

THE TRAGEDY OF SOLIMAN AND PERSEDA.

Anonymous, attributed to Thomas Kyd

Modern spelling.

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TRAGEDYE OF
SOLYMAN AND
PERSEDA.

*Wherein is laide open, Loves
constancy, Fortunes incon-
stancy, and Deaths
Triumphs.*



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

Title Page of one of the 1599 original editions.
The other version gives the date.
The work was registered to Edward White, in 1592,
and there is the possibility of a lost first edition from that year.

Items discussed in the glossary are underlined.
Run on lines (closing open endings) are indicated by ~~~.

DRAMATIS PERSONAE

Induction and Chorus

Love

Fortune

Death

Soliman, *Emperor of the Turks*

His Brothers

Haleb

Amurath

Brusor, *his general*

Lord Marshal

Philippo, *Governor of Rhode*

Prince of Cyprus, *his son-in-law*

Erastus, *a knight of Rhodes*

his friends

Guelpio

Iulio

Piston, *his servant*

Ferdinando

Perseda, *beloved of Erastus*

Lucina, *beloved of Ferdinando*

Basilisco, *a braggart knight* (see glossary entry for "basilisk".)

Knights

Englishman

Frenchman

Spaniard

A Crier

A Captain

A Messenger

Two Witnesses

Knights, Ladies, Janissaries, Soldier

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ACT I

Scene I. 1: Induction

[*Enter Love, Fortune, Death.*]

LOVE: What, Death and Fortune cross the way of Love?

FORTUNE: Why, what is Love but Fortune's tennis-ball?

DEATH: Nay, what are you both, but subjects unto Death?
And I command you to forbear this place;
For here the month of sad Melpomene
Is wholly bent to tragedies' discourse,
And what are tragedies but acts of death?
Here means the wrathful muse, in seas of tears
And loud laments, to tell a dismal tale,
A tale wherein she lately hath bestowed ... [I.1.10]
The husky humor of her bloody quill,
And now for tables takes her to her tongue.

LOVE: Why, thinks Death Love knows not the history
Of brave Erastus and his Rhodian dame?
'Twas I that made their hearts consent to love;
And therefore come I now as fittest person
To serve for Chorus to this tragedy;
Had I not been, they had not died so soon.

DEATH: Had I not been, they had not died so soon.

FORTUNE: Nay then, it seems, you both do miss the mark. ... [I.1.20]
Did not I change long love to sudden hate;
And then rechange their hatred into love;
And then from love deliver them to death?
Fortune is Chorus, Love and Death be gone.

DEATH: I tell thee, Fortune, and thee, wanton Love,
I will not down to everlasting night
Till I have moralized this tragedy,
Whose chiefest actor was my sable dart.

LOVE: Nor will I up into the brightsome sphere,
From whence I sprung, till in the chorus place ... [I.1.30]
I make it known to you and to the world
What interest Love hath in tragedies.

FORTUNE: Nay then, though Fortune have delight in change,
I'll stay my flight, and cease to turn my wheel,
Till I have shown by demonstration
What interest I have in a tragedy:
Tush, Fortune can do more than Love or Death.

LOVE: Why stay we then? Let's give the actors leave,
And as occasion serves, make our return. [*Exeunt.*]

Scene I. 2: The Court of Portugal

[*Enter Erastus and Perseda.*]

ERASTUS: Why, when, Perseda? Wilt thou not assure me?
But shall I, like a mastless ship at sea,
Go every way, and not the way I would?
My love hath lasted from mine infancy,
And still increased as I grew myself.
When did Perseda pastime in the streets,
But her Erastus over-eyed her sport?
When did'st thou, with thy sampler in the sun,
Sit sewing with thy feres, but I was by,
Marking thy lily hands' dexterity, ... [I.2.10]
Comparing it to twenty gracious things?
When did'st thou sing a note that I could hear,
But I have framed a ditty to the tune,
Figuring Perseda twenty kind of ways?
When did'st thou go to church on holidays,
But I have waited on thee to and fro,
Marking my times as falcons watch their flight?
When I have missed thee, how have I lamented,
As if my thoughts had been assured true.
Thus in my youth; now, since I grew a man, ... [I.2.20]
I have persevered to let thee know
The meaning of my true heart's constancy.
Then be not nice, Perseda, as women wont,
To hasty lovers whose fancy soon is fled;

My love is of a long continuance,
And merits not a stranger's recompense.

PERSEDA: Enough, Erastus, thy Perseda knows;
She whom thou would'st have thine, Erastus, knows.

ERASTUS: Nay, my Perseda knows, and then 'tis well.

PERSEDA: I, watch you vantages? Thine be it then -- ... [I.2.30]
I have forgot the rest, but that's the effect;
Which, to effect, accept this carcanet:
My grandame on her death-bed gave it me,
And there, even there, I vowed unto myself
To keep the same until my wand'ring eye
Should find a harbor for my heart to dwell.
Even in thy breast do I elect my rest;
Let in my heart to keep thine company.

ERASTUS: And, sweet Perseda, accept this ring
To equal it; receive my heart to boot; ... [I.2.40]
It is no boot, for that was thine before;
And far more welcome is this change to me
Than sunny days to naked savages,
Or news of pardon to a wretch condemned
That waiteth for the fearful stroke of death.
As careful will I be to keep this chain,
As doth the mother keep her children
From water pits, or falling in the fire.
Over mine armor will I hang this chain;
And when long combat makes my body faint, ... [I.2.50]
The sight of this shall show Perseda's name,
And add fresh courage to my fainting limbs.
This day the eager Turk of Tripoli,
The Knight of Malta, honored for his worth,
And he that's titled by the golden spur,
The Moor upon his hot barbarian horse,
The fiery Spaniard bearing in his face
The impress of a noble warrior,
The sudden Frenchman, and the big-boned Dane,
And English archers, hardy men-at-arms ... [I.2.60]
Eclipped lions of the Western world;
Each one of these approved combatants,
Assembled from several corners of the world,
Are hither come to try their force in arms,
In honor of the Prince of Cyprus' nuptials.
Amongst these worthies will Erastus troop

Though like a gnat amongst a hive of bees.
Know me by this thy precious carcanet;
And if I thrive in valor, as the glass
That takes the sunbeam's burning with his force, ... [I.2.70]
I'll be the glass and thou that heavenly sun,
From whence I'll borrow what I do achieve;
And, sweet Perseda, unnoted though I be,
Thy beauty yet shall make me known ere night.

PERSEDA: Young slips are never graft in windy days;
Young scholars never entered with the rod.
Ah, my Erastus, there are Europe's knights
That carry honor graven in their helms,
And they must win it dear that win it thence.
Let not my beauty prick thee to thy bane; ... [I.2.80]
Better sit still than rise and over-ta'en.

ERASTUS: Counsel me not, for my intent is sworn,
And be my fortune as my love deserves.

PERSEDA: So be thy fortune as thy features serves,
And then Erastus lives without compare. [*Enter a messenger.*]
Here comes a messenger to haste me hence.
I know your message; hath the Princess sent for me?

MESS: She hath, and desires you to consort her to the triumphs.
[*Enter Piston.*]

PISTON: Who saw my master? O sir, are you here? The
Prince and all the outlandish Gentleman are ready to go ... [I.2.90]
to the triumphs; they stay for you.

ERASTUS: Go, sirra, bid my men bring my horse, and a dozen staves.

PISTON: You shall have your horses and two dozen of staves. [*Exit Piston.*]

ERASTUS: Wish me good hap, Perseda, and I'll win
Such glory as no time shall ere race out,
Or end the period of my youth in blood.

PERSEDA: Such fortune as the good Andromache
Wished valiant Hector wounded with the Greeks,
I wish Erastus in his maiden wars.
O'ercome with valor these high-minded knights ... [I.2.100]
As with thy virtue thou hast conquered me.
Heavens hear my hearty prayer, and it effect. [*Exeunt.*]

Scene I. 3:

[Enter Philippo, the Prince of Cyprus, Basilisco, and all the knights.]

PHILIPPO: Brave knights of Christendom, and Turkish both,
Assembled here in thirsty honor's cause,
To be enrolled in the brass-leaved book
Of never-wasting perpetuity,
Put lamb-like mildness to your lion's strength,
And be our tilting like two brothers' sports,
That exercise their war with friendly blows.
Brave Prince of Cyprus, and our son-in-law,
Welcome these worthies by their several countries,
For in thy honor hither are they come, ... [I.3.10]
To grace thy nuptials with their deeds at arms.

CYPRUS: First, welcome, thrice-renowned Englishman,
Graced by thy country, but ten times more
By thy approved valor in the field;
Upon the onset of the enemy,
What is thy motto, when thou spurs thy horse?

ENGLISHMAN: In Scotland was I made a Knight at arms,
Where for my country's cause I charged my lance;
In France I took the standard from the King,
And gained the flower of Gallia in my crest; ... [I.3.20]
Against the light-foot Irish have I served,
And in my skin bare tokens of their skenes;
Our word of courage all the world hath heard,
Saint George for England, and Saint George for me.

CYPRUS: Like welcome unto thee, fair Knight of France;
Well famed thou art for discipline in war:
Upon the encounter of thine enemy,
What is thy mot, renowned Knight of France?

FRENCHMAN: In Italy I put my knighthood on,
Where in my shirt, but with my single rapier, ... [I.3.30]
I combated a Roman much renowned,
His weapon's point impoisoned for my bane;
And yet my stars did bode my victory.
Saint Denis is for France, and that for me.

CYPRUS: Welcome, Castilian, too among the rest,
For fame doth sound thy valor with the rest.
Upon thy first encounter of thy foe,
What is thy word of courage, brave man of Spain?

SPANIARD: At fourteen years of age was I made Knight,
When twenty thousand Spaniards were in field; ... [I.3.40]
What time a daring Rutter made a challenge
To change a bullet with our swift flight shot;
And I, with single heed and level, hit
The haughty challenger and struck him dead.
The golden Fleece is that we cry upon,
And Jaques, Jaques, is the Spaniard's choice.

CYPRUS: Next, welcome unto thee, renowned Turk,
Not for thy lay, but for thy worth in arms:
Upon the first brave of thine enemy,
What is thy noted word of charge, brave Turk? ... [I.3.50]

BRUSOR: Against the Sophy in three pitched fields,
Under the conduct of great Soliman,
Have I been chief commander of an host,
And put the flint-heart Persians to the sword;
(And) marched (a) conqueror through Asia.
The desert plains of Affricke have I stained
With blood of Moors, and there in three set battles fought;
Along the coasts held by the Portinguze,
Even to the verge of gold-abounding Spain,
Hath Brusor led a valiant troop of Turks, ... [I.3.60]
And made some Christians kneel to Mahomet;
Him we adore, and in his name I cry,
Mahomet for me and Soliman.

CYPRUS: Now, Signeur Basilisco, you we know,
And therefore give not you a stranger's welcome,
You are a Rutter born in Germany.
Upon the first encounter of your foe,
What is your brave upon the enemy?

BASILISCO: I fight not with my tongue; this is my oratrix.
[*Laying his hand upon his sword.*]

CYPRUS: Why, Signeur Basilisco, is it a she-sword? ... [I.3.70]

BASILISCO: Aye, and so are all blades with me: behold my instance;
Perdie, each female is the weaker vessel,
And the vigor of this arm infringeth
The temper of any blade, quoth my assertion;
And thereby gather that this blade,
Being approved weaker than this limb,
May very well bear a feminine Epitheton.

CYPRUS: 'Tis well proved; but what's the word that glories your Country?

BASILISCO: Sooth to say, the earth is my Country,
As the air to the fowl, or the marine moisture ... [I.3.80]
To the red-gilled fish; I repute myself no coward;
For humility shall mount. I keep no table
To character my fore-passed conflicts.
As I remember, there happened a sore drought
In some part of Belgia, that the juicy grass
Was seared with the Sun-God's element:
I held it policy to put the men-children
Of that climate to the sword,
That the mothers' tears might relieve the parched earth.
The men died, the women wept, and the grass grew; ... [I.3.90]
Else had my Friesland horse perished,
Whose loss would have more grieved me
Than the ruin of that whole country.
Upon a time in Ireland I fought
On horseback with an hundred Kerns
From Titan's Eastern uprise to his Western downfall;
Insomuch that my steed began to faint;
I, conjecturing the cause to be want of water, dismounted;
In which place there was no such Element.
Enraged therefore, with this Scimitar, ... [I.3.100]
(I), all on foot, like an Herculean offspring,
Endured some three or four hours combat,
In which process my body distilled such dewy showers of sweat
That from the warlike wrinkles of my front
My palfrey cooled his thirst.
My mercy in conquest is equal with my manhood in fight;
The tear of an infant hath been the ransom of a conquered city,
Whereby I purchased the surname of *Pity's adamant*.
Rough words blow my choler,
As the wind doth Mulciber's workhouse. ... [I.3.110]
I have no word, because no country:
Each place is my habitation;
Therefore each country's word mine to pronounce.
Princes, what would you?
I have seen much, heard more, but done most,
To be brief, he that will try me, let him waft me with his arm;
I am his, for some five lances,
Although it go against my stars to jest,
Yet to gratulate this benign Prince,
I will suppress my condition. ... [I.3.120]

PHILIPPO: He is beholding to you greatly, sir.
Mount, ye brave Lordings, forwards to the tilt;
Myself will censure of your chivalry,
And with impartial eyes behold your deeds;
forward, brave Ladies, place you to behold
The fair demeanor of these warlike Knights. [*Exeunt. Manet Basilisco.*]

BASILISCO: I am melancholy; an humor of Venus beleagereth me.
I have rejected with contemptible frowns
The sweet glances of many amorous girls, or rather ladies;
But certes, I am now captivated with the reflecting eye ... [I.3.130]
Of that admirable comet Perseda.
I will place her to behold my triumphs,
And do wonders in her sight.
O heaven, she comes, accompanied with a child
Whose chin bears no impression of manhood,
Not an hair, not an excrement.
[*Enter Erastus, Perseda, and Piston.*]

ERASTUS: My sweet Perseda. [*Exeunt Erastus and Perseda.*]

BASILISCO: ~~~ Peace, Infant, thou blasphemest.

PISTON: You are deceived, sir; he swore not.

BASILISCO: I tell thee, jester, he did worse; he called that Lady his. ... [I.3.140]

PISTON: Jester: *O extempore, O flores.*

BASILISCO: O harsh, uneducate, illiterate peasant,
Thou abusest the phrase of the Latin.

PISTON: By god's fish, take you the Latin's part? I'll abuse you too.

BASILISCO: What, saunce dread of our indignation?

PISTON: Saunce? What language is this? I think thou art a word
maker by thine occupation.

BASILISCO: I, termest thou me of an occupation?
Nay then, this fiery humor of choler is
Suppressed by the thought of love. Fair lady -- ... [I.3.150]

PISTON: Now, by my troth, she is gone.

BASILISCO: Aye, hath the Infant transported her hence?
He saw my anger figured in my brow
And at his best advantage stole away.
But I will follow for revenge.

PISTON: Nay, but hear you, sir; I must talk with you before you go.
[*Then Piston gets on his back and pulls him down.*]

BASILISCO: O, if thou be'st magnanimous, come before me.

PISTON: Nay, if thou be'st a right warrior, get from under me.

BASILISCO: What, would'st thou have me a Typhon
To bear up Pelion or Ossa? ... [I.3.160]

PISTON: Typhon me no Typhons, but swear upon my Dudgeon
dagger not to go till I give thee leave, but stay with me and
look upon the tilters.

BASILISCO: O, thou seek'st thereby to dim my glory.

PISTON: I care not for that; wilt thou not swear?

BASILISCO: O, I swear, I swear. [*He sweareth him on his dagger.*]

PISTON: By the contents of this blade --

BASILISCO: By the contents of this blade â--

PISTON: I, the aforesaid Basilisco --

BASILISCO: I, the aforesaid Basilisco -- Knight, goodfellow, ... [I.3.170]
~~~ Knight, Knight --

PISTON: Knave, good fellow, Knave, Knave -- Will not offer to go  
from the side of Piston --

BASILISCO: Will not offer to go from the side of Piston --

PISTON: Without the leave of the said Piston obtained --

BASILISCO: Without the leave of the said Piston licensed, obtained,  
and granted.

PISTON: Enjoy thy life and live; I give it thee.

BASILISCO: I enjoy my life at thy hands, I confess it.  
I am up; but that I am religious in mine oath --

PISTON: What would you do, sir; what would you do? Will you up ... [I.3.180]  
the ladder, sir, and see the tilting?  
[*They go up the ladders and they sound within to the first course.*]

BASILISCO: Better a dog fawn on me than bark.

PISTON: Now sir, how likes thou this course?

BASILISCO: Their lances were couched too high, and their steeds ill-born.

PISTON: It may be so, it may be so. [*Sound to the second course.*]  
Now sir, how like you this course?

BASILISCO: Pretty, pretty, but not famous;  
Well for a learner, but not for a warrior.

PISTON: By my faith, methought it was excellent.

BASILISCO: Aye, in the eye of an infant a peacock's tail is glorious. ... [I.3.190]  
[*Sound to the third course.*]

PISTON: O, well run. The bay horse with the blue tail and the  
silver knight are both down; by cock and pie, and mouse  
foot, the Englishman is a fine knight.

BASILISCO: Now, by the marble face of the welkin,  
He is a brave warrior.

PISTON: What an oath is there. Fie upon thee, extortioner.

BASILISCO: Now comes in the infant that courts my mistress.  
[*Sound to the fourth course.*]  
Oh that my lance were in my rest  
And my beaver closed for this encounter.

PISTON: Oh, well ran. My master hath over-thrown the Turk. ... [I.3.200]

BASILISCO: Now fie upon the Turk.  
To be dismounted by a child it vexeth me.  
[*Sound to the fifth course.*]

PISTON: O, well run, master. He hath over-thrown the Frenchman.

BASILISCO: It is the fury of the horse, not the strength of his arm.  
I would thou would'st remit my oath,  
that I might assail thy master.

PISTON: I give thee leave; go to thy destruction. But sirrah,  
where's thy horse?

BASILISCO: Why, my page stands holding him by the bridle.

PISTON: Well, go; mount thee, go. ... [I.3.210]

BASILISCO: I go, and Fortune guide my lance. [*Exit Basilisco.*]

PISTON: Take the bragin'st knave in Christendom with thee. Truly,  
I am sorry for him; he just like a knight? He'll jostle like  
a jade. It is a world to hear the fool prate and brag;  
he will jet as if it were a goose on a green. He goes  
many times supperless to bed, and yet he takes physic to  
make him lean. Last night he was bidden to a gentlewoman's  
to supper, and because he would not be put to carve,  
he wore his hand in a scarf and said he was wounded.  
He wears a colored lath in his scabbard, and when 'twas ... [I.3.220]  
found upon him, he said he was wrathful he might not  
wear no iron. He wears civet, and when it was asked him  
where he had that musk, he said all his kindred smelt so;  
is not this a counterfeit fool? Well, I'll up and see how he  
speeds. [*Sound the sixth course.*]  
Now, by the faith of a squire, he is a very faint knight;  
why, my master hath over-thrown him and his curtal both  
to the ground. I shall have old laughing; it will be better  
than the fox in the hole for me.

#### **Scene I. 4**

[*Sound: Enter Philipppo, the Prince of Cyprus, Erastus, Ferdinando, Lucina,  
and all the Knights.*]

CYPRUS: Brave Gentlemen, by all your free consents,  
This knight unknown hath best demeaned himself;  
According to the proclamation made,  
The prize and honor of the day is his. --  
But now unmask thyself, that we may see  
What warlike wrinkles time has charactered  
With age's print upon thy warlike face.

ENGLISHMAN: According to his request, brave man at arms,  
And let me see the face that vanquished me.

FRENCHMAN: Unmask thyself, thou well-approved knight. ... [I.4.10]

TURK: I long to see thy face, brave warrior.

LUCINA: Nay, valiant sir, we may not be denied.  
Fair ladies should be coy to show their faces,  
Lest that the sun should tan them with his beams;  
I'll be your page this once, for to disarm you.

PISTON: That's the reason that he shall help your husband  
to arm his head. Oh, the policy of this age is  
wonderful.

PHILIPPO: What, young Erastus? Is it possible?

CYPRUS: Erastus, be thou honored for this deed. ... [I.4.20]

ENGLISHMAN: So young, and of such good accomplishment;  
Thrive, fair beginner, as this time doth promise,  
In virtue, valor, and all worthiness;  
Give me thy hand, I vow myself thy friend.

ERASTUS: Thanks, worthy sir, whose favorable hand  
Hath entered such a youngling in the war;  
And thanks unto you all, brave worthy sirs;  
Impose me task, how I may do you good;  
Erastus will be dutiful in all.

PHILIPPO: Leave protestations now, and let us hie ... [I.4.30]  
To tread *lavorlo*, that is women's walk;  
There spend we the remainder of the day. [*Exeunt. Manet Ferdinando.*]

FERDINANDO: Though over-borne and foiled in my course,  
Yet have I partners in mine infamy.  
Tis wondrous that so young a toward warrior  
Should bide the shock of such approved knights,  
As he this day hath matched and mated too.  
But virtue should not envy good desert:  
Therefore, Erastus, happy laud thy fortune.  
But my Lucina, how she changed her color ... [I.4.40]  
When at the encounter I did lose a stirrup,  
Hanging her head as partner of my shame.  
Therefore will I now go visit her,  
And please her with this carcanet of worth,  
Which by good fortune I have found today.

When valor fails, then gold must make the way.  
[*Enter Basilisco riding of a mule.*]

BASILISCO: O cursed Fortune, enemy to Fame,  
Thus to disgrace thy honored name  
By over-throwing him that far hath spread thy praise  
Beyond the course of Titan's burning rays. [*Enter Piston.*] ... [I.4.50]  
Page, set aside the gesture of my enemy;  
Give him a fiddler's fee and send him packing.

PISTON: Ho, God save you, sir. Have you burst your shin?

BASILISCO: Aye, villain, I have broken my shin-bone,  
My back-bone, my channel-bone, and my thigh-bone,  
Beside two dozen small inferior bones.

PISTON: A shrewd loss, by my faith, sir. But where's your courser's tail"

BASILISCO: He lost the same in service.

PISTON: There was a hot piece of service where he lost his tail. ... [I.4.60]  
But how chance his nose is slit?

BASILISCO: For presumption, for covering the Emperor's mare.

PISTON: Marry, a foul fault; but why are his ears cut?

BASILISCO: For neighing in the Emperor's court.

PISTON: Why then, thy horse hath been a colt in his time.

BASILISCO: True, thou hast said.  
O touch not the cheek of my palfrey,  
Lest he dismount me while my wounds are green.  
Page, run, bid the surgeon bring his incision;  
Yet stay, I'll ride along with thee myself. ... [I.4.70]

PISTON: And I'll bear you company.  
[*Piston getteth up on his ass and rideth with him to the door,  
and meeteth the crier. Enter the crier.*]  
Come, sirra, let me see how finely you'll cry this chain.

CRIER: Why, what was it worth?

PISTON: It was worth more than thou and all thy kin are worth.



CRIER: It may be so; but what must he have that finds it?

PISTON: Why, a hundred crowns.

CRIER: When, then, I'll have ten for the crying it.

PISTON: Ten crowns? And had but sixpence for crying a little wench of thirty years old and upwards, that had lost herself betwixt a tavern and a bawdy-house. ... [I.4.80]

CRIER: Aye, that was a wench, and this is gold; she was poor, but this is rich.

PISTON: Why then, by this reckoning, a Hackney-man should have ten shillings for horsing a gentlewoman, where he hath but ten pence of a beggar.

CRIER: Why, and reason good: let them pay that best may, as the lawyers use their rich clients, when they let the poor go under *Forma pauperis*.

PISTON: Why then, I pray thee, cry the chain for me *Sub forma pauperis*, for money goes very low with me at this time. ... [I.4.90]

CRIER: Aye, sir, bit your master is, though you be not.

PISTON: Aye, but he must not know that you criest the chain for me. I do but use thee to save me a labor, that am to make inquire after it.

CRIER: Well sir, you'll see me considered, will you not?

PISTON: Aye, marry, will I; why, what lighter payment can there be than consideration?

CRIER: O yes. [*Enter Erastus.*]

ERASTUS: How now, sirra, what are you crying?

CRIER: A chain, sir, a chain, that your man had me cry. ... [I.4.100]

ERASTUS: Get you away, sirra. I advise you meddle with no Chains of mine. [*Exit Crier.*]

You paltry knave, how durst thou be so bold  
To cry the chain, when I bid thou should'st not?  
Did I not bid thee only underhand

Make privy inquiry for it through the town,  
Lest public rumor might advertise her  
Whose knowledge were to me a second death?

PISTON: Why, would you have me run up and down the town,  
and my shoes are done? ... [I.4.110]

ERASTUS: What you want in shoes, I'll give ye in blows.

PISTON: I pray you sir, hold your hands, and as I am an honest  
man, I'll do the best I can to find your chain. [*Exit Piston.*]

ERASTUS: Ah, treacherous Fortune, enemy to Love,  
Did'st thou advance me for my greater fall?  
In dallying war, I lost my chiefest peace;  
In hunting after praise, I lost my love,  
And in love's shipwrack will my life miscarry.  
Take thou the honor, and give me the chain,  
Wherein was linked the sum of my delight. ... [I.4.120]  
When she delivered me the carcanet,  
Keep it, quoth she, as thou would'st keep myself;  
I kept it not, and therefore she is lost,  
And lost with her is all my happiness,  
And loss of happiness is worse than death.  
Come therefore, gentle death, and ease my grief;  
Cut short what malice Fortune misintends.  
But stay a while, good Death, and let me live;  
Time may restore what Fortune took from me:  
Ah no, great losses seldom are restored. ... [I.4.130]  
What if my chain shall never be restored?  
My innocence shall clear my negligence.  
Ah, but my love is ceremonious,  
And looks for justice at her lover's hand:  
Within forced furrows of her clouding brow,  
As storms that fall amid a sun-shine day,  
I read her just desires, and my decay.

### **Scene I. 5**

[*Enter Soliman, Haleb, Amurath, and Janissaries.*]

SOLIMAN: I long till Brusor be returned from Rhodes.  
To know how he hath borne him gainst the Christians  
That are assembled there to try their valor;  
But more to be well-assured by him  
How Rhodes is fenced, and how I best may lay  
My never-failing siege to win that plot.

For by the holy Al-Koran I swear  
I'll call my soldiers home from Persia,  
And let the Sophie breath, and from the Russian broils  
Call home my hardy, dauntless Janissaries, ... [I.5.10]  
And from the other skirts of Christendom  
Call home my Bassows and my men of war,  
And so beleaguer Rhodes by sea and land.  
That key will serve to open all the gates  
Through which our passage cannot find a stop  
Till it have pricked the heart of Christendom,  
Which now that paltry island keeps from scath.  
Say, brother Amurath and Haleb, say,  
What think you of our resolution?

AMURATH: Great Soliman, heaven's only substitute, ... [I.V.20]  
And earth's commander under Mahomet,  
So counsel I, as thou thyself hast said.

HALEB: Pardon me, dread Sovereign, I hold it not  
Good policy to call your forces home  
From Persia and Polonia, bending them  
Upon a paltry isle of small defense.  
A common press of base superfluous Turks  
May soon be levied for so slight a task.  
Ah Soliman, whose name hath shaken thy foes,  
As withered leaves with autumn thrown down, ... [I.V.30]  
Fog not thy glory with so foul eclipse,  
Let not thy soldiers sound a base retire  
Till Persia stoop, and thou be conqueror.  
What scandal were it to thy mightiness,  
After so many valiant Bassows slain,  
Whose blood hath been manured to their earth,  
Whose bones hath made their deep ways passable,  
To sound a homeward, dull and harsh retreat,  
Without a conquest or a mean revenge.  
Strive not for Rhodes by letting Persia slip; ... [I.V.40]  
The one's a lion almost brought to death,  
Whose skin will countervail the hunter's toil:  
The other is a wasp with threatening sting,  
Whose honey is not worth the taking-up.

AMURATH: Why, Haleb, did'st thou not hear our brother swear  
Upon the Al-Koran religiously  
That he would make an universal camp  
Of all his scattered legions; and darest thou  
Infer a reason why it is not meet

After his Highness swears it shall be so? ... [I.V.50]  
Were it not (that) thou art my father's son,  
And striving kindness wrestled not with ire,  
I would not hence till I had let thee know  
What 'twere to thwart a Monarch's holy oath.

HALEB: Why, his highness gave me leave to speak my will;  
And, far from flattery, I spoke my mind,  
And did discharge a faithful subject's love.  
Thou, Aristippus-like, did'st flatter him,  
Not like my brother, or a man of worth.  
And for his highness' vow, I crossed it not, ... [I.5.60]  
But gave my consent, as his highness bade.  
Now for thy chastisement know, Amareth,  
I scorn them, as a reckless lion scorns  
The humming of a gnat in summer's night.

AMURATH: I take it, Haleb, thou art friend to Rhodes.

HALEB: Not half so much am I a friend to Rhodes  
As thou art enemy to thy Sovereign.

AMURATH: I charge thee, say wherein; or else, by Mahomet,  
I'll hazard duty in my Sovereign's presence.

HALEB: Not for thy threats, but for myself, I say [I.5.70]  
It is not meet that one so base as thou  
Should'st come about the person of a king.

SOLIMAN: Must I give aim to this presumption?

AMURATH: Your Highness knows I speak in duteous love.

HALEB: Your highness knows I spake at your command,  
And to the purpose, far from flattery.

AMURATH: Thinks thou I flatter? Now I flatter not.  
[*Then he kills Haleb.*]

SOLIMAN: What dismal planets guides this fatal hour?  
Villain, thy brother's groans do call for thee,  
[*Then Soliman kills Amurath.*]  
To wander with them through eternal night. ... [I.V.80]

AMURATH: O Soliman, for loving thee I die.

SOLIMAN: No, Amurath, for murdering him thou diest.  
Oh, Haleb, how shall I begin to mourn,  
Or how shall I begin to shed salt tears,  
For whom no words nor tears can well suffice?  
Ah, that my rich imperial diadem  
Could satisfy thy cruel destiny,  
Or that a thousand of our Turkish souls,  
Or twenty thousand millions of our foes,  
Could ransom thee from fell death's tyranny. ... [I.5.90]  
To win thy life would Soliman be poor  
And live in servile bondage all my days.  
Accursed Amurath, that for a worthless cause  
In blood hath shortened our sweet Haleb's days.  
Ah, what is dearer bond than brotherhood?  
Yet, Amurath, thou wert my brother too,  
If willful folly did not blind mine eyes.  
Aye, aye, and thou as virtuous as Haleb,  
And I as dear to thee as unto Haleb,  
And thou as near to me as Haleb was. ... [I.5.100]  
Ah, Amurath, why wert thou so unkind  
To him for uttering but a thwarting word?  
And, Haleb, why did not thy heart's counsel  
Bridle the fond intemperance of thy tongue?  
Nay, wretched Soliman, why did'st not thou  
Withhold thy hand from heaping blood on blood?  
Might I not better spare one joy than both?  
If love of Haleb forced me on to wrath,  
Cursed be that wrath that is the way to death.  
If justice forced me on, cursed be that justice ... [I.5.110]  
That makes the brother butcher of his brother.  
Come, Janissaries, and help me to lament  
And bear my joys on either side of me --  
Aye, late my joys but now my lasting sorrow.  
Thus, thus let Soliman pass on his way,  
Bearing in either hand his heart's decay. [*Exeunt.*]

### **Scene I. 6**

[*Enter Chorus.*]

LOVE: Now, Death and Fortune, which of all us three  
Hath in the actors shown the greatest power?  
Have not I taught Erastus and Perseda  
By mutual tokens to seal up their loves?

FORTUNE: Aye, but those tokens, the ring and carcanet,  
Were Fortune's gifts; Love gives no gold or jewels.

LOVE: Why, what is jewels, or what is gold but earth,  
An humor knit together by compression,  
And by the world's bright eye first brought to light,  
Only to feed men's eyes with vain delight? ... [I.6.10]  
Love's works are more than of a mortal temper;  
I couple minds together by consent.  
Who gave Rhodes' princess to Cyprian prince, but Love?

FORTUNE: Fortune, that first by chance brought them together;  
For till by Fortune persons meet each other,  
Thou can'st not teach their eyes to wound their hearts.

LOVE: I made those knights, of several sect and countries,  
Each one by arms to honor his beloved.

FORTUNE: Nay, one alone to honor his beloved:  
The rest, by turning of my tickle wheel, ... [I.6.20]  
Came short in reaching of fair honor's mark.  
I gave Erastus only that day's prize,  
A sweet renown, but mixed with bitter sorrow;  
For, in conclusion of his happiness,  
I made him lose the precious carcanet  
Whereon depended all his hope and joy.

DEATH: And more than so; for he that found the chain,  
Even for that chain shall be deprived of life.

LOVE: Besides Love hath enforced a fool,  
The fond Bragardo, to presume to arms. ... [I.6.30]

FORTUNE: Aye, but thou see'st how he was over-thrown  
By Fortune's high displeasure.

DEATH: ~~~ Aye, and by Death  
Had been surprised, if Fates had given me leave.  
But what I missed in him and in the rest,  
I did accomplish on Haleb and Amurath,  
The worthy brethren of great Soliman.  
But, wherefore stay we? Let the sequel prove  
Who is [the] greatest: Fortune, Death, or Love. [*Exeunt.*]

## ACT II

### Scene II. 1

[*Enter Ferdinando and Lucina.*]

FERDINANDO: As fits the time, so now well fits the place  
To cool affection with our words and looks,  
If in our thoughts be semblant sympathy.

LUCINA: My words, my looks, my thoughts are all on thee;  
Ferdinando is Lucina's only joy.

FERDINANDO: What pledge thereof?

LUCINA: ~~~ An oath, a hand, a kiss.

FERDINANDO: O holy oath, fair hand, and sugared kiss:  
O never may Ferdinando lack such bliss.  
But say, my dear, when shall the gates of heaven  
Stand all wide ope[n], for celestial gods ... [II.1.10]  
With gladsome looks to gaze at Hymen's robes?  
When shall the graces, or Lucina's hand  
With rosy chaplets deck thy golden tresses,  
And Cupid bring me to thy nuptial bed,  
Where thou in joy and pleasure must attend  
A blissful war with me, thy chiefest friend?

LUCINA: Full fraught with love and burning with desire,  
I long have longed for light of Hymen's lights.

FERDINANDO: Then that same day, whose warm and pleasant sight  
Brings in the spring with many gladsome flowers, [II.1.20]  
Be our first day of joy and perfect peace:  
Till when, receive this precious carcanet,  
In sign that, as the links are interlaced,  
So both our hearts are still combined in one,  
Which never can be parted but by death.  
[*Enter Basilisco and Perseda.*]

LUCINA: And if I live, this shall not be forgot.  
But see, Ferdinando, where Perseda comes,  
Whom women love for virtue, men for beauty,  
All the world loves, none hates but envy.

BASILISCO: All hail, brave cavalier. Good morrow, Madam, ... [II.1.30]  
The fairest shine that shall this day be seen  
Except Perseda's beauteous excellence,  
Shame to love's queen, and empress of my thoughts.

FERDINANDO: Marry, thrice happy is Perseda's chance,  
To have so brave a champion to her squire.

BASILISCO: Her squire? Her knight -- and who so else denies  
Shall feel the rigor of my sword and lance.

FERDINANDO: O sir, not I.

LUCINA: Here's none but friends; yet let me challenge you  
For gracing me with a malignant style, ... [II.1.40]  
That I was fairest, and yet Perseda fairer;  
We ladies stand upon our beauties much.

PERSEDA: Herein, Lucina, let me buckler him.

BASILISCO: Not Mars himself had ere so fair a buckler.

PERSEDA: Love makes him blind, and blind can judge no colors.

LUCINA: Why then the mends is made and we still friends.

PERSEDA: Still friends? Still foes; she wears my carcanet.  
Ah false Erastus, how I am betrayed.

LUCINA: What ails you, madam, that your color changes?

PERSEDA: A sudden qualm; I therefore take my leave. ... [II.1.50]

LUCINA: We'll bring you home.

PERSEDA: ~~~ No, I shall soon get home.

LUCINA: Why then, farewell; Fernando, let's away.  
[Exit Ferdinando and Lucina.]

BASILISCO: Say, world's bright star, whence springs this sudden change?  
Is it unkindness at the little praise  
I gave Lucina with my glozing style?

PERSEDA: No, no; her beauty far surpasseth mine,  
And from my neck her neck hath won the praise.

BASILISCO: What is it then? If love of this my person,  
By favor and by justice of the heavens,  
At last have pierced through thy tra[ns]lucent breast, ... [II.1.60]  
And thou misdoubts, perhaps, that I'll prove coy;  
O be assured, 'tis far from noble thoughts  
To tyrannize over a yielding foe.



Therefore be blithe, sweet love, abandon fear;  
I will forget thy former cruelty.

PERSEDA: Ah, false Erastus, full of treachery.

BASILISCO: I always told you that such coward knights  
Were faithless swains and worthy no respect.  
But tell me, sweet love, what is his offense,  
That I with words and stripes may chastise him, ... [II.1.70]  
And bring him bound for thee to tread upon.

PERSEDA: Now must I find the means to rid him hence.  
Go thou forthwith, arm thee from top to toe,  
And come an hour hence unto my lodging;  
Then will I tell thee this offense at large,  
And thou in my behalf shall work revenge.

BASILISCO: Aye, thus should men of valor be employed;  
This is a good argument of thy true love;  
I go: make reckoning that Erastus dies,  
Unless, forewarned, the weakling coward flies. [*Exit Basilisco.*] ... [II.1.80]

PERSEDA: Thou foolish coward, flies? Erastus lives,  
The fairest-shaped but foulest-minded man  
That ere sun saw within our hemisphere.  
My tongue to tell my woes is all too weak;  
I must unclasp me, or my heart will break;  
But inward cares are most pent-in with grief;  
Unclasping, therefore, yields me no relief.  
Ah, that my moist- and cloud-compacted brain  
Could spend my cares in showers of weeping rain;  
But scalding sighs, like blasts of boist'rous winds, ... [II.1.90]  
Hinder my tears from falling on the ground,  
And I must die by closure of my wound.  
Ah, false Erastus, how had I misdome,  
That thou should'st quite my love with such a scorn? [*Enter Erastus.*]  
Here comes the Sinon to my simple heart:  
I'll frame myself to his dissembling art.

ERASTUS: Desire persuades me on; fear pulls me back.  
Tush, I will to her; innocence is bold.  
How fares Perseda, my sweet second self?

PERSEDA: Well, now Erastus, my heart's only joy, ... [II.1.100]  
Is come to join both hearts in union.

ERASTUS: And till I came whereas my love did dwell,  
My pleasure was but pain, my solace woe.

PERSEDA: What love means, my Erastus, pray thee tell.

ERASTUS: Matchless Perseda, she that gave me strength  
To win late conquest from many victors' hands:  
Thy name was conqueror, not my chivalry;  
Thy looks did arm me, not my coat of steel;  
Thy beauty did defend me, not my force;  
Thy favors bore me, not my light-foot steed; ... [II.1.110]  
Therefore to thee I owe both love and life.  
But wherefore makes Perseda such a doubt,  
As if Erastus could forget himself?  
Which if I do, all vengeance light on me.

PERSEDA: Aye me, how graceless are these wicked men:  
I can no longer hold my patience.  
Ah, how thine eyes can forge alluring looks,  
And feign deep oaths to wound poor silly maids.  
Are there no honest drops in all thy cheeks,  
To check thy fraud-full countenance with a blush? ... [II.1.120]  
Call'st thou me love, and lovest another better?  
If heavens were just, thy teeth would tear thy tongue  
For this thy perjured false disloyalty;  
If heavens were just, men should have open breasts,  
That we therein might read their guileful thoughts.  
If heavens were just, that power that forceth love  
Would never couple wolves and lambs together.  
Yes, heavens are just, but thou art so corrupt  
That in thee all their influence doth change,  
As in the spider good things turn to poison. ... [II.1.130]  
Ah, false Erastus, how had I misdone,  
That thou should'st pawn my true affection's pledge  
To her whose worth will never equal mine?  
What, is Lucina's wealth exceeding mine?  
Yet mine is sufficient to encounter thine.  
Is she more fair than I? That's not my fault,  
Not her desert: what's beauty but a blast,  
Soon cropped with age or with infirmities?  
Is she more wise? Her years are more than mine.  
Whate're she be, my love was more than hers; ... [II.1.140]  
And for her chastity let others judge.  
But what talk I of her? The fault is thine:  
If I were so disgracious in thine eye  
That she must needs enjoy my interest,

Why did'st thou deck her with my ornament?  
Could nothing serve her but the carcanet  
Which, as my life, I gave to thee in charge?  
Could'st thou abuse my true simplicity,  
Whose greatest fault was over-loving thee?  
I'll keep no tokens of thy perjury: ... [II.1.150]  
Here, give her this; Perseda now is free,  
And all my former love is turned to hate.

ERASTUS: Ah stay, my sweet Perseda; hear me speak.

PERSEDA: What are thy words but siren's guileful songs  
That please the ear but seek to spoil the heart?

ERASTUS: Then view my tears that plead for innocence.

PERSEDA: What are thy tears but Circe's magic seas,  
Where none scape wracked but blind-fold mariners?

ERASTUS: If words and tears displease, then view my looks  
That plead for mercy at thy rigorous hands. ... [II.1.160]

PERSEDA: What are thy looks but like the cockatrice  
That seeks to wound poor silly passengers?

ERASTUS: If words, nor tears, nor looks may win remorse,  
What then remains? For my perplexed heart  
Hath no interpreters but words, or tears, or looks.

PERSEDA: And they are all as false as thou thyself. [*Exit Perseda.*]

ERASTUS: Hard doom of death, before my case be known;  
My judge unjust, and yet I cannot blame her,  
Since Love and jealousy mislead her thus:  
Myself in fault, and yet not worthy blame, ... [II.1.170]  
Because that Fortune made the fault, not Love.  
The ground of her unkindness grows, because  
I lost the precious carcanet she gave me:  
Lucina hath it, as her words import;  
But how she got it, heaven knows, not I.  
Yet this is some aleavement to my sorrow  
That, if I can but get the chain again,  
I boldly then shall let Perseda know  
That she hath wronged Erastus and her friend.  
Ah Love, and if thou beest of heavenly power, ... [II.1.180]  
Inspire me with some present stratagem.

It must be so; Lucina's a frank gamester,  
And like it is in play she'll hazard it;  
For if report but blazon her aright,  
She's a frank gamester and inclined to play.  
Ho, Piston. [*Enter Piston.*]

PISTON: Here, sir, what would you with me?

ERASTUS: Desire Guelpio and Signior Julio come speak with me,  
and bid them bring some store of crowns with them; and,  
sirra, provide me four vizards, four gowns, a box, and ... [II.1.190]  
a drum, for I intend to go in mummery.

PISTON: I will, sir. [*Exit Piston.*]

ERASTUS: Ah, virtuous lamps of ever-turning heavens,  
Incline her mind to play, and mine to win.  
Nor do I covet but what is mine own;  
Than shall I let Perseda understand  
How jealousy had armed her tongue with malice.  
Ah, were she not Perseda, whom my heart  
No more can fly than iron can adamant,  
Her late unkindness would have changed my mind. ... [II.1.200]  
[*Enter Guelpio, Julio and Piston.*]

GUELPIO: How now, Erastus, wherein may we pleasure thee?

ERASTUS: Sirs, thus it is; we must in mummery  
Unto Lucina, neither for love nor hate,  
but, if we can, to win the chain she wears;  
For though I have some interest therein,  
Fortune may make me master of mine own,  
Rather than I'll seek justice gainst the Dame;  
But this assure yourselves, it must be mine,  
By game or change, by one devise or other;  
The rest I'll tell you when our sport is done. ... [II.1.210]

JULIO: Why then, let's make us ready, and about it.

ERASTUS: What store of crowns have you brought?

GUELPIO: Fear not for money, man, I'll bear the box.

JULIO: I have some little reply, if need require.

PISTON: Aye, but hear you, master, was not he a fool that went to shoot and left his arrows behind him?

ERASTUS: Yes, but what of that?

PISTON: Marry, that you may lose your money, and go without the chain, unless you carry false dice.

GUELPIO: Mas, the fool says true; let's have some got. ... [II.1.220]

PISTON: Nay, I use not to go without a pair of false dice; here are tall men and little men.

JULIO: High men and low men, thou would'st say.

ERASTUS: Come, sirs, let's go; -- drumsler, play for me, and I'll reward thee; -- and sirra Piston, mar not our sport with your foolery.

PISTON: I warrant you, sir, they get not one wise word of me.  
[*Sound up the drum to Lucina's door.*]

LUCINA: Aye, marry, this shows that Charleman is come:  
What, shall we play here? Content,  
Since Signior Ferdinand will have it so. ... [II.1.230]  
[*Then they play, and when she hath lost her gold,  
Erastus pointed to her chain, and then she said:*]  
Aye, were it Cleopatra's union.  
[*Then Erastus winneth the chain, and loseth his gold, and Lucina says:*]  
Signior Fernando, I am sure tis you; --  
And, gentlemen, unmask ere you depart  
That I may know to whom my thanks is due  
For this so courteous and unlooked-for sport.  
No, wilt not be? Then sup with me tomorrow;  
Well, then I'll look for you; till then, farewell. [*Exit Lucina.*]

ERASTUS: Gentlemen, each thing hath sorted to our wish;  
She took me for Fernando, marked you that?  
Your gold shall be repaid with double thanks; ... [II.1.240]  
And, fellow drumsler, I'll reward you well.

PISTON: But is there no reward for my false dice?

ERASTUS: Yes, sir, a guarded suit from top to toe. [*Enter Ferdinando.*]

FERDINANDO: Dazzle mine eyes, or is't Lucina's chain?  
False traitor, lay down the chain that thou hast stole.

ERASTUS: He lewdly lies that calls me treacherous.

FERDINANDO: That lie my weapon shall put down thy throat.  
[*Then Erastus slays Ferdinando.*]

JULIO: Fly, Erastus, ere the Governor have any news,  
Whose near ally he was and chief delight.

ERASTUS: Nay, gentlemen, fly you and save yourselves, ... [II.1.250]  
Lest you partake the hardness of my fortune. [*Exit Guelpio and Julio.*]  
Ah, fickle and blind guidress of the world,  
What pleasure hast thou in my misery?  
Was't not enough when I had lost the chain,  
Thou did'st bereave me of my dearest love;  
But now when I should repossess the same,  
To cross me with this hapless accident?  
Ah, if but time and place would give me leave,  
Great ease it were for me to purge myself,  
And to accuse fell Fortune, Love, and Death; ... [II.1.260]  
For all these three conspire my tragedy.  
But danger waits upon my words and steps;  
I dare not stay, for if the Governor  
Surprise me here, I die by marshal law;  
Therefore I go; but whether shall I go?  
If into any stay adjoining Rhodes,  
They will betray me to Philipppo's hands,  
For love, or gain, or flattery.  
To Turkey I must go; the passage short,  
The people warlike, and the King renowned ... [II.1.270]  
For all heroical and kingly virtues.  
Ah, hard attempt, to tempt a foe for aid.  
Necessity yet says it must be so,  
Or suffer death for Ferdinando's death,  
Whom honor's title forced me to misdo  
By checking his outrageous insolence.  
Piston, here take this chain, and give it to Perseda,  
And let her know what hath befallen me;  
When thou hast delivered it, take ship and follow me,  
I will be in Constantinople. -- ... [II.1.280]  
Farewell, my country, dearer than my life;  
Farewell, sweet friends, dearer than country soil;  
Farewell, Perseda, dearest of them all,  
Dearer to me than all the world besides. [*Exit Erastus.*]

PISTON: Now am I growing into a doubtful agony, what I were best to do -- to run away with this chain, or deliver it, and follow my master. If I deliver it and follow my master, I shall have thanks, but they will make me never the fatter; If I run away with it, I may live upon credit all the while I wear this chain, or dominere with the money when I ... [II.1.290] have sold it. Hitherto all goes well; but if I be taken -- Aye, marry, sir, then the case is altered, aye, and haltered too. Of all things I do not love to preach with a halter about my neck. Therefore for this once, I'll be honest against my will; Perseda shall have it; but before I go, I'll be so bold as to dive into this gentleman's pocket, for good luck sake, if he deny me not: -- how say you, sir, are you content? -- A plain case: *Qui tacet consitiri videtur*.  
[Enter *Philippo and Julio*.]

JULIO: See where his body lies.

PHILIPPO: Aye, aye, I see his body all too soon; ... [II.1.300]  
What barbarous villainy is't that rifles him?  
Ah, Ferdinand, the stay of my old age,  
And chief remainder of our progeny --  
Ah, loving cousin, how art thou misdome  
By false Erastus -- ah no, by treachery,  
For well thy valor hath been often tried.  
But, while I stand and weep, and spend the time  
In fruitless plaints, the murtherer will escape  
Without revenge, sole salve for such a sore. --  
Say, villain, wherefore did'st thou rifle him? ... [II.1.310]

PISTON: Faith, sir, for pure good will; seeing he was going towards heaven, I thought to see if he had a passport to S. Nicholas or no.

PHILIPPO: Some sot he seems to be; 'twere pity to hurt him. Sirrah, can'st thou tell who slew this man?

PISTON: Aye, sir, very well; it was my master Erastus.

PHILIPPO: Thy master? And whether is he gone now?

PISTON: To fetch the sexton to bury him, I think.

PHILIPPO: 'Twere pity to imprison such a sot.

PISTON: Now it fits my wisdom to counterfeit the fool. ... [II.1.320]

PHILIPPO: Come hither, sirrah; thou knowest me  
For the Governor of the City, dost thou not?

PISTON: Aye, forsooth, sir.

PHILIPPO: Thou art a bondman, and would'st fain be free?

PISTON: Aye, forsooth, sir.

PHILIPPO: Then do but this, and I will make thee free,  
And rich withal; learn where Erastus is,  
And bring me word, and I'll reward thee well.

PISTON: That I will, sir; I shall find you at the Castle, shall I not?

PISTON: Yes. ... [II.1.330]

PISTON: Why, I'll be here, as soon as ever I come again. [*Exit Piston.*]

PHILIPPO: But for assurance that he may not scape,  
We'll lay the ports and havens round about,  
And let a proclamation straight be made  
That he that can bring forth the murtherer  
Shall have three thousand ducats for his pains.  
Myself will see the body borne from hence  
And honored with balm and funeral. [*Exit.*]

## Scene II. 2

[*Enter Piston.*]

PISTON: God sends fortune to fools. Did you ever see wise man  
escape as I have done? I must betray my master? Aye, but  
when, can you tell? [*Enter Perseda.*]

See where Perseda comes, to save me a labor. -- After my  
most hearty commendations, this is to let you understand  
that my master was in good health at the sending thereof.  
Yours for ever and ever and ever, in most humble wise.  
*Piston.*

[*Then he delivered he the chain.*]

PERSEDA: This makes me think that I have been too cruel.  
How got he this from of Lucina's arm? ... [II.2.10]

PISTON: Faith, in a mummery, and a pair of false dice. I was one  
of the mummings myself, simple as I stand here.



PERSEDA: I rather think it cost him very dear.

PISTON: Aye, so it did, for it cost Ferdinando his life.

PERSEDA: How so?

PISTON: After we had got the chain in mummery,  
And lost our box in counter cambio,  
My master wore the chain about his neck;  
Then Ferdinando met us on the way,  
And reviled my master, saying he stole the chain. ... [II.2.20]  
With that, they drew, and there Ferdinando had the prickado.

PERSEDA: And whither fled my poor Erastus then?

PISTON: To Constantinople, whither I must follow him.  
But ere he went, with many sighs and tears,  
He delivered me the chain, and bade me give it you  
For perfect argument that he was true,  
And you too credulous.

PERSEDA: Ah stay, no more; for I can hear no more.

PISTON: And I can sing no more.

PERSEDA: My heart had armed my tongue with injury, ... [II.2.30]  
To wrong my friend whose thoughts were ever true.  
Ah, poor Erastus, how thy stars malign. --  
Thou great commander of the swift-winged winds,  
And dreadful Neptune, bring him back again;  
But, Eolus and Neptune, let him go;  
For here is nothing but revenge and death;  
Then let him go; I'll shortly follow him,  
Not with slow sails, but with love's golden wings;  
My ship shall be borne with tears and blown with sighs;  
So will I soar about the Turkish land, ... [II.2.40]  
Until I meet Erastus, my sweet friend;  
And then and there fall down amid his arms,  
And in his bosom there power forth my soul,  
For satisfaction of my trespass past. [*Enter Basilisco armed.*]

BASILISCO: Fair Love, according unto thy command,  
I seek Erastus, and will combat him.

PERSEDA: Aye, seek him, find him, bring him to my sight;  
For till we meet, my heart shall want delight. [*Exit Perseda.*]

BASILISCO: My pretty fellow, where hast thou hid thy master?

PISTON: Marry, sir, in an armorer's shop, where you had not ... [II.2.50]  
best go to him.

BASILISCO: Why so? I am in honor-bound to combat him.

PISTON: Aye sir, but he knowing your fierce conditions, hath planted  
a double cannon in the door, ready to discharge it upon  
you, when you go by. I tell you, for pure good will.

BASILISCO: In knightly courtesy, I thank thee.  
But hopes the coistrel to escape me so?  
Thinks he bare cannon-shot can keep me back?  
Why, wherefore serves my targe of proof but for the bullet?  
That once put by, I roughly come upon him, ... [II.2.60]  
Like to the wings of lightning from above;  
I with a martial look astonish him;  
Then falls he down, poor wretch, upon his knee,  
And all too late repents his surquedry.  
Thus do I take him on my fingers' point,  
And thus I bear him through every street,  
To be a laughing-stock to all the town;  
That done, I lay him at my mistress' feet,  
For her to give him doom of life or death.

PISTON: Aye, but hear you, sir; I am bound, in pain of my master's ... [II.2.70]  
displeasure, to have a bout at cuffs, afore you and I part.

BASILISCO: Ha, ha, ha.  
Eagles are challenged by paltry flies.  
Thy folly gives thee privilege; begone, begone.

PISTON: No, no, sir; I must have a bout with you, sir, that's flat,  
lest my master turn me out of service.

BASILISCO: Why, art thou weary of thy life?

PISTON: No, by my faith, sir.

BASILISCO: Then fetch thy weapons; and with my single fist  
I'll combat thee, my body all unarmed. ... [II.2.80]

PISTON: Why, lend me thine, and save me a labor.

BASILISCO: I tell thee, if Alcides lived this day,  
He could not wield my weapons.

PISTON: Why, wilt thou stay till I come again?

BASILISCO: Aye, upon my honor.

PISTON: That shall be when I come from Turkey. [*Exit Piston.*]

BASILISCO: Is this little desperate fellow gone?  
Doubtless he is a very tall fellow;  
And yet it were a disgrace to all my chivalry  
To combat one so base; ... [II.2.90]  
I'll send some crane to combat with the pygmy;  
Not that I fear, but that I scorn to fight. [*Exit Basilisco.*]

### **Scene II. 3**

[*Enter Chorus.*]

LOVE: Fortune, thou madest Fernando find the chain;  
But yet by Love's instruction he was taught  
To make a present of it to his mistress.

FORTUNE: But Fortune would not let her keep it long.

LOVE: Nay, rather, Love, by whose suggested power  
Erastus used such dice as, being false,  
Ran not by Fortune, but necessity.

FORTUNE: Mean time I brought Fernando on the way,  
To see and challenge what Lucina lost.

DEATH: And by that challenge I abridged his life, ... [II.3.10]  
And forced Erastus into banishment,  
Parting him from his love, in spite of Love.

LOVE: But with my golden wings I'll follow him  
And give him aid and succor in distress.

FORTUNE: And doubt not too, but Fortune will be there,  
And cross him too, and sometimes flatter him,  
And lift him up, and throw him down again.

DEATH: And here and there in ambush Death will stand,  
To mar what Love or Fortune takes in hand. [*Exeunt.*]

## Act III

### Scene III. 1

*[Enter Soliman and Brusor, with Janissaries.]*

SOLIMAN: How long shall Soliman spend his time,  
And waste his days in fruitless obsequies?  
Perhaps my grief and long-continual moan  
Adds but a trouble to my brothers' ghosts,  
Which but for me would now have took their rest.  
Then farewell, sorrow; and now, revenge, draw near.  
In controversy touching the Isle of Rhodes  
My brothers died; on Rhodes I'll be revenged.  
Now tell me, Brusor, what's the news at Rhodes?  
Hath the young Prince of Cypress married ... [III.1.12]  
Cornelia, daughter to the Governor?

BRUSOR: He hath, my Lord, with the greatest pomp  
That e'er I saw at such a festival.

SOLIMAN: What, greater than at our coronation?

BRUSOR: Inferior to that only.

SOLIMAN: At tilt, who won the honor of the day?

BRUSOR: A worthy knight of Rhodes, a matchless man,  
His name Erastus, not twenty years of age,  
Not tall, but well-proportioned in his limbs;  
I never saw, except your excellence, ... [III.1.20]  
A man whose presence more delighted me;  
And had he worshipped Mahomet for Christ,  
He might have borne me throughout all the world,  
So well I loved and honored the man.

SOLIMAN: These praises, Brusor, touch me to the heart,  
And makes me wish that I had been at Rhodes,  
Under the habit of some errant knight,  
both to have seen and tried his valor.

BRUSOR: You should have seen him foil and over-throw  
All the knights that there encountered him. ... [III.1.30]

SOLIMAN: Whate'er he be, even for his virtue's sake,  
I wish that fortune of our holy wars

Would yield him prisoner unto Soliman;  
That, for retaining one so virtuous,  
We may ourselves be famed for virtues.  
But let him pass; and, Brusor, tell me now,  
How did the Christians use our knights?

BRUSOR: As if that we and they had been one sect.

SOLIMAN: What think'st thou of their valor and demeanor?

BRUSOR: Brave men-at-arms, and friendly out-of-arms; ... [III.1.40]  
Courteous in peace, in battle dangerous;  
Kind to their foes and liberal to their friends;  
And all in all, their deeds heroical.

SOLIMAN: Then tell me, Brusor, how is Rhodes fenced?  
For either Rhodes shall be brave Soliman's,  
Or cost me more brave soldiers  
Than all that Isle will bear.

BRUSOR: ~~~ Their fleet is weak;  
Their horse, I deem them fifty thousand strong;  
Their footmen more, well-exercised in war;  
And, as it seems, they want no needful vital. ... [III.1.50]

SOLIMAN: However Rhodes be fenced by sea or land,  
It either shall be mine, or bury me. [*Enter Erastus.*]  
What's he that thus boldly enters in?  
His habit argues him a Christian.

ERASTUS: Aye, worthy Lord, a forlorn Christian.

SOLIMAN: Tell me, man, what madness brought thee hither?

ERASTUS: Thy virtuous fame and mine own misery.

SOLIMAN: What misery? Speak; for, though you Christians  
Account our Turkish race but barbarous,  
Yet have we ears to hear a just complaint ... [III.1.60]  
And justice to defend the innocent,  
And pity to such as are in poverty,  
And liberal hands to such as merit bounty.

BRUSOR: My gracious Sovereign,  
As this knight seems by grief tied to silence,  
So his deserts binds me to speak for him;

This is Erastus, the Rhodian worthy,  
The flower of chivalry and courtesy.

SOLIMAN: Is this the man that thou hast so described?  
Stand up, fair knight, that what my heart desires, ... [III.1.70]  
Mine eyes may view with pleasure and delight.  
This face of thine should harbor no deceit.  
Erastus, I'll not yet urge to know the cause  
That brought thee hither, lest with the discourse  
Thou should'st afflict thyself,  
And cross the fullness of my joyful passion.  
But (as a token) that we are assured  
Heaven's brought thee hither for our benefit,  
Know thou that Rhodes, nor all that Rhodes contains,  
Shall win thee from the side of Soliman, ... [III.1.80]  
If we but find thee well inclined to us.

ERASTUS: If any ignoble or dishonorable thoughts  
Should dare attempt, or but creep near my heart,  
Honor should force disdain to root it out;  
As air-bred eagles, if they once perceive  
That any of their brood but close their sight  
When they should gaze against the glorious sun,  
They straightway seize upon him with their talents,  
That on the earth it may untimely die  
For looking but askew at heaven's bright eye. ... [III.1.90]

SOLIMAN: Erastus, to make thee well-assured  
How well thy speech and presents liketh us,  
Ask what thou wilt; it shall be granted thee.

ERASTUS: Then this, my gracious Lord, is all I crave:  
That, being banished from my native soil,  
I may have liberty to live a Christian.

SOLIMAN: Aye, that, or anything thou shalt desire;  
Thou shalt be Captain of our Janissaries,  
And in our Council shalt thou sit with us,  
And be great Soliman's adopted friend. ... [III.1.100]

ERASTUS: The least of these surpass my best desert,  
Unless true loyalty may seem desert.

SOLIMAN: Erastus, now thou hast obtained thy boon,  
Deny not Soliman his own request;

A virtuous envy pricks me with desire  
To try thy valor; say, art thou content?

ERASTUS: Aye, if my Sovereign say content, I yield.

SOLIMAN: Then give us swords and targets. --  
And now, Erastus, think me thine enemy,  
But ever after thy continual friend; ... [III.1.110]  
And spare me not, for then thou wrong'st my honor.  
*[Then they fight, and Erastus overcomes Soliman.]*  
Nay, nay, Erastus, thrown not down thy weapons,  
As if thy force did fail; it is enough  
That thou hast conquered Soliman by strength;  
By courtesy let Soliman conquer thee.  
And now from arms to counsel sit thee down.  
Before thy coming I vowed to conquer Rhodes;  
Say, wilt thou be our Lieutenant there,  
And further us in manage of these wars?

ERASTUS: My gracious Sovereign, without presumption, ... [III.1.120]  
If poor Erastus may once more entreat,  
Let not great Soliman's command,  
To whose hest I vow obedience,  
Enforce me sheath my slaughtering blade  
In the dear bowels of my countrymen;  
And were it not that Soliman hath sworn,  
My tears should plead for pardon to that place.  
I speak not this to shrink away for fear,  
Or hide my head in time of dangerous storms:  
Employ me elsewhere in thy foreign wars, ... [III.1.130]  
Against the Persians, or the barbarous Moor,  
Erastus will be foremost in the battle.

SOLIMAN: Why favor'st thou thy countrymen so much,  
By whose cruelty thou art exiled?

ERASTUS: Tis not my country, but Philiippo's wrath  
(It must be told), for Ferdinando's death,  
Whom I in honor's cause have reft of life.

SOLIMAN: Nor suffer this or that to trouble thee;  
Thou shalt not need Philippo nor his Isle,  
Nor shalt thou war against thy countrymen: ... [III.1.140]  
I like thy virtue in refusing it,  
But, that our oath may have his current course,  
Brusor, go levy men;

Prepare a fleet to assault and conquer Rhodes.  
Mean time Erastus and I will strive  
By mutual kindness to excel each other.  
Brusor, be gone; and see not Soliman  
Till thou hast brought Rhodes in subjection. [*Exit Brusor.*]  
And now, Erastus, come and follow me,  
Where thou shalt see what pleasures and what sports ... [IV.1.150]  
My minions and my eunuchs can devise,  
To drive away this melancholy mood. [*Exit Soliman. Enter Piston.*]

PISTON: O, master, see where I am.

ERASTUS: Say, Piston, what's the news at Rhodes?

PISTON: Cold and comfortless for you; will you have them all  
at once?

ERASTUS: Aye.

PISTON: Why, the Governor will hang you, and he catch you;  
Ferdinando is buried; your friends commend them to you;  
Perseda hath the chain, and is like to die for sorrow. ... [III.1.160]

ERASTUS: Aye, that's the grief, that we are parted thus.  
Come, follow me, and I will hear the rest,  
For now I must attend the Emperor. [*Exeunt.*]

### Scene III. 2

[*Enter Perseda, Lucina, and Basilisco.*]

PERSEDA: Accursed chain, unfortunate Perseda.

LUCINA: Accursed chain, unfortunate Lucina.  
My friend is gone, and I am desolate.

PERSEDA: My friend is gone, and I am desolate.  
Return him back, fair stars, or let me die.

LUCINA: Return him back, fair heavens, or let me die;  
For what was he but comfort of my life?

PERSEDA: For what was he but comfort of my life?  
But why was I so careful of the chain?

LUCINA: But why was I so careless of the chain? ... [III.2.10]  
Had I not lost it, my friend had not been slain.



PERSEDA: Had I not lost it, my friend had not departed,  
His parting is my death.

LUCINA: ~~~ His death my life's departing,  
And here my tongue doth stay with swollen heart's grief.

PERSEDA: And here my swollen heart's grief doth stay my tongue.

BASILISCO: For whom weeps you?

LUCINA: ~~~ Ah, for Fernando's dying.

BASILISCO: For whom mourn you?

PERSEDA: ~~~ Ah, for Erastus flying.

BASILISCO: Why, Lady, is not Basilisco here?  
Why, Lady, doth not Basilisco live?  
Am not I worth both these for whom you mourn? ... [III.2.20]  
Then take each one half of me, and cease to weep;  
Or if you gladly would enjoy me both,  
I'll serve the one by day, the other by night,  
And I will pay you both your sound delight.

LUCINA: Ah, how unpleasant is mirth to melancholy.

PERSEDA: My heart is full; I cannot laugh at folly. [*Exeunt Ladies.*]

BASILISCO: See, see, Lucina hates me like a toad,  
Because that when Erastus spoke my name,  
Her love Ferdinando died at the same;  
So dreadful is our name to cowardice. ... [III.2.30]  
On the other side, Perseda takes it unkindly  
That ere he went, I brought not bound unto her  
Erastus, that faint-hearted run-away.  
Alas, how could I? For his man no sooner  
Informed him that I sought him up and down,  
But he was gone in twinkling of an eye.  
But I will after my delicious love;  
For well I wot, though she dissemble thus,  
And cloak affection with her modesty,  
With love of me her thoughts are over-gone, ... [III.2.40]  
More than was Phyllis with her Demophon. [*Exit.*]

### **Scene III. 3**

[*Enter Philipppo, the Prince of Cyprus, and other Soldiers.*]

PHILIPPO: Brave Prince of Cyprus, and our son-in-law,  
Now there is little time to stand and talk;  
The Turks have passed our galleys, and are landed;  
You with some men-at-arms shall take the Tower;  
I with the rest will down unto the strand.  
If we be beaten back, we'll come to you;  
And here, in spite of damned Turks, we'll gain  
A glorious death or famous victory.

CYPRUS: About it then. [*Exeunt.*]

#### **Scene III. 4**

[*Enter Brusor and his Soldiers.*]

BRUSOR: Drum, sound a parle to the citizens.  
[*The Prince of Cyprus on the walls.*]

CYPRUS: What parle craves the Turkish at our hands?

BRUSOR: We come with mighty Soliman's command,  
Monarch and mighty Emperor of the world,  
From East to West, from South to Septentrion.  
If you resist, expect what war affords,  
Mischief, murther, blood, and extremity.  
What, wilt thou yield, and try our clemency?  
Say aye or no; for we are peremptory.

CYPRUS: Your Lord usurps in all that he possesseth; ... [III.4.10]  
And that great God, which we do truly worship,  
Shall strengthen us against your insolence.

BRUSOR: Now if thou plead for mercy, 'tis too late:  
Come, fellow soldiers, let us to the breach  
That's made already on the other side. [*Exeunt to the battle.*]  
[*Philippo and Cyprus are both slain.*]

#### **Scene III. 5**

[*Enter Brusor, with Soldiers, having Guelpio, Julio,  
and Basilisco, with Perseda and Lucina prisoners.*]

BRUSOR: Now Rhodes is yoked, and stoops to Soliman.  
There lies the Governor, and there his son;  
Now let their souls  
Tell sorry tidings to their ancestors,  
What millions of men, oppressed with ruin and scathe,

The Turkish armies did [o'er-throw] in Christendom.  
What say these prisoners? Will they turn Turk, or no?

JULIO: First Julio will die ten thousand deaths.  
GUELPIO: And Guelpio, rather than deny his Christ.

BRUSOR: Then stab the slaves, and send their souls to hell. ... [III.5.10]  
[*They stab Julio and Guelpio.*]

BASILISCO: I turn, I turn; oh save my life, I turn.

BRUSOR: Forbear to hurt him; when we land in Turkey,  
He shall be circumcised and have his rites.

BASILISCO: Think you I turn Turk  
For fear of servile death, that's but a sport?  
I' faith sir, no;  
'Tis for Perseda, whom I love so well  
That I would follow her, though she went to hell.

BRUSOR: now for these Ladies: their lives' privilege  
Hangs on their beauty; they shall be preserved ... [III.5.20]  
To be presented to the great Soliman,  
The greatest honor Fortune could afford.

PERSEDA: The most dishonor that could ere befall. [*Exeunt.*]

### **Scene III. 6**

*Enter Chorus.*]

LOVE: Now, Fortune, what hast thou done in this later passage?

FORTUNE: I placed Erastus in the favor  
Of Soliman, the Turkish Emperor.

LOVE: Nay, that was Love, for I couched myself  
In poor Erastus' eyes, and with a look  
O'er-spread with tears, bewitched Soliman.  
Beside, I sat on valiant Brusor's tongue,  
To guide the praises of the Rhodian knight.  
Then in the Ladies' passions I showed my power;  
And lastly Love made Basilisco's tongue ... [III.6.10]  
To counter-check his heart by turning Turk,  
And save his life, in spite of Death's despite.

DEATH: How chance it then, that Love and Fortune's power  
Could neither save Philippo nor his son,  
Nor Guelpio, nor Signior Julio,  
Nor rescue Rhodes from out the hands of Death?

FORTUNE: Why, Brusor's victory was Fortune's gift.

DEATH: But had I slept, his conquest had been small.

LOVE: Wherefore stay we? There's more behind  
Which proves that, though Love wink, Love's not stark blind. ... [III.6.20]  
[*Exeunt.*]

## Act IV

### Scene IV. 1

[*Enter Erastus and Piston.*]

PISTON: Faith, master, methinks you are unwise that you wear  
not the high sugarloaf hat, and the gilded gown the Emperor  
gave you.

ERASTUS: Peace, fool, a sable weed fits discontent.  
Away, begone.

PISTON: I'll go provide your supper: a shoulder of mutton, and  
never a sallet. [*Exit Piston.*]

ERASTUS: I must confess that Soliman is kind,  
Past all compare, and more than my desert;  
But what helps gay garments, when the mind's oppressed? ... [IV.1.10]  
What pleaseth the eye, when the sense is altered?  
My heart is over-whelmed with thousand woes,  
And melancholy leads my soul in triumph;  
No marvel then if I have little mind  
Of rich embroidery, or costly ornaments,  
Of honors, titles, or of wealth or gain,  
Of music, viands, or of dainty dames.  
No, no; my hope full long ago was lost,  
And Rhodes itself is lost, or else destroyed;  
If not destroyed, yet bound and captivate; ... [IV.1.20]  
If captivate, then forced from holy faith;  
If forced from faith, forever miserable;  
For what is misery but want of God?  
And God is lost, if faith be over-thrown. [*Enter Soliman.*]

SOLIMAN: Why, how now, Erastus, always in thy dumps?  
Still in black habit fitting funeral?  
Cannot my love persuade thee from this mood,  
Nor all my fair entreats and blandishments?  
Wert thou my friend, thy mind would jump with mine;  
For what are friends but one mind in two bodies? ... [IV.1.30]  
Perhaps thou doubts my friendship's constancy;  
Then dost thou wrong the measure of my love,  
Which hath no measure and shall never end.  
Come, Erastus, sit thee down by me,  
And I'll impart to thee our Brusor's news,  
News to our honor, and to thy content;  
The Governor is slain that sought thy death.

ERASTUS: A worthy man, thou not Erastus' friend.

SOLIMAN: The Prince of Cyprus too is likewise slain.

ERASTUS: Fair blossom, likely to have proved good fruit. ... [IV.1.40]

SOLIMAN: Rhodes is taken, and all the men are slain,  
Except some few that turn to Mahomet.

ERASTUS: Aye, there it is; now all my friends are slain,  
And fair Perseda murdered or deflowered;  
Ah, Gracious Soliman, now show thy love  
In not denying thy poor suppliant.  
Suffer me not to stay here in thy presence,  
But by myself lament me once for all.  
Here if I stay, I must suppress my tears,  
And tears suppressed will but increase my sorrow. ... [IV.1.50]

SOLIMAN: Go, then, go spend thy mornings all at once,  
That in thy presence Soliman may joy;  
For hitherto have I reaped little pleasure. [*Exit Erastus.*]  
Well, well, Erastus, Rhodes may bless thy birth.  
For his sake only will I spare them more  
From spoil, pillage and oppression,  
Than Alexander spared warlike Thebes  
For Pindarus; or than Augustus  
Spared rich Alexandria for Arius' sake.  
[*Enter Brusor, Perseda and Lucina.*]

BRUSOR: My gracious Lord, rejoice in happiness; ... [IV.1.60]  
All Rhodes is yoked, and stoops to Soliman.

SOLIMAN: First, thanks to heaven; and next to Brusor's valor,  
Which I'll not guerdon with large promises  
But straight reward thee with a bounteous largess;  
But what two Christian virgins have we here?

BRUSOR: Part of the spoil of Rhodes, which were preserved  
To be presented to your mightiness.

SOLIMAN: This present pleaseth more than all the rest,  
And were their garments turned from black to white,  
I should have deemed them Juno's goodly swans, ... [IV.1.70]  
Or Venus' milk-white doves, so mild they are,  
And so adorned with beauty's miracle.  
Here, Brusor, this kind turtle shall be thine;  
Take her and use her at thy pleasure;  
But this kind turtle is for Soliman,  
That her captivity may turn to bliss.  
Fair locks, resembling Phoebus' radiant beams;  
Smooth forehead, like the table of high Jove,  
Small penciled eyebrows, like two glorious rainbows;  
Quick lamp-like eyes, like heaven's two brightest orbs; ... [IV.1.80]  
Lips of pure coral, breathing ambrosia;  
Cheeks, where the rose and lily are in combat;  
Neck, whiter than the snowy Appenines;  
Breasts, like two over-flowing fountains,  
'Twi'x which a vale leads to the Elysian shades,  
Where under covert lies the fount of pleasure  
Which thoughts may guess, but tongue must not profane.  
A sweeter creature nature never made;  
Love never tainted Soliman till now.  
Now, fair virgin, let me hear thee speak. ... [IV.1.90]

PERSEDA: What can my tongue utter but grief and death?

SOLIMAN: The sound is honey, but the sense is gall;  
Then, sweeting, bless me with a cheerful look.

PERSEDA: How can mine eyes dart forth a pleasant look,  
When they are stopped with floods of flowing tears?

SOLIMAN: If tongue with grief, and dyes with tears be filled,  
Say, virgin, how doth thy heart admit  
The pure affection of great Soliman?

PERSEDA: My thoughts are like pillars of adamant,  
Too hard to take an new impression. ... [IV.1.100]

SOLIMAN: Nay, then, I see, my stooping makes her proud;  
She is my vassal, and I will command.  
Coy virgin, knowest thou what offense it is  
To thwart the will and pleasure of a king?  
Why, thy life is done, if I but say the word.

PERSEDA: Why, that's the period that my heart desires.

SOLIMAN: And die thou shalt, unless thou change thy mind.

PERSEDA: Nay, then, Perseda grows resolute:  
Soliman's thoughts and mine resemble  
Lines parallel that never can be joined. ... [IV.1.110]

SOLIMAN: Then kneel thou down,  
And at my hands receive the stroke of death,  
Doomed to thyself by thine own willfulness.

PERSEDA: Strike, strike; thy words pierce deeper than thy blows.

SOLIMAN: Brusor, hide her, for her looks withhold me.  
[*Then Brusor hides her with a lawn.*]  
Oh Brusor, thou hast not hid her lips;  
For there sits Venus with Cupid on her knee,  
And all the Graces smiling round about her,  
So craving pardon that I cannot strike.

BRUSOR: Her face of covered-over quite, my Lord. ... [IV.1.120]

SOLIMAN: Why so: Oh Brusor, see'st thou not  
Her milk-white neck, that alabaster tower?  
'Twill break the edge of my keen scimitar,  
And pieces flying back will wound myself.

BRUSOR: Now she is all covered, my Lord.

SOLIMAN: Why now at last she dies.

PERSEDA: O Christ, receive my soul.

SOLIMAN: Hark, Brusor, she calls on Christ;  
I will not send her to him. Her words are music,  
The self-same music that in ancient days ... [IV.1.130]  
Brought Alexander from war to banqueting,  
And made him fall from skirmishing to kissing.  
No, my dear, Love would not let me kill thee,

Though Majesty would turn desire to wrath.  
There lies my sword, humbled at thy feet;  
And I myself, that govern many kings,  
Entreat a pardon for my rash misdeed.

PERSEDA: Now Soliman wrongs his imperial state;  
But if thou love me, and have hope to win,  
Grant [me] one boon that I shall crave of thee. ... [IV.1.140]

SOLIMAN: Whatere it be, Perseda, I grant it thee.

PERSEDA: Then let me live a Christian virgin still,  
Unless my state shall alter by my will.

SOLIMAN: My word is past, and I recall my passions;  
What should he do with crown and Emperie  
That cannot govern private fond affections?  
Yet give me leave in honest sort to court thee,  
To ease, thou not to cure, my malady.  
Come, sit thee down upon my right hand here;  
This seat I keep void for another friend. -- ... [IV.1.150]  
Go, Janissaries, call in your Governor,  
So shall I joy between two captive friends,  
And yet myself be captive to them both  
If friendship's yoke were not at liberty; --  
See where he comes, my other best-beloved. [*Enter Erastus.*]

PERSEDA: My sweet and best-beloved.

ERASTUS: My sweet and best-beloved.

PERSEDA: For thee, my dear Erastus, have I lived.

ERASTUS: And I for thee, or else I had not lived.

SOLIMAN: What words in affection do I see? ... [IV.1.160]

ERASTUS: Ah, pardon me, great Soliman, for this is she  
For whom I mourned more than for all Rhodes,  
And from whose absence I derived my sorrow.

PERSEDA: And pardon me, my Lord, for this is he  
For whom I thwarted Soliman's entreats,  
And for whose exile I lamented thus.



ERASTUS: Even from my childhood have I tendered thee;  
Witness the heavens of my unfeigned love.

SOLIMAN: By this one accident I well perceive  
That heavens and heavenly powers do manage love. ... [IV.1.170]  
I love them both, I know not which the better;  
They love each other best; what then should follow,  
But that I conquer both by my deserts,  
And join their hands, whose hearts are knit already?  
Erastus and Perseda, come you hither,  
And both give me your hands --  
Erastus, none but thou could'st win Perseda,  
Perseda, none but thou could'st win Erastus,  
From great Soliman; so well I love you both;  
And now, to turn late promises to good effect, ... [IV.1.180]  
Be thou, Erastus, Governor of Rhodes;  
By this thou shalt dismiss my garrison.

BRUSOR: Must he reap that for which I took the toil?  
Come, envy, then, and sit in friendship's seat;  
How can I love him that enjoys my right?

SOLIMAN: Give me a crown, to crown the bride withal.  
[*Then he crowns Perseda.*]  
Perseda, for my sake wear this crown.  
Now is she fairer than she was before;  
This title so augments her beauty, as the fire,  
That lay with honor's hand racked up in ashes, ... [IV.1.190]  
Revives again to flames, the force is such.  
Remove the cause, and then the effect will die;  
They must depart, or I shall not be quiet.  
Erastus and Perseda, marvel not  
That all in haste I wish you to depart;  
There is an urgent cause, but privy to myself;  
Command my shipping for to waft you over.

ERASTUS: My gracious Lord, whe[n] Erastus doth forget this favor,  
Then let him live abandoned and forlorn.

PERSEDA: Nor will Perseda slack even in her prayers, ... [IV.1.200]  
But still solicit God for Soliman,  
Whose mind hath proved so good and gracious. [*Exeunt.*]

SOLIMAN: Farewell, Erastus; Perseda, farewell too.  
Methinks I should not part with two such friends,  
The one so renowned for arms and courtesy,

The other so adorned with grace and modesty;  
Yet of the two Perseda moves me most,  
Aye, and so moves me, that I now repent  
That ere I gave away my heart's desire;  
What was it but abuse of Fortune's gift? ... [IV.1.210]  
And therefore Fortune now will be revenged;  
What was it but abuse of Love's command?  
And therefore mighty Love will be revenged;  
What was it but abuse of heavens that gave her me?  
And therefore angry heavens will be revenged;  
Heavens, Love, and Fortune, all three have decreed  
That I shall love her still, and lack her still,  
Like ever-thirsting, wretched Tantalus;  
Foolish Soliman, why did I strive  
To do him kindness, and undo myself? ... [IV.1.220]  
Well-governed friends do first regard themselves.

BRUSOR: Aye, now occasion serves to stumble him  
That thrust his sickle in my harvest corn.  
Pleaseth your Majesty to hear Brusor speak?

SOLIMAN: To one past cure good counsel comes too late;  
Yet say thy mind.

BRUSOR: With secret letters woo her, and with gifts.

SOLIMAN: My lines and gifts will but return my shame.

LUCINA: Hear me, my Lord; let me go over to Rhodes,  
That I may plead in your affection's cause; ... [IV.1.230]  
One woman may do much to win another.

SOLIMAN: Indeed, Lucina, were her husband from her,  
She happily might be won by thy persuades;  
But whil'st he lives, there is no hope in her.

BRUSOR: Why lives he then to grieve great Soliman?  
This only remains, that you consider  
In two extremes the least is to be chosen.  
If so your life depends upon your love,  
And that he love depends upon his life,  
Is it not better that Erastus die ... [IV.1.240]  
Ten thousand deaths than Soliman should perish?

SOLIMAN: Aye, say'st thou so? Why, then it shall be so;  
But by what means shall poor Erastus die?

BRUSOR: This shall be the means; I'll fetch him back again,  
Under color of great consequence;  
No sooner shall he land upon our shore,  
But witness shall be ready to accuse him  
Of treason done against your mightiness,  
And then he shall be doomed by marshal law.

SOLIMAN: Oh fine devise; Brusor, get thee gone; ... [IV.1.250]  
Come thou again; but let the lady stay  
To win Perseda to my will; meanwhile  
Will I prepare the judge and witnesses;  
And if this take effect, thou shalt be Viceroy,  
And fair Lucina Queen of Tripoli,  
Brusor, be gone; for till thou come I languish.  
[*Exeunt Brusor and Lucina.*]  
And now, to ease my troubled thoughts at last,  
I will go sit among my learned eunuchs,  
And hear them play, and see my minions dance.  
For till that Brusor bring me my desire, ... [IV.1.260]  
I may assuage, but never quench love's fire. [*Exit.*]

#### Scene IV. 2

[*Enter Basilisco.*]

BASILISCO: Since the expugnation of the Rhodian Isle,  
Methinks a thousand years are over-past,  
More for the lack of my Perseda's presence  
Than for the loss of Rhodes, that paltry Isle,  
Or for my friends that there were murdered.  
My valor everywhere shall purchase friends,  
And where a man lives well, there is his country.  
Alas, the Christians are but very shallow  
In giving judgment of a man-at-arms,  
A man of my desert and excellence; ... [IV.2.10]  
The Turks, whom they account for barbarous,  
Having foreheard of Basilisco's worth,  
A number under-prop me with their shoulders  
And in procession bare me to the Church,  
As I had been a second Mahomet.  
I, fearing they would adore me for a God,  
Wisely informed them that I was but man,  
Although in time perhaps I might aspire  
To purchase Godhead, as did Hercules;  
I mean by doing wonders in the world; ... [IV.2.20]  
Amid'st their church they bound me to a pillar,  
And to make trial of my valiancy,

They lopped a collop of my tend'rest member.  
But think you Basilisco squicht for that?  
Even as a cow for tickling in the horn.  
That done, they set me on a milk-white ass,  
Compassing me with goodly ceremonies.  
That day, methought, I sat in Pompey's chair  
And viewed the Capitol, and was Rome's greatest glory. [*Enter Piston.*]

PISTON: I would my master had left some other to be his agent ... [IV.2.30]  
here; faith, I am weary of the office already. What,  
Signior Tremomundo, that rid a pilgrimage to beg cake-bread?

BASILISCO: Oh take me not unprovided, let me fetch my weapons.

PISTON: Why, I meant nothing but a *Basolus manus*.

BASILISCO: No, did'st thou not mean to give me the privy stab?

PISTON: No, by my troth, sir.

BASILISCO: Nay, if thou had'st, I had not feared thee, aye;  
I tell thee, my skin holds out pistol-proof.

PISTON: Pistol-proof? I'll try if it will hold out pin-proof.  
[*Then he pricks him with a pin.*]

BASILISCO: Oh shoot no more; great God, I yield to thee. ... [IV.2.40]

PISTON: I see his skin is but pistol-proof from the girdle upward.  
What sudden agony was that?

BASILISCO: Why, saw'st thou not how Cupid, God of love,  
Nor daring look me in the marshal face,  
Came like a coward stealing after me.  
And with his pointed dart pricked my posteriors?

PISTON: Then hear my opinion concerning that point; the ladies  
of Rhodes, hearing that you have lost a capitol part of  
your lady-ware, have made their petition to Cupid to plague  
you above all other, as one prejudicial to their muliebrity. ... [IV.2.50]  
Now, sir Cupid, seeing you already hurt before, thinks it a  
greater punishment to hurt you behind. Therefore I would  
wish you to have an eye to the back-door.

BASILISCO: Sooth thou sayest, I must be fenced behind;  
I'll hang my target there.

PISTON: Indeed that will serve to bear of some blows when you run away in a fray.

BASILISCO: Sirrah, sirrah, what art thou, that thus encroachest upon my familiarity without special admittance?

PISTON: Why, do you not know me? I am Erastus' man. ... [IV.2.60]

BASILISCO: What, art thou that petty pygmy that challenged me at Rhodes, whom I refused to combat for his minority? Where is Erastus? I owe him chastisement in Perseda's quarrel.

PISTON: Do you not know that they are all friends, and Erastus married to Perseda, and Erastus made Governor of Rhodes, and I left here to be their agent?

BASILISCO: *O coelum, O terra, O maria, Neptune.*  
Did I turn Turk to follow her so far?

PISTON: The more shame for you.

BASILISCO: And is she linked in liking with my foe? ... [IV.2.70]

PISTON: That's because you were out of the way.

BASILISCO: Oh wicked Turk, for to steal her hence.

PISTON: Oh wicked turn-coat, that would have her stay.

BASILISCO: The truth is, I will be a Turk no more.

PISTON: And I fear thou wilt never prove good Christian.

BASILISCO: I will after to take revenge.

PISTON: And I'll stay here about my master's business.

BASILISCO: Farewell, Constantinople; I will to Rhodes. [*Exit.*]

PISTON: Farewell, counterfeit fool. -- God send him good shipping.]  
'Tis noised about that Brusor is sent to fetch my master ... [IV.2.80]  
back again; I cannot be well till I hear the rest of the news, therefore I'll about it straight. [*Exit.*]

### **Scene IV. 3**

[*Enter Chorus.*]

LOVE: Now, Fortune, what hast thou done in this latter act?

FORTUNE: I brought Perseda to the presence  
Of Soliman, the Turkish Emperor,  
And gave Lucina into Brusor's hands.

LOVE: And first I stung them with consenting love,  
And made great Soliman, sweet beauty's thrall,  
Humble himself at fair Perseda's feet,  
And made him praise love, and [his] captive's beauty;  
Again I made him to recall his passions,  
And give Perseda to Erastus' hands, ... [IV.3.10]  
And after make repentance of the deed.

FORTUNE: Mean time I filled Erastus' sails with wind,  
And brought him home unto his native land.

DEATH: And I suborned Brusor with envious rage  
To counsel Soliman to slay his friend.  
Brusor is sent to fetch him back again.  
Mark well what follows, for the history  
Proves me chief actor in this tragedy. [*Exeunt.*]

## Act V

### Scene V. 1

[*Enter Erastus and Perseda.*]

ERASTUS: Perseda, these days are our days of joy;  
What could I more desire than thee to wife?  
And that I have; or than to govern Rhodes?  
And that I do, thanks to great Soliman.

PERSEDA: And thanks to gracious heavens, that so  
Brought Soliman from worse to better;  
For though I never told it thee till now,  
His heart was purposed once to do thee wrong.

ERASTUS: Aye, that was before he knew thee to be mine.  
And now, Perseda, let's forget old griefs, ... [V.1.10]  
And let our studies wholly be employed  
To work each other's bliss and heart's delight.

PERSEDA: Our present joys will be so much the greater,  
Whenas we call to mind fore-passed griefs;  
So sings the mariner upon the shore,

When he hath passed the dangerous time of storms;  
But if my love will have old griefs forgot,  
They shall lie buried in Perseda's breast.  
[*Enter Brusor and Lucina.*]

ERASTUS: Welcome, Lord Brusor.

PERSEDA: ~~~ And Lucina too.

BRUSOR: Thanks, Lord Governor.

LUCINA: ~~~ And thanks to you, Madame. ... [V.1.20]

ERASTUS: What hasty news brings you so soon to Rhodes,  
Although to me you never come to soon?

BRUSOR: So it is, my Lord, that upon great affairs,  
Importuning health and wealth of Soliman,  
His highness by me entreateth you,  
As ever you respect his future love,  
Or have regard unto his courtesy,  
To come yourself in person and visit him,  
Without inquiry what should be the cause.

ERASTUS: Were there no ships to cross the seas withal, ... [V.1.30]  
My arms should frame mine oars to cross the seas;  
And should the seas turn tide to force me back,  
Desire should frame me wings to fly to him;  
I go, Perseda; thou must give me leave.

PERSEDA: Though loth, yet Soliman's command prevails.

LUCINA: And sweet Perseda, I will stay with you,  
From Brusor, my beloved; and I'll want him  
Till he bring back Erastus unto you.

ERASTUS: Lord Brusor, come; tis time that we were gone.

BRUSOR: Perseda, farewell; be not angry ... [V.1.40]  
For that I carry thy beloved from thee;  
We will return with all speed possible,  
And thou, Lucina, use Perseda so,  
That for my carrying of Erastus hence  
She curse me not; and so farewell to both.

PERSEDA: Come, Lucina, let's in; my heart is full. [*Exeunt.*]

## Scene V. 2

[*Enter Soliman, Lord Marshal, the two witnesses, and Janissaries.*]

SOLIMAN: Lord Marshal, see you handle it cunningly;  
And when Erastus comes, our perjured friend,  
See [that] he be condemned by marshal law;  
Here will I stand to see, and not be seen.

MARSHAL: Come, fellows, see when this matter comes in question  
You stagger not; and, Janissaries,  
See that your strangling cords be ready.

SOLIMAN: Ah that Perseda were not half so fair,  
Or that Soliman were not so fond,  
Or that Perseda had some other love, ... [V.2.10]  
Whose death might save my poor Erastus' life.  
[*Enter Brusor and Erastus.*]  
See where he comes, whom though I dearly love,  
Yet must his blood be spilt for my behoof;  
Such is the force of marrow-burning love.

MARSHAL: Erastus, Lord Governor of Rhodes, I arrest you in  
the King's name.

ERASTUS: What thinks Lord Brusor of this strange arrest?  
Has thou entrapped me to this treachery,  
Intended, well I wot, without the leave  
Or license of my Lord, great Soliman? ... [V.2.20]

BRUSOR: Why, then appeal to him, when thou shalt know,  
And be assured that I betray thee not.

SOLIMAN: Yet, thou, and I, and all of us betray him.

MARSHAL: No, no; in this case no appeal shall serve.

ERASTUS: Why then to thee, or unto any else,  
I here protest by heaven's unto you all  
That never was there man more true or just,  
Or in his deeds more loyal and upright,  
Or more loving, or more innocent,  
Than I have been to gracious Soliman, ... [V.2.30]  
Since first I set my feet on Turkish land.

SOLIMAN: Myself would be his witness, if I durst;  
But bright Perseda's beauty stops my tongue.



MARSHAL: Why, sirs, why face-to-face express you not  
The treasons you revealed to Soliman?

1 WITNESS: That very day Erastus went from hence,  
He sent for me into his cabinet,  
And for that man that is of my profession.

ERASTUS: I never saw them, aye, until this day.

1 WITNESS: His cabinet door fast shut, he first began ... [V.2.40]  
To question us of all sorts of fire-works;  
Wherein, when he had fully resolved him  
What might be done, he, spreading on the board  
A huge heap of our imperial coin,  
All this is yours, quoth he, if you consent  
To leave great Soliman and serve in Rhodes.

MARSHAL: Why, that was treason; but onwards with the rest.  
[*Enter Piston.*]

PISTON: What have we here? My master before the Marshal?

1 WITNESS: We said not aye, nor durst we say him nay,  
Because we were already in his galleys; ... [V.2.50]  
But seemed content to fly with him to Rhodes;  
With that he pursed the gold, and gave it us.  
The rest I dare not speak, it is so bad.

ERASTUS: Heavens, hear you this, and drops not vengeance on them?

2 WITNESS: The rest, and worst will I discourse in brief.  
Will you consent, quoth he, to fire the fleet  
That lies hard by us here in Bosphoron?  
For be it spoke in secret here, quoth he,  
Rhodes must no longer bear the Turkish yoke.  
We said the task might easily be performed, ... [V.2.60]  
But that we lacked such drugs to mix with powder,  
As were not in his galleys to be got.  
At this he leaped for joy, swearing and promising  
That our reward should be redoubled.  
We came aland, not minding for to return,  
And, as our duty and allegiance bound us,  
We made all known unto great Soliman;  
But ere we could summon him a land,  
His ships were past a kenning from the shore;  
Belike he thought we had bewrayed his treasons. ... [V.2.70]

MARSHAL: That all is true that here you have declared,  
Both lay your hands upon the Al-Koran.

1 WITNESS: Foul death betide me if I swear not true.

2 WITNESS: And mischief light on me if I swear false.

SOLIMAN: Mischief and death shall light upon you both.

MARSHAL: Erastus,  
Thou seest what witness hath produced against thee.  
What answerest thou unto their accusations?

ERASTUS: That these are Sinons, and myself poor Troy.

MARSHAL: Now it resteth, I appoint thy death; ... [V.2.80]  
Wherein thou shalt confess I'll favor thee,  
For that thou wert beloved of Soliman;  
Thou shalt forthwith be bound unto that post,  
And strangled as our Turkish order is.

PISTON: Such favor send all Turks, I pray God.

ERASTUS: I see this train was plotted ere I came;  
What boots complaining where's no remedy?  
Yet give me leave, before my life shall end,  
To moan Perseda, and accuse my friend.

SOLIMAN: O unjust Soliman; O wicked time, ... [V.2.90]  
Where filthy lust must murder honest love.

MARSHAL: Dispatch, for our time limited is past.

ERASTUS: Alas, how can he but be short, whose tongue  
Is fast tied with galling sorrow.  
Farewell, Perseda; no more but that for her;  
Inconstant Soliman; no more but that for him;  
Unfortunate Erastus; no more but that for me;  
Lo, this is all; and thus I leave to speak.  
[*Then they strangle him.*]

PISTON: Marry, sir, this is a fair warning for me to get me gone.  
[*Exit Piston.*]

SOLIMAN: O save his life, if it be possible; ... [V.2.100]  
I will not lose him for my kingdom's worth.

Ah, poor Erastus, art thou dead already?  
What bold presumer durst be so resolved  
For to bereave Erastus' life from him,  
Whose life to me was dearer than mine own?  
Was't thou? And thou? Lord Marshal, bring them hither,  
And at Erastus' hand let them receive  
The stroke of death, whom they have spoiled of life.  
What, is thy hand too weak? Then mine shall help  
To send them down to everlasting night, ... [V.2.110]  
To wait upon thee through eternal shade;  
Thy soul shall not go mourning hence alone;  
Thus die, and thus; for thus you murdered him.  
*[Then he kills the two Janissaries that killed Erastus.]*  
But soft, methinks he is not satisfied;  
The breath doth murmur softly from his lips,  
And bids me kill those bloody witnesses  
By whose treachery Erastus died.  
Lord Marshal, hail them to the tower's top,  
And throw them headlong down into the valley;  
So let their treasons with their lives have end. ... [V.2.120]

1 WITNESS: Yourself procured us.

2 WITNESS: ~~~ Is this our hire?  
*[Then the Marshal bears them to the tower-top.]*

SOLIMAN: Speak not a word, lest in my wrathful fury  
I doom you to ten thousand direful torments.  
And, Brusor, see Erastus be interred  
With honor in a kingly sepulcher.  
Why, when, Lord Marshal? Great Hector's son,  
Although his age did plead for innocence,  
Was sooner tumbled from the fatal tower  
Than are those perjured wicked witnesses.  
*[Then they are both tumbled down.]*  
Why, now Erastus' ghost is satisfied; ... [V.2.130]  
Aye, but yet the wicked Judge survives,  
By whom Erastus was condemned to die.  
Brusor, as thou lovest me, stab in the Marshal  
Lest he detect us unto the world,  
By making known our bloody practices;  
And then will thou and I hoist sail to Rhodes,  
Where thy Lucina and my Perseda lives.

BRUSOR: I will, my lord; -- Lord Marshal, it is his highness' pleasure  
That you commend him to Erastus' soul.  
[*Then he kills the Marshal.*]

SOLIMAN: Here ends my dear Erastus' tragedy, ... [V.2.140]  
And now begins my pleasant comedy;  
But if Perseda understand these news,  
Our scene will prove but tragi-comical.

BRUSOR: Fear not, my Lord; Lucina plays her part,  
And woos apace in Soliman's behalf.

SOLIMAN: Then, Brusor, come; and with some few men  
Let's sail to Rhodes with all convenient speed;  
For till I fold Perseda in mine arms,  
My troubled ears are deafed with love's alarms. [*Exeunt.*]

### Scene IV. 3

[*Enter Perseda, Lucina, and Basilisco.*]

PERSEDA: Now, signior Basilisco, which like you,  
The Turkish or our nation best

BASILISCO: That which your ladyship will have me like.

LUCINA: I am deceived but you were circumcised.

BASILISCO: Indeed I was a little cut in the porpuse.

PERSEDA: What means made you to steal back to Rhodes?

BASILISCO: The mighty pinky-eyed, brand-bearing God,  
To whom I am so long true servitor,  
When he espied my weeping floods of tears  
For your depart, he bade me follow him: ... [IV.3.10]  
I followed him, he with his fire-brand  
Parted the seas, and we came over dry-shod.

LUCINA: A matter not unlikely; but how chance,  
Your Turkish bonnet is not on your head?

BASILISCO: Because I now am Christian again,  
And that by natural means; for as the old Canon  
Says very prettily: *Nihil est tam naturale,*  
*Quod eo modo colligatum est:*  
And so forth.

So I became a Turk to follow her; ... [V.3.20]  
To follow her, am now returned a Christian. [*Enter Piston.*]

PISTON: O lady and mistress, weep and lament, and wring your hands; for my master is condemned and executed.

LUCINA: Be patient, sweet Perseda, the fool but jests.

PERSEDA: Ah no, my nightly dreams foretold me this,  
Which, foolish woman, fondly I neglected.  
But say, what death died my poor Erastus?

PISTON: Nay, God be praised, his death was reasonable;  
He was but strangled.

PERSEDA: But strangled? Ah, double death to me: ... [IV.3.30]  
But say, wherefore was he condemned to die?

PISTON: For nothing but high treason.

PERSEDA: What treason, or by whom was he condemned?

PISTON: Faith, two great knights of the post swore upon the  
Al-Koran that he would have fired the Turk's fleet.

PERSEDA: Was Brusor by?

PISTON: Aye.

PERSEDA: And Soliman?

PISTON: No; but I saw where he stood,  
To hear and see the matter well-conveyed. ... [IV.3.40]

PERSEDA: Accursed Soliman, profane Al-Koran:  
Lucina, came thy husband to this end,  
To lead a lamb unto the slaughter-house?  
Hast thou for this, in Soliman's behalf,  
With cunning words tempted my chastity?  
Thou shalt abie for both your treacheries.  
It must be so. Basilisco, dost thou love me? Speak.

BASILISCO: Aye, more than I love either life or soul:  
What, shall I stab the Emperor for thy sake?

PERSEDA: No, but Lucina; if thou lovest me, kill her. ... [IV.3.50]  
[*Then Basilisco takes a dagger and feels upon the point of it.*]

BASILISCO: The point will mar her skin.

PERSEDA: What, darrest thou not? Give me the dagger then --  
There's a reward for all thy treasons past.  
[*Then Perseda kills Lucina.*]

BASILISCO: Yet dare I bear her hence, to do thee good.

PERSEDA: No, let her lie, a prey to ravening birds;  
Nor shall her death alone suffice for his;  
Rhodes now shall be no longer Soliman's;  
We'll fortify our walls, and keep the town,  
In spite of proud, insulting Soliman.  
I know the lecher hopes to have my love, ... [IV.3.60]  
And first Perseda shall with this hand die  
Than yield to him, and live in infamy. [*Exeunt.*]

BASILISCO: I will ruminat; Death, which the poets  
Fain to be pale and meager,  
Hath deprived Erastus' trunk from breathing vitality,  
A brave cavalier, but my approved foe-man.  
Let me see; where is that Alcides, surnamed Hercules,  
The only club-man of his time? Dead.  
Where is the eldest son of Priam,  
That Abraham-colored Trojan? Dead. ... [IV.3.70]  
Where is the leader of the Myrmidons,  
That well-knit Achilles? Dead.  
Where is that furious Ajax, the son of Telamon,  
Or that fraud-full squire of Ithaca, yclipped Ulysses? Dead.  
Where is tipsy Alexander, that great cup conqueror,  
Or Pompey that brave warrior? Dead.  
I am myself strong, but I confess death to be stronger;  
I am valiant, but mortal;  
I am adorned with nature's gifts,  
A giddy goddess that now giveth and anon taketh; ... [IV.3.80]  
I am wise, but quiddits will not answer death;  
To conclude in a word: to be captious, virtuous, ingenious,  
Are to be nothing when it pleaseth death to be envious.  
The great Turk, whose seat is Constantinople,  
Hath beleaguered Rhodes, whose chieftain is a woman;  
I could take the rule upon me;  
But the shrub is safe when the Cedar shaketh;  
I love Perseda, as one worthy;

But I love Basilisco, as one I hold more worthy,  
My father's son, my mother's solace, my proper self. ... [IV.3.90]  
Faith, he can do little that cannot speak,  
And he can do less that cannot run away;  
Then sith man's life is as a glass, and a fillip may crack it,  
Mine is no more, and a bullet may pierce it;  
Therefore I will play least in sight. [*Exit.*]

#### Scene V. 4

[*Enter Soliman and Brusor, with Janissaries.*]

SOLIMAN: The gates are shut; which proves that Rhodes revolts,  
And that Perseda is not Soliman's;  
Ah, Brusor, see where thy Lucina lies,  
Butchered despitefully without the walls.

BRUSOR: Unkind Perseda, could'st thou use her so?  
And yet we used Perseda little better.

SOLIMAN: Nay, gentle Brusor, stay thy tears a while,  
Lest with thy woes thou spoil my comedy,  
And all too soon be turned to tragedies.  
Go, Brusor, bear her to thy private tent, ... [V.4.10]  
Where we at leisure will lament her death,  
And with her tears bewail her obsequies;  
For yet Perseda lives for Soliman. --  
Drum, sound a parle; -- were it not for her,  
I would sack the town, ere I would sound a parle.  
[*The drum sounds a parle. Perseda comes upon the walls in  
man's apparel. Basilisco and Piston, upon the walls.*]

PERSEDA: At whose entreaty is this parle sounded?

SOLIMAN: At our entreaty; therefore yield the town.

PERSEDA: Why, what art thou that boldly bids us yield?

SOLIMAN: Great Soliman, Lord of all the world.

PERSEDA: Thou art not Lord of all; Rhodes is not thine. ... [V.4.20]

SOLIMAN: It was, and shall be, *maugre* who says no.

PERSEDA: I, that say no, will never see it thine.

SOLIMAN: Why, what art thou that dares resist my force?

PERSEDA: A Gentleman, and thy mortal enemy,  
And one that dares thee to the single combat.

SOLIMAN: First tell me, doth Perseda live or no?

PERSEDA: She lives to see the wrack of Soliman.

SOLIMAN: Then I will combat thee, whatere thou art.

PERSEDA: And in Erastus' name I'll combat thee;  
And here I promise thee on my Christian faith, ... [V.4.30]  
Then will I yield Perseda to thy hands,  
If that thy strength shall over-match my right,  
To use as to thy liking shall seem best.  
But ere I come to enter single fight,  
First let my tongue utter my heart's despite;  
And thus my tale begins; thou wicked tyrant,  
Thou murtherer, accursed homicide,  
For whom hell gapes, and all the ugly fiends  
Do wait for to receive thee in their jaws;  
Ah, perjured and inhuman Soliman, ... [V.4.40]  
How could thy heart harbor a wicked thought  
Against the spotless life of poor Erastus?  
Was he not true? Would thou had'st been as just.  
Was he not valiant? Would thou had'st been as virtuous.  
Was he not loyal? Would thou had'st been as loving.  
Ah, wicked tyrant, in that one man's death  
Thou hast betrayed the flower of Christendom.  
Died he because his worth obscured thine?  
In slaughtering him thy virtues are defamed;  
Did'st thou misdo him in hope to win Perseda? ... [V.4.50]  
Ah, foolish man, therein thou art deceived;  
For, though she live, yet will she nere live thine;  
Which, to approve, I'll come to combat thee.

SOLIMAN: Injurious, foul-mouthed knight, my wrathful arm  
Shall chastise and rebuke these injuries.  
[*Then Perseda comes down to Soliman, and Basilisco and Piston.*]

PISTON: Aye, but hear you, are you so foolish to fight with him?

BASILISCO: Aye, sirrah; why not, as long as I stand by?

SOLIMAN: I'll not defend Erastus' innocence,  
But [die] maintaining of Perseda's beauty.  
[*Then they fight; Soliman kills Perseda.*]



PERSEDA: Aye, now I lay Perseda at thy feet, ... [V.4.60]  
But with thy hand first wounded to the death:  
Now shall the world report that Soliman  
Slew Erastus in hope to win Perseda,  
And murdered her for loving of her husband.

SOLIMAN: What, my Perseda? Ah, what have I done?  
Yet kiss me, gentle love, before thou die.

PERSEDA: A kiss I grant thee, though I hate thee deadly.

SOLIMAN: I loved thee dearly, and accept thy kiss.  
Why did'st thou love Erastus more than me?  
Or why did'st not give Soliman a kiss ... [V.4.70]  
Ere this unhappy time? Then had'st thou lived.

BASILISCO: Ah, let me kiss thee too, before I die.  
[*Then Soliman kills Basilisco.*]

SOLIMAN: Nay, die thou shalt for thy presumption,  
For kissing her whom I do hold so dear.

PISTON: I will not kiss her, sir, but give me leave  
To weep over her; for while she lived,  
She loved me dearly, and I loved her.

SOLIMAN: If thou did'st love her, villain, as thou said'st,  
Then wait on her through eternal night.  
[*Then Soliman kills Piston.*]  
Ah, Perseda, how shall I mourn for thee? ... [V.4.80]  
Fair springing Rose, ill-plucked before thy time.  
Ah heavens, that hitherto have smiled on me,  
Why do you unkindly lower on Soliman?  
The loss of half my realms, nay, crown's decay,  
Could not have pricked so near unto my heart  
As does the loss of my Perseda's life;  
And with her life I likewise lose my love,  
And with her love my heart's felicity.  
Even for Erastus' death the heavens have plagued me.  
Ah no, the heavens did never more accurse me ... [V.4.90]  
Than when they made me butcher of my love.  
Yet justly how can I condemn myself,  
When Brusor lives that was the cause of it all?  
Come Brusor, help to lift her body up.  
Is she not fair?

BRUSOR: Even in the hour of her death.

SOLIMAN: Was she not constant?

BRUSOR: As firm as are the poles whereon heaven lies.

SOLIMAN: Was she not chaste?

BRUSOR: As is Pandora or Diana's thoughts. ... [V.4.100]

SOLIMAN: Then tell me (his treasons set aside),  
What was Erastus in thy opinion?

BRUSOR: Fair-spoken, wise, courteous, and liberal;  
Kind, even to his foes, gentle and affable;  
And, all in all, his deeds heroic.

SOLIMAN: Ah, was he so?  
How durst thou then, ungracious counselor,  
First cause me murder such a worthy man,  
And after tempt so virtuous a woman?  
Be this, therefore, the last that ere thou speak -- ... [V.4.110]  
Janissaries, take him straight unto the block;  
Off with his head, and suffer him not to speak. [*Exit Brusor.*]  
And now, Perseda, here I lay me down,  
And on thy beauty [I'll] still contemplate,  
Until mine eyes shall surfeit by my gazing.  
But stay; let me see what paper is this?  
[*Then he takes up a paper, and reads in it as followeth.*]  
"Tyrant, my lips were sew'd with deadly poison,  
To plague thy heart that is so full of poison."  
What, am I poisoned? Then, Janissaries,  
Let me see Rhodes recovered ere I die. ... [V.4.120]  
Soldiers, assault the town on every side;  
Spoil all, kill all; let none escape your fury.  
[*Sound an alarum to the fight.*]  
Say, Captain, is Rhodes recovered again?

CAPTAIN: It is, my Lord, and stoops to Soliman.

SOLIMAN: Yet that allays the fury of my pain  
Before I die, for doubtless die I must.  
Aye, fates, injurious fates, have so decreed;  
For now I feel the poison gins to work,  
And I am weak even to the very death;  
Yet something more contentedly I die ... [V.4.130]

For that my death was wrought by her device,  
Who, living, was my joy, whose death my woe.  
Ah, Janissaries, now dies your Emperor,  
Before his age hath seen his mellowed years.  
And if you ever loved your Emperor,  
Afright me not with sorrows and laments;  
And when my soul from body shall depart,  
Trouble me not, but let me pass in peace,  
And in your silence let your love be shown.  
My last request, for I command no more, ... [V.4.140]  
Is that my body with Perseda's be  
Interred, where my Erastus lies entombed,  
And let one epitaph contain us all.  
Ah, now I feel the paper told me true;  
The poison is dispersed through every vein,  
And boils, like Aetna, in my frying guts.  
Forgive me, dear Erastus, my unkindness.  
I have revenged thy death with many deaths;  
And, sweet Perseda, fly not Soliman,  
Whenas my gliding ghost shall follow thee, ... [V.4.150]  
With eager mood, through eternal night.  
And now, pale Death sits on my panting soul,  
And with revenging ire doth tyrannize,  
And says: "for Soliman's too much amiss,  
This day shall be the period of my bliss."  
[*Then Soliman dies, and they carry him forth with silence.*]

### **Scene V. 5**

[*Enter Chorus.*]

FORTUNE: I gave Erastus woe and misery  
Amid'st his greatest joy and jollity.

LOVE: But I, that have power in earth and heaven above,  
Stung them both with never-failing love.

DEATH: But I bereft them both of love and life.

LOVE: Of life, but not of love; for even in death  
Their souls are knit, though bodies be disjoined:  
Thou did'st but wound their flesh, their minds are free;  
Their bodies buried, yet they honor me.

DEATH: Hence foolish Fortune, and thou wanton Love: ... [IV.5.10]  
Your deeds are trifles, mine of consequence.

FORTUNE: I give world's happiness and woe's increase.

LOVE: By joining persons, I increase the world.

DEATH: By wasting all, I conquer all the world.  
And now, to end our difference at last,  
In this last act note but the deeds of Death.  
Where is Erastus now, but in my triumph?  
Where are the murtherers, but in my triumph?  
Where Judge and witnesses, but in my triumph?  
Where's false Lucina, but in my triumph? ... [IV.5.20]  
Where's fair Perseda, but in my triumph?  
Where's Basilisco, but in my triumph?  
Where's faithful Piston, but in my triumph?  
Where's valiant Brusor, but in my triumph?  
And where's great Soliman, but in my triumph?  
There loves and fortunes ended with their lives,  
And they must wait upon the Car of Death.  
Pack, Love and Fortune, play in Comedies;  
For powerful Death best fitteth Tragedies.

LOVE: I go, yet Love shall never yield to Death. [*Exit Love.*] ... [V.5.30]

DEATH: But Fortune shall; for when I waste the world,  
Then times and kingdom's fortunes shall decay.

FORTUNE: Mean time will Fortune govern as she may. [*Exit Fortune.*]

DEATH: Aye, now will Death, in his most haughty pride,  
Fetch his imperial Car from deepest hell,  
And ride in triumph through the wicked world;  
Sparing none but sacred Cynthia's friend,  
Whom Death did fear before her life began;  
For holy fates have graven it in their tables  
That Death shall die, if he attempt her end, ... [IV.5.40]  
Whose life is heaven's delight, and Cynthia's friend.

*FINIS*

# APPENDIX I

## Glossary

**Abraham-colored** (a): auburn-haired ("Abraham" is a corruption of auburn). FS (1-Corio, 2d OED citation); Kyd Sol&Per (1st OED citation).

**aby** (v): pay for, atone. FS (2-MND); Golding Ovid; Kyd Sol&Per; Marlowe Edw2; (anon./Greene) George a Greene; Nashe Valentines; Munday Huntington.

**adamant** (n): an alleged mineral, ascribed with the hard, unbreakable properties of a diamond; others ascribed to it properties of the lodestone or magnet. FS (3-1H6, MND, T&C); Golding Ovid; Kyd Sp Tr, Sol&Per; many others.

**alleavement** (n): relief. NFS. Cf. Kyd Sol&Per (only OED citation).

**bane** (n): destruction, poison. FS (8-2H6, T&C, MM, Cymb, Titus, Mac, Edw3, V&A); Golding Ovid; Brooke Romeus; Lyly Sapho; Marlowe/Nashe Dido; Greene Alphonsus, Look Gl; Kyd Sol&Per; Harvey 4 Letters; Nashe Summers; (anon.) Woodstock, Penelope, Blast of Retreat, L Gh; (disp.) Greene's Groat; Chettle Kind Hart.

**basilisk** (n, adj): A fabulous reptile, alleged to be hatched by a serpent from a cock's egg; ancient authors stated that its hissing drove away all other serpents, and that its breath, and even its look, was fatal. FS (3-2H6, 3H6, Rich3, 1H4, H5, WT, Cymb); many others. Note also the striking use by Kyd in Sol&Per (reg. 1592), in which a major coward, braggart and back-stabber is named Basilisco.

Basolus Manus: *Besa las manos*. Kiss hands; goodbye! (Sp). Cf. (anon.) Fam Vic; Kyd Sol&Per. Bassow/Bashow/Bashaw: Pasha. Cf. Kyd Sp Tr, Sol&Per.

**bewray** (v): reveal. FS (7); Golding Ovid; Brooke Romeus; Watson Hek; Edwards Dam&Pith; Gascoigne Jocasta; Greene Orl Fur, Fr Bacon, James IV; Kyd Sp Tr, Sol&Per; Marlowe Massacre, Jew/Malta; (disp.) Oldecastle; Lyly Bombie, Midas, Gallathea, Endymion, Campaspe, Whip; (anon.) Marprelate; Locrine, Ironside, Arden, Willobie, Penelope, Leic Gh.

**boot** (v): help. FS (many); Golding Ovid; Brooke Romeus; Kyd Sp Tr, Sol&Per; Lyly Bombie; Chettle Kind Hart; (anon.) Fam Vic, Willobie, Leic Gh.

**brave** (n): cry of bravado. Cf. Kyd Sol&Per.

**buckler** (v): apparently means "put on, hand him his buckler (shield)". Cf. Kyd Sol&Per. Not found in OED in that sense.

**carcanet** (n): ornamental collar or necklace, usually of gold or set with jewels. FS (2-Errors, Sonnet); Kyd Sol&Per

**channel bone** (n): neck, windpipe. NFS. Cf. Golding Ovid; Marlowe T2; Kyd Sol&Per.

**charactered** (a): engraved, imprinted, written. FS (6-2H6, TGV (1st OED citation), Edw3, Lucrece, Sonnet); Kyd Sol&Per.

**cock and pie** (interjection): used in an oath. FS (1-MWW); Kyd Sol&Per.

**cockatrice** (n): basilisk; see above. FS (2-Rich3, R&J); Watson Hek; Lyly Campaspe; Kyd Sol&Per; (anon.) Locrine; (disp.) Cromwell.

**coistrel** (n): knave. FS (1-Pericles); Gascoigne Supposes; Lyly Bombie; Kyd Sol&Per; (anon.) Arden, Nashe Penniless; Jonson in his Humor; others.

**collop/collup** (n): small slice, piece of flesh. FS (2-1H6, WT); Golding Ovid; Gascoigne Supposes; Lyly Bombie; Kyd Sol&Per (referring to circumcision).

**counter cambio** (n): exchange. NFS. Cf. Kyd Sol&Per. 1st OED citation Howell, 1645. Note that Cambio is a character in WS Shrew.

**counterfeit** (v): pretend, feign. FS (3-Errors, AsYou, Edw3); Golding Ovid; Gascoigne Supposes; Lyly Campaspe, Gallathea; Kyd Sp Tr, Sol&Per; (disp.) Greene's Groat; Nashe Absurdity; Harvey 4 Letters; Marston Malcontent.

**curtal** (n): one [as a horse] with cropped tail. FS (1-AWEW); Kyd Sol&Per.

**dart** (n): spear, javelin. FS (Edw3, TNK); Golding Ovid; Marlowe T2; Kyd Sol&Per; (anon.) Fam Vic, Willobie, Mucedorus, Locrine, Leic Gh; Sidney Antony; Munday More, Huntington.

**dismount** (v): unmount, cause to be thrown from a horse. FS (2-12th (1st use per OED), Lov Comp); Kyd Sol&Per; (anon.) Ironside .

**dominere/domineer** (v): dominate, lord it; live it up, live riotously. FS (1-Shrew); Kyd Sol&Per; Nashe Penniless; (anon.) Woodstock, Arden, Nobody/Somebody; Harvey 3d Letter.

**drumsler** (n): drummer, player, actor. NFS. Cf. Kyd Sol&Per.

**dudgeon dagger** (n): dagger with a hilt made of dudgeon, probably boxwood. FS (1-Mac); Kyd Sol&Per; Nashe Strange News (dedication).

**expugnation** (n): conquest. NFS. Cf. Kyd Sol&Per (OED missed citation).

**faint** (v): falter. FS (many); Golding Ovid; Brooke Romeus; Edwards Dam&Pith; Lodge Wounds; Kyd Sol&Per; Lyly Midas; Marlowe Dido, Faustus; (anon.) Woodstock, Mucedorus, Arden, Penelope

**ferre/feere** (n): mate, companion. FS (3-Titus, Pericles, TNK); Golding Ovid; Brooke Romeus; Gascoigne Jocasta; Kyd Sol&Per; (anon.) Locrine, Penelope.

**fell** (a): savage, cruel. FS (many); Golding Ovid; Brooke Romeus; Gascoigne Jocasta; Watson Hek; Kyd Sp Tr, Sol&Per; Marlowe Edw2; (anon) Locrine, Mucedorus, Woodstock, Penelope.

**fox in the hole** (n): a child's game. Cf. Kyd Sol&Per. 1st OED citation 1633.

**gamester** (n): gambler and/or lewd person (m or fem). FS (AWEW, 1st OED citation as a lewd person, LLL, Pericles); Lyly Midas; Kyd Sol&Per; (anon.) Willobie, Penelope; (disp.) Oldcastle, Maiden's

**gloze/glose** (n, v): specious, over-expansive talk, flattery; glozers: flatterers. FS (6-LLL, Rich2, H5, TA, T&C, Pericles); Golding Ovid; Gascoigne Supposes; Edwards Dam&Pith; Watson Hek; Lyly Campaspe; Kyd Cornelia, Sol&Per; Marlowe Edw2; (anon.) Ironside, Arden, Willobie; Nashe Menaphon, Summers, Absurdity; Harvey Pierce's Super; Greene's Groat; (disp.) Maiden's. Cf. (anon.) Nobody/Somebody as a verb.

**hackney-man** (n): coach man? Not in OED. Cf. Kyd Sol&Per; Nashe Penniless; Jonson Revels.

**hest** (n): behest. FS (3-1H4, Temp); Golding Ovid; Brooke Romeus; Gascoigne Jocasta; Kyd Sol&Per; (anon.) Locrine.

**high-minded** (a): proud, arrogant. FS (1-1H6); Golding Ovid; Gascoigne Jocasta; Kyd Sol&Per.

**hire** (n): payment, reward. FS (8); Golding Ovid; Brooke Romeus; Watson Hek; Lodge Wounds; Kyd Sol&Per; (anon.) Dainty Devices, Ironside, Willobie.

**Janissaries** (n): Turkish troops drawn mostly from Christian population. They were fine fighters, well rewarded; and having no personal political hopes, loyally served as the Sultan's guard. Cf. Marlowe T1; Kyd Sol&Per.

**jet/jetting** (v): stroll/strolling, strut. FS (4-Rich3, 12th, Cymb, TA); Golding Ovid; Kyd Sol&Per; Greene James IV; Marlowe Edw2; (anon.) Woodstock, Dodypoll, Willobie, Arden, Leic Gh; Nashe Ch. Tears.

**kenning** (n): sight (v. to ken). NFS. Cf. Golding Ovid; Kyd Sol&Per. OED contemp. citations: 1577 Holinshed Chron.; 1586 R. Lane in Capt. Smith Virginia; 1598 Tofte Alba

**kerns** (n): lightly-armed infantry (usually Scots or Irish). FS (8-2H6, Rich2, H5, Mac); Kyd Sol&Per.

**lavalto/lavolta** (n): lively dance for two persons, consisting a good deal in high and active bounds. FS (T&C); Kyd Sol&Per.

**lawn** (n): article of fine linen. Cf. Kyd Sol&Per.

**maugre/mauger**: in spite of (fr). FS (3-12th, Titus, Lear); Golding Ovid, Abraham; Brooke Romeus; Lyly Midas; Kyd Sol&Per; Greene Orl Fur, Alphonsus; (anon.) Mucedorus, Locrine, Ironside, Nobody/Somebody, Penelope, Leic Gh; Pasquil Countercuff; Harvey Sonnet, 3d Letter.

**mot** (n): motto. NFS. Kyd Sol&Per (OED missed citation); Marston Ant & Mel.

**muliebrity** (n): womanhood, womanliness. NFS. Cf. Kyd Sol&Per (OED 1st use; 2d in 1693).

**mummery** (n): (1) fancy dress, (2) play acting. NFS. Cf. Kyd Sol&Per (OED 4th use).

**oratrix** (n): female petitioner, pleader. NFS. Cf. Kyd Sol&Per (obvious misuse: a joke at the expense of speaker Basilisco. OED 1st use in this manner).

**pack/packing** (n): intrigue, conspiracy. FS (5-Shrew, MWW, Cymb, Lear, Edw3); Golding Ovid; Gascoigne Supposes; Kyd Sol&Per; Lyly Bombie.

**pinky-eyed** (a): small-eyed. NFS. Cf. Kyd Sol&Per. As a noun, Cf. Riche, Lodge, Nashe.

**policy** (n): trickery, cunning. FS (many); Golding Ovid; Kyd Sp Tr, Sol&Per; many others. A major Shakespeare preoccupation, i.e.: 1H4: Neuer did base and rotten Policy / Colour her working with such deadly wounds.

**porpuse** (n): a deliberate corruption of "prepuce", foreskin. Cf. Kyd Sol&Per. Another joke at Basilisco's expense.

**press** (n): press of people. NFS. Cf. Golding Ovid; Brooke Romeus; Edwards Dam&Pith; Kyd Sol&Per; Greene Fr Bac; (anon.) Locrine; Oxford letter.

**quiddit/quiddity** (n): subtle argument, short for quiddity (below). NFS. Cf. Kyd Sol&Per (OED missed this use); Greene Upst Court (1st use per OED).

**rutter** (n): trooper, dragoon. NFS. Cf. Kyd Sol&Per (3d use per OED).

**sallet** (n): salad greens. FS (2-2H6, AWEW); Kyd Sol&Per.

**saunce/sans**: without (fr). FS (many); Kyd Sol&Per.

**scathe** (n, v): harm. FS (5-2H6, Rich3, R&J, Titus, John); Golding Ovid; (anon.) Locrine; Kyd Sol&Per; (anon./Greene) G a G; Munday Huntington.

**semblant** (n): appearance, possibly expressing or pretending certain feelings. NFS. Cf. Kyd Sol&Per.

**Septentrion** (n): the northern regions. FS (1-3H6); Sol&Per.

**Sophy**: Shah of Persia. Cf. Kyd Sol&Per.

**skene** (n): dagger, used by Irish and Scots. NFS. Cf. Golding Ovid; Kyd Sol&Per.



**sooth** (n): truth, sometimes flattery. FS (6-Rich2, H5, WT, 12th, AsYou, Pericles); Kyd Sol&Per, Cornelia; many others.

**speed** (v): fare, succeed. FS (19+, ); Golding Ovid, Abraham; Kyd Sol&Per; Marlowe Edw2; (anon.) Ironside, Willobie, Leic Gh; Peele Wives. Common

**squich/squitch** (v): flinch. NFS. Cf. Kyd Sol&Per (2d OED citation). OED also cites: 1570 Marr. Wit & Sci. v. iii, Mark how he from place to place will squich.

**stealing** (v): gliding steadily and imperceptibly. FS (6-Rich3, Errors, WT, Ham, V&A, Sonnet 33); Golding Ovid; Kyd Sol&Per. Common.

**stripe** (n): stroke, blow. FS (4-WT, Temp, A&C, Corio); Golding Ovid; Lodge Wounds; Kyd Sol&Per; Spenser F.Q.

**sugarloaf** [hat] (a): conical. NFS. Cf. Kyd Sol & Per (Higins Junius Nomen 1585 1st OED citation).

**surquedry** (n): arrogance, pride, presumption. NFS. Cf. Kyd Sol&Per.

**target/target** (n): light shield or buckler. FS (many); Golding Ovid; Edwards Dam&Pith; Gascoigne Jocasta, Kyd Sol&Per; Lyly Campaspe; Marlowe Edw2; Sidney Antony; (anon.) Locrine. **target of proof** (n): shield of proven strength. FS (Cymb); Kyd Sol&Per.

**tickle** [state]: excitable, changeable, unreliable. FS (2-2H6, MM); Watson Hek; Gascoigne Sonnet in Praise ...; Lodge Wounds; Kyd Cornelia, Sol&Per.

**toil** (n): net, snare. FS (5-LLL, JC, Ham, A&C, Pericles); Golding Ovid; Edwards Dam&Pith; Kyd Sol&Per; Greene Fr Bac; Marlowe Dido, Massacre; (anon.) Woodstock, Arden.

**train** (n, v): trap. FS (4-Errors, Rich3, Mac); Golding Ovid; Gascoigne Jocasta; Lyly Gallathea, Kyd Sp Tr, Sol&Per; Marlowe Edw2; Chettle Kind Hart; (disp.) Oldcastle; Spenser FQ; (anon.) Willobie, Penelope.

**uprise** (n): rising (of the sun); dawn (of day). FS (2-Titus, A&C); Marlowe Dido; Kyd Sol&Per; Leic Gh.

**weed** (n): clothing. FS (many); Golding Ovid; Kyd Sp Tr, Sol&Per; many others.

**welkin** (n): clouds, the firmament. FS (14); Golding Ovid; Lyly Woman ... Moon; Marlowe T1, Faustus; Kyd Sol&Per; Peele Wives; Marston Malcontent; Jonson: in his Humor; Marston, Chapman, Jonson Eastward Ho; Chapman Iliad.

**wot** (v): know. FS (30); Golding Abraham; Kyd Sp Tr, Sol&Per; many others.

**yclipped** (v): named, called. FS (5-LLL, Ham, Corio, Mac, V&A); Golding Ovid; Brooke Romeus; Kyd Sol&Per.

## Glossary: Proper Names (Classical)

**Alcides:** Hercules.

**Sinon:** cousin of Odysseus who tricked himself into the City of Troy, in order to persuade the Trojans that the wooden horse would be beneficial to them, if they were to bring it into the City. Personifies a deceiver or betrayer.

**Tantalus:** Phrygian king who cut up his son Pelops and added the pieces to a stew prepared for the gods. He was punished with eternal torment in the company of Ixion, Sisyphus et al, being condemned to hang, eternally consumed by thirst and hunger, from the bough of a fruit-tree which leans over a marshy lake.

## Sources

Wotton, Henry. Courtlie Controversie of Cupids Cautels, 1578 (trans. of Jacques Yver's Printemps d'Iver, 1572).

Boas suggests a debt to Thomas Watson (*Hekatompathia*) in the following lines:

**Watson** Hek (XXI): With those her eyes, which are two heav'nly stars.  
Their beams draw forth by great attractive power  
My moistened heart, whose force is yet so small,  
That shine they bright, or list they but to lower,  
It scarcely dare behold such lights at all,

**Kyd** Sp Tr (IV.1.77-83): Fair locks, resembling Phoebus' radiant beams;

Smooth forehead, like the table of high Jove,  
Small penciled eyebrows, like two glorious rainbows;  
Quick lamp-like eyes, like heaven's two brightest orbs;  
Lips of pure coral, breathing ambrosia;  
Cheeks, where the rose and lily are in combat;

The probability of this suggestion is enforced by Kyd's appropriation of Watson's sonnet XLVII (In time the savage Bull is brought to bear the yoke) in Spanish Tragedy (II.1.3-8): ... In time the savage bull sustains the yoke, See appendix to Spanish Tragedy for comparison of the complete texts.

**Length:** 17,441 words

Note: with 103 speeches, Piston may well be the true star of the play; Basilisco next. Soliman has 76 speeches, Perseda 76, Erastus 64. Length of the speeches casts a somewhat different light on this.

## Technique

### Anadiplosis

This old device is self-explanatory. Examples are found in (in chronological order) the Earl of Oxford's poetry, Lodge Civil War, Anon. Locrine, Kyd's Spanish Tragedy and Soliman and Perseda, and Shakespeare's Comedy of Errors. Thomas Watson translated a sonnet to illustrate the form, with explanatory comments, presumably by his patron the Earl of Oxford.

**Watson** Hek (XLI). This Passion is framed upon a somewhat tedious or too much affected continuation of that figure in Rhetoric, which of the Greeks is called *paltsgia* or *anadiplosis*, of the Latins *Reduplicatio*; whereof *Susenbrotus* (if I well remember me) allegeth this example out of *Virgil*, ...

O Happy men that find no lack in Love  
I Love, and lack what most I do desire;  
My deep desire no reason can remove;  
All reason shuns my breast, that's set on fire;  
And so the fire maintains both force and flame,  
That force availeth not against the same;  
One only help can slake this burning heat,  
Which burning heat proceedeth from her face,  
Whose face by looks bewitched my conceit,  
Through which conceit I live in woeful case;  
O woeful case, which hath no end of woe,  
Till woes have end by favor of my foe;  
And yet my foe maintaineth such a War,  
As all her War is nothing else but Peace;  
But such a Peace as breedeth secret jar,  
Which jar no wit, nor force, nor time can cease;  
Yet cease despair: for time by wit, or force,  
May force my friendly foe to take remorse.

**Oxford** Grief of Mind: What plague is greater than the grief of mind?  
The grief of mind that eats in every vein;  
In every vein that leaves such clots behind;  
Such clots behind as breed such bitter pain;  
So bitter pain that none shall ever find,  
What plague is greater than the grief of mind.

**Lodge** Wounds (IV.2.64-68): ANT: I wonder why my peasant stays so long,  
And with my wonder hasteth on my woe,  
And with my woe I am assail'd with fear,  
And by my fear await with faintful breath  
The final period of my pains by death.

**Kyd** Sp Tr (I.3.32): My late ambition hath distained my faith;  
My breach of faith occasioned bloody wars;

These bloody wars have spent my treasure;  
And with my treasure my people's blood;  
And with their blood, my joy and best-beloved,  
My best-beloved, my sweet and only son.  
(II.1.120): And with that sword he fiercely waged war,  
And in that war he gave me dang'rous wounds,  
And by those wounds he forced me to yield,  
And by my yielding I became his slave.  
Now in his mouth he carries pleasing words,  
Which pleasing words do harbor sweet conceits,  
Which sweet conceits are limed with sly deceits,  
Which sly deceits smooth Bel-imperia's ears  
And through her ears dive down into her heart,  
And in her heart set him where I should stand.  
Sol&Per (V.2): No, no; my hope full long ago was lost,  
And Rhodes itself is lost, or else destroyed;  
If not destroyed, yet bound and captivate;  
If captivate, then forced from holy faith;  
If forced from faith, forever miserable;  
For what is misery but want of God?  
And God is lost, if faith be over-thrown.  
See also opening of III.2.

**Anon.** Locrine (V.2.25) THRA: Sister, complaints are bootless in this cause;  
This open wrong must have an open plague,  
This plague must be repaid with grievous war,  
This war must finish with Locrine's death;  
His death will soon extinguish our complaints.  
**Shakes** Errors (I.2.47-52): She is so hot because the meat is cold.  
The meat is cold because you come not home,  
You come not home because you have no stomach,  
You have no stomach, having broke your fast;  
But we, that know what tis to fast and pray,  
Are penitent for your default today

Note fine Perseda speech at II.1.125

Act III.2, opening with a long dialogue between Perseda and Lucina, each interrupting and continuing the thought of the other's second line. Uniquely, Basilisco's bizarre interruption, offering to service each lady, one by day and one by night, continues the fugue, but in a manner so incredibly objectionable that in two lines it completely alters the mood of the scene, turning an elegy into low-comedy exposures of a character alternately laughable and contemptible.

### **Suggested Reading**

Boas, Frederick. *The Works of Thomas Kyd*. Oxford: Clarendon Press, 1901. (An essential book for the study of Renaissance drama, and especially Thomas Kyd. Usually available through used online booksellers.)

Shaheen, Naseeb. *Biblical References in Shakespeare's Comedies*. Newark: University of Delaware Press, 1993.

## APPENDIX II: Connections

(MARKED indicates marked passage in Oxford's Geneva Bible  
No Match indicates no marking in Oxford's Geneva Bible.)

### Vocabulary

#### Foreign Words: Sans

**Kyd** Sol&Per (I.1.143) BASILISCO: What, saunce [sans] dread of our indignation?

**Marprelate** (#7): Why, sans merci, said I, etc. but alas, I have half forgotten the rest.

**Shakes** LLL; Errors; King John; AsYou; Oth; Timon; Ham; T&C; Temp

**Anon.** Willobie (LVI.6): That hatcheth horror sans relief,

#### Wandering/Floating eyes

**Brooke** Romeus (225) At last her floating eyes were anchored fast on him,

**Greene** Orl Fur (II.1.234-36) ORL: Dainty and gladsome beams of my delight,

Delicious brows: why smiles your heaven for those

That, wand'ring make you prove Orlando's foes?

James IV (I.1.81): O, then thy wandering eyes bewitch'd thy heart!

**Kyd** Sol&Per (I.2.35) PER: To keep the same until my wand'ring eye

**Shakes** Shrew (III.1) HOR: ... To cast thy wandering eyes on every stale, ...

**Anon.** Willobie (XXIII.3): That floating eye that pierced my heart

(LVIII.4): Their wandering eyes, and wanton looks

(LXVII.3): But while I wretch too long have lent / My wandering eyes to gaze on thee,

#### Men ... Big-boned

**Kyd** Sol&Per (I.2.59) ERAS: The sudden Frenchman, and the big-boned Dane,

**Shakes** Titus (IV.3) TITUS: No big-boned men framed of the Cyclops' size;

**Nashe** Penniless: : Danes: who stand so much upon their unwieldy burly-boned soldiery,  
where this big-boned Gentleman should pass

Saffron Waldon: (being a lusty big-boned fellow, & a Goliath or behemoth) ... a great big-boned  
thresher

**Anon.** Ironside (III.5.1047) CAN: ... even so my big-boned Danes, / addressed to fight,

#### Legal term: Enroll

**Edwards** Dam&Pith (1470) EUB: Yet for thy faith enroll'd shall be thy name

**Kyd** Sol&Per (I.3.3) PHILIPPO: Assembled here in thirsty honor's cause,

To be enrolled in the brass-leaved book

**Marlowe** Edw2 (I.4.269-70) MORT: And in the Chronicle enroll his name

For purging of the realm of such a plague.

**Shakes** 3H6 (II.1) WARWICK: ... His oath enrolled in the parliament;

MM (I.2): CLAUDIO: ... but this new governor / Awakes me all the enrolled penalties

JC (III.2) BRUTUS: The question of / his death is enrolled in the Capitol; his glory not

**Anon.** Woodstock (IV.3): SHRIEVE: ... I plead our ancient liberties

recorded and enrolled in the King's crown office,

Willobie (XXXVI.3): These strange effects I find enrolled, / Within this place since my return,

Penelope (III.3): A gift with fame worthy to be enroll'd.

Leic. Gh. (2086-87): ... when the Muses did enrol Their names in honor's everlasting scroll,

### Reflecting eye

**Kyd** Sol&Per (I.3.130-31) BASILISCO: ... I am now captivated with the reflecting eyethat admirable comet Perseda.

**Shakes** V&A (187): Two glasses, where herself herself beheldthousand times, and now no more reflect; / Their virtue lost,(54): ... Even so, the curtain drawn, his eyes begunwink, being blinded

with a greater light: / Whether it is that she reflects so bright,dazzleth them, or else some shame

supposed;blind they are, and keep themselves enclosed.(I.4) CLARENCE: As 'twere in scorn of eyes, reflecting gems,

**Anon.** Weakest (XVI.6) EPERNOUNE: With the reflection of his feeble eye,

### Weaker vessel

**Lyly** Sapho (I.4) ISMENA: I cannot but oftentimes smile to myself to hear men call us weak vessels,

**Kyd**: Sol&Per (I.3.72) BAS: Perdie, each female is the weaker vessel, ...

**Shakes**: LLL (I.1) FERD: 'For Jaquenetta, (so is the weaker vessel called)

2H4 (II.4.60): You, you are the weaker vessel, as they say

As You (II.4) ROSALIND: ... but I must comfort / the weaker vessel, ...

R&J (I.1.15)SAMPSON: Women, being the weaker vessels.

**Geneva Bible**: 1Peter 3.7 Giving honor unto the woman, as unto the weaker vessel

### Gold ... Dust/Earth

**Kyd** Sol&Per (I.6.7) LOVE: Why, what is jewels, or what is gold but earth,

All hail ... Sovereign

**Lyly** Campaspe (II.1) PSYLLUS: All hail, Diogenes, to your proper person.

Endymion (II.2) SAMIAS: Sir Tophas, all hail!

(V.2) SAMIAS: All hail, Sir Tophas, how feel you yourself?

**Kyd** Sol&Per (II.1.30) BASILISCO: All hail, brave cavalier.

**Shakes** 3H6 (V.7) GLOUC: ... And cried 'all hail!' when as he meant / all harm.

Rich2 (IV.1) KING RICH: Did they not sometime cry, 'all hail!' to me? ...

TNK (III.5.102) SCHOOLMASTER Thou doughty Duke, all hail! ~~~ All hail, sweet ladies.

**Nashe** Summers (305-06): SOLS: All hail to Summer, my dread / sovereign Lord.

**Anon.** Mucedorus (III.5.6-7) MESS: All hail, worthy shepherd.

MOUSE: All reign, lowly shepherd.

Ironside (V.1.25-29) EDRICUS: Ñ All hail unto my gracious sovereign!

STITCH: Master, you'll bewray yourself, do you say

"all hail" and yet bear your arm in a scarf? That's hale indeed.

EDRICUS: All hail unto my gracious sovereign!

Leic. Gh. (1935): Even they betrayed my life that cried, 'All hail!'

**Geneva Bible** 2 Esd 8.2 it giveth much earthly matter to make pots,  
but little dust that gold cometh of, so is it with the work of this world.

**Note:** Shaheen points out that no English Bible translation uses the phrase "all hail" and that Shakespeare seems to derive the phrase from the medieval play *The Agony and the Betrayal*.

Note that if Mucedorus and Lyly use this phrase deliberately, it is with supreme irony; whereas the Leicester's Ghost phrase is very obviously meant to relate to the Biblical narration, but also with ironic overtones.

### Manure ... Blood

**Golding** Ovid Met. (XIII.515-16): Against the place where Ilion was,  
there is another land / Manured by the Biston men. ...

**Kyd** Sp Tr (IV.2.15-16) ISA: Barren the earth and blissless whosoe'er  
Imagines not to keep it unmanur'd.

Sol&Per (I.5.35-36) HALEB: After so many Bassows slain,  
Whose blood hath been manured to their earth, ...

**Shakes** Rich2 (4.12.137): The blood of English shall manure the ground

**Anon.** Ironside (19001) EDRICUS: ... this little isle, / whose soil is manured with carcasses

### Flattering, fawning courtiers/lovers

**Kyd** Sol&Per (I.5.56) HALEB: Why, his highness gave me leave to speak my will;  
And, far from flattery, I spoke my mind, / And did discharge a faithful subject's love.  
Thou, Aristippus-like, did'st flatter him,

(I.5.75-78) HALEB: Your highness knows I spake at your command,  
and to the purpose, far from flattery.

AMURATH: Thinks thou I flatter? Now I flatter not.

(II.1.68) ERASTUS: They will betray me to Philipppo's hands, / For love, or gain, or flattery.

Sp Tr (III.1.9) HIER: Sith fear or love to kings is flattery.

**Greene** James IV: A treacherous courtier moved the action.

(Pro) BOH: No, no; flattering knaves that can cog and prate fastest, / speed best in the court.

(I.1.53) KING ENG.: Make choice of friends, ... / Who soothe no vice, who flatter not for gain,

(I.1.187) ATEUKIN: Most gracious and imperial majesty ...

A little flattery more were but too much.

(I.1.277) ATEUKIN: Did not your Grace suppose I flatter you,

There are 16 similar uses of "flatterer" in James IV.

**Shakes** V&A (69): Dismiss your vows, your feigned tears, your flattery;

**Anon** Willobie (XI.3): For who can trust your flattering style,

(LVII.3): With flattering tongues, & golden gifts, / To drive poor women to their shifts.

(LVIII.5): Their tongues are fraught with flattering guile;

(LXVI.3): Though flattering tongues can paint it brave,

### Fawn, Fawning

**Watson** Hek (XXXIX): Conjoined with fawning heaps is sore oppressed,

**Kyd** Sol&Per (I.3.180) BASILISCO: Better a dog fawn on me than bark.

**Shakes** 1H6 ((IV.4) SOMERSET: ... And take foul scorn to fawn on him by sending.

3H6 (IV.1, IV.8); Rich3 (I.3); Rich2 (I.3,(III.2,V.1); IH4 (I.3)  
Comedies: TGV (III.1); LLL (V.2); MND (II.1); MV (I.3); AsYou (II.7)  
Tragedies: JC (I.2, III.1), Ham (III.2); Timon (III.4); Coriolanus (I.6, 3.2)  
Poetry: Venus & Adonis (144); Sonnets (149)

**Marlowe** Jew of Malta (II.3.20): We Jews can fawn like spaniels when we please: ...  
**Anon.** Ironside (V.1.112) EDRICUS: Twas not your highness but some fawning mate  
that put mistrust into your grace's head, ...  
Willoblie (I.16): Disdain of love in fawning face.  
(VI.4): A fawning face and faithless heart  
(III.5): Whose fawning framed Queen Dido's fall,  
(LXIX.2): Whose fawning features did enforce

### Forged truth (lies, dissimulations)

**Brooke** Romeus (321): With forged careless cheer, of one he seeks to know,  
**Golding** Ovid Met. (V.13): Upholding that Medusa's death was but a forged lie:  
(IX.167): Through false and newly-forged lies that she herself doth sow),  
**Edwards** Dam&Pith (1726): Away, the plague of this court! Thy filed tongue that forged lies  
**Watson** Hek (XLVII): No shower of tears can move, she thinks I forge:  
So forge, that I may speed without delay;  
**Greene** Alphonsus (IV.Pro.21) VENUS: Did give such credence to that / forged tale  
**Kyd** Sp Tr (I.2.92) VIL: Thus have I with an envious, forged tale ...  
Sol&Per (II.1.117) PER: ... Ah, how thine eyes can forge alluring looks,  
**Shakes** TA (V.2) TAMORA: ... Whate'er I forge to feed his brain-sick fits,  
1H6 (III.1) EXETER: Burns under feigned ashes of forged love  
(IV.1): VERNON: ... For though he seem with forged quaint conceit  
Rich3 (IV.1) FITZ: ... And I will turn thy falsehood to thy heart, / Where it was forged,  
Hamlet (I.5) ... the whole ear of Denmark / Is by a forged process of my death / Rankly abused:  
V&A (132): Love is all truth, Lust full of forged lies.  
Sonnet 137: Why of eyes' falsehood hast thou forged hooks, ...  
AWEW (IV.1): 2d Lord: ... and then to return and swear the lies he forges.  
Othello (IV.2): OTHELLO: I should make very forges of my cheeks, ...  
**Anon.** Ironside (IV.1.101) EDM: not to believe each smooth-face forged tale.  
(V.2.83) CANUTUS: Then to confute thy forged argument,  
Arden (III.5.56) MOSBY: To forge distressful looks to wound a breast  
Oldcastle (Pro.14): Since forged invention former time defaced.  
**Geneva Bible** Pss 119.69, Job 13.4, Eccclus 51.2

### Legal term: Free consent

**Shakes** 3H6 (IV.5-6.36) CLARENCE: And therefore I yield thee / my free consent.  
**Kyd** Sol&Per (I.4.1) CYPRUS: Brave Gentlemen, by all your free consents,  
**Munday** Huntington (XII.133): With free consent of Hubert Lord York,  
**Anon.** Ironside (I.1.4-5) CAN: and how his son Prince Edmund  
wears the crown / without the notice of your free consent  
Willoblie (XXII.2): Excepting him, whom free consent / By wedlock words hath made my  
spouse;  
(XXIX.5): Till fancy frame your free consent,



(LXVI.5): With free consent to choose again:  
(Res.10): With free consent to live in holy band.  
(Res.12): When I had given my heart and free consent,

### Crave ... Liberty

**Edwards** Dam&Pith (1567): Commend me to thy master, ... / And of him crave liberty  
**Kyd** Sol&Per (III.1.97) ERASTUS: Then this, my gracious Lord, is all I crave:  
That, being banish'd from my native soil, / I may have liberty to live a Christian.  
**Shakes** 1H6 (III.4) BASSET: But I'll unto his majesty, and crave  
I may have liberty to venge this wrong;  
**Greene** Orl Fur (II.1.348) MARSILIUS: In prison here and craved but liberty,  
**Anon.** Dodypoll (I.1): ... And must crave liberty to provide for them.

### Twinkling ... Eye

**Kyd** Sol&Per (III.2.37) BASILISCO: But he was gone in twinkling of an eye.  
**Shakes** MV (II.2) LAUNCE: ... Come; I'll take my leave ... in the twinkling of an eye.  
**Geneva Bible** 1 Cor. 15.52 In a moment, in the twinkling of an eye; also Luke 4.5  
According to Shaheen, this was a well-used expression, known to be based on scripture.

### Turn Turk (become a renegade)

**Kyd** Sol&Per (III.6) BRU: What say these prisoners? Will they turn Turk or no?  
**Shakes** Much Ado (III.4): Well, and you be not turned Turk, there's no more ...  
Hamlet (III.2): the rest of my fortunes turn Turk with me with two ...

### Everlasting night

**Peele** Wives (555) SACRA: And for this villain, let him wander up and down,  
In naught but darkness and eternal night.  
**Kyd** Sol&Per (I.Ind.27) DEATH: I will not down to everlasting night  
(V.1.110) SOLIMAN: To send them down to everlasting night,  
Arden (III.2.9) SHAKEBAG: And Arden sent to everlasting night.  
**Chapman** D'Olive (I.1.107-09) VAUMONT: In never-ceasing darkness, never sleeping  
But in the day, transform'd by her to night, / With all sun banish'd from her smother'd graces;  
**Bible** Many references, several in Jude 1 are close. Also verses in Rev.

### Tongue ... Woe

**Oxford** poem (Love thy choice): Who taught thy tongue / the woeful words of plaint ?  
**Edwards** Dam&Pith (592, Song): My woe no tongue can tell.  
**Kyd** Sol&Per (II.1.84) PER: My tongue to tell my woes is all too weak;  
**Shakes** Rich3 (IV.4): That my woe-wearied tongue is mute and dumb.

### Hot coals, hot vengeance ... upon [my] head

**Golding** Ovid Met (I.266-67): ... I overthrew  
The house with just revenging fire upon the owner's head,  
**Edwards** Dam&Pith (1768): From heaven to send down thy hot consuming fire  
To destroy the workers of wrong, which provoke thy just ire?  
**Anon.** Ironside (III.1.38) YORK: So heapest thou coal of fire upon my head

**Kyd** Sol&Per (II.1.114) ERASTUS: Which if I do, all vengeance light on me.  
**Marlowe** T2 (IV.1.) JERUSALEM: ... heaven, filled with the meteors  
 Of blood and fire ..., / Will pour down blood and fire on thy head:  
 (V.1) TAMB: Where men report, thou sitt'st by God himself,  
 Or vengeance on the head of Tamburlaine,  
 Edw2 (IV.5.16) KENT: Rain showers of vengeance on my cursed head,  
**Shakes**: 2H 6 (5.2.36): Hot coals of vengeance!  
 Rich2 (I.2.8): Will rain hot vengeance on offenders' heads.  
**Anon**. Locrine (I.1.164-165) BRUTUS: Or let the ruddy lightning of great Jove  
 Descend upon this my devoted head.  
 (IV.1.174-75) CORINEIUS: But if thou violate those promises,  
 Blood and revenge shall light upon thy head.  
 (V.1.) THRASI: If there be gods in heaven, ... / They will revenge this thy notorious wrong,  
 And power their plagues upon thy cursed head.  
 Arden (I.1.336) MOSBY: Hell-fire and wrathful vengeance light on me  
 If I dishonor her or injure thee.  
 Ironside (849): YORK: So heapest thou coal of fire upon my head  
 Willobie (XXXVII.4): What bosom bears hot burning coals.  
 Cromwell (II.3) MISTRESS BAN: To that same God I bend and bow my heart,  
 To let his heavy wrath fall on thy head,  
 (III.1) CROMWELL: All good that God doth send light on your head;  
**Geneva Bible** "vengeance fall" invokes Pss. 7.16 His mischief shall return upon his own head,  
 and his cruelty shall fall upon his own page. Ps. 140.10 Let coals fall upon them: let him cast  
 them into the fire, & into the deep pits, that they rise not.

## Weary life

**Brooke** Romeus (495): In ruth and in disdain I weary of my life,  
**Golding** Ovid Met. (VII.697-98): to yield / His weary life without renown of combat in the field.  
 (X.735): But that thou wilt be weary of thy life, die: do not spare.  
**Gascoigne** ... Jocasta (II.1.132) POLY: What weary life my loving sisters lead,  
 (III.5) O weary life, why bidest thou in my breast  
**Oxford** (letter 4-27-76, to Lord Burghley): I mean not to weary my life any more  
 (letter 5-18-91, to Lord Burghley): I am weary of an unsettled life  
**Watson** Hek (L): or if he fail, upon death to cut off his wearisome life  
 (LX): Of this my weary Life no day shall fall,  
**Kyd** Sol&Per (II.2.76) BASILISCO: Why, art thou weary of thy life?  
**Marlowe** T2 (III.2.19) TECH: Nay Captain, thou art weary of thy life,  
**Greene** James IV (IV.4.5) QUEEN: Oh weary life, where wanteth no distress,  
**Shakes**: 1H6 (I.2.26): He fighteth as one weary of his life;  
 AsYou; Ham; JC; H8  
**Anon**. Woodstock (III.3.154-55): whoever are weary of their lives ...  
 (V.5.13) TRESILIAN: and so, unknown, prolong my weary life  
 Arden (I.1.9): ARDEN: Franklin, thy love prolongs my weary life;  
 Dodypoll (IV.3): O weary of the way and of my life,  
 Nobody/Somebody (393-94) SOME: before we end this strife, / I'll make thee ten times weary of  
 thy life.

(1634) MARTIANUS: Who now in prison leads a wearied life,  
Penelope (XXIV.1): If by this means he do miscarry, / then of my life shall I be weary.  
**Geneva Bible**: Gen. 27.46 I am weary of my life, Wisd. 2.1, Ps. 90.9. Biblical origin is dubious.

### Two bodies, one heart

**Edwards** Dam&Pith (1417) CARIS: Are such friends both alike in joy and also in smart.  
(1418) ARIS: They must needs, for in two bodies they have but one heart.  
(V.5.7) LOVE: Their souls are knit, though bodies be disjoined:  
**Shakes** MND (III.2) So, with two seeming bodies, but one heart;  
See also **Kyd** Sol&Per (IV.1.30) SOL: For what are friends but one mind in two bodies?  
**Anon.** Willobie (res.2): To join in heart the bodies that are twain,

### Feign ... Love

**Kyd** Sol&Per (IV.1.168) ERASTUS: Witness the heavens of my unfeigned love.  
Sp Tr (III.1.20) VILUPPO: That feigned love had colored in his looks  
**Brooke** Romeus (266): And well he wist she loved him best, unless she list to feign.  
**Shakes** V&A (69): Dismiss your vows, your feigned tears, your flattery;  
1H6 (V.3): That Suffolk doth not flatter, face, or feign.  
**Anon.** L Gh. (623): How some with feigned love did me beguile,  
Willobie - Feigned love: (VIII.5): Still feign as though thou godly art,  
(IX.6): To bear a show, and yet to feign,  
(XI.6): To faithless heart, to lie and feign,  
(XXX.1): How fine they feign, how fair they paint,  
(LV.II): Assure yourself, I do not feign, / Requite my love with love again.  
(praise/contented ): As in the feigned love that lives with discontented mind.  
**Geneva Bible** II Samuel Argument: ... what horrible & dangerous insurrections, uproars, & treasons were wrought against him, partly by false counselors, feigned friends & flatterers, and partly by some of his own children and people and how by God's assistance he overcame all difficulties, and enjoyed his kingdom in rest and peace. In the person of David the Scripture setteth forth the Christ Jesus the chief King, who came of David according to the flesh, and was persecuted on every side with outward and inward enemies, as well as in his own person, as in his members, but at length he overcometh all his enemies and give his Church victory against all power both spiritual & temporal: and so reigneth with them, King for evermore.

### Fond ... Fair

**Oxford** Poetry: If women could be fair and yet not fond,  
Or that their love were firm not fickle, still, ...  
**Lyly** Campaspe (III.3.31-32) CAMPASPE: Were women never so fair, men would be false.  
APELLES: Were women never so false, men would be fond.  
Gallathea (III.1.61) TELUSA: Oh fair Melebeus! Oh fond Telusa!  
MB (I.2.8-9) STELLIO: ... that youths seeing her fair cheeks may  
be enamored before they hear her fond speech.[I.2.10]  
**Kyd** Sol&Per (V.2.110): SOLIMAN: Ah that Perseda were not half so fair,  
Or that Soliman were not so fond, / Or that Perseda had some other love,  
**Shakes** R&J (II.2) JULIET: In truth, fair Montague, I am too fond,  
Edw3 (I.2.163-64): K. EDWARD: As wise as fair; what fond fit can be heard,

When wisdom keeps the gate as beauty's guard?

**Anon** Greene's Groat (177): and the most fair are commonly most fond, ...

### Marrow-burning ... Marrow/marrow-prying

**Kyd** Sol&Per (V.2.14) Such is the force of marrow-burning love.

**Shakes** V&A (#22) My flesh is soft and plump, my marrow burning;

**Anon.** Arden (I.1.135) ALICE: And these my narrow-prying neighbors' blab

In Quarto 2 "narrow-prying" compares to WS/Errors: "The narrow-prying father, Minola."

### Duty ... Bound

**Gascoigne** ... Jocasta (I.1.20) SERVUS: For hereunto I am by duty bound,

**Edwards** Dam&Pith (747): EUB: But yet, O might [king], my duty bindeth me.

(1758) EUBULUS: But chiefly yet, as duty bindeth, I humbly crave

**Shakes** 1H6 (II.1) TALBOT: How much in duty I am bound to both.

Oth (I.3) DES: I do perceive here a divided duty: / To you I am bound for life and education;

(III.3) IAGO: Though I am bound to every act of duty, ...

Lucrece (Prologue): Were my worth greater, my duty would show greater,  
meantime, as it is bound to your lordship ,...

**Kyd** Sp Tr (II.1.59) PEDRINGANO: My bounden duty bids me tell the truth,

Sol&Per (V.2.66) 2 WITNESS: And, as our duty and allegiance bound us,

**Greene** Alphonsus (III.1.24) ALPH: So that, perforce, I must by duty be

Bound to you all for this your courtesy.

**Anon** Dodypoll (I.1): O, that my rival bound me not in duty ...

Cromwell (I.2.97-98) CROM: With all my heart, sir, and / I much am bound,

In love and duty for your kindness shown.

### Honest love

**Brooke** Romeus (2348): Whilst honest love did strive with dread of / deadly pain,

**Kyd** Sol&Per (V.2.91) SOL: Where filthy lust must murder honest love.

**Shakes** 3H6 (III.3) Q MARG: ... Springs not from Edward's / well-meant honest love,

Lyly Midas (III.3) SUAVIA: ... as I know honest love to be a thing inseparable from our sex,

**Anon.** Willobie (XXIV.6): If honest love be meant thereby,

(XLII.5): Whose honest love shall never fail, / A faithful friend in honest love ...

(XLII.7): 'Twixt wicked lust and honest love.

(XLII.10): In honest love your faithful friend.

(LVI.2): To love, excepting honest love,

(LXIV.6): If honest love could breed content,

**Geneva Bible** Ecclus 40. 18-19-- 18. To labor and be content with that a man hath, is a sweet life: but he that findeth a treasure, is above them both. 19. Children, and the building of the city make a perpetual name: but an honest woman is counted above them both.

### End ... Life

**Brooke** Romeus (2026: Will bring the end of all her cares by ending careful life.

**Ovid** Ovid Met. (XIV.156: Eternal and of worldly life I should none end have seen,

**Gascoigne** Jocasta (III.1.262) MENECEUS: Brings quiet end to this unquiet life.

(V.2.27) CREON: What hapless end thy life alas hath hent.

I loathe not life, nor dread my end.

**Oxford** poetry (My mind to me a kingdom is): I loathe not life, nor dread my end.

**Watson** Hek (XXXVI, comment): abandoning all further desire of life,  
hath in request untimely death, as the only end of his infelicity.

**Lyly** Endymion (I.2) TELLUS: Ah Floscula, thou rendest my heart in sunder,  
in putting me in remembrance of the end.

FLOSCULA: Why, if this be not the end, all the rest is to no end.

(II.1) TELLUS: She shall have an end.

ENDYMION: So shall the world.

**Kyd** Sp Tr (III.13.8-11) HIERONIMO: For evils unto ills conductors be,  
And death's the worst of resolution. / For he that thinks with patience to contend  
To quiet life, his life shall easily end.

Sol&Per (V.2.120) SOLIMAN: So let their treasons with their lives have end.

**Shakes** Lucrece (1208): My life's foul deed, my life's fair end shall free it.

**Anon.** Willobie (III.4): That is to lead a filthy life, / Whereon attends a fearful end:

**Geneva Bible** Wisdom 5.4 We fools thought his life madness, and his end without honor;  
Eccles. 11.27: In a man's end, his works are discovered; Job 34.36

### Revenging ire

**Kyd** Sol&Per (V.4.153) And with revenging ire doth tyrannize,

**Anon.** Willobie (LX.6) This sign of God's revenging ire;

**Geneva Bible** Nahum 1.2 ... thy Lord revengeth: even the Lord of anger, the Lord will take  
vengeance on his adversaries, and he reserveth wrath for his enemies.

## APPENDIX III: Vocabulary, Word Formation

### Often-used words/phrases:

give [thee] leave (10); if heaven were just (5); as occasion serves (2); far from flattery (2, none in Sp Tr); fraud-full (2)

### Distinctive Words, Phrases:

dismount (throw); fortune's tennis-ball; muliebrity (1st use/OED); squicht (2d use/OED)

### Compound Words (surely unusual): 94 words.

Abraham-colored (a); air-bred (a); Aristippus-like (a); back-bone (n); back-door (n); bawdy-house (n); best-beloved (n); big-boned (a); blind-fold (a); brand-bearing (a); brass-leaved (a); cake-bread (n); cannon-shot (n); channel-bone (n); cloud-compacted (a); club-man (n); counter-check (v); covered-over (a); death-bed (n); dry-shod (a); ever-thirsting (a); ever-turning (a); face-to-face (adv); faint-hearted (a); fair-spoken (a); fairest-shaped (a); fire-works (n); flint-heart (a); fire-brand (a) foe-man (n); fore-passed (a); foul-mouthed (a); foulest-minded (a); fraud-full\* (a); gold-abounding (a); high-minded (a); honor-bound (a); ill-born (a); ill-plucked (a); lady-ware (n); lamb-like (a); lamp-like (a); laughing-stock (n); light-foot (a); long-continual (a); man-at-arms (n); marrow-burning (a); men-children (n); milk-white (a); moist-compacted (a); never-failing (a); never-wasting (a); out-of-arms\* (n); over-borne (n); over-come (v); over-eyed (v); over-flowing (a); over-gone (a); over-loving (n); over-match (v); over-past (a); over-spread (a); over-taken (v); over-throwing (n); over-thrown (v); over-whelmed (v); pent-in (a); pin-proof (a);

pinky-eyed (a); pistol-proof (a); red-guild (a); run-away (n); self-same (a); she-sword (n); shin-bone (n); slaughter-house (n); son-in-law (n); sun-god (n); sun-shine (a); swift-winged (a); taking-up (n); tennis-ball (n); thigh-bone (n); thrice-renowned (a); tragic-comical (a); turn-coat (n); under-prop\* (v); unlooked-for (a); well-approved (a); well-assured (a); well-conveyed (a); well-exercised (a); well-governed (a); well-knit (a); well-proportioned (a)

**Words beginning with "con":** 31 words (12 verbs, 13 nouns, 6 adj, 1 adv, 1 prep).

concerning (prep), conclude (v), conclusion (n), condemned (v), condition (n), conduct (n), confess (v), conflict (n), conjecturing (v), conquer (v), conquered (a), conqueror (n), conquest (n), consent (v, n), consenting (a), consequence (n), consider (v), consideration (n), considered (v), consort (v), conspire (v), constancy (n), contain (v), contemplate (v), contemptible (a), [dis]content (n, a), contentedly (adv), continued (a), continuance (n), controversy (n), convenient (a)

**Words beginning with "dis"** (\*surely unusual): 23 words. (13 verbs, 7 nouns, 4 adj).

disarm (v), discharge (v), discipline (n), discontent (n), discourse (n, v), disdain (v), disgrace (v), disgracious\* (a), dishonor (n), disjoin\* (v), dishonorable (a), disloyalty (n), dismal (a), dismiss (v), dismount\* (v), dispatch (v), disperse (v), displeasure (v), displeasure (n), dissemble (v), dissembling \*(a), distilled (v), distress (n)

**Note:** Unusual use of "dismount, both as a transitive and as a passive verb.

Meaning: in tournament, being thrown from a horse by opponent.

**Words beginning with "mis"** (\*surely unusual): 10 words (5 verbs, 4 nouns, 1 adj).

miscarry (v), mischief (n), misdeed (n), misdo (v), misdoubt (v), miserable (a), misery (n), misintend\* (v), mislead (v), mistress (n)

**Note:** misintend is the first of only 2 OEC citations, both late 16th c.

**Words beginning with "over":** 13 words (7 verbs, 2 nouns, 4 adj),

over-borne (a), o'ercome (v), over-eyed (v), over-flowing (a), over-gone (v), over-loving (n), over-match (v), over-past (a), o'er-spread (a), over-taken(v), over-throwing (n), over-thrown (v), over-whelmed (v)

**Words beginning with "pre":** 10 words (5 verbs, 4 nouns, 3 adj).

precious (a), prejudicial (a), prepare (v), presence (n), present (a, n, v), preserved (v), presume (v), presumer (n), presumption (n), prevail (v)

**Words beginning with "re":** 55 words (33 verbs, 21 nouns, 5 adj, 1 adv).

rebuke (v), recall (v), receive (v), rechange (v), reckoning (n), recompense (n), recover (v), redouble (v), reflecting (a), refuse (v), refusing (n), regard (v, n), reject (v), rejoice (v), relief (n), relieve (v), religious (a), religiously (adv), remain (v), remainder (n), remedy (n), remember (v), remit (v), remorse (n), remove (v), renown[ed] (a, n), repaid (v), repent (v), repentance (n), reply (n), report (n, v), repossess (v), repute (v), request (n), require (v), rescue (v), resemble[ing] (v), resist (v), resolute (a), resolution (n), respect (n), restore (v), retaining (n), retire (n), retreat (n), return (n), reveal (v), revenge (n, v), revenging (a), revile (v), revive (v), revolt (v), revolved (v), reward (v, n)

**Words beginning with "un","in":** 68 words 38/26/4.

(16 verbs, 22 nouns, 24 adj, 2 adv, 6 conj, 1 prep).

incision (n), incline (v), inconstant (a), increase (v, n), indeed (conj), indignation (n), infamy (n), infancy (n), infant (n), infer (v), inferior (a), infirmities (n), influence (n), inform (v), infringe (v), ingenious (a), inhuman (a), injurious (a), injury (n), innocence (n), innocent (n,a), inquire (n, v), inquiry (n), insolence (n), insomuch (conj), inspire (v), instance (n), instruction (n), insulting (v), intemperance (n), [mis]intend (v), intent (n), interest (n), interlaced (v), interpreter (n), interred (v), into (prep), inward (a), unarmed (a), unclasp (v), unclasping (n), undo (v), uneducate (a), unfeigned (a), unfortunate (a), ungracious (a), unhappy (a), universal (a), unjust (a), unkind(a), unkindly (adv), unkindness (n), unknown (a), unless (conj), unlikely (a), unlooked-for (a), unmask (v), unnoted (a), unpleasant (a), unprovided (a), until (conj), untimely (a), unto (conj), unwise (a)  
under (conj), underhand (adv), under-prop (v), understand (v)

**Words ending with "able":** 7 words (7 adj).

admirable (a), affable (a), dishonorable (a), favorable (a), miserable(a), passable (a), reasonable (a)

**Words ending with "ize":** 2 verbs -- moralize, tyrannize (3).

**Words ending with "less":** 15 words (13 a, 1 adv, 1 conj).

careless (a), comfortless (a), dauntless (a), doubtless (adv), faithless (a), fruitless (a), graceless (a), hapless (a), mastless (a), matchless (a), reckless (a), spotless (a), supperless (a), unless (conj), worthless (a)

**Words ending with "ness":** 12 words (1 verb, 12 nouns).

business (n), fullness (n), happiness (n), hardness (n), highness (n), [un]kindness (n), madness (n), mightiness (n), mildness (n), willfulness (n), witness (v, n), worthiness (n)

**Reflexives:**

afflict thyself, condemn myself, couch'd myself, demeaned himself, forget himself, frame myself, grew myself, humble himself, keep myself, lament me, lost herself, to purge myself, regard themselves, repute myself, undo myself, unmask thyself, vow myself, wound myself