 very slightly trimmed at foot (no text affected). Old half morocco. £650

First edition of Goffe's 'Amurath', a notable contribution to the tradition of near-Eastern martial tragedy and spectacle which Marlowe's Tamburlaine largely inspired. It was retitled by the publisher Meighen to 'twin' it with The Raging Turke, or Bajazet the Second by the same author, who 'ha's made Exit hence' (i.e., Goffe died in 1627). Goffe himself performed the role of his hero in the original production at Christ Church, Oxford, in 1618-19, and his own autograph script or 'side' still survives, at Harvard, with other of his acting parts. The play has recently been edited for the Malone Society by David Carnegie (1974), who chose the printed quarto as his copy-text, collating 'all known extant copies'—but not this one. Ours retains a number of first-state or uncorrected formes, namely inner and outer in sheet B, outer in sheet E, and inner in sheet F, and shows the intact catchword at H2r, known otherwise to Carnegie in just one copy (Folger no. 2). STC 11977; Greg 458.

{11:169 AF EL523}
THE COVRAIOUS TURKE, OR, AMVRATH the First. A Tragedie.

Written by Thomas Goffe Master of Arts, and Student of Christ-Church in Oxford, and Acted by the Students of the same House.

LONDON Printed by B. Alsop, and T. Fawcet, for Richard Meighen. 1632.
THE

COVRAIGIUS

TO TURLER

LE LIGNE

OF THE

AMURATH

1724

Printed by R. Ackermann, for Richard M'Kenzie.

LONDON
TO THE NO LESSE HONOURED then Deserving, Sir
WALTER TICHBORNE
Knight.

SIR,

His with another Tragedy intituled, The raging Turke, the issue of one man's braine; are now come forth together from the Presse, nearer allied, even as Twins in this their second birth; They are full of Glory, Strength, and indeed full of what not; that beautifies? The more apt to be joyled, opposed, and disgraced; the rather, because the Author has made Exit hence. The intent, and use of Dedication as if have observed, is to no other.
The Epistle Dedicatory.

other end then that ignorance and spite, (sworne Enemies to ingenuity) should know upon their dull or envious dislikes, whether to repayre and receive reformation. The Fatherlesse fellow-Orphan to this work resteth safe under the protection of your most noble Brother, my much honoured Friend, Sir Richard Tichborne Knight and Baronet: Now for these reasons, and that I might not make them strangers by remote fosterings, but especially standing to you (most worthy Sir) equally engaged, I this to you Present and Dedicate: Together tendering the Love and unfained acknowledgements, of

Your most embounden Servant

RICHARD MRIGHEN.
TO THE AUTHOR IN THAT
Transcribing his Book, without his knowledge I was
bound by promise to stand to his pleasure to keep
it or burn it.

I will not praise this Worke, 'twere labor lost,
Rich Pearles best praise themselves, nor will I boast
To be posses of more than Indians wealth,
That were the way to loose's since I my selfe
Distrust my selfe in keeping it, and stand
In feare of robbing by some envious hand:
Rob'd of it said I : Alas that fate were just,
Since I am found first theefe to you, who durft
Unbidden thus, Ransacke your precious store;
This magazine of win, So choyce ; nay more,
Steale from the chariot of the glorious Sunne,
This heavenly fire, what shall I say 'tis done ;
I doe confesse the inditement, pitty then
Must be my surest Advocate' mongst men.
None can abate the rigor of the Law,
But the Law-giver; but methoughts I saw,
( Or hop'd I saw ) some watry beames of Mercy,
Breake glimpsing forth of your imperious eye.
O let me beg reprieve, your pardon may
By due observance come another day.
Here low I tender'd backe to bid the doome,
By promise bound to him, to him with whom ;
I would not breake for all rich Tagus lands,
Now he the Prisoner at your mercy stands.

Ergo ibit in igne,
Hoc opus, aternum ruet & tot bella, tot Enses ;
In Cineres dabit horam nocens :
The Prologue.

Where not our present subject mixt with feare,
Twould much affright us to see all you heare.
One would suffice us, or no Auditor.
Each to him selfe an ample Theater,
Let rude Plebeians thinke so, but we know
All judgments here from the same Spring doe grow,
All here have but one censure, all one breast,
All sons of the same Mother; but thereof
We preoccupate their Censure, and fore-tell,
What after may be said not to be well,
As in most decent Garments you may see,
Some gracious Ornaments inweaved bee:
Which serve for little use, but on some day
Desir'd to please himselfe, the wearer may
Without a blush put on, when his best friends
Intend to visit him, so our hope intends
The sacred Muse's Progeny to greet,
Which under our Roofe, now the third time meet.
We will not ope the bookes to you, and show
A story word by word, as it doth goe,
But give invention leave to undertake,
Of'ts owne strains, some benefit to make:
For though a Tragicke Pen may be confin'd,
Within a Studies private Wallers, the mind
Must be unbounded, and with inventions fielce.
Strike fire from alient Flints
So faire we are from setting any price,
On these our Studied Vaineties, that advice;
Almst disdain'd the whispers of those tongues
Which private first, though vented publike wrongs,
To the Patient Patient oft. We'll here begin
To be alittle peremptory, oh that sinne
Of wilfull indulcration, tis no bays
To make us Garlands of our owne Mouthes praise,
Which who aff. et, may they so Lawrell lacke,
That Flaunders Thunder may behind their backe,
Blast them with Calumny, for we vow they deare
Pay for their paines, that give attention here.
And since it's suffered with kind indulgence
We hope that Kingly Parent's our defence,
Who would not have his dandalng love be knowne,
But unto those had off Spring of their owne,
And for we are assured that here be
No braines fo curst with blacke sterility,
But of some nature they can freely call,
Births more mature, and Galestiall,
Thei Studies issue, they like kindest Mothers;
With tender hands will wash the limboe of others.
THE ARGUMENT.

Suppos'd Victory by AMVRATH
Obtain'd in Greece, where many captives take.
One among the rest, IRENE, conquers him;
For taken with her love, he sounds retreat,
Eternally from Warre: but after, mov'd
With murmurs of his Nobles, in her Bed
Before his Councils face, strikes off her head.
Then ruinating former bloody broyles,
He straight ore' comes all Christian Provinces,
Invades the Confines of his Sonne in Law,
Fires Caramania, and makes Aladin
With's Wife and Children suppliant for their lives;
At length appointed his greatest Field to fight,
Upon Cassanac's Plains, where having god
A wondrous Conquest 'gainst the Christians,
Comes the next morne to overview the dead,
'Mongst whom a Christian Captaine Cobelitz,
Lying wounded there, at sight of Amurath,
Rising and staggering towards him, desperately
With a short dagger wounds him to the heart,
And then immediately the Christian dyes.
The Turke expiring, Bajazet his Heyre
Strangles his younger brother: Thus still springs
The Tragick sport which Fortune makes with Kings.
### The Actors

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Character</th>
<th>Description</th>
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<tr>
<td>Lala Schahin</td>
<td>Two Turkish captain</td>
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<td>Evrenoses,</td>
<td>Captaines</td>
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<td>Chase Illegheje</td>
<td>A Christian captain</td>
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<tr>
<td>Cobelitz.</td>
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<td>Lazarevs the Despot or Governour of Bulgaria.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Sasmenos.</td>
<td>Governor of Bulgaria</td>
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<tr>
<td>Aladin</td>
<td>Sonne in Law to Amurath: and King of Carmania.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Two Lords with Aladin?</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Two Embassadors.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Bayazet,</td>
<td>Eldest Sonne to Amurath</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Iacyl,</td>
<td>Youngest Sonne to Amurath</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>CarradinBassa.</td>
<td>A Governor under the Turk. For the Maske.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Jupiter, Mars, Apollo, Neptune, Hector, Alex.</td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>Juno, Venus, Pallas, Cupid, Achil, Phil.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Women Actors.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Eumorphe,</td>
<td>Concubine to Amurath</td>
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<tr>
<td>Menthe,</td>
<td>An attendant on Eumorphe</td>
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<tr>
<td>Hatyn.</td>
<td>Daughter to the Lord of Phrygia, married to Bayazet.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Aldines Wife.</td>
<td>Two little Boyes with her</td>
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<td>Mutes.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Men Christians taken, given to Amurath for Janizaries.</td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>Sixe Christian Maidens presented to Hatun supposed to be Kings Daughters.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
THE COVRAGIOVS TVRKE,
OR,
AMVRATH
the first.

Aûus, I. Scæna, I.

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

Amurath.

Edumb those now harsh notes, our softer ears
Shall never be acquainted with such sounds,
Peace (our grand) Captaine, see here Amurath,
That would have once confronted Mars him-
self,

(Acknowledged for a better Deity)

Puts off ambitious burdens, and doth hate
Through bloody Rivers to make passages,
Whereby his Soule might flete to Acheron,
Wrinckle your browes no more (sterne fates) for we
Scorne to be made the service Ministers
To cut those threads, at which your selves have trembled,
Esteeming us the fiercer Destiny.
The Courageous Turk; or,

Yet must great Amurath thank those sacred powers;
They have enrich'd our souls with such a price,
As had those Heroes whose revengeful Armes,
Serv'd Mars a ten yeares Prentiship at Troy,
Till dream'd succeeding times should be possest,
With such an unparalell'd unprized beauty as my Sain?
They would not have prevented so their bliss,
But beene most humble Sutors to the Gods,
To have protrayed their then fond spent life,
But to behold this object. Which out-shines
Their Helena, as much as doth the eye
Of all the World, dazzle the lesser fires.
Love He outbrave thee ! melt thy selfe in Luft
Embrace at once all starre-made Concubines,
I fe not envie thee, know I have to spare
Beauty enough, to make another Venus;
And for fond Gods, that have no reward in store
To make me happier, here Ile place my Heaven.
And for thy sake, this shall my Motto be,
I conquered Grecia, one Grecian conquered me.

Eun. But (gracious Lord) those streames (we see)soone ebbe,
Which with outrageous swelling flow to faile,
Forbid (Lucina) this soone kindled fire,
Should ere burne out it selfe tis a true Theame,
That none lasts long, that seemeth most extreame.

Amor. Can this rich price of nature, precious gem
Give entertainment to inspecting guests?
Come, come, these armes are curious chaines of love,
With which thou link'st my heart eternally,
Thy cheeks the royall Paper interlined,
With Natures Rhetorique, and love perusasion,
Stands there attracting still my gazing eye :
This then Ile read, and here I now will faine,
That these all Antique fables of the Gods,
Are writ in flowing numbers; first thy lip,
Was faire Europaes which they say made Iow,
Turne a wild Heyfer : next, this sparkling eye
Was the Amonian Io's, then this hand
Amvrath the first.

Ledaes, faire Mother to those Stare. made Twins,
Thus, thus, Ile Comment on this golden Booke:
Nature nor Art, have taught how to faine:
Fairest, twas you first brought me to this vaine:
In loving Combats now I valiant prove,
Let others warre, great Amvrath shall love.

Scha. Braver resolution, O the fond thoughts of man,
Awake Eve, Ile find stratagems:
There shall be Physick, to purge this disease,
Light sores are gently us'd, but such a part,
Must be cut off, least it infect the hart.

Amvrath. Scha[bin, Our Tutor, we command this night
Be solemniz'd with all delightfull sports,
Thy learn'd invention best can thinke upon.
Prepare a Maske, which lively represents,
How once the Gods did love: that shall not teach
Vs by examples, but we'll smile to thinke:
How poore and weake their idle faining was
To our affection. Scha[bin, be free in wit,
And suddain: now come my Kingdome Pride:
Hymen would wed himselfe to such a Bride. Except all but Scha.

Actus, Primi, Scena, 2.

Scha[bin. Nature and all those univerfed powers,
Which shew'd such Admirable Godlike skill,
Inframing this true modell of our selves,
This Man, this thing cal'd man, why doe you thus,
Make him a spectacle of such laughter for you,
When in each man we see a Monarchy?
For, as in states, all fortunes still attend:
So with a Kingdome, with a compleat state
Well govern'd, and well manag'd in himselfe,
Both each man beares, when this best part of man,
(Reasoon) doth sway and rule each Passion
Affections are good Servants, but if will,
Make them once Matter, they prove Tyrants still.
No more King now, poore Subject Amvrath,
Whom I have scene breake through a Troope of Men.
Like lightning from a Cloud: and done those Acts,
Which 'ene the Furies would have trembled at:
Treading downe Armies, as if by them he meant
Of dead mens backes to build up stairs to Heaven:
And now lyeth lurking in a womans armes
Drencht in the Lethe of Ignoble lust,
Appoints me for the wanton Engineere
To keepe his so loose thoughts in smoothing tune;
Woman enticing woman: golden hooke
To catch our thoughts:and when we once are caught
To drag's into the publike view of shame:
And there we lye bathed incestuous pleasure
For all good men to laugh and scorne at once.
Bone to my senses! I could eyther wish
Our birth were like those Creatures, which we say
Are bred from Putrid and corrupted matter;
Then that we should acknowledge our deare being
With Grave and flowers: for what else is our State?
Uph to the top but then the weight still fall
Upon their head that caus'd it. Wurke (my braine)
Tush, bloud, not water must wash off this Staine.

Enter, Actus primi.

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

Am.  Shine here (my beauty) and expell the night
More than a thousand Larres that grace the Heavens:
Me thinkes, I see the Gods inventing shapes
In which they meane to court thee. love he frownes
And is farre more jealous, more fupitious
Of thee, then all the painted Parts, whose eyes
Bedecke the all enamelled Firmament.

Eum. Beauty (my Lord) tis the worst part of woman,
A weake poore thing, assaulted every houre
By creeping minutes of defacing time:
All superficies which each breath of care.
Amvrath the first.

Blasts off: and every humerous streams of griefe,
Which flowes from forth these Fountaines of our eyes,
Washeth away, as raine doth Winters snow.
But those blest guiders of all Nuptiall rites,
Have wrought a better fement to make fall,
The hearts of Lovers; the true name of Wife.
Guilds are our thrones, with a more constant shape,
Then can be subject or to time, or care:
And in our selves; yea in our owne true breasts,
We have obedience, duty, carefull Love;
And last and best of all, we may have Children.
Children are Hymens pledges, these shall be
Perpetuall chaines, to linke my Lord and me.

Amur. Art thou a Woman? Goddesse, we adore,
And Idolize; what we but loved before;
What Divels have men beene, whose furious braines
Have oft abus’d that Deity call’d Woman:
Dipping thir Ravens quill in Sevian Inke,
To blast such heavenly paper as your faces.
Were all the enticing lusts, damn’d policios,
Prodigious fascinations, unsearcht thoughts,
Disssembled tears, broke vowes, loath’d appetites,
Luxurious and unsatiate desires.
Were all these of Women equally weighed,
That vertue in thy breff, twill out-ballance all
And recompence the ruine of all thy Sexe.

Enter a Servant and speakes.

Serv. So please your Majesty, L. Schabins ready
For entrance with his Masque.
Amur. Tell him we’re wholly bent for expectation. Exit Serv.
Sit, sit (my Queene) Musicke exceed your Spheares,
Thinke I am l0ve, and Godlike please our ears.
AMVRATH the first.

Blasts off: and every humerous stream of grief,
Which flowes from forth these Fountaines of our eyes,
Washeth away, as raine doth Winters snow.
But those blest guiders of all Nuptiall rites,
Have wrought a better sement to make fast,
The hearts of Lovers; the true name of Wife
Guilds o're our theones, with a more constant shape,
Than can be subject or to time, or care:
And in our selves; yea in our owne true breasts.
We have obedience, duty, careful Love;
And last and best of all, we may have Children.
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Perpetuall chainses, to linke my Lord and me.

Amur. Art thou a Woman? Goddess, we adore,
And Idolize; what we but loved before;
What Divels have men beene, whose furious braines
Have oft abus'd that Deity call'd Woman:
Dipping thir Ravens quill in Stygian Inke,
To blast such heavenly paper as your faces.
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Prodigious fascination, unsearcht thoughts,
Dissolved tears, broke vowes, loath'd appetites,
Luxurious and unsatiate desires.
Were all these of Women equally weighed,
That vertue in thy brest, twillout-balance all
And recompence the ruine of all thy Sexe.

Enter a Servaunt and speakes.

Serv. So please your Majesty, L. Schabines ready
For entrance with his Masque.

Am. Tell him we're wholly bent for expectation. Enio Serv.
Sit, sit (my Queene) Mische as much exceed your Spheres,
Thynke I am love, and Godlike please our cares.
The Couragious Turke; or,

Scene 4. Act IV, I.

A Masque.

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

Cupid sings:

Gaze you mortals, gaze you still, 
On the Gods now looke your fill. 
Love and Juno are descending, 
Yet her Jealousie's not ending, 
Mars, ferne Mars, he will not fight, 
But with Venus when'tis Night. 
Daphne crownes Apollos head, 
Whom she would embrace in Bed, 
Neptune weeps his frothy cheeks, 
Cause Diana is not meeke.

Gaze you mortals, &c.

Up. Come now my (Sister and Wife) we'll begin, 
To court afresh ! Nay, loure not (Heavens Queene), 
Here on this greene we'll a Layal to dance, 
What if our haires grow silver, yet our strength, 
Is young, and vigorous ! Say (fellow Gods) 
(Since we are full of Nectar, and our cares, 
Lye drencht in our Nenebo) take your Queens, and be all 
Ioviall, Mars for our Daughter Venus ! 
Apollo joyne with Pallas ! Brother of Flouds 
Embrace Diana ! Gods sometimes merry be ; 
But in the night, when mortals may not see,

Each God as appointed by love, takes his Goddesse, they dance a 
Masque dance, and in the dance Juno observes Loves glances to 
Eumorphe, and at the end of the dance, speakes these:

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

**Juno.** Is this your Recreation? Fye! My Lord
Will you be wanton still? For here you came.
For some new Harlot, some new Queene for you.

**Inp. Juno.** Wife.

**Juno.** Your Sister, (thunderer,) and not your Wife!
Banish from Heaven I am; and your Bed,
Resigne them both to Strumpets, Concubines,
And now you come to see a fresh new lasse
In which Pole now or in what part of heaven,
Shall she be stellified?

**Inp.** Shall still sinister thoughts wrong our intent,
Wol (Juno) wel, you’re ever be a woman,
A very, very woman! But since she scolds,
Let’s hence (ye Gods) left her infectious breath
Blast the succeeding day; and mortals curse
Her hel-bred jealousie: Calumnious woman
Come scold in heaven! For if Gods liv’d on Earth
Suspicious tongues would blame most innocent mirth.

Here all the Gods and Goddeses ascend to the top of the
ascents, Juno stops and speaks.

**Juno.** Wel! Love lookt pale! I toocht him to the quicko!
’Tis some new Minion he came downe to see!
Hauke (jealousie) know Juno is a woman!
Am I not mad yet? Mistris Bride, adiew:
Juno shall not steale a kisse? My curse is past,
When thou sleepest first a Bride, mayst sleepe thy last. Exit.

**Cupid.** Faire Bride I sang thy Epithalamy,
And left Elisan for thy Nuptials:
Juno here thundered ’gainst the Thunderer,
Knowing how thy beauty dazles hers,
She duesto let heavens King once glance a looke,
But threatened with her hel-bred incantations,
To metamorphise thine unparaleld
And most calchiall shape into worse formes;
And more prodigious than ever poysoned charmes.
Wrought on the fabled Concubines of love;

C 2

But
But know great Queene, my Mother Venus vowes
Her everlasting guard to save such beauty;
Let if thou perish, Nature her selfe
Lock her onely patterne of serenity,
But I must haste, Love which the Gods protect,
Can never be indangered by neglect.

Ascendit.

Amur. Sachin, thine Art is excellent; but say,
Do Gods fall out for love amongst themselves?
Sach. My Lord, these are but fables: yet to make
The shew more pertinent, and to grace your Queene,
Concept tooke leave to put the frowne on Iuno.

Eum. My Lords and friends, we shall be ever thankful.
And reft a Debtor to your curtseffe.

Sach. Not to faire Queen, but durst I now entreat
The Kings detaining from the sweets of Bed,
There yet remains one thought upon conceipt,
Which you would doubly grace me to behold.

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

Sach. But then let me informe your Majestie,
That 'tis a warriours shew, which once you loved.
But noware free from.

Amur. 'Tis best of all, with greedinesse we'll see it,
O how the soule doth gratulate it selfe
When safely it beholds the dangerous state
Of others, and it selfe securely free!
Glad are we still to stand upon the Shore,
And see a farre off others tost in the Sea,
Or in a Gallery at a Fencers stage,
We laugh when mutually, each one takes wounds;
Sit still (Emmerpho) Sachin, thy shew in haft;
'Tis best delight, to thinke on troubles past.

Sach. 5. Actus. I.

Enter in Masques the Ghost of Hector and Achilles, to them Alexander the great hands gazing on them, whilst Fame shakes from a loe.

Fame. Stay you most worthy shades! brave Hector stay!
And proud Achilles, know your late his Tombs,
Which have so long oerwhelm'd your valiant bones
Yawnes wide to let the imprisoned coarses forth.
I must afresh imbuske your sacred Trunkes
And sweet your memory with most happy oyle,
Of just report, the Gods awakke me Fame
From out the oblivious Sepulcher of sleepe,
To drop that Inke into old Homer's pen,
Werewith he curiously hath bin'd your names,
Enfolding them in Everlasting Cedar,
And made them live to all posterity.
Vertue to valour hath his guift assign'd,
Great men may dye, yet deeds still rest in mind.

Enter to Alexander, Philozenus a Captaine.

Phil. May it please the (Sonne of Jupiter) to accept
A Present, which our fight enrich'd us with?
Alex. Is it a Band of stubborn Souldiers Captaine?
Philo. O no (my Liege) of exquisite form'd Ladies.
Darius his wife, the wonder of her Sex,
Besides a Troope of such shap't Ganymedes,
That love not equals.
Alex. Philozenus. We thank thee! Yet harke!
There is a secret we would know of thee;
And you must tell Vs: on your faith you must.
Phil. My Leige —
Alex. Nay, no Court oyle(by your leave) no flattery.
We are but man, this very truncke of ours,
Is but a Vessel fill'd with humane blood,
And we truft not that Parasite like pen.
The Courageous Turk e: or,

All the destroying vices of fraile man,
May be subject to; but what base loosenesse,
Or supple Luxury, didst thou ere obscure.
So to bemeone our fence, that thou shouldst thinke
We could be pleas'd with such effeminate Prerents,

* Know sir our eyes shall have that abstinence
That will not looke on them, on boyes, of women,
Hence then, and present some coward with them,
Give me a spectacle would please the Gods,
And make them bend their Ivorie browes to the Earth,
A man, a Souldier, strong with his wounds,
'Mongst fate and ruine, upright and unshapt,
His minde doing all his guard, his wall, and armour,
And if he fall, still noble wrath remains,
In his amased Trunke: not all the darts
Stucke in his sides, making him all one wound,
Affright his courage, but wrath lending weapons,
Himself doth seeme a new and horrid Warre,
Nor are those Milke-fops which beguile the time,
With stealing minutes from their Ladies lips
Such as the Gods doe love; for as the Winde
Looseth its force, if it be not oppos'd
With woods of strong and stubborne planted trees,
So vertue, if it walke in troden paths,
That breaks up honours gap, and makes the way,
Through pathes of death, that flame burns strong
Which is refilte: valor, shines it wrong:
Of Alexanders Soul'diers be this side,
Warre was as peace, when he the army led.

Fame. Brave Macedon, how truly hast thou weighed,
The reason of mans birth, who is equall borne,
For all the world, as well as for him selfe.
The world's a field too narrow for thy worth:
And although Nature, hath her enated hounds
For Sea and Earth, nay for the Heavens themselves,
Nor Sea nor Earth, shall coop thy valour up.

Valour
Valour of Nature ever this attaines
That it breaks forth, farre, and beyond her chaines,
And this Ile trumpet out: the whole worlds Ball
In which thou art so great, to thee is small;
When men want worlds to shew their vertue in,
That is the crime o' th Gods, and not their finnes:
*Tis a decree of a true Soulliers mind,
To thinke nought done, when ought is left behind,
On (vaillant youth) for, know I will appoint;
A Grecian Prince who so shall steepe his quill
To paint out thy name in Wels of eloquence,
That this thy score of Lust shall be
Propos'd to all Kings example to posterity,
Know mortals that the men the Gods most love,
In hard and dangerous Arts, they alwayes prove,
When men live brave at first, then fall to crimes,
Their bad I Chronicle to future times:
For, who begins good Arts, and not proceeds
He but goeth backward in all noble deeds.
Death consecrates those men whose awfull end,
Though most men feare, yet all men must commend. ascends.

Amurath seems troubled yet collecting himself; dis-
seems his Passion, speaks.

Am. Scabin, the Macedons beholding to thee,
And history shall pay you thankes for this,
Which we rest Debtors for,

Scab. Great Prince, such kindnesse of acceptance pays:
For things which are but for a Kings delight,
In seeing them, he amply doth requite.

Am. Eumorphe, Love, Queene, Wife, let's haste to Bed!
And may we wish this night eternall time,
Scab. good night: good night (kind Gentlemen!)
Thus when we are dead shall we revive oth' stage:
One houre can present a Kings whole age.

Euenonges.

A&us
Actus, i. Scæna, i.

Enter Schahin, Eurenose.

Schah. Observ'd you not the King's looks? Grew they not
Euren. O yes (Lord Schahin) you must be his Parent? (pale)
And snatch him out' th' the Gulph he's falling in,
That fayned speech of Alexander's wrought
Like to most purging Physicke, nights then blacke
When'tis compar'd with day: Boldnesse is cleare,
When'tis presented before bastard feare.

Schah. Ile tell thee (Eurenose) thou art a Souldier:
And I am both a Souldier, and a Scholler,
And for these two Professions, am both most glorious:
And most meritorious, Pallas is for both:
O what Tysphon, what snaked scourge
Can make a Scholler, that should never sleepe,
But 'tixt the Pillowes of Pernassus Hills,
And dip his lips in springs of Helicon,
Make him by snoring on a wanton breast,
And sucke the adulterate and spiced breath
Of a lewd fained woman?

Euren. And for a Souldier (Schahin,) let me speake!
We that doe know the use of swords, and fire,
We that doe know, halters can throttle us,
Shall we ere venture on a Woman's cruelty?
We that endure no Lords, shall we endure:
A woman to overcome us? Most true Demophoon!
I reverence thy memory, no pewling phrase
Could so enchaine thee to thy Thracian Dame,
But thou would'st rather perish than she save thee.
He not decline long on that common Theame,
But they have lust lyeth in their fingers ends,
And whilst their sweet-hearts breath stickes in their sheets,

They
AMVRAITH the first.

They will admit another, Lucretio in the day
To be a Thais, if the night will not gain-lay.

Scab. Why (Eurenoles) why should we endure
A new Queen now? this Kingdom wants not Heires?
We know (should we have more) 'tware dangerous,
But harke! The Queens for Bed, enticing sleepe, soft Musicks.
With charms of Musick: wel, even such a Night,
May yet prove dismall ere the following Light!
Eurenoles. Seabins, let's in:
The first degree to purge such ills as these,
Is to instruct the patient his disease:
That you have done.

Scab. Yea, and will yet once more.
Adventure a new stratagem, just when the King
Has rid his Chamber, and with covetous haste
Thinks for to clip Elizium, and drinke deepe
Of his long wished delight. I having skil
And uncontroul'd access, will in digultie
Seeme his deceased Fathers apparition:
And hacit tyes of children to their Parents,
Bid him forsake that vile bewitching woman.

Eurenoles. An easie Medicine doth and sure will work,
To rub shrewd wounds, make them but fester more.
Foule Medicines we worke brook than a foule sore.

Scane 2. Actus 2.
Enter Eumorphe as to Bed in her Night-robes, attended
With Tapers and Ladies.

Membe: Madam make haste! The King will be impatient
If he he be from you long. O Happiness.

Eumorphe. Why Membe, then thou deem'st us happy now
Thus to command a world of services;
To have a King my subject; and attended
With these harmonious sounds t' affect our eares?

Membe. Yes (truly Madam) 'tis a happiness.

Eumorphe. 'Tis, were't Eternal: but I feare a power
A womans power, doth but make sport with us.
Why were we not once Mentehe, a Captive (Wretch?)
Mentehe: Yes Lady! now your happiness the more:
   Riches please best, when there went want before.
Eum. That power which rais'd us from so base, so high,
   Can throw us down againe as suddeiny:
Mentehe: I think my life is but a Players Scene,
   In the last Act my part was then to play,
   A Captive creature, and a Queene to day.
Mentehe: Your Morals (Madam) are too serious;
   Me thinks these Ornaments should elevate
   Your dumpish spirits. Thinke this Bed a place
   In which no Icie slipping chance hath power;
   A Kings safe Bed is like a guarded Tower.
Eum. No (Mentehe) no, tis not the Bed of state,
   Nor the free smile of a well pleased King:
   'Tis not the embracing Arines of Emperors,
   Nor all the Gemmes that fo inwrench the browes.
   Can so allure Fortune unto their gaze,
   As she should still be constant; O she's blind;
   Nor doth she know her selfe where she is kind;
   Close, those are Kings, and Queens whose brests secure
   Like brazen walles, Lust's entrance not endure!
   Where impotent ambition not intrudes,
   Nor the unstable talk of multitudes;
   Fortune furnes such, they happiness command
   More than all Lybia's gold, all Tagus sand;
   As Heaven hath given us no more conspicuous thing
   Than forme or beauty: so like a forward spring.
   Nothing more short.
Mentehe: Madam, divine not of a change; Beliefes
    * Is too too prone, in entertaining griefe!
Eum. Our Lord attends to enter in,
   And surely sleepe envye't his delight,
   For he fits heavy on my drowsie lides,
   Draw all our Curtaines; sleepe beguiles our cares.
    (fearest
Mentehe: (Madam) good night time helps suspicions
Exit Mentehe.
Amurath the first.

This Song is to be sung in the Musicke roome to soft Musicke, now when she looks, she's dreaming sent to Elysium.

Drop golden showers, gentle sleepe,
And all the Angels of the Night,
Which doe us in protection keepe,
Make this Queenes dreame of delight
Morpheus be kind a little, and he
Deaths now true Image, for 'twill prove
To this poore Queenes, that then thou art bee;
Her grave is made in Bed of love:
Thus with sweet sweetes can Heaven mixe gall,
And marriage turne to Funerall.

Scena 3. Actus 2.

Enter Amurath in his Night robes, a Taper in his hand,
seem'd much disturb'd, speaks.

Amur. Turke, Amurath, have nay something baser.

King! For all aery titles which the Gods
Have blasted man withall, to make them swell
With puf't up honour, and ambitious wind,
This name of King holds greatest antipathy
With manly government, for if we weight,
'Tis subjects, and not Kings, bear all the way.
Each whispered murmur from their idle breath,
Condemns a King to Infamy, to death;
W ere there a Metempsycocosis of soules,
And nature should a free Election grant
What things they afterwards would reimburse
The vain and haughty minds the Sunere saw,
Would choose it's Cottage in some Shepheards flesh,
Nay, be confin'd within some Dog or Cat,
Than Antique like prancke in a Kings gay-clothes.
Were I no King, and had no Majesty,
I had more than all Kings, blest liberty;
And without rumor might enjoy my choyce,
Not fearing Cenasure of each popular voyce;
Poore men may love, and none their wills correct.
But all turne Satyres of a Kings affect!
O my base greatnesse! What disastrous flame,
Profeft it felfe a Midwife at my birth,
To shape me into fuch prodigious States,
But hence regard of tongues! Were we a Saint,
Some envious tongue would dare our names to taint:
And he from slander is; at fearefull rest,
Not that hath none, but that regards it least.
Open you envious Curtaines here's a figh, Draws the Curtain.
That might commend the act of Love to Chaffe;
Were now the chariot guider of the Sunne
Weary on's taske, and would intreat a day
Of Heauen to rest in, here's a radiant Looke;
That might be fixt ith' midst oth' Axletree;
And in defpight of darke conspiring Clouds,
She would out-shine Sunne, Moone and all the Stars.
O, I could court theenow (my sweet) a fresh,
Mixing 2kife with every period:
Telling the Lillies how they are but wanne,
Earth in the vernant spring is dull, and darke,
Compar'd with this aftell: the Easterne ayre,
Famed with the wings of Mercury and Rome,
Infected, but compar'd with this perfume!
Hence then t' ambition of that furious youth,
Who knew not what a crime' his rashnesse was!
I might orecome more Kingdomes; have more dominion
Enthrone my felfe an Emperor! oth' world,
I might! I might! Amurath thou mightit!
The Christians now will scoffe at Mahomet;
Perchance they sent this wretch thus to enchant me!
O my perplexed thoughts! tush Ile to bed
Should the commanding Thunder of the Gods
Prohibite me, or strike me in the act!
Talke on (vaine enmoe) fame I dare thy worst!
Call me a Lusty, Lazy, wanton, Coward!
Should I win all the world, my breath once fled,
My bad would still survive, all good be dead.
Eumorpho, sweet, I come! you sacred powers,
Who
Amurath the first.

Who have bestowed some happiness on man,
To help to passe away this sinful Life,
Grant me a youthfull vigor yet a while,
Full veins, free strength, compleat and manly fence
To know, and taste a beauty most immense!


Amurath makes haste to the Bed, on a sudden enter Schahin disguised like the Ghost of Orchanes father to Amurath.

Schah. Amurath, Amurath?

Amur. Divel, Divel? What?

Dar'st thou appeare before an Angell (Fiend?)

Schah. O Amurath, why doth intemperate Luft
Raging within thy furious youthfull veins,
Burst through thy fathers Tombe? Disturb his soule?

Know, all the torments that the fabulous age
Dream't did afflict deceased impious Ghosts,
Hartbiting-hunger, and soule-searching thirst,
The nere consumed, yet ever eaten prey
That the devouring Vulture feeds upon,
Are not such tortures as our off-springs crimes!

They, they sit heavy on us, and no date
Makes our compassionate affection cease.

O thou hereditary Vlcer, hearke
By the name of Father, and by all those cares,
Which brought me to my grave, to make thee great:

Thou that hast nothing of me but my crowne;

My enterprise surpast the boundlesse Sea,
Cutting the churlish Waves of Hellepont,

When the flood stood which wind for to obey!

Exultinm groan'd beneath my burdensome Ships;

I was the first of all the Turkish Kings

That Europe knew, and the fond Christians plague
What coward blood ran flowing in my veins,

When thou wert first begot: who marrest all,

Thy Fathers acts, by thy untam'd desires,

Wherefore with Stygian curses I will lade thee
First, may she prove a Strumpet to thy Bed
Be her lips poyson, and let her loose embrace.
Be venemous as Scorpions! If she conceived,
A Generation from thee, let it be
As ominous as thou hast beene to me!
Rebellious to thy Præcepts, printing cares,
Upon thy aged browes, O may they prove,
As Faeries for to lath thee in thy rest!
But Amurath, if thou canst quench this flame,
If thou wilt cut this Gordian thred, and rend hence,
That putrid Wenne which cleaves unto thy flesh,
Be all thine actions prosperous! Mahomet,
Shall be auspicious unto each designe;
Fortune to shew thee favour shall be proud,
Farewell! if that men doe speake last, before
They dye, take root, then dead mens should take more.

Amur. What art thou vanish’d? Know (thou carefull spright)
Thou shalt no sooner pierce the wandring Clouds
With unperceived flight, than my resolue
Shall expiate my former Vanity!
Looke on thy sonne thou (very intelleect)
And see him sacrifice to thy command!
Now Titan turne thy breathing curses backe!
Start hence bright day, a fable Cloud invade
This Univerfall Globe, break every prop,
And every hindge that doth sustaine the Heavens;
For straight mutt dye a woman, I have named
A crime, that may accuse all Nature guilty.
The Sexe wisely considered, deserves a death;
For think this (Amurath) this woman may,
Prostrate her delicate and Ivory limbs,
To some base Page, or Scull, or shrunk up Dwarf:
Or let some Groome lye feeding on her lips,
She may devise some mithapen trick,
To satiate her goatish Amurath,
And from her bended knees at Meditation.
Be taken by some slave to h’ deepe of Hell!
Th’art a brave Creature, werest thou not a woman?
Tutor! Come! thou shalt see my well-kept vow,

And
And know my hate, which saw me dote but now assaugh.

Schabin! Eurenoses! Captaines ho!

Enter, Schabin, Eurenoses, Chafe-llibegget, and h."

Our Tutor, Eurenoses, Captaines, welcome!

Gallants, I call you to a spectacle:

My breast too narrow to hoard up any joy.

Nay, gaze here (Gentlemen!) give Nature thanks,
For framing such an excellent fence as (Sight)

Whereby such objects are in joy'd as this:

Which of you now imprison not your thought

In envious and silent policy.

Sarb. My Lord to whatsoever you shall propose,

My sentence shall be free.

Euren. And mine. Chafe-ll. And mine.

Am. Which of you then dare challenge to himself;

Such a pathetic a Prærogative,

So stoically sever'd from affection,

That had he such a Creature as lyeth here,

One, at whom Nature her selfe stood amazed;

One, whom those lofty extasies of Poets,

Should they decay, here 't must not barely dump

Their dull inventions with similitudes,

Taken from Sunne, Moone, Violets, Roses,

And, when their raptures at a period stand;

A silent admiration must supply

Onely name her, and she is all describ'd.

Hyperbole of women, Colour it selfe

Is not more pure, and incontaminate!

Sleep doates on her, and grasps her eye-lids close;

The sky it selfe hath onely so much blew

As the azure in her veins, bends by reflexe.

Here's breath that would those vapors purifie,

Which from Averns choakes the flying Birds!

Here's heat would tempt the numb'd Athenian,

Though all his blood with age were conjealed yce!

Now, which of you all is so temperate;

That did he find this jewel in his Bed.
The Couragious Turke; or,

(Unless an Eunuch) could restraine to grapple,
And daily with her? Come! Speake freely all.

Sec. Truly (my Lord) I came of mortall Parents,
And much confesse me subject to desires;
Freely enjoy your Love!
That were the mine, I surely would doe no less,

Amur. What sayth Eurenoses?

Euren. My Lord, I say;
That they may raile at light, that were saw day;
But, had I such a Creature by my side
Were the world twice enlarged, and all that world
Overcome by me, all volumes writ,
Made cleane and sild up by Rhetorique straines:
Of my great deeds, Historians should spend
Their Inke and Paper in my sole Chronicle,
A thousand such alluring idle charmes,
Could not conjure me from betwixt her armes.

Amur. Your sentence Chase'lll Beg?

Chas. What need your Grace depend upon our breath?
I vow (my Lord,) if all those scrupulous things
Which burden us with praecets to praecise,
Those Parents which when they are married once
And past their strength of yeares, thinke their sonnes straight;
Should be as old in every thing as they,
I say my Lord, did my head weare a Crowne
That Queen should be the chiefeest jun'tadornes it,
Spite of all hate, that's an unhappy state
When Kings must feare to love, least subjects hate,

Amur. Well spokke three Milk-sops, Schahin! Your Sword!
Now, now be valour in this manly arme Schahin gives him
To cut off troupe of thoughts that would invade me! Sword;
Think you my minde is waxie to be wrought,
By any fashion, Orches thy strenth,
Here doe I wish as did that Emperour,
That all the heads of that inticing sexe,
Were upon hers, thus then should one fall stroake
Now them all off,

Here Amurath cuts off Em-

morphes head, shoves it to the Nobles.

There
There, kisse now (Captaines) doe I and clap her cheeke.
This is the face that did so captivate me:
These were the lookes that to bewitcht mine eyes:
Here be the lips, that I but for to touch,
Gave over Fortune, Victory, Fame, and all;
These were two lying mirrors where I lookt;
And thought I saw a world of happiness.
Now Tutor, shall our swords be exercised,
In rippinge up the breasts of Christians.
Say Generals! Whether is first?
All. For Thracia!
Amurath. On then for Thracia, for he surely shal.
That conquers first himselfe, soone conquer all. Exeunt omnes.

Actus III. Scena I.

Enter Cobelitz solus.

Cobelitz. Thou sacred guider of the arched Heavens,
Whocanft collect the scatterings starres, and fixe
The Erratique Planet in the constant Pole,
O why shouldft thou take such solicitous care
To keepe the ayre, and Elements in course?
That Winter should uncloth our Mother Earth,
And wrap her in a winding sheet of snow;
That then the spring duly revives her still,
Vnlinds her sinews, fills her cling'd up veynes;
With living dew, and makes her young againe;
Next that, the Nemean terror breathes her flames,
To parch her flaxie haires with furious heat;
Which to allay too, thou op'rt the Chatafaits,
And watereth the worlds Gardens with blest drops;
Canst thou which canst sustain the ponderous world,
And keepst in true poize, securely sleepe,
Letting a Tyrant (which with a Philip, thus):

Thou
Thou mightest sink to Earth to battle thee?
A warrier in thy fields, I long have been
To see if in thy sacred providence,
Thou meantst to armme with thy thunder-bolt,
Yet, yet, it strikes not now, he Gyant-wise,
He dares thee againe; pardon our earnest zeale
What ere's decreed for man by thy behalf,
He must performe: and in obedience rest.
Thou, like Spectators when they doe behold
An hardy youth encountering with a Beare,
Or something terrible; then they give a shout,
So doft thou even applaud thy selfe to see,
Religion striving with Calamity.
Which while it often beares, and still reeds true,
It's fence aginst all that after shall ensue.
Turke, Ie oppose thee still! Heaven has decreed:
That this weake hand, shall make that tyrant bleed.
A man religious, firm, and strongly good
Cannot oth' suddaine be, nor understood.   Exit.

Scene, 2. Actus, 3.

Enter Amurath in Armes, Schabin, Captaines, Somdiers.

Amurath. Rise (Soule!) injoy the prize of thy brave worth!
Schabin! the Present that thou so profest,
Should from the City of Orestias,
Make proud our eyes! then tell me, hast thou slaine
A thousand superstitious Christian soules;
Make them stoope to us; O, I would bath my hands
In their warme bloud to make them supple. (Schabin;)
That they may wield more Speares I'our hands are dull,
Our furie's patient! I now will I be a Turke,
And to our Prophets altars do I vow,
That to his yoke I will all necks subdue,
Or in their throates my bloody sword imbrey.
Here Schahin calls in his souldiers, and each of them to present to Amurath; the head of a dead Christian.

Soak. Then King, to add fresh oyle unto thy hate,
And make it rise in felfe a greater flame,
See here these Christians heads; thus shall all fall
Before thy fatall hand, these impious slaves.
So long as number's wanting to the fand,
So long as day shall come with Sunne, and night
Be spangled with the twilights dawning starres,
Whilst floods shall fall into the Ocean.
Shall Christians tremble at Turkes thundring strokes.

Amurath. So am I Amurath the great King of Turkes,
O how it glads me thus to paff their braines,
To rend their lockes, to teare these Infidels!
Who thundered when these heads were smitten off
Starres I could reach you with my lofty hand,
'Tis well enough, enough, (great Amurath)
For now I sit in Orches; a great throne,
And sacrifice due rites to Mahomet;
Yet why enough? Ilke on and dung the Earth,
With Christians rotted trunckes, that fré that soyle.
May spring more Cadmean Monsters to overcome the
Captaines, what Countries next shall we make flow,
With Channels of their bloud?

Euen. To Servia (my Lord) there are troupe of armes,
Gathered to refist Mahometans.

Chafe. At Bulgaria, there they set on fire,
The Countries as they passe, were good we haste

Amurath. Why they doe well! we like of their desire
To make the flame in which themselves must fry!
Ruine, destruction, famine, and the sword,
Shall all invade them, Sunne stay thou thy flight,
And see the snakes in their owne River drench,
Whilst with their bloud our furious thirst is quench't.
Lazar. Whether (Bulgaria) whether must we flye?  
The Butcherous Turk's at hand. Blest sanctity!  
If thou didst ere guard goodnesse, wall our towers,  
And bring strength into our nerves! For in thy cause  
Our breasts upon their rapiers we will run;  
We'll with just hope controu the tyrants rage,  
Meet him in the face, fury will finde our armes:  
There is a power can guard us from all harms.  

Selm. Let's be sudden: for we'll not find (cope,)  
To see our haps. Who most doth feare, may hope.  

Enter to them Cobelitz.  

Cobel. Governor, Captaines, hast unto your armes:  
The dangers imminent, and the Turk's at hand.  

Cobl. (Cobeltiz.) must we still wade thus deepe  
In blood and terror.  

Cob. Yes (Servia) we must, we should, we ought:  
Easte and successe keeps basennesse company;  
Shall we not blush to see the register  
Of those great Romans, and Heroicke Greekes:  
Which did those arts (at which our hearts are struck)  
Beneath all credence) onely to win fame:  
And shall not we, for that Eternall name  
To live without all credence even to win fame  
Is not to know life's chiefest, and better parts:  
To us of future hopes; calamity  
Must helpe to purchase immortality.  

Sel. Well speke (true Christian) they who still live high,  
And shoo in prais'd applause here know to bear:  
A continuely, or checke a fate:  
Wisely to steer a Ship, or guide an Army,  
And unanted hartiness is requisite;  
(O) then lets to our weapons I make him yield.  
They which deny all right, oft give'th Field.
Enter Christian Souldiers falling out amongst themselves fighting confusedly.

Cob. Why (Gentlemen) we want no foes to fight, Nor need we turne our weapons on our selves! One Souldier

1. You lazy rogue, what I come in my Cabinet? You speaks as
2. Conspiring slave you murmure'd? gin's thy allowance, drunk. And wouldst persuade upon a larger pay,

To betray all Garrisons, and turne Turk.
Thou halfe Can-carouling rascal, Ile teare thee,
And those treacherous veins of thine, will you see.
Llew. Jackets. Will you see your Corporal wrong'd?
Well, since I fight for vi'ratls for company,
We now your swords and Bucklers. The other to his meat.

Here they all fall by the cares.

Lazar. Treason the next man that speaks or strikes a blow!
Sold. Then shall our Laundresses fight for us.

2. Why, Amazons! Baudicans, come help to scratch!
Enter some 

Some 
Sesm. O Cobelitz, what way shall we appease them?

Truls scold confusedly: thus.

1. Trull. Out thy Corporal (huswife) hath the itch,
You now will have foule washing, Drab ile teare your mouth;
2. An inch or two yet wider.

Cob. What, souldiers thinke you each distastfull word;
Given 'mougt your selves so strong an obloquie. The General
That revenge spurs you to each others death?
And will not seeke to wash those blasphemies,
In Seas of their foule blood, which they belch't out.

By our approaching foes, against the Essence
Of the Eternall.

Laz. Leave, leave, these factions; cease these Mutinies!

A Drum from the Turk's Campe.

Mark the Duns take advantage of these stirs!
Let us oppole our strength against our foe!
And in our Campe let not one souldier be, Who will not finde and strike his Enemies.

Cob. Now.
Cob. Now (blest guiders and great strength of armes)
If in thy secret and hid decree,
Thou hast not yet appointed the full time,
Wherein thou meanest to tame this tyger,
Who dare murmur against thine hidden will?
Be we slaine now, there's victory in store,
Which when thou pleasest thou'lt give; & not before.
Give us still strength of patience, not to wish,
A funerall honour unto all the world,
When we are perishing we'll still believe,
Those dangers worth our death we undergoe.
Whilst who is ours, is all alike thy foe;
Should fortune looke this day when we are slaine,
Thou cant give hands, and strength, and men again;
On thee we trust then, and on thee beare,
Scorning for Heavens sake to shed a teare.


A march within, excursions, alarms. Enter as Conquerours, Cauadal Baff, Seabhin, leading young men Christians, Prisoners.

Seabah. Baffa! we thanke thy valor and discretion,
In finding fit occasion to invade
The mutinous Christians! these Captives here
Shall be good presents to our worthy Master.

Baffa. Generall now trust me these young slaves,
To be full of Valor, they have mettall in them.

Seabah. Yes; and to his Highnesse shall performe
A service which I long have thought upon,
And which his Turkish Majesty requires;
They'll fit to be a neare attendent guard,
On all occasions to the Emperour;
Therefore they shall be called janizaries.
By me first instituted, for our Princes safeties sake.

Baffa. Their vigor and strong hearts becomes such service.
For to overcome them made our soldiers sweat;
Much Turkish blood: the Servians kept the Fight,

With
With stubborne hard resistance, The Bulgarians
Left the right wing; there let I forward first,
And like a torrent rowl'd destruction on,
Raising huge stormes of blood, as doth the Whale,
Puffe up the Waves against a mighty Ship;
Me thinkes I see the Rivers of their gore:
Their Leaders trampled on by Turkish Horse,
The body of their army quite dispers'd;
Themselves all floating in Vermillian pooles,
With their owne weapons hasting to their death.
And such a slaughter did we make of them,
As Nature scarce can ere repaire againe.
One hasting to others death, pulling to ground,
Him that held up, so they each other drown'd.
Scac. Still are they confident upon a power,
They know not what, who as they think can snatch
Their precious soules from out the jawses of death.
Baff. Yes, such a superstition doth posseffe them,
For when they lookt for nothing but their fate,
And danger flood in sweat upon their browes?
They yet scorn'd Mahomet, and prophan'd his rites,
And nought but horror made them to beleive him;
So many men were fighting on his side:
As might have chang'd my seat, and part ith' world,
(Though Nature stood against) to a new place:
Or carry Sestos whereby Abydos stands,
Or pull downe Atlas with so many hands.

Scacn. 5. Actus 3.

Enter Amurath with Embassadors from Germaine Ogly,
concerning Bajazet, Amurath's Eldest sonne, and the
Mahometans Daughter. Cairadin Balla pre-

Amurath, How like our Captaines the last Victory?
(If any can prophesie of future things)
Me thought I did dreame of this blessed hap;

How
The Couragioue Turke: or, A
How Fortune did involve them in their ruine, And flight from danger, brought them into danger, Each one astonisht with a suddaine feare, Knew not the danger that was then most neare.

Baffa. To adde more triumph, I present my Liege, Baffa, With these young Rebels, which you may bring up, & Schahin presents Amurath.

Scab. And for great Emperor, your person wants, with Capt. A thing which much ore-Clouds your light of state, Attendant Janizaries to a Prince: These may be so trained up, as to supply The duty fit for such a Majesty:

Am. Baffa we thank our strength: Scubah your counsaille, And to that end, let them have safe protection. But we must treat now of a marriage (Lords) The German Ogly, he whose Scepter swayes The Phrygian confines in strong Asia, By Embassie intreates that he may joyne His Daughter Hatam to our Bajazet I Embassador here to our Counsell (speake, Your Masters Message.

Emb. Please then your Maj. and these reverend heads To be inform’d my Masters will by me, In Wedlocke; if your Prince may be combind To the faire Princesse his sole Daughter: He freely gies the Phrygian territories, And Bysanta to you for your Dowry;

Casar, Simon, Egregios, Sansale, Abeckeringon, the Ottomans estate, Which Ottomans, because he not endures, The Noble Zonuccio family protestes, To joyne with you in quelling their ambition.

Scab. May’t please your Majesty to like mine advice. It’s good to have alligny with such friends, Kings that combine themselves are like to shafts, The ancient Sage propos’d unto his sonne! Which whilst together they were close compact; Armes, Kees, and his whole strength, could never breake; Take
Take one by one, they with a touch were tract,
So Kings may be overcome that stand alone;
But two such Princes, knit thus hand in hand,
Should Nations totter, they would firmly stand.

Am. Yes Schaebius we’ll approve what thou sayest, an honest
Then from us carry the great Asians Monarch,
This he kinder greeting:
Tell him the gates of Prusa shall stand open,
And the glad ayre shall Echo notes of joy,
To entertain her who shall bless our Land,
With hopeful issue; greedy thoughts expect
Her soone arrivall; and so (Embassador)
Enforce thy Princes, when she shall appear,
A lasting Starre shall shine within our Sphere!

Scena 6. Actus 3.

Enter Sapsuenos, Lazarus, Cobellix.

Serv. O Servia, our Cities are turned flames;
Each strives to hast his owne and others death:
And as though Heaven conspir’d destruction too,
That rains downe Scalding Sulphure on our heads,
Here one that lyes thicke gasping for his breath,
Is choak’d with blood that runs from’s fellowes wounds, yea!
Whilst others for the dead are making Graves,
Themselves are made the coarses that doe fill them!
Nobles, and base, together perish all:
And a drawne sword stickes fast in every rib;
Our stones are dyed Vermillion with our blood.
Old creatures that are creeping to the grave,
Are thrust on faster!
Infants but in the threshold of their lives,
And thus licket off: O most disaftrous times,
To love our deaths, and make our life our crimes.

Laz. See, see, the ruins of our goodly Walles,
Our Cities smoake hinders the sight of heaven:
The conquerour yet amaz’d measures out our Townes,
With eyes of terror, and doth scarce believe
He hath overcome us; yet among these fires,
Our dead men are denied their funeral flames:
And those infectious Carcasses doe performe,
A second murder on the rest that live!
And all the hope of safety that we have,
Is now to fixe our flattering lips at's feet:
Mercy (perhaps) may wearied slumber meet.

Sax. Wil you doe so? speake for I am determin'd.

Cob. No (worthy Generall) Heaven avert
And arm you with the prooffe of better thoughts!
What though a Tyrant strives to terrifie
All Christendome, and would not be beloved?
Let not your feares give impious rage such scope!
As for to bring Religion to prophanesse:
Fortune and Heaven will scorne to try a man,
That hurles his weapons hence and runs away!
How is he worthy of heavens victory;
That, when it frownes, dares not looke up and see?
Me thinks we three are now environ'd round,
With hosts of Angels, and our powerfull Mars,
Is putting bowes of Steele into our hands:
He doth suggest our wrath, and bids us, on!
O what an army 'tis to have a cause
Holy and just; there, there's our strength indeed.

---

Tu mente Labantes,
Dirige nos dubios: Certo Robore firmâ.

If we must dye, the narrow way to bliss,
Shall be made wide for us, the gate wide ope,
And the spread Pallace entertaines with joy.
Meane time, let's look like men upon our griefe.
Out frowne fate, Deipot, Bulgaria, come!
Turke I once more at thee (Tyrant) mortals must,
Command Heavens favor in a caufe so just.

Exeunt.
Amurath the first.

Actus III. Scæna I.

Enter Aladin King of Caramania, sonne in Law to Amurath, with Nobles, Embassadors from Amurath.

Aladin. Sends our proud father in Law this greeting to us? Was our sword sheath'd so soon to hear this answer?

Embass. My Lord, he bad me tell you that 'twas you have made him leave off this great Prophets Warres, when he was hewing downe the Christians; Therefore submission should not now appease him, No, though your Wife, his Daughter, should her selfe, Upon her penitent knees be supplyant!

No sooner shall the Tycian splendent Sol, Open Heavens Casements, and inlarge the day, But his horse hoofes shall beat your treacherous Earth; And that you may be warn'd of his approach, Murder and flames shall be his Prodromo's!

Alad. Confederate Princes and my kind allyes, Shall his proud nostrils breath those threats on us?

Emb. Moreover, my Lord wil or win, or raze, Iconium and Larena.

Alad. Iconium and Larena? I? No more?

Had I best looke first, how safe his Prus'a stands!

Lords, I am mov'd, and will forget my Queene. Was ere the issue of his hated blood!

My splene is tost within; mine entrailes pant, As, wen the Sea is rais'd with Southerne gufts,
The wind allay'd, yet still the Waves will tremble, Princes, now binde your selves with such strong chaine's,
Your faith and breaths can make; I swear to me all,
To be as firme to me 'gainst Amurath,
As is the skin and flesh unto the Nerves;

Here they all kneele, and swear upon his sword.

Nobles
The Couragious Turk; or,

Nobles. We all sweare we will.

Aladin. Then all here kisse my Sword,
Which shall be steept within the head-mans throat;
We'll make him know those will not flye in Warre,
Which may in policie intreate a peace!

Hast thy course (time) and soone reduce the yeare I

Lucan: ——— Infestig obvia Signia,
Signa, pares aquilas, & pilaminaria pilus.

Ensignes may Ensignes meet, Carmania's King,
Great Aladin, scornes to avoyd a Turke:
Prinser, and Neighbours, mutter up your strength,
That we may meet him on his full Cariere!
And let it be Carmania's pride to say,
To overcome him we ask no second day.

Scene 2. Actus 4.

Enter Amurath at one doore with Nobles, Bajazet Enter at th'other, Hatam, richly attended, they meet, salute in dumbo shew; Amurath joynes the hands of the Prince, and Prinseff, whilst this is solemnizing, is sung to soft Musick; this Song following.

Song.
Thee O Hymen, shine: O face,
Whoso Beanties vesse Callions,
Sing to Marriage rites an Io,
To to Hymen.

Chorus: To thee Apollo is my face,
Lend me a while thy silver Lute.

O what a war is it to bring,
A Bride to Bed and never sing.
To to Hymen.

Ambe. When she's old, Ail formes she young.
When she's weak, on her be strengt
As Cypria, Orus, and Paphos hire.
Love's song which merry observer.
To to Hymen.
Am. You Gods of Marriage: sacred Protectors of
lawfull propagations, and blest Love
Be most propitious to these grafted stemmes !
Drop dewing showers of generation on them !
Thinke (Sonne) this day do prodigall of blessing
As, that had not taskt thee (like Alcides)
To grapple with Symbalsides, or cleanse
Angels stables: or-like the Trojan Boy,
Sitlike a Shepherd on Dardanias Hills,

Such a reward as this faire Queen repays,
O thou hop'd future off-spring, spare thy Parent !
Hurt not this tender womb, these Ivory worlds,
In which a pretty people ye shall live,
When you are borne; O be within your limbes
Your Grandfates Amurath and fathers Strengh !
Line their faces (Nature) with their Mothers dye
And let the Destinies marke the ensuring night.
In their Eternall Bookes, with notes most white.

All. Grant it great Mahomet !

Hatam. Most awfull father, and my honored Prince,
Although it be enacted by the Heavons,
That in these bonds of marriage such curse
Attends on Princes above private men,
That nor affection, nor home-nourishd Love
But State and policy must elect their Wives.
Which must be fetched from Countries farre remote!
Yeth the protecting Powers have such a care,
Both of their off-springs and their Kingdomes Rate.
They to what they ordaine, they worke in us:
A suddaine willingness to make us obey:
For, in this brest, I doe already feele
That, there's a kindling a Diviner heat:
Which disobedience never shall extinguish.
And, if there be any felicity
From these united Loves to be derived
From the weake sexe unto the husbands soule,
Then may my Lord make his affection sure,
Ye be repayd with unattainted Love.
The Couragious Turke; or,

With soft and yielding curtesie in all
He shall command, my willing armes shall still,
Be opent' enfold within a Wives embrace,
If any comfort else there be in store,
(Which modesty keeps silent to it selfe)
Cause onely husbands and the night must know't,
My Loyalty shall ever all perforne,
And(though my) Lord should frown, Ile be the lame,
Greene wood will burne with a continued flame:

Baiiaz. Princesse our ardor is already fired,
Yet with no violent temerity;
Such as might feare it's short and soone decaying;
Thy vertue seemes so to exceed thy Sexe,
And wisdome so farre to out-pace thy yeares,
That, surely (Princesse) soone maturity,
Argues in them, hidden Divinity.
Expected (Hymen) here hath bound our hands,
And hearts, with everlasting ligaments:
Fortunate both we are, and have one blisse
The want of which for ever doth infect,
With anxious cares the sweets of marriage Beds:
Our Parents benediction and consent;
They are the truest Hymens, and should be
To children the best marriage Deity.
Thus then attended with such sacred charms
Our last day of content shall never come;
Till we mutt part by th' unresisted doome,
With a pleas'd error we will age beguile;
All starres on us, an aequal yoke must smile.

Amur. Now (Lords) who'd dance
A Turkish measure? Ladies our nerves are shrunke;
And you now fixe the signe of age on me,
You who have bloud still flowing in your veynes,
Benimble as an Hart: Caper to the spheres!
O you are light, that wnt the weight of yeates!

Musicke: Here Amurath would his Throne, the rest set downe to dance:

Bajazer with Hatam, &c. the end of the dance, all kneele, Amurath begin in health, a flourish with Cornets.
A M Y R A T H the first.

Laz. Come Cobeiz, amngst those demolish'd bones
We'll sit as Hecuba, at those Troyan Walles:
Our teares shall be false glasse to our eyes:
Through these we'll looke, and thinke we yet may see
Our stately Pinales, and strong founded holds;
That which one houre can delapidate,
One age can scarce reprise.

Cob. No sir, for nothing's hard
To Nature, when she means to consume
A thousand Oakes (which time hath fixt i'th earth,
As Monuments of lasting memory)
Are in a moment turn'd to ashes all;
Things that rise slowly, take a suddaine fall.

Laz. What course now Cobeiz, must we still be yoked
To misery, and murder? We scarce have roome,
Upon our bodies to receive more wounds,
And must we still oppose our selves to more?

Cob. Yes! We are ready still; a solid minde
Must not be shak't with every blast of Windel
Pollux, nor Hercules, had none other art,
To get them Mansions in the Spangle Heavens
Then a true firme resolve; the Adriatike Sea,
Shall from his currents with tempestuous blasts,
Be sooner heard, than vertue from it's ayme,
Let us but thinke (when we so many see,
Enjoying greater quiet than our selves.)
How many have endur'd more misery;
Ilion, Ilion, what a fate hadst thou?
How fruitfull wert thou in matter for thy foe?
Thus we'll delude our griefe, make our selfe glad,
To think of miseries that others had.

Laz. I (Captaine) I! they that furnish thee
With sentences of comfort, never saw,
Their Cities burnt, their Countries desolate
Tis easie for Physitians for to tell
Advice to others, when themselves are well.

Cob. Tush, tush (my Lord) there's on our side we know
One that can both, and will our weake hands guide,
AMVRATH the first.

Amur. And health to our Bride and her father! O (Nobles) would this wine were Christians blood, But that it would Phrenetic humours breed, And so infect our braines with Superstition!

Enter Euroneses with sixe Christian Maidens, richly apparel'd, their Hair hanging loose, in their hands Cups of Gold with Jewels, &c.

Euren. Auspicious fortunes to great Amurath! To ope more springs unto this full tide of joy, Know (potent Emperor) I from Europe bring Sixe daughters of sixe several Kings, Whose Cities we have equal'd to the ground; And of their Pallaces did torches make, To light their soules through the blacke Cave of death (Acherô) Am. Describe (good Captaine) how the dogs were weary. Euren. So weary were they to endure to enduring swords, That by impetuous mutiny themselves, Turn'd on each other; flew their Mailers; Childrens own hands, tore out their fathers throats, And each one strove who should be slaughtered first; Here did a brother pass out a Brothers braines, Some in sinking Quagmires, and deepe Lakes (Which they had made t'avoid their excrements) Ran quicke, and in the lake lay buried.

Am. (Goon Executioner of our most just wrath!) Eun. Nor did it leave till death itself was weary. Murder grew faint, and each succeeding day, Shewed us the slaughter of the day before, 'Mongst carkasses and funeralls we stood, Denying those that liv'd such Ceremonies As in their Temples to the Indian Gods, With prayers and vowes they dayly offered; Nor destiny, nor cruelty ere left, Till they had nothing to worke upon; For, of so many soules that breath'd These sixe are all remain'd: which as a Pledge
The Couraious Turk; or,

Of my best service to your Majesty,
I here am bold to yeeld and offer.

Am. Nor shall this present be unacompenced;
For thy true service, on thee Ie bestow
All the rich guifts, which all these Asiar Lords
Brought to adorn these happy Nuptials,
On you faire Bride, great Princesse, and our Daughter
Doe we bestow these Virgins (daughters to Kings)
For your attendance.

Per. We are too much bound unto our Princeely Father!

Am. No (Daughter) not we hope thou art the spring,
From whence shall flow to all the world a King.
(Captaines and Lords, to morrow we must meet,
To thinke of our rebellious Sonne in Law)
Be this time all for comfort, and delight
Short wedding days make it seeme long to night. Exeunt om.

Scene 3. Actus 4.

Enter Lazarus and Cebelitiz, bringing the dead body of
Sasmenos.

Laz. Here set we downe our miserable load,
Cebelitiz, with whom is't that we fight?
 With Lybian Lyons? Or Hycranian Bears;
Which grindes us dayly in their ravenous teeth?
The Tyrant (as it were destructions Engineer)
Melpe Nature to destroy the worlds frame quickly.

Ceb. Alas my Lord that needs not, every day
Is a suficient helper to decay:
Great workman, who art sparing in thy strength
To bring things to perfection, and to oercome
All thy best workes, thou usest suddaine force
When mans an Embrio! and first conceived
How long 'tis ere he see his native light?
Then borne, with expectation for his growth
Tenderly nourish'd, carefully brought up,
Grown to perfection; what a little thing,
Serves to call on his suddaine ruine?
The Couragious Turke; or,

One that will strike and thunder; Gyant then,
Looke for a dart! we must not appoit when;
Meane while helpe for to convey this burden hence
Turke, though thy tyranny deny us graves,
Corruption will give them spite of thee!
Nor doe our corps, such Tombes and Cavernes need:
For our owne flesh, still our owne graves to breed:
And, when the Earth receiveth not, when they die,
Heavens Vault ouerwhelmeth them, so their tombe's ith' skie.

Exeunt with a dead Trunck.

Enter Aladin as flying, an arrow through his arm, wounded in his forehead, his shield stooke with darts: with him two Nobles.

Alad. Besieg'd on every side? Ionium taken?
Enter while within, my foes, my selfe must ly: Wapt within my Cities ruine! Turkes come on!
1. Nob. Nay but my Lord, meane you to meet your death? Let's hast our flight, and trust more to our feet.
Then words, or hands —

Alad. Why, so much of our blood
Is already spilt, as should the glittering Sunne Exhale it upward, twould obnubilate It's luster, else to fiery Meteors turne:
Some councell (Lords) he that's amidst the Sea:
When every curled wave doth threat his death Yettrust upon the oares of his owne armes,
And sometime the salt some doth pitty him,
A Wolfe, or Lyon, that hath full his gorge With bloody prey, at last will ly to sleepe,
And the unnatural creatures not forget Their love to those whom they do know their own:
My wife's his Daughter, since we cannot stand His fury longer, the shal swage his wrath.
The boisterous Ocean when as no winds oppose,
Growth's calmer revenge is lost, when't hath no foest.
Noble. Why then (my Lord) array your selfe in weeds.
Of a Petitioner: take the Queene along,
And your two children; they may move his eyes;
For, desperate fores aske desperate remedies.

Alad: Goe (Lords) goe: fetch some straight. O Heavens!

O fortune they that leane on thy crackt wheele,
And trust a Kingdomes power, and domineere
In a wall'd Pallace, let them looke on me,
And thee (Carmania) greater instances
The world affords not to demonstrate
The fraile estate of proudest Potentates,
Of sturdiest Monarchies: high Pinacles
Are still invaded with the prouder winds;
They must endure the threats of every blast;
The tops of Caucasus and Pindus shake,
With every cracke of thunder; humble Vaults
Are nere toucht with a bolt, ambiguous wings
Hath all the state, that hovers over Kings.

Enter the 2. Nobles with a Winding sheet, Aladio puts it on.

I, I, this vesture fits my miserie!
This badge of poverty must now prevale,
Where all my Kingdomes power & strength doth faile,
Why should not a propheticke soule attend
On great mens persons, and forewarne their ills?
Riging Booths doth not so turmoile
The Lybian ford, as Fortune doth great hearts.
Belaona and Erymphe scourge us on;
Should wars and treasons cease, why our owne weight
Would send us to the Earth; as spreading armes
Make the huge trees in tempest for to split.
For as the slaughter-man to pasture goes,
And drags that Oxe home first, whose Bulke is greatest,
The leane he still lets feed; disease takes hold.
On bodies that are pampered with best fare;
So doth all ruine chuse the fairest markes:
At which it bends, and strikes it full of shafts,
Amition made me now that eminent but:
And I that fell by mine owne strength, must rise.
The Couragious Turke: or, By profess weaknesse; Buckets full sink downe: Whilst empty ones dance i' th' ayre, and cannot droune. Come (Lords) he out of his way can never range, Who is at furthest? worst nere finds ill change.

Actus V. Scæna I.

Enter at one doore Amurath, with attendants; at the other doore Aladin, his Wife, two Children, all in white sheets, kneele downe to Amurath.

Amur. Our hate must not part thus, Ile tell thee (Prince) That thou hast kindled violent Ænea in our brest, And such a flame is quench't with nought but blood: His blood whose hafty and rebellious blast, Gave life unto the fire; should Heaven threat us; Knowes we dare not menace it; are we not Amurath? (Whose awfull name is even trembled at) So often dar'd by Pigmy Christians; Which we will crush to ayre; what haughty thought Buzz'd thy presumptuous cares with such vain blasts, To puffe thee into such impetuous acts? Or what, durst prompt thee with a thought so fraile, As made thee covetous of so brave a death? As this known hand should cause it? know that throat Shall feele it strangling with some slave brought up To nought but an Hangman: thy last breath, Torne from thee by a hand that's worse than death.

Alad. Why then, Ile (like the Roman Pompey) hide My dying sight, scorning Imperious lookes Should grace so base a stroake with sad aspect; Thus will I muffle up and choake my groanes, Leaft a grief'd teare should quite put out the name, Of lasting courage in Carmanias fame.

AMYRATH the first.

Shall have their braines, and their disjected limbes,
Hurl'd for a prey to Kites; for (Lords) 'tis fit
No sparke of such a Mountaine threatening fire,
Be left as unextinct, least it devoure,
And prove more hot unto the Turkish Emperie,
Then the Prometheus blaze did trouble Ione!
First sacrifice those Brats ---

All.Wife. (Deare father) let thy fury rush on me!
Within these entrailes sheath thine unsatiate sword,
And let this ominous, and too fruitfull wombe,
Betre in sunder? For from thence those Babes,
Tooke all their crimes; error made them guilty,
'Twas Natures fault, not theirs; O if affection
Can worke then; now shew a true Fathers Love,
If not, appease those murdering thoughts with me:
For as 

For their deare Father, so to a Father I
For my deare Babes and husband; husband, father,
Which shall I first embrace? Victorious father,
Be blunt those now sharpe thoughts! lay downe those threats,

Vnmetape that impious Helmet! fixe to earth
That monumental Sphear looke on thy child
With pardoning lookes, not with a Wariers eye:
Else shall my brest cover my husbands brest,
And serve as Buckler to receive thy wounds,
Why dofst thou doubt? Fearest thou thy Daughters faith?

Amur. I feare, for after Daughters perjurie
All Lawes of Natures shall dissatfull be;
Nor will I trust thy children or thy selfe.

All. Wife. No Father 'tis I, feare you him, he you,
I both, but for you both, for both you warre;
So that 'tis best with him that's overcome.
O let me kisse (kind father) first the Earth
On which you tread, then kisse mine husbands cheek.
Great King embrace these Babes! you are the stocke
On which these Grafts were planted ---

Am. True, and when sprouts doe rob the tree of sap,
They must be prun'd,
The Couragious Turk; or,

Wife. Deare Father, leave such harsh similitudes! By my deceased Mother, (to whose wombe I was a ten months burden:) By your selfe, (To whom I was a pleasing Infant once) Pity my husband, and these tender Infants! Am. Yes to have them collect a manly strength, And their first lesson that their Dad shall teach them Shall be to read my misery.

Al. Sterne Conqueror: but that thy daughter shews, There once dwelt good in that obscure breast, I would not spend a tear to soften thee! Thou feelest my Countries turn'd into a Grave: My Cities scarre the Sunne with fiercer flames, Which turne them into ashes! all my selfe So sliickt and carved, that my amazed blood Knowes not through which wound first to take it's way; If not on me, have mercy on my Babes! Which, with thy mercy thou mayst turn to Love.

Amurath. No sir, we must root out malitious seed: Nothing sproutes faster, then an envious weed! We see a little Bullocke, 'mongst an heard (Whose horns are yet scarce crept from out his front) Growes on a sindaine tall. and in the Fields, Frolicks so much, he makes his Father yeild. A little twig left budding on an Elme (Ungratefully) barres his mother fight from Heaven! I love not future Aladins.

Alad. Threat all a Conquerour can, canst threat but death, And I can die, but if thou wouldst have mercy!——

Wife. O see you soote we're proud'd with this hands kisse! The higher those great powers have rais'd you, Presseth which lyes below with gentler weight: To pardon miseries is Fortunes height: Alas, these Infants, these weake sinew'd hands Can be no terror to these Heftors armes! Beg (Infants) beg, and teach these tender joynts To aske for mercy; learne your liping tongues

To
To give due accent to each syllable:
Nothing that Fortune urgeth too, is base;
Put from your thoughts all memory of discent:
Forget the Princely titles of your fathers:
If your owne misery you can feele,
Learne thus of me to weepe, of me to kneele!

Al. Doc (boyes) and imitate your Parents tears,
Which I (like Trear) shed, when he beheld,
Hector thrice dragg'd about the Trojan Walles.
He that burst ope the gates of Erebos,
And rouz'd the yelling Monster from his Den,
Was conquer'd with a teare! great Monarch learner,
To know how deare a King doth weeping earne.

1. Ch. Good Grand'ire see, see how my father cries!
2. Ch. Good mother take my napkin for your eyes!
Wife. (Good father) heare, heare how thy daughter prays:
Thou that know'ft how to weleterne Warriers armes,
Learne how to use mild Warriers pitty too!
Alas? can ere these ungrowne strengths repaire
Their Fathers battered Cities? Or can these
These orethrowne Turrets? (Iconium) what small hopes.
Hast thou to leane upon? If these be all?
Not halfe so mild hath our misfortune beene
That any can ere feare us: Be pleased —

Am. Rise (my deere child) as Marble against raine,
So I at these obedient showers, melt!
Thus I doe raise thy husband: thus thy Babes:
Freely admitting you to former state.
But Aladin, wake not our wrath againe!
"Patience growes fury that is ofter stirred;"
When Conquerours waxe calme, and cease to hate,
The conquered should not dare to reiterate.
Be thou our sone and friend.

Alad. By all the rites of Mahomet I vow it!
Am. Then, for to seal upon our love,
Yourselfe shall leade a wing in Servia,
In our inmmediate Warres, we are to meet
The Christians in Callanee's Plains with speed:
The Couraigious Turke; or,
Great Amurath here had time to breath himselfe;
So much as to have warring with new foes;
No day securerly to his Scepter shone,
But one Warres end, still brought another on.

Scene 2. Actus 5.
Enter Lazarus, Cobetiz, Souldiers, all armed.

Cob. Let now victorious wreathes ingirt our browes,
Let Angels stead of Souldiers wield our armes,
Gainst him, who that our Citties might be his
Strives to depopulate, and make them none!
But looke, looke in the ayre (me thinks) I see
An host of Souldiers brandishing their swords;
Each corner of the Heaven shoots thunderbolts,
To naile these impious forces to the Earth.

Laz. Souldiers stand to't though fortune bandy at's
Let's stand her shockes, like sturdy Rockes ith' Sea.
On which the angry foaming Billowes beat,
With frivolous rush: and breake themselves, not them;
Stand like the undaunted countenance oth' sky,
Or, like the Sunne, which when the foolish King,
Thought to obscure with a Cloud of Darts,
Outlookt them all, our lives are all inchanted,
And more invulnerate than these Sunne.
We shall have hands and weapons, if the stone.
Of fortune glide from under our weake feet,
And we must fall: yet, let all Christians say,
'Tis she, and not the cause, that wins the day.
We must beleve Heaven hath a greater care
Of them, whom fortune doth so oft out dare!

Cob. Gentlemen, brothers, friends Souldiers, Christians,
We have no reason to command of Heaven
A thing denied to all mortality.
Nor should we be so impudentely proud,
As in this weake condition to repue
Our selves above the stroake of Lady Chance,
A caution must divine it ever fixt,
That whilst her checkes equally fall out, ood shal hard at soul
Community should ease their bitterness.
I could afresh now shed those Princely tears,
To thinke such saddaine raine should attend
Heroicke spirits glittering in bright armes,
But if the Grecian (when he heard the dreams)
Disputed stubbily by Philosophers,
To prove innumerable extant worlds)
Was strucke with peeciusesse, and wept to thinke,
He had not yet obtain'd one for himselfe.
What terror can affright a Christian thoughts?
Who knowes there is a world, at liberty
To breath in, when this glasse of life is broke as
Our foes with circling furie are intrencht;
Pelions of earth and darkness shall erolde them,
Whilst we shall mount, and these our spirits light,
Shall be yet ponderous to depreche them lower.
Nay, my Enthefasticke soule divines,
That some weake hand shal from the blazing Zone
Snatch Lightning, which shall strike the sinning Cuck
With horror and amazement to the Earth!
Which Hell cannot oppose! 
Stand, yet at length to fall my sacrific.
Super-Olympicke vigor will (no doubt)
Squeale all thy supercilions rancor out!

Scena 3. Actus 5.
The Heavens seems on fire, Comets and blazing Starres app-
peares, Amurath speakes.

Am. Who set the world on fire? How now (ye Heavens)
Grow you so proud that you must needs put on curl'd lockes;
And cloth your selves in Peni vigs of fire?
Mabones (say not but I invoke thee now!)
Command the puny-Christsans demi-God
Put out those flashing sparkle, those Ieges famy
Or ileunsate him, or with my Looks so make
The flagging props of his weake seate throne.
That he shall finde he shall have more to doe.
To quell one Amurat, then the whole Gyaunt brood.
Of those same sonnes of Earth, then ten Lycaons.
Doe the poore snakees to love their misery.
That they would fee it by these threathing lights?
Dare ye blaze still? Ile toffe up Buckets full.
Of Christians bloud to quench you: by those haires.
Drag you beneath the Center: there put out.
All your prettynge flamees in Phlegron.
Can you outrave me with your pidling Lights?
Yawne earth with Casements as wide as hel itselfe.

Here a Pault opes.

Burne Heaven as ardent as the Lemanian flame.
Wake (pale Tysiphen) spend all thy snakees !
Be Eacw, and Minos as severe.
As if the Gaole delivery of us all
Were the next Sessions! Ile pull Radamant.
By his flaming furres from out his Iron Chaire.

Whils he is in his fury, arise your Friends, framed like.
Turkish Kings, but blacke, his supposed Predecessors dance about him to a kind of hideous noysse,
sing this Song following.

1. Fiend.

Horror dismatt cryes, and yells
Of these thy Grandfres shee fore-tells,
Furies sent of shee to learne
Crimes, which they could here disserne.
All. Furies sent, &c.

2. Fiend.

O Amuratlsby Fairbur's conne,
To warn thee of a suddaine deeme,
Which in Caffanoes fields attend,
To bring thee to thy Hellish friends.
All, Which in Caffanoes, &c.
3. Fiend.
Megrez and Ennio both doe stand,
Trembling, least when they are damn'd,
Chiefes of Furies shou'd, shou'd be,
And they their snakes resign to thee.
All. Chiefes of Furies, &c.

4. Fiend.
Terror we a while will leave thee,
Till Cocytus Lake receive thee:
Cerberus will quake for fear
Where he a new Turke's fate shall hear.
All. Cerberus will, &c.

Am. Now who the Divell sent my Grandfires hither?
Had Pluto no taskes else to set them too?
He should have bound them to fiery wheele,
Or bid them roole the stone of Sisyphus:
Beshrew me, but their singeing did not please me!
Have they not beene so drunk with Lethe yet;
As to forget me? Then can portend no ill
For, should the fates betwixt my lastthread:
Yet none durst come from Hell to tell me so!
Shall I be scar'd with a Night-walking Ghost?
Or what my working fancy shall pretend?
Why, I can look more terrible, then Night,
And command darkness in the unwilling day:
Make Hecate start: and draw backe her head,
To wrap it in a swarty vaile of Clouds:
Drop sheets of Sulphure, you prodigious skyes!
Cyclops, run all thy Bullets into Etna,
Then vomit them at once! I should Christians
Couch to the bottomless abyffe of Styx,
Or hide themselves under Averna's shade,
This mine arme should fetch them out! Day must performe
What I intend, wrath raises a bloody storme:
And now 'ginse rise the Sunne, which yet not knowes
The misery it shall see on Ammaphis Foes,

Lords
The Couragious Turke: or,

Lords, Leaders, Captaines: Enter Selahim and others.

Selah. Your Highness up to toone?

Amur. He small rest takes,

That dreams on nought but bloody broyles and death.

Selah. Your Grace seems much distempered: Beds of sweet Bedew your browses with never wonted paleness.

Amur. Why; see you not? The heavens are turn'd Court And put on other Haire besides their owne: (Ladies, Canst guess some) what these flames portend?

Selah. My Lord, such things as these we men must see,
And wonder at, and yet not search the reason,
Perchance wholesome fogs exhaled by the Sunne Are set a blazing by his too reere heat:
But 'tis not lawfull that a mortall eye:
Should dare to penetrate Heavens secrecy:

Amur. Doth it not bode a Conquest?

Selah. Yes, 'gainst the Christians:
For, unto them it bends sinister looks,
And frownes upon their army more than ours.

Amur. So, so! come on, ere Phosphorus appeares:
Let's too't, and so prevent that sluggard Soul! If we want light, we'll from our Wинаurs Strike fire enough to scorch the Vniverse,
Mine armour there! Some goe for his armour.

Now (Mahomet) I implore,
Thy promis't ayde for this auspicious day!
Tofe me aloft, and make me ride on Clouds!! If my horse faile me, those fire breathing jades,
(Which the boy Phaeton knew not how to guide) Will I plucke out from out the flaming teame,
And hurle my selfe against those condense Spheares,
On which ile sit, and stay, their turning Orbes;
The whole vertigious Circle shall stand still,
But to behold me:

Mine armour hot!
So helpe on here, now like Alcides do I girt my selfe, They bring With well knit sinewes, able to stagger Earth, And threaten Nature with a second Chaos:
If one impetuous broyle remaine to come.
In future ages, set on foote this houre!  
How well this weight of Steele befits my strength? 
Me thinks the Gods stand quivering, and doe seere,  
(When I am arm'd) another Phlegre's neare! 
Chiron shall see his Pindus at my feet!  
And, ile climbe to Heaven, and pull it downe,  
And kicke the weighty burden of the world, 
From off the Babies Shoulders that supports it! 
For I am safer Buckled 'gainst my foe. 

Then sturdy Lyon who by the enchanted charmes,  
Medea gave, incoughted Vnicornes,  
Queld Lyons, straggell'd with fiery belching Bulls,  
Obtain'd a glorious prize, a Fleece, a Fleece.  
Dipt deepe in tincture of the Christians bloud.  
Shall be my spoyle, nay shoulde they hide their heads.  
In their Gods bo[lome, here's a sword shall reach the Heav'n.  
Come they shall know no place is free from wrath,  
When boyling bloud is sturr'd in Amurath.  

An alarume, excursions: fight within. Enter at one doore a Christia[n,  
at another a Turke; fights, both kild: so a new charge, the Turkes killest. Enter Lazarus, Schahin kills him. Enter Eur[refoes, Cobelitz, they fight, Cobelitz slays, falls for dead. A showe within, a token of Victory on the Turkes side, a Retreat founded. 

Scan 4. Actus 5. 

Enter above Amurath, Bajazet, Nobles, to see the spoyle. 

Schab. Here(mighty Prince) take view of Victory,  
And see the field too narrow for thy spoyles!  
Erynnus hides her head as if afraid,  
To see a slaughter. She durst never hope for,  
Earth hath the Carlaffes, and denies them Graves,  
And lets them be and rot, and fat her wombe,  
Scorning to be unto slaves a Tombe.  
Am. Where are become those ominous Comets now? 
What? are those pissing Candles quite extinct?  

Leave
The Couragiouc Turke; or,
Lor. Leave their disasterous snuffles no stench behind them?
  'Tis something yet, that their God seeth their slaughter.
Lending sulphurous Meteors to behold
The blest destruction of these Parasites.
I knew the Elements would first untie
The Nerves of the Universe, then let me dye!

Here Cobe1itz riseth as awake, amazed leaning on his Sword,
Stumbling on the dead bodies, lookes towards Amurath.

Eun. See (King) here's one worme yet that dare confesse
He breaths and lives, which once this hand cruft downe.

Amur. Ha, ha, by Mahomet, and we are weary now:
Some Mercy shall lay Victory asleep.
It will a Lawreat prove to this great strife,
'Mongst all these murdered to give one his life,
So we'll descend.  

(cob. From what a dismall grave am I awaked,
Intoed within a Golgotha of men;
Have all these Soules prevented me in bliss,
And left me in a dreame of happiness?
But soft! me thoughts he sayd he would descend!
Then, Heavens one minutes breath, that's all I aske,
And then I shall performe my lifes true task.

Amurath descends on the Stage, Cobe1itz stagger's towards him.

Am. Poor slave, wouldst't live?

Here Cobe1itz is come to him, seeming to kneele, stabs him with
a pocket Dagger.

Cob. Yes Turke to see thee dye!
Howle, howle, (grin Tartar) yell (thou grisly Wolfe)
Force the bloud from out thy gaping Wound!

Dij tibi non mortem, quae carnis penna paratur,
Sed sensum post fata, tua dent (impre) mortis.

Amur. My spirit makes me not to fiele thy weapon!
Hold you (crackt Organs) of my shortered life,
I am not toucht yet! can I not mocke my death?
And thinke 'tis but a dreame tells me I am hurt?
Darst thou then leave me (bloud?) Canst be so bold.
Amurath the first.

As to forfayke these veynes to flow on Earth?
And must, I like th' unhappy Roman, dye
By a slaves hand?

Cob. Tyrant, tis knowne

He's Lord of others lifes that scornes his owne!

Am. I that could scarce ere sleepe, can I ere die? and just of T
And will none fearre my life when I am dead.
Toitures and torments for the murderer!

Cob. Ha, ha, ha!

Leasing on his sword.

I thanke the (great omnipotent) that I
Shall ere laugh out the lag end of my life!

Am. Villaine, thy laugh wounds worse then did thy Dagger.
Are you Lethargick (Lords) in cruelty?

Cob. Nay, heare me (Turke) now will I prompt their rage.
Locke me in the Bull of Phalaris.
Cut off these eye-lids, bid me then out-gaze
The parching Sun-beames; fleath this tender skin,
Set netts of Hornets on my rawest flesh,
Let the Sicilian Clouds drop brimstone on me;
Powre boyling Lemnos on my greenest wounds,
Put on my shoulder Nessus poysoned shirt,
Bind all these bloodly faces to my face holds up Amurath off-
Rocke me Procrastes like

Am. Hell, oh! I cannot brooke your smallest touch, wounds.

Cob. Ha, ha, each groane is Balsome to my wounds:

I am perfect well!

Bajazet offers to kill Cobelitz; a

Schah. Rascall darst deride us?

Nobleman holds his

Cob. Yea? and while your witty furies shall invent

For me some never heard of punishment;
I see a guard of Saints ready to take me hence.

Take then free flight, my new rewarded soule,
And seate thee on the winged Seraphims,
Hast to the Empyreum, where thy welcome.

Shall be an Hallelujah anthem'd forth
By the Chorus of the Angel-Hierarchy.
Pierce with (twift plumes) the concave paths oth' Moone,
Where the black ayre enlightened is with starrs.

Stay.
Stay not to wonder (there) of wandring Signes
At the inhorn’d Gemini, or Amphionis Harpe,
At Arēs, or Bores, or the Beare,
(Which are to please wizard Astrologers)
Soar higher with the pitch, and then looke downe,
To laugh at the hard tristles of the world
Perchance some oft have knowne a better life,
Never did none ere leave it more willingly.

Am. Feare your deaths (Gods) for I have lost my life,
And what I most (complaine) my tyranny!
Cb. Soule to detaine thee from thy wished rest
Were but an envious part I arise, farewell:
To stay thee to accuse or fate or man
Would shew I were unwilling yet to leave thee
But deare companion hence: cut through the ayre:
Let not the grosseste of my Earth ore-lime
Thy speedy wings, fly without weight of crime. He dyes.

Am. O now have I and Fortune tryed it out.
With all her best of favours was I crown’d
And suffered her worst threats, who most she crown’d.
Stay (Soule!) a King, a Turke, commands thee stay!
Sure I am but an actor, and must strive
To personate the Tragicke ends of Kings.
And so (to winneapplause unto the Scane)
With fain’d passion thus must graspe at death!
O but I see pale Nemesis at hand:
Art thou dull fate, and dost not overspread
Gimmering wings of death throughout the world;
What? Not one Earthquake? One blazing Comet
T’accompany my soule t’his Funerall?
Is not this houre the generall period
To aere returning time? Last breath command
A new Dewcallions deluge, that with me
The world may swim to his Eternall Grave,
Cracke hindege that holds this globe, and welcome death,
Wilt thou not stay Soule? Friend not stay with Kings?
Sink then, and sink beneath the Thracian Mount.
Sink beneath Aithor, be the Blackfishe Waves
Of Acheron thy Tombe, ile want a Grave:
So all parts seare, which first my Corps shall have;
For in my Grave, ile be the Christians foe.

Here like a Muffie Pyramide ile fall,
Ile strive to sink all the whole Fabricke with me,
Quake Pluto, for 'tis I that come
A Turk, a Tyrant, and a Conquerour,
And with this groane, like thunder will I cleave,
The tmericous earth, whilst thus my last I breath.

Bajaz. O easie powers, to give's all at first,
But in their losse they make us most accurst.

Here all sho Nobles kneel to Bajazet.

Schab. The Taper of your Fathers life is spent
We must have light still and adore a Sunne
That next is rising, therefore mighty Prince,
Vpon your shoulders must the load
Of Empire rest.

Bajaz. Why (Lords) we have a Brother
Who, as in the same bloud he tooke a share,
So let him beare his part in Government:

Sch. My Lord I within the selfe-same Hemispheare
It's most prodigious when two Sunnes appeare!
One body by one soule must be inform'd.
Kingdomes like (marriage beds) must not indure
Any corrivall | Rome was nere secure
Whilst she contain'd a Pompey, and a Caesar.
Like as one Prophet we acknowledge now
So of one King in State we must allow.
You know the Turkish Lawes, Prince be not nice
To purchase Kingdomes, whatsoever the price.
He must be lopt, send for him he must dye.

Bajaz. O happy Bajazet that he was borne
To be a King when thou was Counseller.

Call in our Brother Jacob,

Here sicer men take up Amurath's Trunke on their shoulders.

Why (Lords!) is Amurath so light a weight?
Is this the Trunke oth Turkish Emperor?
Oh what a heape of thoughts are come to naught

What
The Couragious Turke; or,

What a light weight is he unto six men Who durst stand under Ossay and sustaine it.

Euen. My Lord, these Meditations fit not you: You are to take the honour he hath left, And thinke you of his rising, not his fall! Enter Sacus.

Let your decree be suddaine, here's your Brother.

Baj. Brother, I could have wish'd we might have met At times of better greeting! Our father hath Bequeath'd to the Grave these ashes, to us his State, Nor have we leisure (yet) to mourn for him. Brother, you know our state hath made a Law, And you must mind That, he that sits in a Majestick Chayre, Must not endure the next succeeding Chayre. Euen. Yes, we doe: And (Brother) doe you thinke 'tis crime enough To dye, because I am sonne to an Emperour?

Sac. My Lord, we know their breathes in him that ayre Of true affection, that he doth much desire. You should be equall in his Kingdome with him: But still when two great evils are propos'd: The leffe is to be chosen.

Euen. My Lord, your life's but one: Kings are the threads where-to there are inweaved Millions of lives, and he that must rule all Must still be one that is select from all. Although we speake, yet thinke them not our words, But what the Land speakes in us: Kings are free: And must be impatient of equality.

Sac. And is't ene so? How have these Dogs sawn'd on me lickt my feet When Amnab yet lived? Felt all my thoughts, And soothed them to the sight of Empyrie, And now the first would set their politique hands To strangule up that breath, a blast of which Their nostrils have suckt up like perfum'd ayre. Well brother well by all men this is spoke, That heart that cannot bow, may yet be broke.

Bajaz. Brother you must not now stand to upbraid;
A M V R A TH the first.

They which doe feare the vulgars murmuring tongue,
Must also feare th'authority of a King;
For rulers must esteeme it happinesse,
That with their government they can hate suppress'e;
They with too faint a hand the Scepters sway,
Who regard love, or what the people say:
To Kindred we must quite put off respect,
When 'tis so neare it may our Crowne affect.

Then name of Brother doe I thus shake off,
For 'tis in vaine, their mercy to implore
When impious Scarifts have decreed before.
Yet King although thou take my life away
See how Ie dye in better state then thou!
Who like (my Father) after his greatest glory
May fall by some base hand: The Minister
To take my breath, shal be to thy selfe, a King.

Here lacupt takes a Scarfe from his Armes, and putting it about his necke gives one end to Bajazet.

Yet give me leave a while, to Prophete,
You that so Puppet-like delude your hopes;
And Miser-draw the ancestry from Kings,
Thinking, that states dare not approach your bloud
Till they doe seize you, then you leave this Earth
Not as you went, but by compulsion dragg'd;
Still begging for a morrow from your Grave,
And with such shifts you doe deceive your selves.

As if you could deceive mortality,
No (Brother King) nor all the Glow-worms state,
Which makes thee be a Horse-leach for thy bloud,
Not all the Parasites Minions thou maintaines,
Nor the restorative Dishes that are found out.
Nor all thy shifts and trickes can cheat mortality,
Or keepe thee from a death that's worse then mine.
Should all this faile, age would professe it selfe
A slow, but a sure Executioner.
O 'tis a hard thing well to temperate
Decaying happinesse in great estate
But this example by me may you gaine:
The Couragious Turke; or,
That at my death I not of Heaven comaine
Pull then, and with my fall pull on thy selfe
Mountaines of burndeous honor which shall curse thee
Death leads the willing by the hand
But spurs them headlong on, that dares command.
Here himselfe pulls one end Bajazet the other, Iacup dyes,

Bajazet. Take up this Trunke; and let us first appoint
Our Fathers and our Brothers Funerals,
The sencelesse body of that Caitiff slave,
Hurle to a Ditch, Posterity shall heare
Our lesse ill Chronicled, but time shall heare
These minutes rather, then repeate their woe.
Now Primacy, on thee ille meditate,
Which who enjoy thee, are in blest estate.
Whose age in secure silence fleets away,
Without disturbance to his funerall day;
Nor ponderous nor unquiet honours can
Vexe him, but dyes a primate ancient man,
What greater powers threaten inferiour men
A greater power threatens him agen:
And like to wafted Tapers Kings must spend
Their lives to light up others: So all end.

Exeunt bearing out solemnely the bodies of
Amurath and Iacup.

FINIS.