



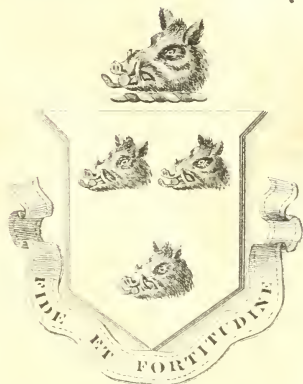
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# THE COVRAGIOVS

TVRKE,

OR,

## AMVRATH

the First.

*A Tragedie.*

---

*Written by* THOMAS GOFFE *Ma-*  
ster 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. FAVVET, for  
RICHARD MEIGHEN.

1632.

THE  
GOVERNMENT

149,574

May, 1873

REVENUE

THE

...

...

...

...

...



LONDON

...

...



TO THE NO LESSE HO-  
noured then Deserving, Sir  
WALTER TICHBORNE  
Knight.

SIR,



*His with another Trage-  
dy intituled, The raging  
Turke, the issue of one  
mans braine; are now  
come forth together from  
the Presse, neerer allyed,  
even as Twins in this their second birth;  
They are full of Glory, Strength, and in-  
deed full of what not; that beautifies? The  
more apt to be soyled, opposed, and disgra:  
ced; the rather, because the Author ha's  
made Exit hence. The intent, and use  
of Dedication as I have observed, is to no*

## The Epistle Dedicatory.

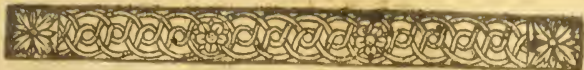
other end then that ignorance and spite,  
(sworne Enemies to ingenuity) should know  
upon their dull or envious dislikes, whe-  
ther to repayre and receive reformation.  
The fatherlesse fellow-Orphan to this work  
resteth safe under the protection of your most  
noble Brother, my much honoured Friend,  
Sir Richard Tichborne Knight and Ba-  
ronet: 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 tendring  
the Love and unfained acknowledgements,  
of

Your most embounden Servant

RICHARD MEIGHEN.

To





# TO THE AVTHOR IN THAT

Transcribing his Book, without his knowledge I was  
bound by promise to stand to his pleasure to keepe  
it or burne it.

I Will not praise this Worke, 'twere labor lost,  
Rich Pearles best praise themselves, nor will I boast  
To be possesst of more than *Indians* wealth,  
That were the way to loose't 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 durst  
Vnbidden thus, Ransacke your pretious store;  
This magazine of wit, so choyce; nay more,  
Steale from the chariot of the glorious Suaine,  
This heavenly fire, what shall I say 'tis done;  
I doe confesse the inditement, pittie 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 wary beames of Mercy,  
Breake glimpsing forth of your imperious eye.  
O let me beg reprove, 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* sands,  
Now he the Prisoner at your mercy stands.

*Ergo ibit in ignes*  
*Hoc opus, aeternum ruet & tot bella, tot Enses;*  
*In Cineres dabit hora nocens:*

*The Prologue.*

**W**ere not our present subject mixt with feare,  
'Twould much affright us to see all you heere.  
One would suffice us, or no Auditor,  
Nash to himselfe an ample Theater,  
Let rude Plebejans thinke so, but we know  
All judgments here from the same Spring doe flow,  
All here have but one censure, all one brest,  
All sonnes of the same Mother; but the rest  
We preoccupare 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  
Destin'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 Muses Progeny to greet,  
Which under our Roofe, now the third time meet,  
We will not ope the booke to you, and show  
A story word by word, as it doth goe,  
But give invention leave to undertake,  
Of it's owne straines, some benefit to make:  
For though a Tragieke Pen may be confin'd,  
Within a studies private Wall, the mind  
Must be unbounded, and with inventions Steele,  
Strike fire from alicnt Flints ———  
So free we are from setting any price,  
On these our studied Vanities, that advice  
Almost disdain'd the whispers of those tongues  
Which private first, though vented publike wrongs:  
To the Patient Patient of. We'll here begin  
To be a little peremptory, oh that sinne  
Of wilfull indiscretion, tis no bayes  
To make us Garland of our owne mouthes praise,  
Which who affect, may they so Lawrell lacke,  
That standers 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 dandling love be knowne,  
But unto those had off spring of their owne,  
And for we are assured that here be  
No braines so curst with blacke sterilitie,  
But of some nature they can freely call,  
Births more mature, and Celestiall,  
Their studies issue, they like kindest Mothers,  
{With tender hands will swath the limbes of others,

THE  
ARGUMENT.



Suppos'd Victory by AMURATH  
Obtain'd in Greece, where many captives take,  
One among the rest, IZENE, conquers him;  
For taken with her love, he sounds retreat,  
Eternally from Warre: but after, mov'd

With murmur 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 Confinnes 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 Cassanae's Plaines, 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.

AMVRATH.

LALA SCHAHIN. ————— Tutor to *Amurath*.

EVRENOSES, } two Turkish

CHASE ILLIBEGGB. } Captaines.

COBELITZ. ————— a Christian Captaine.

LAZARVS the Despot or Governour of *Servia*.

SASMENOS ————— Governour of *Bulgaria*.

ALADIN ————— Sonne in Law to *Amurath*:  
and King of *Caramania*.

Two Lords with ALADIN. }

Two Embassadors. }

BAIAZET, ————— Eldest Sonne to *Amurath*.

IACYL, ————— Youngest Sonne to *Amurath*.

CARRADIN BASSA. — A Governour under the Turke.

*For the Maske.*

*Jupiter.* } *Mars.* } *Apollo.* } *Neptune.* } *Hector.* } *Alex.*

*June.* } *Venus.* } *Pallas.* } *Cupid.* } *Achil.* } *Phil.*

*Women Actors.*

EVMORPHE, ————— Concubine to *Amurath*.

MENTHE. ————— An attendant on *Eumorphe*.

HATVN, — Daughterto the Lord of *Phrygia*, married  
to *Baiazer*.

ALDINES Wife. — Two little Boyes with her.

*Mutes.*

Men *Christians* taken, given to *Amurath* for *Ianizaries*.

Sixe *Christian Maidens* presented to *Hatun* supposed to  
be Kings Daughters.





THE  
COVRAGIOVS  
TVRKE,

O R,  
AMVRATH  
the first.

Actus, I. Scæna, I.

*Enter as from Warre, Lala-Schahin at one doore, with warlike  
Musicke, Souldiers, & March. Enter to him at the o-  
ther doore, Amurath in State, with Eumorphe  
his Concubine, attendants L. and Ladies.*

*Amurath.*



E dumb those now harsh notes, our softer eares  
Shall never be acquainted with such sounds,  
Peace (our grand) Captain, see here *Amurath*,  
That would have once confronted *Mars* him-  
(selfe,

(Acknowledged for a better Deity)

Puts off ambitious burdens, and doth hate

Through bloody Rivers to make passages,  
Whereby his Soule might flote to *Acheron*,  
Wrinkle your browes no more (sterne fates) for we  
Scorne to be made the servi'e Ministers  
To cut those threads, at which your selves have trembled,  
Esteeming us the fiercer Destiny.

The Contagious Turke; or,

Yet must great *Amurath* thanke those sacred powers,  
They have enricht our soules with such a price,  
As had those *Heroes* whose revengefull Armes,  
Serv'd *Mars* a ten yeares Prentiship at *Troy*,  
Ere dream'd succeeding times should be possesst,  
With such an unparalel'd unprized beauty as my *Sainx*.  
They would not have prevented so their blisse,  
But beene most humble Sutors to the Gods,  
To have protracted 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, dazle the lesser fires.  
*Iove* Ile outbrave thee ! melt thy selfe in Lust  
Embrace at once all starre-made Concubines,  
Ile 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 *Greece*, one *Grecian* conquered me.

*Eum.* But (gracious Lord) those streames (we see) soone ebbe,  
Which with outrageous swelling flow to fast,  
Forbid (*Lucina*) this soone kindled fire,  
Should ere burne out it selfe 'tis a true Theame,  
That nere last long, that seemeth most extreme.

*Amur.* Can this rich price of nature, precious jem  
Give entertainment to suspecting 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 perswasion,  
Stand 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 *Europæes* which they say made *Iove*,  
Turne a wild Heyfer: next, this sparkling eye  
Was the *Ænonian* Io's; then, this hand

A M V R A T H *the first.*

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

*Scha.* Braver resolution, O the fond thoughts of man,  
 Awake *Envo!* Ile find stratagemms :  
 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.

*Amar.* *Schahin*, 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. *Schahin*, be free in wit;  
 And suddaine : now come my Kingdomes Pride :  
*Hymen* would wed himselfe to such a Bride. *Exeunt all but Scab.*

*Actus, Primi. Scena, 2.*

*Scab.* Nature, and all those uniuersed powers,  
 Which shew'd such Admirable Godlike skill,  
 In framing this true modell of our selues,  
 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 that best part of man,  
 (Reason) doth sway and rule each Passion.  
 Affections are good Servants : but if will  
 Make them once Master, theyle prove Tyrants still.  
 No more King now: poore Subject *AMVRATH*,  
 Whom I have seene breake through a Troope of Men,

Like



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 staires to Heaven :  
 And now lyeth lurking in a womans armes  
 Drencht in the Lethe of Ignoble lust,  
 Appoints me for the wanton Enginere  
 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 in incestuous pleasure  
 For all good men to laugh and scorne at once.  
 Borne 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 grasse and flowers: for what else is our state ?  
 Vp to the top but then the waight sh ill fall  
 Vpon their head that caus'd it. Worke (my braine)  
 Tush, blood, not water must wash off this staine. *Exit.*

*Scena, 3. Actus quinti.*

*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 starres 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 insipitious  
 Of thee, then all the painted Truls, whose eyes  
 Bedecke the all ennameld Firmament.

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



AMVRATH the first.

Blasts off: and every humerous streame of griefe,  
 Which flowes from forth these Fountaines of our eyes,  
 Washeth away, as raine doth Winters snow.  
 But those blest gaideres 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 thrones, 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, 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? Goddess, we adore,  
 And Idolize; what we but loved before;  
 What Divels have men beene, whose furious braines  
 Have oft abus'd that Deity cald Woman:  
 Dipping thir Ravens quill in *Strygian* Inke,  
 To blast such heavenly paper as your faces.  
 Were all the enticing lusts, damn'd policios,  
 Prodigious fascinations, unsearcht thoughts,  
 Dissembled teares, broke vowes, loath'd appetites,  
 Luxurious and unsatiate desires.  
 Were all these of Women equally weighed,  
 That vertue in thy brest, '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.

*Am.* Tell him we're wholly bent for expectation. *Exit Serv.*  
 Sit, sit (my Queene) Musicke exceed your Spheares,  
 Thinke I am *love*, and Godlike please our eares.

The Couragious Turke; Or,

Scena, 4. Actus, 1.

A Masque.

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

Cupid sings.

Gaze you mortals, gaze you still,  
On the Gods now looke your fill.  
Ioue and Iuno are descending,  
Yet her lealoufie's not ending,  
Mars, sterne Mars, he will not fight,  
But with Venus when 'tis Night.  
Daphne crownes Apolloes head,  
Whom she would embrace in Bed,  
Neptune swels his frothy cheekes,  
Cause Diana is not meeke.  
Gaze you mortals, &c.

*Jup.* Come now my (Sister and Wife) wee'l begin  
To court afresh ! Nay, loure not ( Heavens Queene )  
Heere on this greene we'll a Lavalto dance,  
What if our haire 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 *Nepenthe* ) take your Queenes, 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, speaketh thus.

*Jup.* 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 *Points at En-*  
For some new Harlot, some new Queene for you. *morphe.*

*Imp. Juno, Wife.*

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

*Jupiter.* Shall still sinister thoughts wrong our intent,  
Wel (*Juno*) wel, you'le ever be a woman,  
A very, very woman ! But since she scolds,  
Let's hence (yee Gods) lest 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  
Suspitious tongues would blame most innocent mirth.

*Here all the Gods and Goddesses ascend at the top of the  
ascend, Juno stops and speaks.*

*Jun.* Wel ! *Jove* lookt pale ! I toucht him to the quicks !  
'Tis some new Minion he came downe to see !  
Ha! ke (jealousie) know *Juno* is a woman !  
Am I not mad yet ? Mistris Bride, adiew :  
*Jove* shal not steale a kisse ? My curse is past,  
When thou sleep'st first a Bride, mayst sleepe thy last. *Exit.*

*Cupid.* Faire Bride I sang thy *Epithalamy*,  
And left *Elisium* for thy Nuptials :  
*Juno* here thundered 'gainst the Thunderer,  
Knowing how thy beauty dazles hers,  
She durst not let heavens King once glance a looke,  
But threatned with her helbred incantations,  
To metamorphise thine unparaleld  
And most caelestiall shape into worse formes;  
And more prodigious than ever poysoned charmes:  
Wrought on the fabled Concubines of love :



The Couragious Turke; or,

But know great Queene my Mother *Venus* vowes  
Her everlasting guard to save such beauty,  
Lest if thou perissh, Nature her selfe  
Loo'e her onely patterne of serenity,  
But I must halt, Love which the Gods protect,  
Can never be indangered by neglect. *Ascendit.*

*Amur.* *Scabin*, thine Art is excellent; but say,  
Doe Gods fall out for love amongst themselves?

*Scab.* 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 thankfull  
And rest a Debtor to your curtesie.

*Schab.* Not so faire Queen, but durst I now entreat  
The Kings detaining from the sweets of Bed,  
There yet remains one thought upon concept,  
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!

*Scab.* But then let me informe your Majesty,  
That 'tis a warriors shew, which once you loved,  
But now are free from.

*Amur.* 'Tis best of all, with greedinesse we'l 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 (*Eumorphe*) *Scabin*, thy shew in hast;  
'Tis best delight, to thinke on troubles past.

*Scena, 5. Actus, 1.*

*Enter in Masques the Ghost of Hector and Achilles, to  
whom Alexander the great stands gazing on them,  
whilst Fame speaks from aloft.*

*Fam.* Stay you most worthy shades! brave Hector stay!  
And proud Achilles, know your massie Tombes,

Which



Which have so long orewhelm'd your valiant bones  
 Yawnes wide to let the imprisoned coarles forth.  
 I must afresh imbalme your sacred Trunkes,  
 And sweet your memory with most happy oyle,  
 Of just report, the Gods awakt me Fame  
 From out the oblivious Sepulcher of sleepe,  
 To drop that Inke into old *Homers* pen,  
 Werewith he curiously hath lin'd your names,  
 Enfolding them in Everlasting Cedar,  
 And made them live to all posterity.  
 Vertue to valour hath his gift assign'd,  
 Great men may dye, yet deeds still rest in mind.

*Exeunt umbra Hectoris & Achillis, Manet Alexander looking after them, reading in Homer.*

*Alexand.* Μήτω ἀεὶδε θεῶν πελέαδεω Ἀχιλλέως  
 Most fortunate young man, whose worth is crown'd  
 With everlasting Trophies of renowne,  
 How hath he fet thee on the wings of Fame  
 Which soare i'th middle region of high glory  
 Propos'd to all, a never dying story.

*Enter to Alexander, Philoxenus a Captaine.*

*Phi.* May it please the (Sonne of *Iupiter*) to accept  
 A Present, which our fight enricht us with?

*Alex.* Is it a Band of stubborn Souldiers Captaine?

*Philox.* Ono (my Liege) of exquisite form'd Ladies,  
*Darius* his wife, the wonder of her Sexe,  
 Besides a Troope of such shapt *Ganimedes*,  
 That love not equals.

*Alex. Philoxenus,* We thanke 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 trunkke of ours,  
 Is but a Vessell filld with humane blood,  
 And we trust not that Parasite like pen,

The Couragious Turke ; or,

Ἰχῶς διὸς πρῆτε περ μάχαρον θεῶν.

All the destroying vices of fraile man,  
Imay be subject to, but what base loosenefie,  
Or supple Luxury, didst thou ere obscure  
So to benumme our sence, that thou shouldst thinke  
We could be pleas'd with such effeminate Presents,  
\* Know fir 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 unshap't,  
His minde being all his guard, his wall, and armour,  
And if he fall, still noble wrath remaines,  
In his amased Trunke : not all the darts  
Stucke in his sides, making him ail one wound,  
Affright his courage, but wrath lending weapons,  
Himselfe doth seeme a new and horrid Warre.  
Nor are those Milke-sops which beguile the time,  
With stealing minutes from their Ladies lips  
Such as the Gods doe love ; for as the Winde  
Looseth it's force, if it be not oppos'd  
With woods of strong and stubborne planted trees,  
So vertue, if it walke in troden paths,  
That breakes up honours gap, and makes the way  
Through pathes of death, that flame burnes strong  
Which is resisted : valor shines in wroag :  
Of *Alexanders* Souldiers be this sed,  
Warre was as peace, when he the army led.

*Exit.*

*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 himselfe.  
The world's a field too narrow for thy worth !  
And although Nature, hath her enacted bounds  
For Sea and Earth, nay for the Heavens themselves,  
Nor Sea nor Earth, shall coope thy valour up :

Valour

*Alexander dixit  
et dolores omnes  
eruit esse Perficas  
in illis.*

*Exit Philoxenus.*

AMURATH the first.

Valour of Nature ever this attaines  
That it breakes 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 sinnes :  
\* 'Tis a dēcree of a true Souldiers mind,  
To thinke nought done, when ought is left behind,  
On (valiant youth) for, know I will appoiat;  
A *Grecian* Prince who so shall steepe his quill  
To paint out thy name in Wels of eloquence,  
That this thy scorne 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.

*Incan de Casare  
Nil credens astū  
cum quid supero  
esset agendo.*

*Amurath seems troubled yet collecting himselfe, dis-  
sembles his Passion, speaks.*

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

*Scab.* Great Prince, such kindnesse of acceptance payes :  
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 !  
As I may we wish this night æternall time,

*Scabin,* good night : good night (kind Gentlemen!)  
Thus when we are dead shall we revive oth' stage :  
One hour can present a Kings whole age.

*Exeunt omnes.*



ACTUS, II. Scæna, I.

Enter Schahin, Eurenoses.

*Sensh.* Observ'd you not the Kings looks? Grew they not

*Euren.* O yes (Lord *Scabin*) you must be his Parent? (pale)  
And snatch him out'h the Gulph he's falling in,  
That fained speech of *Alexanders* 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 (*Eurenoses*) 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 *Gysiphon*, what snaked scourge  
Can make a Scholler, that should never sleepe,  
But twixt the Pillowes of *Pernassus* Hills,  
And dip his lips in springs of *Helicon*,  
Make him by inoaring on a wanton breast,  
And sucke the adulterate and spiced breath  
Of a lewd fained woman?

*Euren.* And for a Souldier (*Scabin*,) 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 Womans cruelty?  
We that endure no Lords, shall we endure:  
A woman to overcome us? Most true *Demophon*!  
I reverence thy memory, no pewling phrase  
Could so enchain thee to thy *Thracian* Dame,  
But thou wouldst rather perish than she save thee.  
Ile not declaime 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



AMVRATH the first.

They will admit another. *Lucrece* in the day  
To be a *Thais*, if the night will not gain-say.

*Scab.* Why (*Eurenos*) why should we endure  
A new Queen now? this Kingdom wants not heires?  
We know (should we have more) 'twere dangerous,  
But harke! The Queens for Bed, inticing sleepe *(soft Musicks)*  
With charmes of Musicke: wel, even such a Night,  
May yet prove dismall ere the following Light!

*Eurenos.* *Scabin*, let's in:

The first degree to purge such ils as these,  
Is to instruct the patient his disease:  
That you have done.

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

*Euren.* An easie Medicine doth and sure wil work,  
To rub shrewd wounds, make them but fester more,  
Foule Medicines we worfe brook, than a foule sore.

SCENA 2. ACTUS 2.

Enter *Eumorphe* as to Bed in her Night-ropes, attended  
With Tapers and Ladies.

*Menthe.* Madam make halt! The King will be impatient  
If he be from you long. O Happinesse.

*Eumorph.* Why *Menthe*, 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?

*Menthe.* Yes (truly Madam) 'tis a happinesse.

*Eumorph.* 'Tis, were't Eternal: but I feare a power  
A womans power, doth but make sport with us;

The Contagious Turke; or,

Why, were we not once *Menthe*, a Captive (Wretch?)

*Menthe*. Yes Lady! now your happinesse the more:  
Riches please best, when there went want before.

*Ent*. That power which rais'd us from so base, so high,  
Can throw us downe againe as suddainly:  
Me thinks 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.

*Menthe*. 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.

*Ent*. No (*Menthe*) no, 'tis not the Bed of state,  
Nor the free smile of a well pleased King:  
'Tis not the embracing Armes of Emperors,  
Nor all the Gemmes that so inwreath 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 Queenes whose breasts secure  
Like brazen walles, Lust's entrance not endure  
Where impotent ambition not intrudes,  
Nor the unstable talke of multitudes;  
Fortune serves such, they happinesse 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.

*Menthe*. Madam, divine not of a change; Believe

\* Is too too prone, in entertaining griefe!

*Ent*. Our Lord attends to enter in,  
And surely sleepe envyeth his delight,  
For he sits heavy on my drow sic liddes,

Draw all our Curtaines; sleepe beguiles our eares. (fearest)

*Menthe*. (Madam) good night, time helps suspicious

LEXIT *Menthe*.

The

*Seneca's Bona in  
omni semper  
in quibus sita.*

AMURATH the first.

This Song is to be sung in the Musicks room  
to soft Musicks, now when shee looks, shee's dreaming  
sent to Blissfull.

Drop golden showers, gentle sleep,  
And all the Angels of the Night,  
Which doe us in protection keep,  
Make this Queene dreame of delight  
Morpheus be kind a litle, and be  
Deals new true Image, for 'twill prove  
To this poore Queene, that then thou art hee;  
Her grave is made 's Bed of love:  
Thus with sweet sweets can Heaven mixe gall,  
And marriage turne to Poxerall.

Scena 3. Actus 2.

Enter Amurath in his Night robes, a Taper in his hand,  
seemes much disturbed, speaks.

Amur. Turke, Amurath, slave say something baser.

King! For all aery titles which the Gods  
Have blasted man withall, to make them swell  
With puffed up honour, and ambitious wind,  
This name of King holds greatest antipathy  
With manly government, for if we waigh,  
'Tis subjects, and not Kings, beare all the sway.  
Each whispered murmur from their idle breath,  
Condemnes a King to Infamy, to death;  
Were there a Metempsychosis of soules,  
And nature should a free Election grant  
What things they afterwards would reinforme  
The vaine and haughtiest minds the Sun ere saw,  
Would chuse it's Cottage in some Shepherds 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 Censure of each popular voyce;  
Poore men may love, and none their wils correct:



*The Couragious Turke; or,*

But all turne Satyres of a Kings affect !  
O my base greatnesse! What disalterovs starre,  
Profest it selfe a Midwife at my birth,  
To shape me into such 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 securest rest,  
Not that hath none, but that regards it least.  
Open you envious Curtaines here's a sight, *Drawes the Curtaine.*  
That might commend the act of Love so Chast ;  
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 despight of darke conspiring Clouds,  
She would out-shine Sunne, Moone, and all the Stars,  
O, I could court thee now (my sweet) a fresh,  
Mixing a kisse with every period :  
Telling the Lillies how they are but wanne,  
Earth in the vernant spring is dull, and darke,  
Compar'd with this aspect ! the *Aesterne ayre,*  
Famed with the wings of *Mercury* and *Jove,*  
*Alex,* Infectious, but compar'd with this perfume !  
Hence then th'ambition of that furious \* youth,  
Who knew not what a crime his rashnesse was !  
I might overcome more Kingdomes ; have more dominion  
Enthroned my selfe an Emperor ! oth' world,  
I might ! I might ! *Amurath* thou mightst !  
The Christians now will scoffe at *Mahomet* ;  
Perchance they sent this wretch thus to inchant 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 rumor) 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.  
*Emmerphe,* sweet, I come ! you sacred powers,



AMURATH, the first.

Who have bestow'd some happinesse on man,  
To helpe to passe away this sintul Life,  
Grant me a youthfull vigor yet a while,  
Full veines, free strength, compleat and manly fence  
To know, and taste a beauty most immensel.

SCENA 4. ACTUS 2.

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

Schahin. Amurath, Amurath?

Amur. Divil, Divil? What?

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

Schah. O Amurath, why doth intemperate Lust  
Raging within thy furious youthfull veines,  
Burst through thy fathers Tombe? Disturbe 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 Ulcer. 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 Hell spout,  
When the flood stood which wind for to obey?  
Euxinum groan'd beneath my burdenous 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 veines,  
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,

The Contagious Turke; *OF*

Be venomous as Scorpions ! If the conceiv'd,  
A Generation from thee, let it be  
As ominous as thou hast beene to me !  
Rebellious to thy Præcepts, printing cares,  
Vpon thy aged browes, O may they prove,  
As Faeries for to lask thee in thy rest !  
But *Amurash*, 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.

*Exit Scabin.*

*Amur.* What art thou vanish? Know (thou carefull spright)  
Thou shalt no sooner pierce the wandring Clouds  
With unperceiv'd flight, than my resolute  
Shall expiate my former Vanity !  
Looke on thy sonne thou (aery intellect)  
And see him sacrifice to thy command !  
Now *Titan* turne thy breathing curses backe !  
Start hence bright day, a sable Cloud invade  
This Vniverfall Globe, breake every prop,  
And every hindege that doth sustaine the Heavens :  
For straight must dye a woman, I have named  
A crime, that may accuse all Nature guilty.  
The Sexe wisely considered, deserves a death ;  
For thinke this (*Amurash*) this woman may,  
Prostrate her delicate and Ivory limbes,  
To some base Page, or Scul, or shrunk up Dwarf:  
Or let some Groome lye feeding on her lips,  
She may devise some mishapen trick,  
To satiate her goatish *Amurash*,  
And from her bended knees at Meditation,  
Be taken by some slave toth' deepe of Hell !  
Th'art a brave Creature, wert thou not a woman :  
Tutor ! Come ! thou shalt see my well-kept vow,

And

A M Y R A Y N ' s the first.

And know my hate, which saw me dote but now ?  
*Sebabin* ! *Eurenosos* ! *Captaines* ho !

*Scena, 5: Actus, 2.*

*Enter, Sebabin, Eurenosos, Chafe-Il-Begge.*

Our Tutor, *Eurenosos*, *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 sence as ( *Sight* )

Whereby such objects are enjoy'd as this !

Which of you now imprison not your thought

In envious and silent policy.

*Seab.* My Lord to whatsoever you shall propose,  
 My sentence shall be free.

*Euren.* And mine. *Chafe-Il.* And mine.

*Ans.* Which of you then dare challenge to himself,

Such a pathetique a Prærogative,

So stoically severed from affection,

That had he such a Creature as lyeth here,

One, at whom Nature her selfe stood amazed :

One, whom these 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 gra'ps her eye-lids close ;

The sky it selfe hath onely so much blew

As the azure in her veines, bends by reflexe.

Here's breath that would those vapors purifie,

Which from *Avernus* chokes the flying Birds !

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

Though all his bloud with age were congealed yce !

Now, which of you all is so temperate ;

That, did he find this Jewell in his Bed



*The Courageous Turke ; or,*

( Vnlesse an Eunuch ) could refraine to grapple,  
And dally with her ? Come ! Speake freely all.

*Son.* Truly (my Lord) I came of mortall Parents  
And much confesse me subject to desires ;  
Freely enjoy your Love !

That were she mine, I surely would doe no lesse.

*Amur.* What sayth Eurenoses ?

*Euren.* My Lord, I say ;

That they may raile at light, that nere saw day ;  
But, had I such a Creature by my side  
Were the world twice enlarged, and all that world  
Orecome by me, all volumes writ,  
Made cleane and filld 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 ſu Beg ?*

*Chaf.* What need your Grace depend upon our breath ?  
I vow (my Lord,) if all those scrupulous things  
Which burden us with præcepts so præcise,  
Those Parents which when they are married once  
And past their strength of yeares, thinke their soanes 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 chiefeſt jem t' adorne it,  
Spite of all hate, that's an unhappy ſtate  
When Kings muſt feare to love, leaſt ſubjects hate.

*Amur.* Wel ſpoke three Milk-ſops, *Sebahin !* Your Sword !  
Now, now be valour in this manly arme *Seahin gives him a*  
To cut off troupes of thoughts that would invade me ! *Sword.*  
Thinke you my minde is waxie to be wrought,  
By any faſhion, *Orchines* thy ſtrength,  
Here doe I wiſh as did that Emperour,  
That all the heads of that inticing Sexe,  
Were upon hers, thus then ſhould one full ſtroake  
Mow them all off.

*Heere Amurath cuts off Eu-*  
*morphes head, ſhewes it to the Nobles*  
*There*



AMVRATH. *the first.*

There, kisse now (Captaines) doe I and clap her cheeks;  
This is the face that did so captive me:  
These were the lookes that so bewicht 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 happinesse.  
Now Tutor, shall our swords be exercis'd,  
In ripping up the breasts of Christians.  
Say Generals! Whether is first?

*All.* For *Thracia*!

*Amvrath.* On then for *Thracia*, for he surely shall  
That conquers first himselfe, soone conquer all. *Exeunt omnes.*

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ACTUS III. Scæna I.

*Enter Cobelitz solus.*

*Cobelitz.* Thou sacred guider of the arched Heavens,  
Who canst collect the scattering starres, and fixe  
The Erratique Planet in the constant Pole,  
O why shouldst 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,  
Unbinds 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 haire with furious heat;  
Which to allay too, thou op'st the Chataracts,  
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;

E

Thou

*The Couragious Turke; or,*

Thou mightest sinke to Earth) to baffle thee ?  
A warrier in thy Fields, I long have beene  
To see if in thy sacred providence,  
Thou meantst to arme me 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 behest,  
He must performe: and in obedience rest.  
Thou, like Spectators when they doe behold  
A hardy youth encountring with a Beare,  
Or something terrible; then they give a shout,  
So dost thou even applaud thy selfe to see,  
Religion striving with Calamity.  
Which while it often beares, and still rests true,  
It's fence 'gainst all that after shall ensue.  
*Turke*, ile oppose thee still! Heaven has decreed:  
That this weake hand, shall make that tyrant bleed.  
A man religious, firme, and strongly good  
Cannot oth' fiddaine be, nor understood.      *Exit.*

*Scene, 2. Actus, 3.*

*Enter Amurath in Armes, Schahin, Captaines,  
Soldiers.*

*Amurath.* Rise (Soule!) enjoy the prize of thy brave worth!  
*Schahin!* 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 sloop to us; O, I would bath my hands  
In their warme blood to make them supple. (*Schahin;*)  
That they may weild more Speares! our hands are dull,  
Our furie's patient! now will I be a *Turke*,  
And to our Prophets altars doe I vow,  
That to his yoke I will all necks tubdue,  
Or in their throates my bloody sword imbrew.

Here Schahin calls in his soldiers, and each of them presents to Amurath, the head of a dead Christian.

*Schah.* Then King, to adde fresh oyle unto thy hate,  
And make it raise it selfe a greater flame,  
See here these Christians heads; thus still shall fall  
Before thy fatall hand, these impious slaves;  
So long as number's wanting to the sand,  
So long as day shall come with Sunne, and night  
Be spangled with the twilight dawning starres,  
Whilst floods shall fall into the Ocean  
Shall Christians tremble at *Turkes* thundring stroakes.

*Amurat.* Soam I *Amurath* the great King of *Turkes*,  
O how it glads me thus to pash 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 *Orchans* great throne,  
And sacrifice due rites to *Mahomet*;  
Yet why enough? Ile on and dung the Earth,  
With Christians rotted trunckes, that fro that soyle,  
May spring more Cadmean Monsters to orecome the  
Captaines, what Countries next shal we make flow,  
With Channels of their blood?

*Euren.* To *Servia* (my Lord) there are troupes of armies,  
Gathered to resist *Mahometans*.

*Chase.* At *Bulgaria*, there they set on fire,  
The Countries as they passe, 'twere good we haste.

*Amur.* 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 itay thou thy flight,  
And see the snakes in their owne River drencht,  
Whilst with their blood our furious thirst is quencht!



The Courageous Turke, or,

Scena 3. Actus 3.

Enter in armes, Lazarus, Despot of Servia, Sefmenos Governour of Bulgaria.

Lazar. Whether (*Bulgaria*) whether must we flye?  
The Butcherous Turke's at hand. Blest Sanctity!  
If thou didst ere guard goodnesse, wall our towers?  
Bring strength into our Nerves! For in thy cause  
Our Brests upon their Rapiers we will run;  
We'll with just hope contro at the tyrants rage,  
Meet him in the face, fury will finde us armes:  
There is a power can guard us from all harmes.

Sefm. Let's be souldain: for we'l not find scope,  
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 Turke's at hand,

Lazar. (*Cobelitz*) must we still wade thus deepe  
In blood and terror.

Cob. Yes (*Servia*) we must, we should, we ought,  
Ease and successe keeps basenesse company,  
Shall we not blush to see the register  
Of those great Romans, and Heroicke Greekes,  
Which did those acts (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 nor to know life's chiefe, and better parts:  
To us of future hopes; calamity  
Must helpe to purchase immortality.

Sef. Well spoke (true Christian) they who still live high,  
And snore in prais'd applause nere know to beare,  
A contunely, or checke a fate,  
Wisely to steere a Ship, or guide an Army,  
Vndanted hardinesse is requisite;  
(O) then lets to our weapons! make him yeild,  
They which deay all right, oft give't ith' Field.

Enter



*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! come in my Cabinet? *speakes as*  
2. Conspiring slave you murmur'd gin's th'allowance, drunk.  
And wouldst perswade upon a larger pay, *Answer the other.*  
To betray all Garrisons, and turne *Turke.*

Thou halfe Can-carousing rascall, Ile teare thee,  
And those treacherous veines of thine, will you see.

*Llew-jackets.* Will you see your Corporall wrong'd?  
Well, since I fight for victuals for company,  
Use now your swords and Bucklers, *The other to his men.*

*Here they all fall by the eares.*

*Lazar.* Treason the next man that speakes or strikes a blow!

*Sold.* Then shall our Laundresses fight for us.

2. Why, Amazons! Baudicans, come helpe to scratch!

*Enter some Trulls on both sides, they fight and scratch.*

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

*Trulls 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 'mongst your selves so strong an obloquie *Th: Generall*  
That revenge spurs you to each others death? *parts them with*

And will not seeke to wash those blasphemies, *his sword.*  
In Seas of their foule blood, which they belcht out.

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

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

*A Drum from the Turke's Campe.*

Harke their Drums take advantage of these stirres!

Let us oppose our strength against our foe!

And in our Campe let not one souldier be,

Who will not finde and strike his Enemies.

*The Courageous Tarke ; or,*

*Cob.* Now (blest guider 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 flaine 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 beleve,  
Those dangers worth our death we undergoe,  
Whilst who is ours, is all alike thy foe;  
Should fortune loose this day when we are flaine,  
Thou canst give hands, and strength, and men againe;  
On thee we trust then, and on thee beare,  
Scorning for Heavens sake to shed a teare,

*Scena 4. Actus 3.*

*A march Within, excursions, alarmes. Enter as Conquerours, Cairadin Bassa, Scabin, leading young men Christians, Prisoners.*

*Schab. Bassa!* we thanke thy valor and discretion,  
In finding fit occasion to invade  
The mutinons Christians! these Captives here  
Shall be good presents to our worthy Master.

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

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

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

AMVRATH the first.

With stubborn hard resistance, The *Bulgarians*  
Left the right wing; there set I forward first,  
And like a torrent row'd destruction on,  
Raising huge stormes of blood, as doth the Whale,  
Puffe up the Waves against a mighty Ship;  
Me thinks I see the Rivers of their gore:  
Their Leaders trampled on by *Turkish* Horse,  
The body of their army quite disperst;  
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,

*Scab.* Still are they confident upon a power,  
They know not what, who (as they think) can snatch  
Their præcise soules from out the jawes of death.

*Bass.* Yes, such a superstition doth possesse them,  
For when they lookt for nothing but their fate,  
And danger stood in sweat upon their browes?  
They yet scorn'd *Mahomet*, and prophan'd his rites,  
And nought but horror made them to beleewe him;  
So many men were fighting on his side:  
As might have chang'd my seat, and part it's world,  
(Though Nature stood against) to a new place:  
Or carry *Sestos* whereby *Abydos* stands,  
Or pull downe *Atlas* with so many hands.

Scena 5. Actus 3.

Enter Amurath with Embassadors from *Germaine Ogly*,  
concerning *Bajazet*, Amurath's Eldest sonne, and the  
*Mahometans* Daughter. *Cairadin Bassa* pre-  
sents Amurath with his Captives for  
*Ianizaries*, *Schahin*. &c.

*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 Courageous Turke; or,*

How Fortune did involue them in their ruine,  
And flight from danger, brought them into danger.  
Each one astonish'd with a suddaine feare,  
Knew not the danger that was then most neare.

*Bassa.* To adde more tryumph, I present my Liege, *Bassa*  
With these young Rebels, which you may bring up, & *Schabin*  
In all the præcepts of our Mahomet: *presents Amurath*

*Scab.* And for great Emperor, your person wants, *with Cap-*  
A thing which much ore-Clouds your light of state, *tives for*  
Attendant *Ianizaries* to a Prince: *Ianizaries.*

These may be so trained up, as to supply  
The duty fit for such a Majesty:

*Ans. Bassa* we thanke thy strength: *Schabin* your counsaile,  
And to that end, let them have safe protection.  
But we must treat now of a marriage (Lords)  
The German *Ogly*, he who Scepter swayes  
The *Phrygian* confines in strong *Asia*,  
By Embassie intreats that he may joyne  
His Daughter *Hatam* to our *Bajazet* |  
Embassador here to our Councill 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 combin'd  
To the faire Princessse his sole Daughter:  
He freely giues the *Phrygian* territories,  
And *Bythunia* to you for your Dowry;  
*Catar, Siman, Egregios, Sarsale,*  
*Abbettingon,* the *Ottomans* estate,  
Which *Ottomans*, because he not endures,  
The Noble *Zelzucciom* family protests,  
To joyne with you in quelling their ambition.

*Scab.* May't please your Majesty to like mine advice  
It's good to have allyance 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, knees, and his whole strength, could never breake;

Take



AMVRATH *the first.*

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.

*Ans.* Yes *Schabin* we'll approve what thou sayest ;

Then from us carry the great *Asians* Monarch,  
This his kindest greeting :  
Tell him the gates of *Prusa* shall stand ope,  
And the glad ayre shall *Eccho* notes of joy,  
To entertaine her who shall blesse our Land,  
With hopefull issue ; greedy thoughts expect  
Her soone arrivall ; and so (*Embassador*)  
Enforme thy *Princess*, when she shall appeare,  
A lasting Starre shall shine within our Sphere !

Scena 6. *Actus* 3.

*Enter Sasmoros, Lazarus, Cobelitz.*

*Sa.* O *Servia*, our Cities are turned flames ;  
Each staves to hast his owne and others death :  
And as though Heaven conspir'd destructioun too,  
That raignes downe scalding Sulphure on our heads,  
Here one that lyes thicke gasping for his breath,  
Is choakt with blood that runs from's fellowes wounds,  
Whilst others for the dead are making Graves,  
Themselves are made the coarces 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 graue,  
Are thrust on faster !  
Infants but in the thresho'd of their lives,  
And thus kickt off, O most disastrous times,  
To love our deaths, and make our life our crimes.

*Laz.* See, see, the ruines of our goodly *Walles*,  
Our Cities smoake hinders the sight of heaven :  
The conquerour yet amaz'd measures out our Townes,

*The Couragious Turke* ; or,

With eyes of terror, and doth scarce beleve  
He hath orecome us ; yet among these fires,  
Our dead men are denyed their funerall flames :  
And those infectious Carkasses 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 slaughter meet.

*Saf.* Wil you doe so? speake for I am determin'd --

*Cob.* No (worthy Generall) Heaven avert  
And arme 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 hurls 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 blisse,  
Shall be made wide for us, the gate wide ope,  
And the spread Pallace entertaines with joy.  
Meane time, let's looke like men upon our grieve.  
Out frowne fate, Despot, *Bulgaria*, come !  
Turke ! once more at thee (Tyrant) mortals must,  
Command Heavens favor in a cause so just.

*Exeunt!*

*Actus*

Actus IIII. 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 soone to heare 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,  
Vpon her penitent knees be supplyant !

No sooner shall the *Tycian* splendent Sol,  
Open Heavens Casements, and inlarge the day,  
But his horse hooves 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 *Larenda*.

*Alad.* *Iconium* and *Larenda* ? I ? No more ?  
Had'st best looke first, how safe his *Prusa* 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 entrailles pant,  
As, wen the Sea is rais'd with Southerne gusts,  
The wind allay'd, yet still the Waves will tremble,  
Princes, now binde your selves with such strong chaines,  
Your faith and breaths can make ; 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. We all sweare we will.

Aladin. Then all here kisse my Sword,  
Which shall be steep within the head-mans throat:  
We'l make him know those will not flye in Warre,  
Which may in policie intreat a peace!  
Hast thy course (time) and soone reduce the yeare  
Ensignes may; Ensignes meet, Carmania's King,  
Great Aladin, scornes to avoyd a Turke:  
Princes, and Neighbours, muster up your strength,  
That we may meet him on his full Carriere  
And let it be Carmania's pride to say,  
To overcome him we askt no second day.

Scena 2. Actus 4.

Enter Amurath at one doore with Nobles Bajazet, Enter at  
th' other, Hatam, richly attended, they meet, salute in dumbe  
shew; Amurath ioynes the hands of the Prince, and Prin-  
cesse; whilst this is solemnizing, is sung to soft Musicke,  
this Song following.

Song.

Thine O Hymen, thine: O shee,  
Whose Beauties verse Calliope,  
Sing to Marriage rites an Io,

Io to Hymen.

Thorus. To thee Apollo is my sute,  
Lend me a while thy silver Lute,  
O what a Woe it is to bring,  
A Bride to Bed and never sing.

Io to Hymen.

When she's old, still seems she young,  
When she's weake, to her be strong!  
Be Cyprus, besh, and Paphos here,  
Love, sing with merry cheere.

Io to Hymen

AMURATH the first.

*Am.* You Gods of Marriage: sacred Protectoresse  
 Of lawfull propagations, and blest Love  
 Be most propitious to these grafted stemmes!  
 Drop dewing showers of generation on them!  
 Thinke (Sonne) this day too prodigall of blessing  
 As, that had *Juno* taskt thee (like *Alcides*)  
 To grapple with *Symphallides*, or clense  
*Angelas* stables: or like the Trojan Boy,  
 Sit like a Shepheard on *Dardaniu* Hills,  
 Such a reward as this faire Queen repayres,  
 O thou hop'd future off-spring spare thy Parent!  
 Hurt not this tender wombe, these Ivory worlds,  
 When you are borne; O be within your limbes,  
 The Grandfire *Amurath*, and fathers strength!  
 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 *Mabomet*!

*Hatam.* Most awfull father and my honored Prince,  
 Although it be enacted by the Heavens,  
 That in these bonds of marriage such curse  
 Attends on Princes above private men,  
 That nor affection, nor home-nourisht Love  
 But state and policy must elect their Wives.  
 Which must be fetcht from Countries farre remote!  
 Yet the protecting Powers have such a care,  
 Both of their off-springs and their Kingdomes state,  
 That to what they ordaine, they worke in us  
 A suddaine willingnesse 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 into the husbands soule,  
 Then may my Lord make his affection sure,  
 To be repayd with unattainted Love,  
 In which a pritty people ye shall live,

*The Couragious Turke; or,*

With soft and yeilding curtesie in all  
He shall command, my willing armes shall still,  
Be open' 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 performe,  
And (though my) Lord should frown, Ile be the same,  
Greene wood will burne with a continued flame :

*Bajaz.* Princeesse our ardor is already fired,  
Yet with no violent temerity ;  
Such as might feare it's short and soone deaying ;  
Thy vertue seemes so to exceed thy Sexe,  
And wisdom so farre to out-pace thy yeares,  
That, surely (Princeesse) 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 charmes  
Our last day of content shall never come ;  
Till we must part by th'unresisted doome,  
With a pleas'd error we will age beguile,  
All starres on us, an æquall yoke must smile.

*Amur.* Now (Lords) who'le 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,  
Be nimble as an Hart : Caper to the sphæres !  
O you are light, that wrnt the weight of yeares !

*Musicke.*  
Here *Amurath* ascends his Throne, the rest set downe to dance,  
*Bajazet* with *Hatam*, &c. the end of the dance, all kneele, *A-*  
*murath* begin an healtb, a flourish with Cornets.



A M U R A T H *the first.*

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

*Enter Eurenoses with sixe Christian Maidens, richly arrayed, their Haire 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 severall Kings,  
Whose Cities we have equall'd to the ground ;  
And of their Pallaces did torches make,  
To light their soules through the blacke Cave of death (*Acherō*)

*Am.* Describe (good Captaine) how the dogs were wearied.

*Euren.* So weary were they to indure to indure our swords,  
That by impetuous mutiny themselves,  
Turn'd on each other ; slew their Maisters ;  
Childrens own hands, tore out their fathers throats.  
And each one strove who should be slaughtered first ;  
Here did a brother pash out a Brothers braines,  
Some in stinking Quagmires, and deepe Lakes  
(Which they had made t' avoyd their excrements)  
Ran quicke, and in the lake lay buried.

*Am.* (Goon Executioner of our most just wrath!)

*Eu.* Nor did it leaye till death it selfe was weary:  
Murder grew faint, and each succeeding day,  
Shewed us the slaughter of the day before.  
'Mongst carkasses and funerals we stood,  
Denying those that liv'd such Ceremonies  
As in their Temples to the Indian Gods,  
With prayers and vowes they dayly offred :  
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 Couragious Turke ; or,*

Of my best service to your Majesty.

I here am bold to yeeld an offer.

*Ans.* Nor shall this present be unrecompenced ;  
For thy true service, on thee Ile bestow  
All the rich gifts, which all these *Asian* Lords  
Brought to adore these happy Nuptials,  
On you faire Bride, great Princessse, and our Daughter  
Doe we bestow the'e Virgins (daughters to Kings)  
For your attendence.

*Ans.* We are too much bound unto our Princely Father !

*Ans.* No (Daughter) no! 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 dayes make it seeme long to night. *Exeunt omnes.*

*Scena 3. Actus 4.*

*Enter Lazarus and Cobelitz, bringing the dead body of Sefmenos.*

*Laz.* Here set we downe our miserable load,  
*Q* *Cobelitz* with whom is't that we fight ?  
With *Lydian* Lyons, and *Hyrceanian* Beares ;  
Which grinde us dayly in their ravenous teeth ?  
The Tyrant (as it were destructions Enginere )  
Helpe Nature to destroy the worlds frame quickly,

*Cob.* Alas my Lord that needs not, every day  
Is a sufficient helper to decay :  
Great workman, who art sparing in thy strength  
To bring things to perfection, and to oretarne  
All thy best workes, thou usest suddaine force ,  
When man is an Embrio ! and first conceived  
How long 'tis ere he see his native light ?  
Then borne, with expectation for his growth !  
Tenderly nourisht, carefully brought up,  
Growne to perfection, what a little thing,  
Serves to call on his suddaine ruining ?

*Laz.* Come *Cobelitz*, amongst those demolisht stones  
 We'll sit as *Hecuba*, at those *Troyan* Walles :  
 Our teares shall be false glasses to our eyes :  
 Through these we'l looke, and thinke we yet may see  
 Our stately Pinacles, and strong founded holds ;  
 That which one houre can delapidate,  
 One age can scarce repaire.

*Cob.* No sir, for nothing's hard  
 To Nature, when she meanes t'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 *Cobelitz*, must we still be y oakt  
 To misery, and murder ? We scarce have roome,  
 Vpon 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 shakt with every blast of Wind  
*Pollux*, nor *Hercules*, had none other art,  
 To get them Mansions in the spangl'd Heavens  
 Then a true firme resolve ; th' *Adriatique* Sea,  
 Shall from his currents with tempestuous blasts,  
 Be sooner heard, than vertue from it's ayne,  
 Let us but thinke (when we so many see,  
 Enjoying greater quiet than our selves.)  
 How many have endur'd more misery ;  
*Iliou, Iliou*, what a fate hadst thou ?  
 How fruitfull wert thou in matter for thy foe ?  
 Thus we'll delude our grieffe, make our selfe glad,  
 To think of miseries that others had.

*Laz.* I (Captaine) I ! they that furnisht 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,



*The Courageous Turke ; or,*

One that will strike and thunder ; Gyant then,  
Looke for a dart ! we must not appoint 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 Trucke.*

*Scena 4. Actus 4.*

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

*Alad.* Besieged on every side ? *Iconium* taken ?  
Entrencht within my foes my selfe must lye  
Wrapt in my Citie's 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 obnubulate  
It's luster, else to fiery Meteors turne.  
Some councill (Lords) he that's amidst the Sea,  
When every curled wave doth threat his death  
Yet trusts upon the oares of his owne armes,  
And sometime the salt some doth pittie him,  
A Wolfe, or Lyon, that hath filld his gorge  
With bloudy prey, at last will lye to sleepe,  
And the unnaturalst 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, she shall swage his wrath.  
The boysterous Ocean when as no winds oppose,  
Growth's calme revenge is lost, when't hath no foes.

2. *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 *Pinus* 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, Aladin puts it on.*

I, I, this vesture fits my miserie!  
This badge of poverty must now prevaile,  
Where all my Kingdomes power & strength doth faile,  
Why should not a propheticke soule attend  
On great mens persons, and forewarne their ils?  
Raging *Bootes* doth not so turmoile  
The *Lybian* ford, as Fortune doth great hearts.  
*Belona* and *Erynnis* 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,  
Ambition made me now that eminent but:  
And I that fell by mine owne strength, must rise

*The Couragious Turke* ; or,

By profest weaknesse ; Buckets full sinke downe :  
Whilst empty ones dance ith' ayre, and cannot drowne.  
Come (Lords) he out of's way can never range,  
Who is at furthest ! worst nere finds ill change.

Actus V. Scæna I.

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

*Amur.* Our hate must not part thus, Ile tell thee (Prince)  
That thou hast kindled violent *Etna* in our brest,  
And such a flame is quencht with nought but blood:  
His bloud whose halty and rebellious blast,  
Gave life unto the fire; should Heaven threat us;  
Knowes we dare not menace it; are we not *Amuratb*?  
( 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 præsumptuous eares with such vain blatts,  
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 strangled 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 looks  
Should grace so base a stroake with sad aspect;  
Thus will I muffle up and choake my groanes,  
Least a griev'd teare should quite put out the name.  
Of lasting courage in *Carmanias* fame.

*Am.* What? still stiffe necked? Is this the truee you beg?  
Sprinkled before thy face those Rebell Brats,

Shall



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

*All. Wife.* (Deare father) let thy fury rush on me !  
 Within these entrailles sheath thine unsatiate sword,  
 And let this ominous, and too fruitfull wombe,  
 Be torne 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 *Jocasta* pleaded with her sonnes  
 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;  
 Vnelaspe that impious Helmet! fixe to earth  
 That monumentall Spheare looke on thy child  
 With pardoning lookes, not with a Warriars eye:  
 Else shall my brest cover my husbands brest,  
 And serve as Buckler to receive thy wounds,  
 Why dost thou doubt? Fearest thou thy Daughters faith?

*Amur.* I feare, for after Daughters perjurie  
 All Lawes of Natures shall distastfull 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 cheeke.  
 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,

*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) Pitty 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 obcurate brest,  
I would not spend a teare to soften thee !  
Thou seest my Countries turn'd into a Grave:  
My Cities scarre the Sunne with fiercer flames,  
Which turne them into ashes ! all my selfe  
So sickt 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 turne to Love.

*Amurath.* No sir, we must root out malicious seeds:  
Nothing sproues faster, then an envious weed !  
We see a little Bullocke, 'mongst an heard  
( Whose hornes are yet scarce crept from out his front )  
Growes on a suddaine tall, and in the Fields,  
Frolicks so much, he makes his Father yeild.  
A little twig left budding on an Elme  
(Vngratefully) barres his mother sight 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 feete we're prou'd with this hands-kisse !  
The higher those great powers have rais'd you,  
Presse that which lyes below with gentler weight :  
To pardon miseries is Fortunes height:  
Alas, these Infants, these weake sinewed hands  
Can be no terror to these *Heftors* armes !  
Beg (Infants) beg, and teach these tender joynts  
To aske for mercy ; learne your hisping tongues

To giue 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.* Doe (boyes) and imitate your Parents teares,  
 Which I (like *Priam*) shed, when he beheld,  
*Hector* thrice dragg'd about the *Trojan* Wallles.  
 He that burst ope the gates of *Erebus*,  
 And rouz'd the yelling Monster from his Den,  
 Was conquer'd with a teare! great Monarch learne,  
 To know how deare a King doth weeping earne.

1. *Ch.* Good Grandfire see, see how my father cries!

2. *Ch.* Good mother take my napkin for your eyes!

*Wife.* (Good father) heare, heare how thy daughter prayes:  
 Thou that know'st how to use sterne Warriars armes,  
 Learne how to use mild Warriars pittie too !  
 Alas ? can ere these ungrowne strenghts repaire  
 Their Fathers battered Cities ? Or can these  
 These orethrowne Turrets ? (*Ioonium*) 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 oster stirred ;  
 When Conquerours waxe calme, and cease to hate,  
 The conquered should not dare to reiterate.

Be thou our sonne and friend,  
*Alad.* By all the rites of *Mahomet* I vow it I

*Am.* Then for to seale unto our love,  
 Your selfe shall leade a wing in *Servie*,  
 In our immediate Warres, we are to meet.  
 The Christians in *Cassanoe's* Plaines with speed:



*The Courageous Turke; or,*

Great *Amurath* nere had time to breath himselfe :  
So much, as to have warring with new foes ;  
No day securely to his Scepter shone,  
But one Warres end, still brought another on.

*Exit.*

*Scena 2. Actus 5.*

*Enter Lazarus, Cobelutz, 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 nail 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 th. m ;  
Stand like the undaunted countenance oth' sky,  
Or, like the Sunne, which when the foolish King,  
Thought to obscure with a Cloud of Darts,  
Out lookt them all, our lives are all enchanted,  
And more invulnerable than *Thetis* sonne.  
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 beleieve 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 impudently proud,  
As in this weake condition to repute  
Our selves above the stroake of Lady Chance,  
A caution must divine it ever fixt,

That

That whilst her checkes, equally fall out,  
 Community should ease their bitterness.  
 I could afresh now shed those Princely teares  
 To thinke fush suddaine raine should attend  
 Heroicke spirits glittering in bright armes !  
 But if the *Grecian* (when he heard the dreames  
 Disputed subtilly by Philosophers,  
 To prove innumerable extant worlds)  
 Was strucke with pensivenesse, and wept to thinke  
 He had not yet obtain'd one for himselfe ;  
 What terror can affright a Christians thoughts  
 Who knowes there is a world, at liberty  
 To breath in, when this glasse of life is broke ?  
 Our foes with circling furie are intrencht ;  
 Pelions of earth and darknesse shall overlade them,  
 Whilst we shall mount, and these our spirits light,  
 Shall be yet ponderous to depresse them lower.  
 Nay, my Enthusiasticke soule divines,  
 That some weake hand shall from the blazing Zone  
 Snatch Lightning, which shal strike the snarling Cur  
 With horror and amazement to the Earth !  
 Which Hell cannot oppose ! *Turke*, Tyrannize !  
 Stand, yet at length to fall my sacrifice.  
 Super-Olympicke vigor will (no doubt)  
 Squease all thy supercilious rancor out !

*Exit in a March.*

*Scena 3. Actus 5.*

*The Heavens seeme on fire, Comets and blazing Starres appear, Amurath speaks.*

*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 Periwigs of fire ?  
*Mahomet* (say not but I invoke thee now ! )  
 Command the puny-Christians demi-God  
 Put out those flashing sparkes, those *Ignes sacri*,  
 Or ileunseate him, or with my Lookes so shake  
 The staggering props of his weake seated Throne,

H

That

That he shall finde he shall have more to doe  
To quell one *Amurath*, then the whole Gyant brood  
Of those same sonnes of Earth, then ten *Lycans* !  
Doe the poore snakes so love their misery  
That they would see it by these threatning lights?  
Dare ye blaze still ? Ile toss up Buckets full  
Of Christians bloud to quench you : by those haire  
Drag you beneath the Center : there put out  
All your praesaging flames in *Phlegeton* !  
Can you outbrave me with your pidling Lights ?  
Yawne earth with Casements as wide as hel it selfe!

*Here a Vault opens.*

Burne Heaven as ardent as the *Lemnian* flames !  
Wake (pale *Tysiphon*) spend all thy snakes !  
Be *Eacus*, and *Minos* as severe  
As if the Gaole delivery of us all  
Were the next Sessions ! Ile pull *Radamant*  
By his flaming furies from out his Iron Chaire.

*Whilst he is in his fury, arise foure Fiends, framed like  
Turkish Kings, one blacke, his supposed Predecessors  
dance about him to a kind of hideous noyse,  
sing this Song, following.*

1. Fiend.

*Horror dismall cryes, and yells  
Of these thy Grandfires thee fore-tells,  
Furies sent of thee to learne  
Crimes, which they could nere discern.  
All. Furies sent, &c.*

2. Fiend.

*O Amurath! thy Father's come,  
To warne thee of a suddaine doome,  
Which in *Cassanoe's* fields attends  
To bring thee to thy Hellish friends.  
All. Which in *Cassanoes*, &c.*



AMURATH the first.

3. Fiend.

Megara and Ennio both doe stand,  
Trembling, least when thou art damn'd  
Chiefe of Furies thou shouldst bee,  
And they their snakes resigne to thee.  
All, Chiefe of Furies, &c.

4. Fiend.

Terror we a while will leave thee,  
Till Cocytus Lake receive thee.  
Cerberus will quake for feare  
Where he a new Turkes fate shall beare.  
All, Cerberus will, &c.

Ans. Now who the Divell sent my Grandfires hither?  
Had Pluto no taske else to set them too?  
He should have bound them to *Taxions* wheele,  
Or bid them roule the stone of *Sisyphus*:  
Bespew me, but their singing did not please me!  
Have they not beene so drunke with Lethe yet  
As to forget me? Then can portend no ill  
For, should the fates be twining my last threed;  
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 present?  
Why, I can looke more terrible, then Night,  
And command darknesse in the unwilling day:  
Make *Hecate* start: and draw backe her head,  
To wrap it in a swarthy vaile of Clouds.  
Drop sheets of Sulphure, you prodigious skyes!  
*Cyclops*, run all thy Bullets into *Aena*,  
Then vomit them at once! should Christians  
Couch to the bottomlesse abyffe of *Syx*,  
Or hide themselves under *Avernaes* shade,  
This mine arme should fetch them out! Day must performe  
What I intend, wrath raines a bloody storme:  
And now 'gins rise the Sunne, which yet not knowes  
The misery it shall see on *Amuraths* Foes,

The Couragious Turke; or,

Lords, Leaders, Captaines: Enter Schahin and others.

Schah. Your Highnesse up so soone?

Am. He small rest takes,

That dreames on nought but bloody broyles and death.

Schah. Your Grace seemes much distemper'd: Beds of sweate  
Bedew your browes with never wonted palenesse.

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

Schah. My Lord, such things as these we men must see,  
And wonder at, and yet not search the reason,  
Perchance unwholsome fogs exhaild by th' Sunne  
Are set a blazing by his too neere heate:

But 'tis not lawfull that a mortall eye:  
Should dare to penetrate Heavens secrecy,

Am. Doth it not bode a Conquest?

Schah. Yes, 'gainst the Christians:  
For, unto them it bends sinister lookes,  
And frownes upon their army more then ours.

Amur. So, to! come on, ere Phosphorus appeare:

Let's too't, and so prevent that sluggard Sol!

If we want light, we'll from our Winnards:

Strike fire enough to scorch the Vniverse;

Mine armour there!

Some gee for his armour.

Now (Mahomet) I implore

Thy promist ayde for this auspicious day!

Toffe me aloft, and make me ride on Clouds!

If my horse faile me, those fire breathing jades,

(Which the boy Phaecon 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 hol!

So helpe on here, now like Alcides do I girt my selfe, They bring

With well knit sinewes, able to stagger Earth,

his Armor.

And threaten Nature with a second Chaos:

If one impetuous broyle remaine to come

AMURATH *the first.*

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 feare  
 (When I am arm'd) another *Phiegrac'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 *Iason* who by the enchanted charmes  
*Medea* gave, incountred Vnicornes,  
 Queld Lyons, struggeld with fiery belching Bulls :  
 Obtain'd a glorious prize, a Fleece, a Fleece  
 Dipt deepe in tincture of the Christians blood.  
 Shall be my spoyle, nay should they hide their heads  
 In their Gods bosome, here's a sword shall reach the !  
 Come they shall know no place is free from wrath,  
 When boyling blood is stir'd in *Amurath*. *Exeunt.*

*An alarme, excursions: fight within. Enter at one doore a Christian, at another a Turke; fight, both kild: so a new charge, the Turkes kill most. Enter Lazarus, Schahin kills him. Enter Eurenoses, Cobelitz, they fight, Cobelitz faints, falls for dead. A shoute within, a token of Victory on the Turkes side, a Retrait sounded.*

*Scena 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 Carkasses, 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?



*The Courageous Turke; or,*

Leave their disastrous snuffes no stench behind them?  
'Tis something yet, that their God seeth their slaughter,  
Lending sulphurious Meteors to behold  
The blest destruction of these Parasites.  
I knew the Elements would first untye  
The Nerves of the Vniversie, then let me dye!

*Here Cobelitz riseth as awakt, amazed leaning on his Sword,  
stumbling ore the dead bodies, lookes towards Amurath.*

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

*Amur.* Ha, ha, by *Mahomet* and we are weary now:

Some Mercy shall lay Victory asleepe.

It will a Lawreat prove to this great strife,

'Mongst all these murdered to give one his life,

So we'll descend. *He goeth from aloft.*

*Cob.* From what a dismall grave am I awaked,

Intonabed within a Golgotha of men;

Have all these Soules prevented me in blisse,

And left me in a dreame of happinesse?

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 taske.

*Amurath descends on the Stage, Cobelitz staggers towards him.*

*Am.* Poore slave, wouldst live?

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

*Cob.* Yes Turke to see thee dye!

Howle, howle, (grim / artar) yell. (thou gristly Wolfe)

Force the bloud from out thy gaping Wound!

*Dij tibi non mortem, qua curctus parat paratur,*

*Sed sensum post fata, tua dent (impie) morti.*

*Amur.* My Spirit makes me not to feele thy weapon!

Hold you (crackt Organs) of my flattered life,

I am not toucht yet! can I not mocke my death,

And thinke 'tis but a dreame tells me I am hurt?

Dar'st thou then leave me (bloud?) Canst be so bold?

AMURATH *the first.*

As to forsake 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 will none feare my life when I am dead  
Tortures and torments for the murderer!

*Cob.* Ha, ha, ha! *Leaning 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; flea this tender skin,  
Set nests of Hornets on my rawest flesh,

Let the Siconian Clouds drop brimstone on me,  
Powre boyling Lemnos on my greenest wounds,  
Put on my shoulder *Nessus* poysoned shirt,

Bind all these bloody faces to my face *The Lord that*  
Rocke me *Procrastes* like *holds up Amurath of-*  
*fers to touch his*

*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 dar'st deride us? *Nobleman holds his*

*Cob.* Yea; and while your witty furies shall invent *hand.*  
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 *Haleluia*, anthem'd forth

By the *Chorus* of the Angell-Hierarchy.

Pierce with (swift plumes) the concave paths oth' Moone  
Where the black ayre enlightened is with starres,

Stay not to wonder (there) of wandring Signes  
At the inhorn'd *Gemini*, or *Amphions* Harpe,  
At *Arctos*, or *Bootes*, or the Bearc,  
(Which are to please wizzard Astrologers)  
Soare higher with the pitch, and then looke downe  
To laugh at the hard trifles 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!

*Ceb.* Soule to detainee thee from thy wished rest  
Were but an envious part! 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 grossenesse of my Earth ore-line  
Thy speedy wings, fly without weight of crime. *He dyes.*

*Am.* Onow have I and Fortune tryed it out.  
With all her best of favours was I crown'd  
And suffred her worst threats, whē most she frown'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 winne applause unto the Scēne)  
With fained passion thus must graspe at death!  
O but I see pale *Nemesis* at hand:  
Art thou dull fate, and dost not overspread  
*Gimmerion* 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 nere returning time? Last breath command  
A new *Dewcalions* deluge, that with me  
The world may swim to his Eternall Grave,  
Cracke hidge that holds this globe, and welcome death,  
Wilt thou not stay Soule? Friend not stay with Kings?  
Sinke then, and sinke beneath the Thracian Mount.  
Sinke beneath *Achos*, be the *Blackish* Waves



Of *Acheron* thy Tombe, ile want a Grave;  
So all parts feare, which first my Corps shall have;  
For in my Grave, ile be the Christians foe.

Here like a Masse *Pyramide* ile fall,  
Ile strive to sinke all the whole fabricke with, me,  
Quake *Plato*, for 'tis I that come

A *Turke*, a Tyrant, and a Conquerour,  
And with this groane, like thunder will I cleave,  
The timerous earth, whilst thus my last I breath.

*He dyes.*

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

*Here all the Nobles kneele 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.

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

*Sch.* My Lord I within the selfe-same Hemisphere  
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 *Cesar*.

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.

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

Cill in our Brother *Jacup*, *Some goes for him.*

*Here sixe men take up Amvraths Trunke on their shoulders.*

*Baj.* Why (Lords!) is *Amvrath* so light a weight?  
Is this the Truncke oth' *Turkish* Emperor?

Oh what a heape of thoughts are come to naught

*The Couragious Turke; or,*

What a light weight is he unto six men  
Who durst stand under *Offa*, and sustaine it :

*Euren.* 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 Iacup.*

Let your decree be suddaine, heere's your Brother.  
*Baj.* Brother, I could have wished 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 leysure (yet) to mourne for him

Brother, you know our state hath made a Law,  
That, he that sits in a Majesticke Chayre,  
Must not endure the next succeeding heyre.

*Jac.* Yes, we doe :

And (Brother) doe you thinke 'tis crime enough  
To dye, because I am sonne to an Emperour ?

*Scsh.* 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 lesse is to be chosen.

*Euren.* My Lord, your life's but one :  
Kings are the threads whereto 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.

*Jac.* And is't ene so ?

How have these Dogs fawn'd on me lickt my feet  
When *Amurath* yet lived ? Felt all my thoughts,  
And soothed them to the sight of Empyrie.

And now the first would set their politique hands  
To strangle 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 broks.

*Bajal.* Brother you must not now stand to upbraid ;

*They*

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 :  
 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.

*fac.* Then name of Brother doe I thus shake off,  
 For 'tis in vaine, their mercy to implore  
 When impious Scatists have decreed before.  
 Yet King although thou take my life away  
 See how Ile 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, shall be to thy selfe, a King.

*Here Iacuptakes a Scarfe from his Arme, and putting it about his necke gives one end to Bajazet.*

Yet give me leave a while to Prophecie,  
 You that so Puppet-like delude your hopes,  
 And Miser-draw the ancestry from Kings,  
 Thinking, that fates dare not approach your blood  
 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-worme state,  
 Which makes thee be a Horse-leach for thy blood,  
 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 complaine  
Pull then, and with my fall pull on thy selfe  
Mountaines of burdenous honor which shall curse thee  
Death leades 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 Castiffe slave,  
Hurl 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 ile 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 wasted Tapers Kings must spend  
Their lives to light up others: So all end.

*Exeunt bearing out solemnely the bodies of  
Amrath and Iacup.*

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*FINIS.*

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