


THE SIEGE OF RHODES

[Semi-opera].

Text by

William Davenant

Music by

Henry Lawes

Matthew Locke

Henry Cooke

Charles Coleman

George Hudson

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Cara lettrice, caro lettore, il sito internet **www.librettidopera.it** è dedicato ai libretti d'opera in lingua italiana. Non c'è un intento filologico, troppo complesso per essere trattato con le mie risorse: vi è invece un intento divulgativo, la volontà di far conoscere i vari aspetti di una parte della nostra cultura.

Motivazioni per scrivere note di ringraziamento non mancano. Contributi e suggerimenti sono giunti da ogni dove, vien da dire «*dagli Appennini alle Ande*». Tutto questo aiuto mi ha dato e mi sta dando entusiasmo per continuare a migliorare e ampliare gli orizzonti di quest'impresa. Ringrazio quindi: chi mi ha dato consigli su grafica e impostazione del sito, chi ha svolto le operazioni di aggiornamento sul portale, tutti coloro che mettono a disposizione testi e materiali che riguardano la lirica, chi ha donato tempo, chi mi ha prestato hardware, chi mette a disposizione software di qualità a prezzi più che contenuti.

Infine ringrazio la mia famiglia, per il tempo rubatole e dedicato a questa attività.

I titoli vengono scelti in base a una serie di criteri: disponibilità del materiale, data della prima rappresentazione, autori di testi e musiche, importanza del testo nella storia della lirica, difficoltà di reperimento.

A questo punto viene ampliata la varietà del materiale, e la sua affidabilità, tramite acquisti, ricerche in biblioteca, su internet, donazione di materiali da parte di appassionati. Il materiale raccolto viene analizzato e messo a confronto: viene eseguita una trascrizione in formato elettronico.

Quindi viene eseguita una revisione del testo tramite rilettura, e con un sistema automatico di rilevazione sia delle anomalie strutturali, sia della validità dei lemmi.

Vengono integrati se disponibili i numeri musicali, e individuati i brani più significativi secondo la critica.

Viene quindi eseguita una conversione in formato stampabile, che state leggendo.

Grazie ancora.

Dario Zanotti

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PERSONS

SOLYMAN the Magnificent

PIRRHUS Vizier Bassa

MUSTAPHA Bassa

RUSTAN Bassa

HALY Eunuch Bassa

VILLERIUS Grand Master of Rhodes

ALPHONSO a Cicilian duke

ADMIRAL of Rhodes

High **MARSHAL** of Rhodes

ROXOLANA Wife to Solyman

IANTHE Wife to Alphonso

Women attendants to Roxolana.

Women attendants to Ianthe.

Four Pages attendants to Roxolana.

The scene, Rhodes.

To the reader

I may receive disadvantage by this address design'd for excuses; for it will too hastily put you in mind that errors are not far off when excuses are at hand; this refers to our representation: and some may be willing to be led to find the blemishes of it; but would be left to their own conduct to discover the beauties, if there be any. yet I may forewarn you that the defects which I intend to excuse are chiefly such as you cannot reform but onely with your purse; that is, by building us a larger room; a design which we began and shall not be left for you to finish, because we have observ'd that many who are liberal of their understanding when they would issue it out towards discovery of imperfections, have not always money to expend in things necessary towards the making up of perfection.

It has been often wish'd that our scenes (we having oblig'd our selves to the variety of five changes, according to the ancient drammatick distinctions made for time) had not been confin'd to eleven foot in height, and about fifteen in depth, including the places of passage reserv'd for the musick. This is so narrow an allowance for the fleet of Solyman the Magnificent, his army, the island of Rhodes, and the varieties attending the siege of the city, that I fear you will think we invite you to such a contracted trifle as that of the Cæsars carved upon a nut.

As these limits have hinder'd the splendor of our scene, so we are like to give no great satisfaction in the quantity of our argument, which is in story very copious; but shrinks to a small narration here, because we could not convey it by more than seven persons; being constrain'd to prevent the length of recitative musick, as well as to conserve, without incumbrance, the narrowness of the place. Therefore you cannot expect the chief ornaments belonging to a history dramatically digested into turns and counterturns, to double walks, and interweavings of design.

This is express'd to forbid your excess of expectation; but we must take care not to deterr you from the hope of some satisfaction; for that were, not only to hang out no bush, but likewise to shut up our doors. Therefore, as you have heard what kind of excellencies you should not expect: so I will in brief (I hope without vanity) give you encouragement, by telling you, there are some things at least excusable which you may resolve to meet.

We conceive, it will not be unacceptable to you if we recompence the narrowness of the room, by containing in it so much as could be conveniently accomplish'd by art and industry: which will not be doubted in the scenes by those who can judge that kind of illustration and know the excellency of Mr. John Webb, who design'd and order'd it. The musick was compos'd, and both the vocal and instrumental is execut'd by the most transcendent of England in that art, and perhaps non unequal to the best masters abroad; but being recitative, and therefore unpractis'd here, though of great reputation amongst other nations, the very attempt of it is an obligation to our own. The story represented (which will not require much apology because it expects but little praise) is heroical, and notwithstanding the continual hurry and busie agitations of a hot siege, is (I hope) intelligibly convey'd to advance the characters of vertue in the shapes of valour and coniugal love. And though the main argument hath but a single walk, yet perhaps the movings of it will not seem unpleasant. You may inquire, being a reader, why in an heroick argument my numbers are so often diversify'd and fall into

short fractions; considering that a continuation of the usual length of English verse would appear more heroical in reading. But when you are an auditor you will find that in this, I rather deserve approbation than need excuse; for frequent alterations of measure (which cannot be so unpleasant to him that reads as troublesome to him that writes) are necessary to recitative musick for variation of ayres. If what I have said be taken for excuses, I have my intent; because excuses are not always signs of error, but are often modest explanations of things that might otherwise be mistaken. But I have said so much to vindicate my self from having occasion to be excus'd for the poem, that it brings me at last to ask pardon for the length of the epistole.

Will. D'avenant
August 17. 1656.

To the right honourable the Earl of Clarendon Lord High Chancellor of England and c.

My lord,

though poems have lost much of their antient value, yet I will presume to make this present to your lordship; and the rather because poems (if they have any thing precious in them) do, like jewels, attract a greater esteem when they come into the possession of great persons than when they are in ordinary hands.

The excuse which men have had for dedication of books has been to protect them from the malice of readers: but a defence of this nature was fitter for your forces when you were early known to learned men (and had no other occasion for your abilities but to vindicate authors) than at this season when you are of extraordinary use to the whole nation.

Yet when I consider how many and how violent they are who persecute dramattick poetry, I will then rather call this a dedication than a present; as not intending by it to pass any kind of obligation, but to receive a great benefit; since I cannot be safe unless I am shelter'd behind your lordship.

Your name is so eminent in the justice which you convey though all the different members of this great empire, that my Rhodians seem to enjoy a better harbour in the pacifique Thanos, than they had on the Mediterranean; and I have brought Solyman to be arraign'd at your tribunal, where you are the censor of his civility and magnificence.

Dramattick poetry meets with the same persecution now from such who esteem themselves the most refin'd and civil as it ever did from the barbarous. And they whilst those vertuous enemies deny heroique play to the gentry, they entertain the people with a seditious farce of their own counterfeit gravity. But I hope you will not be unwilling to receive (in this poetical dress) neither the besieg'd nor the besiegers, since they come without their vices: for as others have purg'd the stage from corruptions of the art of the drama, so I have endeavour'd to cleanse it from the corruption of manners; nor have I wanted care to render the ideas of greatness and vertue pleasing and familiar.

In old Rome the magistrates did not only protect but exhibit plaies; and, not long since, the two wise cardinals did kindly entertain the great images represented in tragedy by Monsieur Corneille. My lord, it proceeds from the same mind not to be pleas'd with princes on the stage, and not to affect them in the throne; for those are ever most inclin'd to break the mirrour who are unwilling to see the images of such as have just authority over their guilt.

In this poem I have reviv'd the remembrance of that fatal desolation which was permitted by christian princes when they favour'd the ambition of such as defended the diversity of religions (begot by the factions of learning) in Germany; whilst those who would never admit learning into their empire (lest it should meddle with religion and intangle it with controversy) did make Rhodes defenceless; which was the only fortify'd academy in christendome where divinity and arms were equally profess'd: I have likewise, for variety, softened the martial encounters between Solyman and the Rhodians, with intermingling the conjugal vertues of Alphonso and Ianthe.

If I should proceed, and tell your Lordship of what use theatres have antiently been, and may be now, by heightening the characters of valour, temperance, natural justice, and complacency to government, I should fall into the ill manners and indiscretion of ordinary dedicators, who go about to instruct those from whose abilities they expect protection. The apprehension of this error makes me hasten to crave pardon for what has been already said by,

my lord, your lordship most humble and most obedient servant,
Will. D'avenant

The siege of Rhodes

The ornament which encompass'd the scene, consisted of several columns, of gross rustick work, which bore up a large freese. In the middle of the freese was a compartiment, wherein was written RHODES. The compartiment was supported by divers habiliments of war; intemix'd with the military ensigns of those several nations who were famous for defence of that island; which were the French, Germans, and Spaniards, the Italians, Avergnois, and English. The renown of the English valour made the Grand Master Villerius to select their station to be most frequently commanded by himself. The principal enrichment of the freese was a crimson drapery, whereon several trophies of arms were fixt, those on the right hand representing such as are chiefly in use amongst the western nations; together with the proper cognizance of the Order of the Rhodian Knights; and on the left, such as are most esteem'd in the eastern countries; and on an antique shield the crescent of the Ottomans.

PART I

The entry is prepared by instrumental musick.

The First Entry

The curtain being drawn up, a lightsome sky appear'd, discov'ring a maritime coast, full of craggy rocks, and high cliffs, with several verdures naturally growing upon such situation; and afar off, the true prospect of the city of Rhodes, when it was in prosperous estate; with so much view of the gardens and hills about it as the narrowness of the room could allow the scene. In the part of the horizon, terminated by the sea, was represented the Turkish fleet, making towards a promontory, some few miles distant from the town.

Enter Admiral.

ADMIRAL

Arm, arm, Villerius, arm!
 Thou hast no leisure to grow old;
 those now must feel thy courage warm,
 who think thy blood is cold.

Enter Villerius.

VILLERIUS

Our Admiral from sea?
 What storm transporteth thee?
 or bring'st thou storms that can do more
 than drive an admiral on shore?

ADMIRAL

Arm, arm, the bassa's fleet appears;
 to Rhodes his course from Chios steers;
 her shady wings to distant sight,
 spread like the curtains of the night.

Each squadron thicker and still darker grows;
 the fleet like many floating forrests shows.

VILLERIUS

Arm, arm! Let our drums beat
 to all our out-guards, a retreat;
 and to our main guards add
 files double lin'd from the parade.
 Send horse to drive the fields;
 prevent what rip'ning summer yields.
 To all the foe would save
 set fire, or give a secret grave.

ADMIRAL I'll to our gallies hast,
untackle ev'ry mast;
hale 'em within the peer,
to range and chain 'em there,
and then behind Saint Nic'las cliffs
shelter our brigants, land our skiffs.

VILLERIUS Our field and bulwark-cannon mount with hast;
fix to their blocks their brazen bodies fast:
whilst to their foes their iron entrails fly:
display our colours, raise our standard high!

Exit Admiral.

Enter Alphonso.

ALPHONSO What various noises do mine ears invade?
and have a consort of confusion made?
The shriller trumpet, and tempestuous drum:
the deaf'ning clamor from the cannons womb;
which through the air like suddain thunder breaks,
seems calm to souldiers shouts, and womens shrieks.
What danger (rev'rend lord) does this portend?

VILLERIUS Danger begins what must in honour end.

ALPHONSO What vizards does it wear?

VILLERIUS Such, gentle prince,
as cannot fright, but yet must warn you hence.
What can to Rhodes more fatally appear
than the bright crescents which those ensigns wear?
Wise emblems that encreasing empire show;
which must be still in nonage and still grow.
All these are yet but the forerunning van
of the prodigious gross of Solyman.

ALPHONSO Pale shew those crescents to our bloody cross?
Sink not the western kingdoms in our loss?
Will not the Austrian eagle moult her wings,
that long hath hover'd o're the Gallick-kings?
Whose lillies too will wither when we fade;
and th'English lyon shrink into a shade.

VILLERIUS Thou see'st not, whilst so young and guiltless too,
that kings mean seldome what their states-men do;
who measure not the compass of a crown
to fit the head that wears it, but their own;
still hind'ring peace, because they stewards are,
without account, to that wild spender, war.

Enter High Marshal of Rhodes.

- MARSHAL** Still christian wars they will pursue, and boast
unjust successes gain'd, whilst Rhodes is lost:
whilst we build monuments of death, to shame
those who forsook us in the chase of fame.
- ALPHONSO** We will endure the colds of court-delays;
honour grows warm in airy vests of praise.
On rocky Rhodes we will like rocks abide.
- VILLERIUS** Away, away, and hasten to thy bride!
'Tis scarce a month since from thy nuptial rites
thou cam'st to honour here our Rhodian knights:
to dignifie our sacred annual feast:
we love to lodge, not to entombe a guest.
Honour must yield, where reason should prevail.
Aboard, aboard, and hoise up ev'ry sail
that gathers any wind for Sicilie!
- MARSHAL** Men lose their vertu's pattern, losing thee.
Thy bride doth yield her sex no less a light,
but, thy life gone, will set in endless night.
Ye must like stars' shine long ere ye expire.
- ALPHONSO** Honour is colder vertue set on fire:
my honour lost, her love would soon decay:
here for my tomb or triumph I will stay.
My sword against proud Solyman I draw,
his cursed prophet, and his sensual law.
- CHORUS** Our swords against proud Solyman we draw,
his cursed prophet, and his sensual law.

*Exeunt.**[Sicily.]**Enter Ianthe, Melosile, Madina (her two Women) bearing two open caskets with jewels.*

- IANTHE** To Rhodes this fatal fleet her course does bear,
can i have love, and not discover fear?
When he, in whom my plighted heart doth live
(whom hymen gave me in reward
of vows, which he with favour heard,
and is the greatest gift he e're can give)
shall in a cruel siege imprison'd be,
and I, whom love has bound, have liberty?
Away! Let's leave our flourishing abodes
in Sicily, and fly to with'ring Rhodes.

MELOSILE Will you convert to instruments of war
to things which to our sex so dreadfull are,
which terrour add to death's detested face,
these ornaments which should your beauty grace?

MADINA Beauty laments! and this exchange abhors!
Shall all these gems in arms be spent
which were by bounteous princes sent
to pay the valour of your ancestors?

IANTHE If by their sale my lord may be redeem'd,
why should they more than trifles be esteem'd
vainly secur'd with iron bars and locks?
They are the spawn of shells, and warts of rocks.

MADINA All Madam, all? Will you from all depart?

IANTHE Love a consumption learns from chymists' art.
Saphyrs, and harder di'monds must be sold
and turn'd to softer and more current gold.
With gold we cursed powder may prepare
which must consume in smoak and thinner air.

MELOSILE Thou idol-love, I'll worship thee no more
since thou dost make us sorrowfull and poor.

IANTHE Go seek out cradles, and with child-hood dwell;
where you may still be free
from love's self-flattery,
and never hear mistaken lovers tell
of blessings, and of joys in such extreams
as never are possest but in our dreams.
They woo apace, and hasten to be sped;
and praise the quiet of the marriage-bed:
but mention not the storms of grief and care
when love does them surprize
with sudden jealousies,
or they are sever'd by ambitious war.

MADINA Love may perhaps the foolish please:
but he shall quickly leave my heart
when he perswades me to depart
from such a hoord of precious things as these.

IANTHE Send out to watch the wind! with the first gale
I'll leave thee, Sicilie; and, hoysing sail,
steer strait to Rhodes. For love and I must be
preserv'd (Alphonso!) or else lost with thee.

Exeunt.

Chorus.

By Souldiers of several Nations.

1.

Come ye termagant Turks,
 if your bassa dares land ye,
 whilst the wine bravely works
 which was brought us from Candy.

2.

Wealth, the least of our care is,
 for the poor ne'r are undone;
 a vous, mounsieur of Paris,
 to the back-swords of London.

3.

Diego, thou, in a trice,
 shalt advance thy lean belly;
 for their hens and their rice
 make pillau like a jelly.

4.

Let 'em land fine and free;
 for my cap though an old one,
 such a turbant shall be,
 thou wilt think it a gold one.

5.

It is seven to one odds
 they had safer sail'd by us:
 whilst our wine lasts in Rhodes,
 they shall water at Chios.

The Entry is again prepar'd by instrumental Musick.

The Second Entry

*The Scene is chang'd, and the city, Rhodes, appears beleaguer'd at sea
 and land.*

Enter Villerius and Admiral.

ADMIRAL The bloud of Rhodes grows cold: life must expire!

VILLERIUS The duke still warms it with his valour's fire!

ADMIRAL If he has much in honour's presence done,
 has sav'd our ensigns, or has others' won,
 then he but well by your example wrought;
 who well in honour's school his child-hood taught.

- VILLERIUS The foe three moons tempestuously has spent
 where we will never yield, nor he relent;
 still we but raise what must be beaten down;
 defending walls, yet cannot keep the town;
 vent'ring last stakes where we can nothing win;
 and, shutting slaughter out, keep famine in.
- ADMIRAL How oft and vainly Rhodes for succour waits
 from triple diadems, and scarlet hats?
 Rome keeps her gold, cheaply her warriours pays
 at first with blessings, and at last with praise.
- VILLERIUS By armies, stow'd in fleets, exhausted Spain
 leaves half her land unplough'd, to plough the main;
 and still would more of the old world subdue,
 as if unsatisfi'd with all the new.
- ADMIRAL France strives to have her lillies grow as fair
 in other realms as where they native are.
- VILLERIUS The English lyon ever loves to change
 his walks, and in remoter forrests range.

CHORUS

All gaining vainly from each others loss;
 whilst still the crescent drives away the cross.

Enter Alphonso.

ALPHONSO

1.

How bravely fought the fiery French,
 their bulwark being storm'd.
 The colder Almans kept their trench,
 by more than valour warm'd.

2.

The grave Italians paus'd and fought,
 the solemn Spaniards too;
 study'ng more deaths than could be wrought
 by what the rash could do.

3.

Th'Avergnian colours high were rais'd,
 twice tane, and twice reliev'd.
 Our foes, like friends to valour, prais'd
 the mischiefs they receiv'd.

Continued on next page.

ALPHONSO

4.

The cheerfull English got renown;
 fought merrily and fast:
 'tis time, they cry'd, to mow them down,
 war's harvest cannot last.

5.

If death be rest, here let us dye,
 where weariness is all
 we dayly get by victory,
 who must by famine fall.

6.

Great Solyman is landed now;
 all fate he seems to be;
 and brings those tempests in his brow
 which he deserv'd at sea.

VILLERIUS He can at most but once prevail,
 though arm'd with nations that were brought by more
 gross gallies then would serve to hale
 this island to the Lycian shore.

ADMIRAL Let us apace do worthily and give
 our story length, though long we cannot live.

CHORUS

So greatly do, that being dead,
 brave wonders may be wrought
 by such as shall our story read
 and study how me fought.

Exeunt.

Enter Solyman, Pirrhus.

SOLYMAN What sudden halt hath stay'd thy swift renown,
 o're-running kingdoms, stopping at a town?
 He that will win the prize in honour's race
 must nearer to the goal still mend his pace.
 If age thou feel'st, the active camp forbear;
 in sleepy cities rest, the caves of fear.
 Thy mind was never valiant, if, when old,
 thy courage cools because thy blood is cold.

PIRRHUS How can ambitious manhood be exprest
 more then by marks of our disdain of rest?
 What less than toyls incessant can, despite
 of cannon, raise these mounts to castle-height?
 Or less than utmost or unwearied strength
 can draw these lines of batt'ry to that length?

- SOLYMAN** The toils of ants, and mole-hills rais'd, in scorn
of labour, to be levell'd with a spurn.
These are the pyramids that shew your pains;
but of your armies' valour, where remains
one trophy to excuse a bassa's boast?
- PIRRHUS** Valour may reckon what she bravely lost;
not from successes all her count does raise:
by life well lost we gain a share of praise.
If we in dangers' glass all valour see,
and death the farthest step of danger be,
behold our mount of bodies made a grave;
and prize our loss by what we scorn'd to save.
- SOLYMAN** Away! range all the camp for an assault!
Tell them, they tread in graves who make a halt.
Fat slaves, who have been lull'd to a disease;
cramm'd out of breath, and crippled by their ease!
whose active fathers leapt o're walls too high
for them to climb: hence, from my anger fly:
which is too worthy for thee, being mine,
and must be quench'd by Rhodian blood or thine.

Exit Pirrhus, bowing.

In honour's orb the christians shine;
their light in war does still increase;
though oft misled by mists of wine,
or blinder love, the crime of peace.
Bold in adult'ries frequent change;
and ev'ry loud expensive vice;
ebbing out wealth by wayes as strange
as it flow'd in by avarice.
Thus vildly they dare live, and yet dare dye.
If courage be a vertue, 'tis allow'd
but to those few on whom our crowns rely,
and is condemn'd as madness in the crowd.

Enter Mustapha, Ianthe veil'd.

- MUSTAPHA** Great sultan, hail! though here at land
lost fools in opposition stand;
yet thou at sea dost all command.
- SOLYMAN** What is it thou wouldst shew, and yet dost shrowd?
- MUSTAPHA** I bring the morning pictur'd in a cloud;
a wealth more worth then all the sea does hide;
or courts display in their triumphant pride.

SOLYMAN Thou seem'st to bring the daughter of the night;
and giv'st her many stars to make her bright.
Dispatch my wonder and relate her story.

MUSTAPHA 'Tis full of fate, and yet ha's much of glory.
A squadron of our gallies that did ply
west from this coast, met two of Sicily,
both fraught to furnish Rhodes, we gave 'em chase,
and had, but for our number, met disgrace.
For, grappling, they maintain'd a bloody fight,
which did begin with day and end with night.
And though this bashful lady then did wear
her face still veil'd, her valour did appear:
she urg'd their courage when they boldly fought,
and many shun'd the dangers, which she sought.

SOLYMAN Where are the limits thou would'st set for praise?
or to what height wilt thou my wonder raise?

MUSTAPHA This is Ianthe, the Sicilian flower,
sweeter then buds unfolded in a shower,
bride to Alphonso, who in Rhodes so long
the theam has been of each heroick song;
and she for his relief those gallies fraught;
both stow'd with what her dow'r and jewels bought.

SOLYMAN O wond'rous vertue of a christian wife!
Advent'ring lifes support, and then her life
to save her ruin'd lord! bid her unveil!

Ianthe steps back.

IANTHE It were more honour, sultan, to assail
a publick strength against thy forces bent,
then to unwall this private tenement,
to which no monarch, but my lord, has right;
nor will it yield to treaty or to might:
where heavn's great law defends him from surprise:
this curtain onely opens to his eyes.

SOLYMAN If beauty veil'd so vertuous be,
'tis more than christian husbands know;
whose ladies wear their faces free,
which they to more than husband show.

IANTHE Your bassa swore, and by his dreadful law,
none but my lord's dear hand this veil should draw;
and that to Rhodes I should conducted be,
to take my share of all his destiny:
else I had quickly found
sure means to get some wound,

Continued on next page.

- IANTHE which would in death's cold arms
my honour instant safety give
from all those rude alarms
which keep it waking whilst I live.
- SOLYMAN Hast thou ingag'd our prophet's plight
to keep her beauty from my sight,
and to conduct her person free
to harbour with mine enemy?
- MUSTAPHA Vertue constrain'd the priviledge I gave:
shall I for sacred vertue pardon crave?
- SOLYMAN I envy not the conquests of thy sword:
thrive still in wicked war;
but, slave, how did'st thou dare,
in vertuous love, thus to transcend thy lord?
Thou did'st thy utmost vertue show:
yet somewhat more does rest,
not yet by thee exprest;
which vertue left for me to do.
Thou great example of a christian wife,
enjoy thy lord, and give him happy life.
Thy gallies with their freight,
for which the hungry wait,
shall strait to Rhodes conducted be;
and as thy passage to him shall be free,
so both may safe return to Sicilie.
- IANTHE May Solyman be ever far
from impious honours of the war;
since worthy to receive renown
from things repair'd, not overthrown.
And when in peace his vertue thrives,
let all the race of loyal wives
sing this his bounty to his glory,
and teach their princes by his story:
of which, if any victors be,
let them, because he conquer'd me,
strip cheerfully each others brow,
and at his feet their laurel throw.
- SOLYMAN Strait to the port her gallies steer;
then hale the centry at the peer.
And though our flags ne'r use to bow,
they shall do vertue homage now.
Give fire still as she passes by,
and let our streamers lower fly.

Exeunt several ways.

CHORUS OF WOMEN

1

Let us live, live! for being dead,
 the pretty spots,
 ribbands and knots,
 and the fine French dress for the head;
 no lady wears upon her
 in the cold, cold, bed of honour.

Beat down our grottoes, and hew down our bowers,
 dig up our arbours, and root up our flowers.
 Our gardens are bulwarks and bastions become:
 then hang up our lutes, we must sing to the drum.

2.

Our patches and our curls
 (so exact in each station)
 our powders and our purls
 are now out of fashion.

Hence with our needles, and give us your spades;
 we, that were ladies, grow coarse as our maids.
 Our coaches have drove us to balls at the court,
 we now must drive barrows to earth up the port.

The entry is again prepar'd by instrumental musick.

The Third Entry

The further part of the scene is open'd, and a royal pavilion appears display'd; representing Solyman's imperial throne; and about it are discern'd the quarters of his bassas, and inferiour officers.

Enter Solyman, Pirrhus, Mustapha.

SOLYMAN Pirrhus, draw up our army wide!
 then from the gross two strong reserves divide;
 and spread the wings;
 as if we were to fight,
 in the lost Rhodians sight,
 with all the western kings!

Continued on next page.

- SOLYMAN** Each wing with janizaries line;
the right and left to Haly's sons assign;
the gross to Zangiban.
The main artillery
with Mustapha shall be:
bring thou the rear, we lead the van.
- PIRRHUS** It shall be done as early as the dawn;
as if the figure by thy hand were drawn.
- MUSTAPHA** We wish that we, to ease thee, could prevent
all thy commands, by gheasing thy intent.
- SOLYMAN** These Rhodians, who of honour boast,
a loss excuse, when bravely lost:
now they may bravely lose their Rhodes,
which never play'd against such odds.
To morrow let them see our strength, and weep
whilst they their want of losing blame;
their valiant folly strives too long to keep
what might be render'd without shame.
- PIRRHUS** 'Tis well our valiant prophet did
in us not only loss forbid,
but has enjoyn'd us still to get.
Empire must move apace,
when she begins the race,
and apter is for wings than feet.
- MUSTAPHA** They vainly interrupt our speed,
and civil reason lack,
to know they should go back
when we determine to proceed.
- PIRRHUS** When to all Rhodes our army does appear,
shall we then make a sudden halt,
and give a general assault?
- SOLYMAN** Pirrhus, not yet, Ianthe being there:
let them our valour, by our mercy prize.
The respite of this day
to vertuous love shall pay
a debt long due for all my victories.
- MUSTAPHA** If vertuous beauty can attain such grace
whilst she a captive was, and hid,
what wisdom can his love forbid
when vertue's free, and beauty shews her face?

SOLYMAN Dispatch a trumpet to the town;
 summon Ianthe to be gone
 safe with her lord. When both are free
 and in their course to Sicily,
 then Rhodes shall for that valour mourn
 which stops the hast of our return.

PIRRHUS Those that in Grecian quarries wrought,
 and pioneers from Lycia brought,
 who like a nation in a throng appear,
 so great their number is, are landed here:
 where shall they work?

SOLYMAN Upon Philermus Hill.
 There, ere this moon her circle fills with days,
 they shall, by punish't sloth and cherish'd skill,
 a spacious palace in a castle raise:
 a neighbourhood within the Rhodians view;
 where, if my anger cannot them sudue,
 my patience shall out-wait them, whilst they long
 attend to see weak princes make them strong:
 there i'le grow old, and dye too, if they have
 the secret art to fast me to my grave.

Exeunt.

*The Scene is chang'd to that of the town besieg'd.
 Enter Villerius, Admiral, Alphonso, Ianthe.*

VILLERIUS When we, Ianthe, would this act commend,
 we know no more how to begin
 than we should do, if we were in,
 how suddenly to make an end.

ADMIRAL What love was yours which these strong bars of fate
 were all too weak to separate?
 which seas and storms could not divide,
 nor all the dreadful Turkish pride?
 Which pass'd secure, though not unseen,
 even double guards of death that lay between.

VILLERIUS What more could honour for fair vertue do?
 What could Alphonso venture more for you?

ADMIRAL With wonder and with shame we must confess
 all we our selves can do for Rhodes, is less.

- VILLERIUS Nor did your love and courage act alone.
Your bounty too has no less wonders done.
And for our guard you have brought wisely down
a troop of vertues to defend the town:
the only troop that can a town defend,
which heav'n before for ruine did intend.
- ADMIRAL Look here, ye western monarchs, look with shame,
who fear not a remote, though common foe;
the cabinet of one illustrious dame
does more then your exchequers joyn'd did do.
- ALPHONSO Indeed I think, Ianthe, few
 so young and flourishing as you,
 whose beauties might so well adorn
 the jewels which by them are worn,
 did ever musquets for them take,
 nor of their pearls did bullets make.
- IANTHE When you, my lord, are shut up here
 expençe of treasure must appear
 so far from bounty, that, alas!
 it covetous advantage was:
 for with small cost I sought to save
 even all the treasure that I have.
- IANTHE Who would not all her trifling jewels give,
 which but from number can their worth derive,
 if she could purchase or redeem with them
 one great inestimable gemm?
- ADMIRAL Oh ripe perfection in a brest so young!
- VILLERIUS Vertue has tun'd her heart, and wit her tongue.
- ADMIRAL Though Rhodes no pleasure can allow
I dare secure the safety of it now;
 all will so labour to save you
 as that will save the city too.
- IANTHE Alas! the utmost I have done
 more then a just reward has won,
if by my lord and you it be but thought,
I had the care to serve him as I ought.
- VILLERIUS Brave duke, farewell, the scouts for orders wait,
 and the parade does fill.
- ALPHONSO Great Master, I'll attend your pleasure strait,
and strive to serve your will.

Exeunt Villerius and Admiral.

ALPHONSO Ianthe, after all this praise
which fame so fully to you pays,
for that which all the world beside
admires you, I alone must chide.
Are you that kind and vertuous wife,
who thus expose your husband's life?
The hazards, both at land and sea,
through which so boldly thou hast run,
did more assault and threaten me
then all the sultan could have done.
Thy dangers, could I them have seen,
would not to me have dangers been,
but certain death: now thou art here
a danger worse than death I fear.
Thou hast, Ianthe, honour won,
but mine, alas, will be undone:
for as thou valiant wer't for me,
I shall a coward grow for thee.

IANTHE Take heed Alphonso, for this care of me,
will to my fame injurious be;
your love will brighter by it shine,
but it eclipses mine.
Since I would here before, or with you fall,
death needs but becken when he means to call.

ALPHONSO Ianthe, even in this you shall command,
and this my strongest passion guide;
your vertue will not be deny'd:
it could even Solyman himself withstand.

To whom it did so beauteous show:
it seem'd to civilize a barb'rous foe.
Of this your strange escape, Ianthe, say,
briefly the motive and the way.

IANTHE Did I not tell you how we fought,
how I was taken, and how brought
before great Solyman? but there
I think we interrupted were.

ALPHONSO Yes, but we will not be so here,
should Solyman himself appear.

IANTHE It seems that what the bassa of me said,
had some respect and admiration bred
in Solyman; and this to me increast
the jealousies which honour did suggest.
All that of Turks and tyrants I had heard,
but that I fear'd not death, I should have fear'd.
I, to excuse my voyage, urg'd my love
to your high worth; which did such pitty move
that straight his usage did reclaim my fear;
he seem'd in civil France, and monarch there:
for soon my person, gallies, freight, were free
by his command.

ALPHONSO O wondrous enemy!

IANTHE These are the smallest gifts his bounty knew.

ALPHONSO What could he give you more?

IANTHE He gave me you;
and you may homewards now securely go
through all his fleet.

ALPHONSO But honour says not so.

IANTHE If that forbid it, you shall never see
that I and that will disagree:
honour will speak the same to me.

ALPHONSO This christian Turk amazes me, my dear!
How long, Ianthe, stay'd you there?

IANTHE Two days with Mustapha.

ALPHONSO How do you say?
two days, and two whole nights? alas!

IANTHE That it, my lord, no longer was,
is such a mercy, as too long I stay,
e'r at the altar thanks to heav'n I pay.

ALPHONSO To heav'n, confession should prepare the way.

Exit Ianthe.

She is all harmony, and fair as light
but brings me discord, and the clouds of night.
And Solyman does think heav'n's joys to be
in women not so fair as she.
'Tis strange! Dismiss so fair an enemy!
She was his own by right of war,
we are his dogs, and such as she his angels are.

O wondrous Turkish chastity!
 Her gallies, freight, and those to send
 into a town which he would take!
 Are we besieg'd then by a friend?
 Could honour such a present make,
 then when his honour is at stake?
 Against it self, does honour booty play?
 We have the liberty to go away!
 Strange above miracle! But who can say
 if in his hands we once should be
 what would become of her? For what of me
 though love is blind, ev'n love may see.
 Come back my thoughts, you must not rove!
 For sure Ianthe does Alphonso love!
 Oh Solyman, this mystique act of thine,
 does all my quiet undermine:
 but on thy troops, if not on thee,
 this sword my cure, and my revenge shall be.

Exit.

[The scene changes to Solyman camp.]

Enter Roxolana, Pirrhus, Rustan.

- RUSTAN** You come from sea as Venus came before;
 and seem that goddess, but mistake her shore.
- PIRRHUS** Her temple did in fruitfull Cyprus stand;
 the sultan wonders why in Rhodes you land.
- RUSTAN** And by your sudden voyage he doth fear
 the tempest of your passion drove you here.
- ROXOLANA** Rustan, I bring more wonder than I find;
 and it is more than humour bred that wind
 which with a forward gale
 did make me hither sail.
- RUSTAN** He does your forward jealousy reprove.
- ROXOLANA** Yet jealousy does spring from too much love;
 if mine be guilty of excess,
 I dare pronounce it shall grow less.
- PIRRHUS** You boldly threaten more than we dare hear.
- ROXOLANA** That which you call your duty is your fear.
- RUSTAN** We have some valour or our wounds are feign'd.

- ROXOLANA** What has your valour from the Rhodians gain'd?
Unless Ianthe, as a prize, you boast;
who now has got that heart which I have lost.
Brave conquest, where the taker self is taken!
And, as a present, I
bring vainly, e're I dye,
that heart to him which he has now forsaken.
- RUSTAN** Whispers of eunuchs, and by pages brought
to Licia, you have up to story wrought.
- ROXOLANA** Lead to the sultan's tent! Pirrhus, away!
For I dare hear what he himself dares say.

[Exeunt.]

Chorus.

Of Men and Women.

- MEN** Ye wives all that are, and wives that would be,
unlearn all ye learnt here, of one another,
and all ye have learnt of an aunt or a mother:
then strait hither come, a new pattern to see,
which in a good humour kind fortune did send;
a glass for your minds, as well as your faces:
make haste then and break your own looking-glasses;
if you see but your selves, you'l never amend.
- WOMEN** You that will teach us what your wives ought to do,
take heed; there's a pattern in town too for you.
Be you but Alphonsos, and we
perhaps Ianthes will be.
- MEN** Be you but Ianthes, and we
Alphonsos a while will be.
- BOTH** Let both sides begin then, rather than neither;
let's both joyn our hands, and both mend together.

The Entry is again prepar'd by Instrumental Musick.

The Fourth Entry

The scene is vary'd to the prospect of Mount Philermus: artificers appearing at work about that castle which was there, with wonderful expedition, erected by Solyman. His great army is discovered in the plain below, drawn up in battalia, as if it were prepar'd for a general assault.

Enter Solyman, Pirrhus, Mustapha.

- SOLYMAN** Refuse my pass-port, and resolve to dye;
only for fashion's sake, for company?
Oh costly scruples! But I'll try to be,
thou stubborn honour, obstinate as thee.
My pow'r thou shalt not vanquish by thy will,
I will enforce to live whom thou would'st kill.
- PIRRHUS** They in to morrow's storm will change their mind,
then, though too late instructed, they shall find,
that those who your protection dare reject
no humane power dares venture to protect.
They are not foes, but rebels, who withstand
the pow'r that does their fate command.
- SOLYMAN** Oh Mustapha, our strength we measure ill,
we want the half of what we think we have;
for we enjoy the beast-like pow'r to kill,
but not the god-like pow'r to save.
Who laughs at death, laughs at our highest pow'r;
the valiant man is his own emperour.
- MUSTAPHA** Your pow'r to save, you have to them made known,
who scorn'd it with ingratefull pride;
now, how you can destroy, must next be shown;
and that the christian world has try'd.
- SOLYMAN** 'Tis such a single pair
as onely equal are
unto themselves; but many steps above
all others who attempt to make up love.
Their lives will noble history afford,
and must adorn my scepter, not my sword.
My strength in vain has with their vertue strove;
in vain their hate would overcome my love.

Continued on next page.

SOLYMAN My favours I'lle compell them to receive:
go Mustapha, and strictest orders give,
through all the camp, that in assault they spare
(and in the sack of this presumptuous town)
the lives of these two strangers, with a care
above the preservation of their own.
Alphonso has so oft his courage shown,
that he to all but cowards must be known.
Ianthe is so fair that none can be
mistaken, amongst thousands, which is she.

Exeunt.

*The Scene returns to that of the town besieg'd.
Enter Alphonso, Ianthe.*

IANTHE Alphonso, now the danger grows so near,
give her that loves you leave to fear.
Nor do I blush, this passion to confess,
since it for object has no less
than even your liberty, or life;
I fear not as a woman, but a wife.
We were too proud no use to make
of Solyman's obliging proffer;
for why should honour scorn to take
what honour's self does to it offer.

ALPHONSO To be o'rcome by his victorious sword,
will comfort to our fall afford;
our strength may yield to his; but 'tis not fit
our vertue should to his submit;
in that, Ianthe, i must be
advanc'd, and greater far than he.

IANTHE Fighting with him who strives to be your friend,
you not with vertue, but with pow'r, contend.

ALPHONSO Forbid it, heav'n, our friends should think that we
did merit friendship from an enemy.

IANTHE He is a foe to Rhodes, and not to you.

ALPHONSO In Rhodes besieg'd, we must be Rhodians too.

IANTHE 'Twas fortune that engag'd you in this war.

ALPHONSO 'Twas providence! Heaven's pris'ners here we are.

IANTHE That providence our freedom does restore;
the hand that shut, now opens us the door.

ALPHONSO Had heav'n that pass-port for our freedom sent,
it would have chose some better instrument
than faithless Solyman.

- IANTHE O say not so!
To strike and wound the vertue of your foe
is cruelty, which war does not allow:
sure he has better words deserv'd from you.
- ALPHONSO From me, Ianthe, no;
what he deserves from you, you best must know.
- IANTHE What means my lord?
- ALPHONSO For I confess, I must
the poyson'd bounties of a foe mistrust:
and when upon the bait I look,
though all seem fair, suspect the hook.
- IANTHE He, though a foe, is generous and true:
what he hath done declares what he will do.
- ALPHONSO He in two days your high esteem has won:
what he would do I know; who knows what he has done?
Done?
- [Aside.]
- Wicked tongue, what hast thou said?
What horrid falshood from thee fled?
Oh, jealousie (if jealousie it be)
would I had here an asp instead of thee!
- IANTHE Sure you are sick, your words, alas!
gestures, and looks, distempers shew.
- ALPHONSO Ianthe, you may safely pass;
the pass, no doubt, was meant to you.
- IANTHE He's jealous sure; oh, vertue! can it be?
Have I for this serv'd vertue faithfully?
Alphonso...
- ALPHONSO Speak, Ianthe, and be free.
- IANTHE Have I deserv'd this change?
- ALPHONSO Thou do'st deserve
so much, that emperours are proud to serve
the fair Ianthe; and not dare
to hurt a land whilst she is there.
Return (renown'd Ianthe) safely home;
and force thy passage with thine eyes
to conquer Rhodes will be a prize
less glorious than by thee to be o'rcome.
But since he longs (it seems) so much to see,
and be possess of me,
tell him, I shall not fly beyond his reach:
would he could dare to meet me in the breach.

Exit.

IANTHE

Tell him! tell him? Oh no, Alphonso, no.
 Let never man thy weakness know;
 thy suddain fall will be a shame
 to man's and vertue's name.
 Alphonso's false! for what can falser be
 than to suspect that falshood dwells in me?
 Could Solyman both life and honour give?
 And can Alphonso me of both deprive?
 Of both Alphonso; for believe
 Ianthe will disdain to live
 so long as to let others see
 thy true, and her imputed, infamy.
 No more let lovers think they can possess
 more than a month of happiness.
 We thought our hold of it was strong
 we thought our lease of it was long:
 but, now, that all may ever happy prove,
 let never any love,
 and yet these troubles of my love to me
 shall shorter than the pleasures be.
 I'll till to morrow last; then the assault
 shall finish my misfortune and his fault.
 I to my enemies shall doubly ow,
 for saving me before, for killing now.

Exit.

Enter Villerius, Admiral.

- ADMIRAL From out the camp a valiant christian slave
 escap'd, and to our knights assurance gave
 that at the break of day
 their mine will play.
- VILLERIUS Oft Martiningus, struck and try'd the ground,
 and counter-digg'd, and has the hollows found:
 we shall prevent
 their dire intent.
- VILLERIUS Where is the duke, whose valour strives to keep
 Rhodes still awake, which else would dully sleep?
- ADMIRAL His courage and his Reason is o'rethrown.
- VILLERIUS Thou sing'st the sad destruction of our town.
- ADMIRAL I met him wild as all the winds,
 when in the ocean they contest:
 and diligent suspition finds
 he is with jealousie possest.

VILLERIUS That arrow, once misdrawn, must ever rove.
 O weakness, sprung from mightiness of love!
 O pitty'd crime!
 Alphonso will be overthrown
 unless we take this ladder down,
 where, though the rounds are broke,
 he does himself provoke
 too hastily to climb.

ADMIRAL Invisibly, as dreams, fame's wings fly every where;
 hov'ring all day o're palaces of kings,
 at night she lodges in the people's ear:
 already they perceive Alphonso wild,
 and the belov'd Ianthe griev'd.

VILLERIUS Let us no more by honour be beguil'd;
 this town can never be reliev'd;
 Alphonso and Ianthe being lost,
 Rhodes, thou dost cherish life with too much cost!

CHORUS

Away, unchain the streets, unearth the ports.
 Pull down each barricade
 which womens fears have made,
 and bravely sally out from all the forts!
 Drive back the crescents, and advance the cross,
 or sink all human empires in our loss!

[Exeunt.]

Enter Roxolana, Pirrhus, Rustan, and two of her women.

ROXOLANA Not come to see me e're th'assault be past?

PIRRHUS He spoke it not in anger but in haste.

RUSTAN If mighty Solyman be angry grown
 it is not with his empress, but the town.

ROXOLANA When stubborn Rhodes does him to anger move
 'tis by detaining there what he does love.

PIRRHUS He is resolv'd the city to destroy.

ROXOLANA But more resolv'd Ianthe to enjoy.

RUSTAN T'avoid your danger cease your jealousy.

ROXOLANA Tell them of danger who do fear to dye.

PIRRHUS None but your self dares threaten you with death.

1ST WOMAN Do not your beauty blast with your own breath.

- 2ND WOMAN You lessen't in your own esteem
when of his love you jealous seem.
- 1ST WOMAN And but a faded beauty make it
when you suspect he can forsake it.
- 2ND WOMAN Believe not, empress, that you are decay'd,
for so you'l seem by jealous passion sway'd.
- ROXOLANA He follows passion, I pursue my reason:
he loves the traitor, and I hate the treason.

Enter Haly.

- HALY Our foes appear!
- PIRRHUS, RUSTAN Th'assault will strait begin.
in CHORUS They sally out where we must enter in.
- ROXOLANA Let Solyman forget his way to glory
increase in conquest and grow less in story.
That honour which in vain
his valour shrinks to gain,
when from the Rhodians he Ianthe takes,
is lost in losing me whom he forsakes.

Exeunt several wayes.

Chorus of Wives

1.

- 1ST WOMAN This cursed jealousie, what is't?
- 2ND WOMAN 'Tis love that has lost it self in a mist.
- 3RD WOMAN 'Tis love being frighted out of his wits.
- 4TH WOMAN 'Tis love that has a fever got;
love that is violently hot;
but troubled with cold and trembling fits.
'Tis yet a more unnatural evil:
- CHORUS 'Tis the god of love, 'tis the god of
love, possest with a devil.

2.

- 1ST WOMAN 'Tis rich corrupted wine of love;
which sharpest vinegar does prove.
- 2ND WOMAN From all the sweet flowers which might honey make,
it does a deadly poyson bring.
- 3RD WOMAN Strange serpent which it self doth sting!
- 4TH WOMAN It never can sleep, and dreams still awake.
- 5TH WOMAN It stufs up the marriage-bed with thorns.
- CHORUS It gores it self, it gores it self, with imagin'd horns.

The entry is again prepar'd by instrumental musick.

The Fifth Entry

The scene is chang'd into a representation of a general assault given to the town; the greatest fury of the army being discern'd at the English station.

Enter Pirrhus.

PIRRHUS Traverse the cannon! mount the batt'ries higher!
More gabions, and renew the blinds!
Like dust they powder spend,
and to our faces send
the heat of all the element of fire;
and to their backs have all the winds.

Enter Mustapha.

MUSTAPHA More ladders, and reliefs to scale!
The fire-crooks are too short! Help, help to hale!
That battlement is loose, and strait will down!
Point well the cannon, and play fast!
their fury is too hot to last.
That rampire shakes, they fly into the town.

PIRRHUS March up with those reserves to that redout!
Faint slaves! the janizaries reel!
They bend, they bend! and seem to feel
the terrours of a rout.

MUSTAPHA Old Zanger halts, and re-inforcement lacks!

PIRRHUS March on!

MUSTAPHA Advance those pikes, and charge their backs!

Enter Solyman.

SOLYMAN Those plat-forms are too low to reach!
Haste, haste! call Haly to the breach!
Can my domestique janizaries flye!
And not adventure life for victory!
Whose child-hood with my palace milk I fed:
their youth, as if I were their parent, bred.
What is this monster death, that our poor slaves,
still vext with toyl, are loth to rest in graves?

MUSTAPHA If life so pretious be, why do not they,
who in war's trade can only live by prey,
their own afflicted lives expose
to take the happier from their foes?

PIRRHUS Our troops renew the fight!
And those that sally'd out
to give the rout,
are now return'd in flight!

SOLYMAN Follow, follow, follow, make good the line!
In, Pirrhus, in! Look, we have sprung the mine!

Exit Pirrhus.

MUSTAPHA Those desp'rate English ne'r will fly!
Their firmness still does hinder others flight,
as if their mistresses were by
to see and praise them whilst they fight.

SOLYMAN That flame of valour in Alphonso's eyes,
outshines the light of all my victories!
Those who were slain when they his bulwark storm'd,
contented fell,
as vanquish'd well;
those who were left alive may now,
because their valour is by his reform'd,
hope to make others bow.

MUSTAPHA E'r while I in the English station saw
beauty, that did my wonder forward draw,
whose valour did my forces back disperse;
fairer than woman, and than man more fierce:
it shew'd such courage as disdain'd to yield,
and yet seem'd willing to be kil'd.

SOLYMAN This vision did to me appear:
which mov'd my pittty and my fear:
it had a dress much like the imag'rie
for heroes drawn, and may Ianthe be.

Enter Pirrhus.

PIRRHUS Fall on! the English stoop when they give fire!
They seem to furl their colours and retire!

SOLYMAN Advance! I onely would the honour have
to conquer two, whom I by force would save.

[Exeunt.]

Enter Alphonso with his sword drawn.

ALPHONSO My reason by my courage is misled!
why chase I those who would from dying fly,
enforcing them to sleep amongst the dead,
yet keep my self unslain that fain would die?
Do not the pris'ners whom we take declare
how Solyman proclaim'd through all his host,
that they Ianthe's life and mine should spare?
Life ill preserv'd is worse than basely lost.
Mine by dispatch of war he will not take,
but means to leave it lingring on the rack;
that in his palace i might live, and know
her shame, and be afraid to call it so.
Tyrants and divels think all pleasures vain,
but what are still deriv'd from other's pain.

Enter Admiral.

ADMIRAL Renown'd Alphonso, thou hast fought to day,
as if all Asia were thy valour's prey.

But now thou must do more
than thou hast done before;
else the important life of Rhodes is gone.

ALPHONSO Why from the peacefull grave
should I still strive to save
the lives of others, that would lose mine own?

ADMIRAL The souldiers call, Alphonso! thou hast taught
the way to all the wonders they have wrought;
who now refuse to fight
but in thy valour's sight.

ALPHONSO I would to none example be to fly;
but fain would teach all human kind to dye.

ADMIRAL Haste, haste! Ianthe in disguise
at th'English bulwark wounded lies;
and in the French, our old Great Master strives
from many hands to rescue many lives.

ALPHONSO Ianthe wounded? where? alas!
Has mourning pittty hid her face?
Let pittty fly, fly far from the opprest,
since she removes her lodging from my brest!

- ADMIRAL** You have but too great cruelties to chuse
by staying here; you must Ianthe lose,
who ventur'd life and fame for you;
or your Great Master quite forsake,
who to your childhood first did shew
the ways you did to honour take.
- ALPHONSO** Ianthe cannot be
in safer company:
for what will not the valiant English do
when beauty is distress'd and vertue too?
- ADMIRAL** Dispatch your choice, if you will either save
occasion bids you run;
you must redeem the one
and I the other from a common grave.
Alphonso, haste!
- ALPHONSO** Thou urgest me too fast.
This riddle is too sad and intricate;
the hardest that was e're propos'd by fate.
Honour and pitty have
of both too short a time to choose!
Honour the one would save,
pitty, would not the other lose.
- ADMIRAL** Away, brave duke, away!
Both perish by our stay.
- ALPHONSO** I to my noble master owe
all that my youth did nobly do:
he in war's school my master was,
the ruler of my life;
she my lov'd mistriss; but, alas,
my now suspected wife.
- ADMIRAL** By this delay we both of them forsake!
Which of their rescues wilt thou undertake?
- ALPHONSO** Hence, Admiral, and to thy master hy!
I will as swiftly to my mistris fly;
through ambush, fire, and all impediments
the witty cruelty of war invents:
for there does yet some taste of kindness last,
still relishing the vertue that is past.
But how, Ianthe, can my sword successful prove,
where honour stops, and only pitty leads my love?

Exeunt, several wayes.

Enter Pirrhus.

PIRRHUS O suddain change! repulst in all the heat
of victory, and forc'd to lose retreat!
Seven crescents, fixt on their redouts, are gone!
Horse, horse! we fly
from victory!
Wheel, wheel from their reserves, and charge our own!
Divide that wing!
More succours bring!
Rally the fled,
and quit out dead!
Rescue that ensign and that drum!
Bold slaves! they to our trenches come:
though still our army does in posture stay
drawn up to judge, not act, the business of the day;
as Rome, in theaters, saw fencers play.

Enter Mustapha.

MUSTAPHA Who can be loud enough to give command?
Stand, Haly, make a stand!
Those horses to that carriage span! Drive, drive!
Zanger is shot agen, yet still alive!
Coyns for the culv'rin, then give fire
to cleer the turn-pikes, and let Zanger in!
Look, Pirrhus, look, they all begin
to alter their bold count'nance, and retire!

[Exeunt.]

The scene returns to that of the castle on Mount Philermus.

Enter Solyman.

SOLYMAN How cowardly my num'rous slaves fall back:
slow to assault, but dext'rous when they sack!
Wild wolves in times of peace they are;
tame sheep, and harmless, in the war.
Crowds fit to stop up breaches; and prevail
but so as shoals of herrings choak a whale.
This dragon-duke so nimbly fought to day,
as if he wings had got to stoop at prey.
Ianthe is triumphant but not gone;
and sees Rhodes still beleaguer'd, though not won.
Audacious town! thou keep'st thy station still;
and so my castle tarries on that hill,
where I will dwell till famine enter thee;
and prove more fatal than my sword could be.

Continued on next page.

SOLYMAN Nor shall Ianthe from my favours run,
but stay to meet and praise what she did shun.

The scene is chang'd to that of the town besieg'd.

Enter Villerius, Admiral, Ianthe.

She in a night-gown and a chair is brought in.

VILLERIUS Fair vertue, we have found
no danger in your wound.
Securely live,
and credit give
to us, and to the surgeons' art.

IANTHE Alas! my wound is in the heart;
or else, where e're it be,
imprison'd life it comes to free,
by seconding a worser wound that hid doth lie:
what practice can assure
that patient of a cure,
whose kind of grief still makes her doubt the remedy?

ADMIRAL The wounded that would soon be eas'd
should keep their spirits tun'd and pleas'd;
no discords should their mind subdue:
and who in such distress
as this, ought to express
more joyful harmony than you?
'Tis not alone that we assure
your certain cure;
but pray remember that your blood's expence
was in defence
of Rhodes, which gain'd to day a most important victory:
for our success, repelling this assault,
has taught the Ottomans to halt;
who may, wasting their heavy body, learn to fly.

VILLERIUS Not only this should hasten your content,
but you shall joy to know the instrument
that wrought the triumph of this day;
Alphonso did the sally sway;
to whom our Rhodes, all that she is does owe,
and all that from her root of hope can grow.

- IANTHE Has he so greatly done?
 Indeed he us'd to run
 as swift in honour's race as any he
 who thinks he merits wreaths for victory.
 This is to all a comfort, and should be,
 if he were kind, the greatest joy to me.
 Where is my alter'd lord? I cannot tell
 if I may ask, if he be safe and well?
 For whil'st all strangers may his actions boast,
 who in their songs repeat
 the triumphs he does get,
 I only must lament his favours lost.
- VILLERIUS Some wounds he has; none desperate but yours;
 Ianthe cur'd, his own he quickly cures.
- IANTHE If his be little, mine will soon grow less.
 Ay me! What sword
 durst give my lord
 those wounds, which now Ianthe cannot dress?
- ADMIRAL Ianthe will rejoyce when she does hear
 how greater than himself he did appear
 in rescue of her life; all acts were slight,
 and cold, even in our hottest fight,
 compar'd to what he did,
 when with death's vizard she her beauty hid.
- VILLERIUS Love urg'd his anger, till it made such haste
 and rusht so swiftly in,
 that scarce he did begin
 e're we could say, the mighty work was past.
- IANTHE All this for me? something he did for you:
 but when his sword begun
 much more it would have done
 if he, alas! had thought Ianthe true.
- ADMIRAL Be kind, Ianthe, and be well!
 It is too pittifull to tell
 what way of dying is exprest
 when he that letter read
 you wrote before your wounds were drest;
 when you and we dispair'd you could recover:
 then he was more than dead,
 and much out-wept a husband and a lover.

Enter Alphonso wounded, led in by two mutes.

ALPHONSO Tear up my wounds! I had a passion coorse
and rude enough to strengthen jealousie;
but want that more refin'd and quicker force
which does out-wrestle nature when we dye.
Turn to a tempest all my inward strife:
let it not last,
but in a blast
spend this infectious vapour, life!

IANTHE It is my lord! Enough of strength I feel,
to bear me to him, or but let me kneel.
He bled for me when he atchiev'd for you
this day's success; and much from me is due.
Let me but bless him for his victory,
and hasten to forgive him e'r I dye.

ALPHONSO Be not too rash, Ianthe, to forgive.
Who knows but I ill use may make
of pardons which I could not take
for they may move me to desire to live.

IANTHE If ought can make Ianthe worthy grow
of having pow'r of pard'ning you,
it is, because she perfectly does know
that no such pow'r to her is due.
Who never can forget her self, since she
unkindly did resent your jealousie.
A passion against which you nobly strove:
I know it was but over-cautious love.

ALPHONSO Accursed crime! Oh, let it have no name
till I recover bloud to shew my shame.

IANTHE Why stay we at such distance when we treat?
As monarchs' children, making love
by proxy, to each other move,
and by advice of tedious councils meet.

ALPHONSO Keep back, Ianthe, for my strength does fail
when on thy cheeks I see thy roses pale.
Draw all the curtains, and then lead her in;
let me in darkness mourn away my sin.

Exeunt.

Enter Solyman, Roxolana, and women attendants.

SOLYMAN Your looks express a triumph at our loss.

ROXOLANA Can I forsake the crescent for the cross?

SOLYMAN You wish my spreading crescent shrunk to less.

ROXOLANA Sultan, I would not lose by your success.

SOLYMAN You are a friend to the besiegers grown!

ROXOLANA I wish your sword may thrive,
yet would not have you strive
to take Ianthe rather than the town.

SOLYMAN Too much on wand'ring rumour you rely;
your foolish women teach you jealousy.

1ST WOMAN We should too blindly confident appear,
if, when the empress fears, we should not fear.

2ND WOMAN The camp does breed that loud report
which wakens eccho in the court.

1ST WOMAN The world our duty will approve,
if, for our mistress sake,
we ever are awake
to watch the wand'rings of your love.

SOLYMAN My war with Rhodes will never have success,
till I at home, Roxana, make my peace.
I will be kind, if you'll grow wise;
go, chide your whisp'ers and your spies,
be satisfy'd with liberty to think;
and, when you should not see me, learn to wink.

[Exeunt.]

CHORUS OF SOULDIERS

1.

With a fine merry gale,
fit to fill ev'ry sail,
they did cut the smooth sea
that our skins they might flea:
still as they landed, we firkt them with sallies;
we did bang their silk shashes,
through sands and through plashes
till amain they did run to their gallies.

2.

They first were so mad
as they jealousies had
that our isle durst not stay,
but would float strait away;
for they landed still faster and faster:
and their old Bassa Pirrus
did think he could fear us;
but himself sooner fear'd our Grand-Master.

Continued on next page.

CHORUS OF
SOLDIERS

3.

Then the hug'ous great Turk,
came to make us more work;
with enow men to eat
all he meant to defeat;
whose wonderfull worship did confirm us
in the fear he would bide here
so long till he dy'd here,
by the castle he built on Philermus.

4.

You began the assault
with a very long haul;
and, as hauling ye came,
so ye went off as lame;
and have left our Alphonso to scoff ye.
To himself, as a daintie,
he keeps his Ianthe;
whilst we drink good wine, and you drink but coffee.

The curtain is let fall.

PART II

Prologue

What if we serve you now a trick? and do
 like him who posted bills that he would show
 so many active feats, and those so high
 that court and city came to see him fly?
 But he, good man, carefull to empty still
 the money-boxes, as the house did fill,
 of all his tricks, had time to sheww but one:
 he lin'd his purse, and, presto! he was gone!...
 Many were then as fond, as you are now,
 of seeing stranger things than art can show.
 We may perform as much as he did doe;
 we have your money, and a back-door too.
 Go and be couzen'd thus, rather than stay
 and wait to be worse couzen'd with our play.
 For you shall hear such course complaints of love,
 such silly sighing, as no more will move
 your passion then Dutch madrigals can doe,
 when skippers, with wet beards at wapping woee.
 Hope little from our poets wither'd witt,
 from infant-players, scarce grown puppets yet.
 Hope from our women less, whose bashfull fear,
 wondred to see me dare to enter here:
 each took her leave, and wisht my danger past;
 and though I come back safe, and undisgrac'd,
 yet when they spie the wits here, then I doubt
 no Amazon can make 'em venture out.
 Though I advis'd 'em not to fear you much,
 for I presume not half of you are such;
 but many trav'lers here as judges come
 from Paris, Florence, Venice, and from Rome,
 who will describe, when any scene we draw,
 by each of ours, all that they ever saw;
 those praising, for extensive breadth and height,
 and inward distance to deceive the sight.
 When greater objects, moving in broad space,
 you rank with lesser, in this narrow place,
 then we like chess-men, on a chess-board are,
 and seem to play like pawns the Rhodian warr.
 Oh money! money! if the witts would dress,
 with ornaments, the present face of peace,
 and to our poet half that treasure spare,
 which faction gets from fools to nourish warr;
 then his contracted scenes should wider be,
 and move by greater engines, till you see
 (whilst you securely sit) fierce armies meet,
 and raging seas dosperse a fighting fleet.
 Thus much he bad me say; and I confess
 I think he would, if rich, mean nothing less,
 but, leaving you your selves to entertain,
 like an old rat retire to parmazan.

Act the first

The scene is a prospect of Rhodes beleaguer'd at sea and land by the fleet and army of Solyman.

Enter Alphonso, Admiral, Marshal of Rhodes.

ALPHONSO When shall we scape from the delays of Rome?
And when, slow Venice, will thy succours come?

MARSHAL How often too have we in vain
sought ayd from long consulting Spain?

ADMIRAL The German eagle does no more
about our barren island sore.
Thy region, famisht Rhodes, she does forsake
and cruelly at home her quarrie make.

ALPHONSO The furious French, and fiercer English fail.

ADMIRAL We watch from steeples and the peer
what flaggs remoter vessels bear;
but no glad voice cries out, a sail! a sail!

MARSHAL Brave duke! I find we are to blame
in playing slowly honour's game,
whilst lingring famine wasts our strenght,
and tires afflicted life with length.

ALPHONSO The Council does it rashness call
when we propose to hazard all
the parcells we have left in one bold cast:
but their discretion makes our torments last.

ADMIRAL When less'ning hope flies from our ken,
and still despair shews grest and near,
discretion seems to valour then
a formal shape to cover fear.

ALPHONSO Courage, when it at once adventures all,
and dares with human aids dispence,
resembles that high confidence
which priests may faith and heav'nly-valour call.

ADMIRAL Those who in latter dangers of fierce warr
to distant hope and long consults are given,
depend too proudly on their own wise care,
and seem to trust themselves much more than heav'n.

ALPHONSO Let then the elder of our Rhodian knights
discourse of slow designs in antient fights;
let them sit long in council to contrive
how they may longest keep lean fools alive:
whilst (Marshal) thou, the Admiral, and I
(grown weary of this tedious strife
which but prolongs imprison'd life)
since we are freely born will freely dye.

ADMIRAL From sev'ral ports wee'l sally out
with all the bolder youth our seas have bred. ~

MARSHAL And we at land through storms of warr have led,
then meet at Mustapha's redoubt.

ALPHONSO And this last race of honour being run,
wee'l meet agen, farr, farr, above the sun.

ADMIRAL Already fame her trumpet sounds,
which more provokes and warms
our courage than the smart of wounds.
Away! to arms! to arms!...

Enter Villerius.

VILLERIUS What from the camp, when no assault is near,
fierce duke, does thee to slaughter call?
Or what bold fleet does now at sea appear,
to hale and boord our admiral?

ADMIRAL We give, Great Master, this alarm
not to forewarn your chiefs of harm,
to whom assaults from land or sea
would now but too much welcome be.

ALPHONSO We want great dangers, and of mischiefs know
no greater ill but that they come too slow.

ADMIRAL Why should we thus, with arts great care
of empire, against nature warr?
Nature, with sleep and food, would make life last,
but artfull empire makes us watch and fast.

ALPHONSO If valour virtue be, why should we lack
the means to make it move?
Which progress would improve;
but cannot march when famine keeps it back?

- ADMIRAL** When gen'ral dearth
afflict the earth,
then even our loudest warriours calmly pine.
High courage (though with sourness still
it yields to yoacks of human will)
yet gracefully does bow to pow'r divine.
- ALPHONSO** But when but mortal foes
imperiously impose
a martial lent
where strength is spent;
that famine, doubly horrid, wears the face
both of a lingring death, and of disgrace.
- MARSHAL** For thosa, whose valour makes them quickly dye,
prevent the fast to shun the infamy.
- VILLERIUS** Whom have I heard? 'Tis time all pow'r should cease
when men high born, and higher bred,
(who have out-done what most have read)
grow like the gowrd, impatient of distress.
Is there no room for hope in any breast?
- ADMIRAL** Not, since she does appear
boldly a dweller where
she first was intertain'd but as a guest.
- ALPHONSO** She may in sieges be receiv'd,
be courted too, and much believ'd,
and thus continue after wants begin;
but is trhust out when famine enters in.
- VILLERIUS** You have been tir'd in vain with passiviness;
but where, when active, can you meet success?
- ALPHONSO** With all the strength of all our forts
wee'l sally out from all the ports,
and with a hot and hot alarm
still keep the Turkish tents so warm
that Solyman shall in a feaver lye.
- MARSHAL** His bassas, marking what we do,
shall find that we were taught by you
to manage life, and teach them how to dye.
- VILLERIUS** Valour's designs are many heights above
all pleasures fancy'd in the dreams of love.
But whilst, voluptuously, you thus devise
delightfull ways to end those miseries
which over-charge your own impatient mind,
where shall the softer sex their safety find?

Continued on next page.

- VILLERIUS When you with num'rous foes lye dead,
 (I mean asleep in honour's bed)
 they then may subject be
 to all the wild and fouler force
 of rudest victory,
 where noise shall deafen all remorse.
- ALPHONSO If still concern'd to watch and arm
 that we may keep from harm
 all who defenceless are
 and seldome safe in warr,
 when, Admiral, shall we
 from weariness be free?
- VILLERIUS The Rhodians by your gen'ral sally may
 get high renown,
 though you at last must bravely lose the day,
 and they their town.
 Then when by anger'd Solyman 'tis sway'd,
 on whom shall climbing infants smile for aid?
 Or who shall lift and rescue falling age,
 when it can only frown at Turkish rage?
 The living thus advise you to esteem
 and keep your life that it may succour them:
 but though you are inclin'd to hear death plead
 as strongly to invite you to dead,
 whilst glory does beyond compassion move,
 yet stay till your Ianthe speaks for love!
- ALPHONSO Ianthe's name is such a double charm,
 as strait does arm me, and as soon unarm.
 Valour, as farr as ever valour went,
 dares go, not stopping at the sultan's tent,
 to free Ianthe when to Rhodes confin'd:
 but halts, when it considers I
 admist ten thousand Turks may dye,
 yet leave her then to many more behind.
- ADMIRAL Since life is to be kept, what must be done?
- VILLERIUS All those attempts of valour we must shun
 which may the sultan vex; and, since bereft
 of food, there is no help but treaty left.
- ADMIRAL Rhodes, when the world shall thy submission know,
 honour, thy antient friend, will court thy foe.
- MARSHAL Honour begins to blush, and hide his face:
 for those who treat sheath all their swords,
 to try by length of fencing words
 how farr they may consent to meet disgrace.

ALPHONSO As noble minds with shame their wants confess;
so Rhodes will bashfully declare distress.

A shout within, and a noise of forcing of doors.

VILLERIUS Our guards will turn confed'rates with the crowd,
whose mis'ries now insult and make them loud.
Their leaders strive with praises to appease,
and soften the mis-led with promises.

Exit Admiral.

ALPHONSO These us'd with awe to wait
far from your palace gate;
but, like lean birds in frosts, their hunger now
makes them approach us and familiar grow.

VILLERIUS They have so long being dying, that 'tis fit
they death's great privilege should have,
which does in all a parity admit:
no rooms of state are in the grave.

Enter Admiral.

ADMIRAL The people's various minds
(which are like sudden winds,
such as from hilly-coasts still changing blow)
were lately as a secret kept
in many whispers of so soft a breath,
and in a calm so deeply low,
as if all life had soundly slept;
but now, as if they meant to waken death,
they rashly rise, and loud in tumults' grow.

MARSHAL They see our strength is hourly less,
whilst Solyman's does still increase.

ADMIRAL Thus, being to their last expectance driven,
Ianthe, now they cry!
whose name they raise so high
and often that it fills the vault of heaven.

ALPHONSO If Solyman does much her looks esteem,
looks captive him, and may enfranchise them.

ADMIRAL By many pris'ners, since our siege began,
they have been told, how potent Solyman,
in all assaults, severely did command
that you and she
should still be free
from all attempts of every Turkish hand.

- ALPHONSO It rudeness were in me, not to confess
that Solyman has civil been,
and did much christian honour winn
when he Ianthe rescu'd from distress.
- ADMIRAL They were from many more advertis'd too,
that he hath passports sent for her and you:
which makes them hope the pow'r divine
does by some blessed cause design
Ianthe to procure their liberty;
or if by heaven 'tis not intirely me'nt
that powerfull beauties' force should set them free,
yet they would have her strait in treaty sent
to gain some rest for those,
who of their restless foes
continual wounds and fasts are weary grown.
- MARSHAL Whose mighty hearts conceiv'd before,
that they were built to suffer more
assaults and battries than our rocky town.
- VILLERIUS Those who, with giant-stature, shocks receiv'd,
now down to dwarfish size and weakness fall.
- MARSHAL Who once no more of harm from shot believ'd
than that an arrow hurts a wounded wall.
- ALPHONSO She treat? What pleasant, but what frantick dreams,
rise from the people's feaver of extremes?
I will allay their rage, or try
how farr Ianthe will comply.

Exit.

Enter Ianthe and her two women at the other door.

- IANTHE Why, wise Villerius, had you power to sway
that Rhodian valour, which did yours obey?
Was not that pow'r deriv'd from awfull heav'n
which to your valour hath your wisdom given?
And that directs you to the seasons' meet
for deeds of warr, and when 'tis fit to treat.
- VILLERIUS Ere we to Solyman can sue,
Ianthe, we must treat with you.
The people find that they have no defence
but in your beauty and your eloquence.
- MARSHAL To your requests great Solyman may yield.
- IANTHE Can hope on such a weak foundation build?
- MARSHAL In you the famish't people's hopes are fed.

- IANTHE Can your discerning eyes
(which may inform the wise)
be by vain hope, their blind conductor, led?
- VILLERIUS When winds in tempests rise
pilots may shut their eyes.
- MARSHAL And, though their practice knows their way,
must be content a while to stray.
- IANTHE Though Solyman should softer grow,
and to my tears compassion show,
what shape of comfort can appear to me,
when all your outward warr shall cease,
if then my lord renew his jealousy
and strait destroy my inward peace?
- VILLERIUS The Rhodian knights shall all in council sit;
and with perswasions, by the publick voice,
your lord shall woo till you to that submit
which is the people's will, and not your choice.
No arguments, by forms of senate made,
can magisterial jealousy persuade;
it takes no counsel, nor will be in awe
of reason's force, necessity, or law.
Exit with the Marshal and her women.
Call thy experience back,
which safety coasted every shore;
and let thy reason lack
no wings to make it higher soar;
for all those aids will much too weak appear,
with all that gath'ring fancy can supply,
when she hath travell'd round about the sphere,
to give us strength to govern jealousy.
- ADMIRAL Will you believe that fair Ianthé can
consent to go, and treat with Solyman,
vainly in hope to move him to remorse?
- VILLERIUS 'Twill not be said by me
that she consents, when she
does yield to what the people would enforce.
Their strength they now will in our weakness find,
whom in their plenty we can sway,
but in their wants must them obey,
and wink when they the cords of pow'r unbind.
- ADMIRAL 'Tis likely then that she must yield to go.
- VILLERIUS Who can resist, if they will have it so?
- ADMIRAL Where e're she moves she will last innocent.
- VILLERIUS Heav'ns spotless lights are not by motion spent.

- ADMIRAL** Alphonso's love cannot so sickly be
as to express relapse of jealousy.
- VILLERIUS** Examine jealousy and it will prove
to be the carefull tenderness of love.
It can no sooner than celestial fire
be either quench't, or of it self expire.
- ADMIRAL** No signs are seen of embers that remain
for windy passion to provoke.
- VILLERIUS** Talk not of signs; celestial fires contain
no matter which appears in smoak.
Be heedfull, Admiral; the private peace
of lovers so renown'd requires your care:
their league, renew'd of late, will, if it cease,
as much perplex us as the Rhodian warr.

Exit.

- ADMIRAL** How vainly must I keep mine eyes awake,
who now, Alphonso, am enjoyn'd to take,
for publick good, a private care of thee,
when I shall rather need thy care of me?
Love, in Ianthe's shape, pass't through my eyes
and tarries in my breast. But if the wise
Villerius does high jealousy approve
as virtue, and because it springs from love,
my love, I hope, will so much virtue be
as shall, at least, take place of jealousy.
For all will more respect
the cause than the effect.
What I discern of love, seems virtue yet,
and whilst that face appears I'll cherish it.

Exit.

The second act

Enter Villerius, Admiral, Marshal.

A great noise is heard of the people within.

- ADMIRAL** Their murmurs with their hunger will increase:
their noises are effects of emptiness.
Murmurs, like winds, will louder prove
when they with larger freedome move.
- VILLERIUS** Winds which in hollow caverns dwell,
do first their force in murmurs waste;
then soon, in many a sighing blast,
get out, and up in tempests swell.

- ADMIRAL** Your practis'd strength no publique burden fears,
nor stoops when it the weight of empire bears.
- VILLERIUS** Pow'r is an arch which ev'ry common hand
does help to raise to a magnifique height;
and it requires their aid when it does stand
with firmer strength beneath increasing weight.
- ADMIRAL** 'Tis noble to endure and not resent
the bruises of afflictions' heavy hand.
But can we not this embassy prevent?
- VILLERIUS** Ianthe needs must go. Those who withstand
the tide of flood, which is the people's will,
fall back when thay in vain would onward row:
we strength and way preserve by lying still.
And sure, since tides ebb longer than they flow,
patience, which waits their ebbs, regains
lost time, and does prevent our pains.
- ADMIRAL** Can we of saving and of gaining boast
in that by which Ianthe may be lost?
She wholly honour is, and, when bereft
of any part of that, has nothing left.
For honour is the soul, which by the art
of schools is all contain'd in ev'ry part.
- VILLERIUS** The guiltless cannot honour lose, and she
can never more than virtue guilty be.
- ADMIRAL** The talking world may persecute her name.
- VILLERIUS** Her honour bleeds not, when they wound her fame.
Honour's the soul which nought but guilt can wound;
fame is the trumpet which the people found.
- MARSHAL** The trumpet where still variously they blow,
and seeking ecchos, sound both high and low.
- ADMIRAL** Can no expedient stop their will?
- VILLERIUS** The practice grows above our skill.
Last night, in secret, I a pris'ner sent
to Mustapha, with deep acknowledgement
for fair Ianthe's former libertie,
and passports, offer'd since, to set her free.
My letters have no ill acceptance met;
but his reply forbids all means to treat,
unless Ianthe, who has oft refus'd
that pass, which honour might have safely us'd,
appear before great Solyman, and sue
to save those lives which famine must subdue.

ADMIRAL Sad fate! Were all those drowsie sirrups here
 (aside) which art prescribes to madness, or to fear,
 to jealousie, or carefull statesmen's eyes,
 to waking tyrants, or their watchfull spies,
 they could not make me sleep when she is sent
 to lie love's lieger in the sultan's tent.

A great shout within.

MARSHAL What sodain pleasure makes the crowd rejoyce?
 What comfort can thus raise the publique voice?

VILLERIUS 'Tis fit that with the people's insolence,
 when in their sorrows rude, we should dispence,
 since they are seldome civil in their joys:
 their gladness is but an uncivil noise.

ADMIRAL They seldome are in tune, and their tunes last
 but like their loves rash sparkles struck in haste.

VILLERIUS Still brief, as the concordance of a shout.

ADMIRAL What is so short as musick of the rout?

VILLERIUS Though short, yet 'tis as hearty as 'tis loud.

ADMIRAL Dissembling is an art abobe the crowd.

VILLERIUS Whom do they dignifie with this applause?

Enter Alphonso, Ianthe.

ALPHONSO Of this, grave prince, Ianthe is the cause.

I from the temple led her now,
 where she for Rhodes pay'd many a vow,
 and did for ev'ry Rhodian mourn
 with sorrows gracefully devout:
 but they pay'd back at our return
 more vows to her than she laid out.

VILLERIUS If they such gratutude express
 for your kind pray'rs in their distress,
 Ianthe, think, what the besieg'd will do
 when the besieger is o'ecome by you?
 Though Rhodes by kings has quite forsaken bin
 without, whilst all forsake their chiefs within,
 yet who can tell but heav'n has now design'd
 your shining beauty and your brighter mind
 to lead us from the darkness of this warr,
 where the besieg'd, forgotten pris'ners are:

Continued on next page.

- VILLERIUS where glorious minds have been so much obscur'd
that fame has hardly known
what they have boldly done,
and with a greater boldness have endur'd.
- ALPHONSO If heav'n of innocence unmindfull were,
Ianthe then might many dangers fear.
Your hazards, and what Rhodes does hazard too,
are less then mine when I adventure you;
who doubtfull perills run
that we may try to shun
such certain loss as nought can else prevent.
- ADMIRAL Revolted jealousy! can he consent?
(aside)
- IANTHE If Rhodes were not concern'd at all
in what I am desir'd to undertake
I should it less than duty call
to seek the sultan for Alphonso's sake.
- ALPHONSO The sultan has with forward haste
climb'd to the top of high renown;
and sure, he cannot now as fast,
by breaking trust, run backward down.
- IANTHE We should not any with suspition wound
whom none detect, much less believe that those
in whom by trial we much virtue found
can quickly all their stock of virtue lose.
- ADMIRAL How sweetly she, like infant-innocence,
(aside) run harmlessly to harm?
High honour will unarm
it self to furnish others with defence.
- MARSHAL Her mind, ascending still o're human heights,
has all the valour of our Rhodian knights.
- VILLERIUS What more remains but pray'rs to recommend
your safety to the heav'nly pow'rs,
you being theirs much more than ours.
I'll to the sultan for your passport send.
- IANTHE That may disgrace the trust which we should give,
and lessen the effects we should receive.

Let such use forms so low
 as not by trial know
 how high the honour is of Solyman,
 who never will descend
 till he in valleys end
 that race which he on lofty hills began.
 His pow'r does every day increase,
 and can his honour then grow less?
 Bright power does like the sun
 tow'rds chief perfection run,
 when it does high and higher rise.
 From both the best effects proceed,
 when they from heights their glories spread,
 and when they dazzle gazing eyes.

ALPHONSO How far, Ianthe, will these thoughts extend?
 Vain question, honour has no journey's end!

ADMIRAL Her honor's such, as he who limits it
 must draw a line to bound an infinite.

VILLERIUS Since fate has long resolv'd that you must go,
 and you a pass decline, what can we do?

IANTHE The great example which the sultan gave
 of virtue, when he did my honour save,
 and yours, Alphonso, too in me,
 when I was then his enemy,
 shall bring me now a suppliant to his tent,
 without his plighted word or passport sent.
 So great a test of our entire belief
 of clemency, in so renown'd a chief,
 is now the greatest present we can make:
 his passport is the least that we can take.

ALPHONSO Ianthe, I am learning not to prize
 those dangers, which your virtue can despise.

ADMIRAL My love is better taught,
 for with the pangs of thought,
 I must that safety much suspect,
 which she too nobly does neglect.

A shout within.

VILLERIUS You hear them, Admiral!

ADMIRAL Agen the people call,
 our hast provoking by a shout.

VILLERIUS Go hang a flag of treaty out,
 high on Saint Nich'las fort!
 Then clear the western port
 to make renown'd Ianthe way!

Shout agen.

- ADMIRAL** Hark! they grow loud!
That tide, the crowd,
will not for lovers' leisure stay.
- MARSHAL** That storm by suddenness prevails,
and makes us lower all our sails.
- VILLERIUS** To Mustapha I'll strait a herald send,
that Solyman may melt when he shall know,
how much we on his mighty mind depend
by trusting more than Rhodes to such a foe.

Exeunt Villerius, Admiral, Marshal.

- ALPHONSO** How long, Ianthe, should I grieve
if I perceiv'd you could believe
that I the Rhodians can so much esteem,
as to adventure you to rescue them?
Yet I for Rhodes would frankly hazard all
that I could mine, and not Ianthe's call.
But now I yield to let you go
a pledge of treaty to the foe,
in hope that saving Rhodes you may
prepare to Cicily your way.
Were Rhodes subdu'd, Ianthe being there,
Ianthe should the only loss appear.
- IANTHE** Much from us both is to the Rhodians due,
but when I sue for Rhodes, it is for you.
- ALPHONSO** Ianthe, we must part! you shall rely
on hope, whilst I in parting learn to dye.
- IANTHE** Take back that hope! your dealing is not fair,
to give me hope, and leave your self despair.
- ALPHONSO** I will but dream of death, and then
as virtuously as dying men
let me to scape from future punishment
come to a clear confession, and repent.
- IANTHE** I cannot any story fear
which of Alphonso I shall hear,
unless his foes in malice tell it wrong.
- ALPHONSO** Ianthe, my confession is not long,
for since it tells what folly did commit
against your honour, shame will shorten it.
- IANTHE** Lend me a little of that shame,
for I perceive I grow to blame
in practising to guess what it can be.

ALPHONSO It is my late ignoble jealousie.
 Though parting now seems death, yet but forgive
 that crime, and after parting I may live.
 And as I know again great sorrow show,
 though I repented well for it before,
 so let your pardon with my sorrows grow;
 you much forgave me, but forgive me more.

IANTHE Away! away! How soon will this augment
 the troubled people's fears,
 when they shall see me by Alphonso sent
 to treat for Rhodes in tears?

ALPHONSO What in your absence shall I do
 worthy of fame, though not of you?

IANTHE By patience, not by action now,
 your virtue must successfull grow.

A shout within.

ALPHONSO In throngs the longing people wait
 your comming at the palace gate.
 Let me attend you to peer.

IANTHE But we must leave our sorrows here.
 Let not a Rhodian witness be
 of any grief in you or me;
 for Rhodes, by seeing us at parting mourn,
 will look for weeping clouds at my return.

Exeunt.

*The scene is chang'd to the camp of Solyman, the tents and guards seem
 near, and part of Rhodes at a distance.*

Enter Solyman, Pirrhus, Rustan.

PIRRHUS None (glorious sultan) can your conquest doubt,
 when Rhodes has hung a flagg of treaty out.

SOLYMAN Thy courage, haughty Rhodes,
 (when I account the odds
 thou hast oppos'd, by long and vain defence)
 is but a braver kind of impudence.
 Thou knew'st my strength, but thou didst better know
 how much I priz'd the brav'ry's of a foe.

PIRRHUS Their sallies were by stealth, and faint of late.

SOLYMAN Can flowing valour stay at standing flood?

PIRRHUS No, it will quickly from the mark abate.

RUSTAN And then soon shew the dead low ebb of blood.

SOLYMAN When those who did such mighty deeds before,
shall less, but by a little, do,
it shews to me and you,
old Pirrhus, that they mean to do no more.
By treaty they but boldly begg a peace.

PIRRHUS Shall I command that all battries cease?

SOLYMAN You may, then draw our out-guards to the line.

PIRRHUS And I'll prevent yhe springing of the mine.

Exit.

Enter Mustapha.

MUSTAPHA Villerius send his homage to your feeet:
and, to declare how low
the pride of Rhodes can bow,
Ianthe will be here to kneel and treat.

RUSTAN What more can fortune in your favour do?
Beauty, which conquers victors, yields to you.

SOLYMAN What wandring star does lead her forth? Can she
who scorn'd a passport for her liberty,
vouchsafe to come, and treat without it now?
The first did glory, this respect may show.
Pow'r's best religion she
perhaps does civilly believe
to be establish'd, and reform'd in me,
which counsels monarchs to forgive.

Enter Pirrhus.

PIRRHUS A second morn begins to break from Rhodes;
and now that threatning skie grows clear,
which was o're cast with smoke of cannon-clouds,
the fair Ianthe does appear.

SOLYMAN Pirrhus, our forces from the trenches lead,
and open as our flying ensigns spread.
And, Mustapha, let her reception be
as great as is the faith she has in me.
I keep high int'rest hid in this command,
which you with safety may
implicity obey,
but not without your danger understand...
Your try'd obedience I shall much engage,
join'd to the prudence of your practis'd age.

MUSTAPHA We are content with age, because we live
so long beneath your sway.

PIRRHUS Age makes us fit t'obey
 commands which none but Solyman can give.

Exeunt Pirrhus, Mustapha, Rustan.

SOLYMAN Of spacious empire, what can I enjoy?
 Gaining at last but what I first destroy.
 'Tis fatal (Rhodes) to thee,
 and troublesome to me
 that I was born to govern swarms
 of vassals boldly bred to arms:
 for whose accurs'd diversion, I must still
 provide new towns to sack, new foes to kill.
 Excuse that pow'r, which by my slaves is aw'd:
 for I shall find my peace
 destroy'd at home, unless
 I seek for them destructive warr abroad.

Exit.

Enter Roxolana, Haly, Pirrhus, Mustapha, Rustan, Pages, Women.

ROXOLANA Th'ambassadors of Persia, are they come?

HALY They seek your favour and attend their doom.

ROXOLANA The vizier bashaw, did you bid him wait?

HALY Sultana, he does here expect his fate.

ROXOLANA You take up all our sultan's bosome now;
 have we no place, but that which you allow?

RUSTAN Your beautious gratness does your ear incline
 to rumors of those crimes which are not mine.
 My foes are prosp'rous in their diligence,
 and turn ev'n my submission to offence.

ROXOLANA Rustan, your glories rise, and swell too fast.
 You must shrink back, and shall repent your haste.

MUSTAPHA Th'Egyptian presents which you pleas'd t'assign
 as a reward to th'eunuch Salladine,
 are part of those allotments Haly had.

ROXOLANA Let a division be to Haly made.

PIRRHUS Th'Armenian cities have their tribute paid,
 and all Georgian Princes sue for ay'd.

ROXOLANA Those cities, Mustapha, deserve our care.
 Pirrhus, send succours to the Georgian warr.

MUSTAPHA Th'embassador which did the jewels bring
 from the Hungarian Queen, does audience crave.

ROXOLANA Pirrhus, be tender of her infant king.
 Who dares destroy that throne which I would save?

- RUSTAN** Sultana, humbly at your feet I fall,
do not your sultan's will, my counsel call.
- ROXOLANA** Rustan! go mourn! But you may long repent:
my busie pow'r wants leisure to relent.
- RUSTAN** Think me not wicked, till I doubt to find
some small compassion in so great a mind.
- ROXOLANA** These are court-monsters, corm'rants of the crown:
they feed on favour till th'are over-grown,
then sawcily believe, we monarchs wives
were made but to dress't
for a continu'd feast,
to hear soft sounds, and play away our lives.
They think our fullness is to vain so soon
as if our sexe's governess, the moon,
had plac'd us, but for sport on fortune's lapp;
they with bold pencils, by the changing shape
of our frail beauty, have our fortune drawn,
and judge our breasts transparent as our lawn;
our hearts as loose, and soft, and slight
as are our summer vests of silk;
our brains, like to our feathers light;
our blood, as sweet as is our milk:
and think, when fav'rites rise, we are to fall
meekly as doves, whose livers have no gall.
But they shall find, I'm no European queen,
who in a throne does sit but to be seen;
and lives in peace with such state-thieves as these
who robb us of our business for our ease.

Exeunt omnes.

The third act

Enter Solyman, Mustapha, Pirrhus, Rustan.

- MUSTAPHA** Majestick sultan! at your feet we fall:
our duty 'tis and just
to say, you have encompass'd us with all
that we can private trust
or publique honours call.
- PIRRHUS** In fields our weak retiring age you grace
with forward action; and in court,
where all your maghty chiefs resort,
even they to us, as kings to them, give place.
- RUSTAN** The cords by which we are oblig'd are strong.

SOLYMAN You all have loyal been, and loyal long.
To shew I this retain in full belief,
I'll doubly trust you with my shame and grief.

A grief which takes up all my breast:
yet finds the room so narrow too
that being straightned there it takes no rest,
but must get out to trouble you.
That grief begets a shame which would disgrace
my pow'r, if it were publisht in my face.

MUSTAPHA Your outward calm does well
your inward storm disguise.

RUSTAN But long dead calms fore-tell
that tempests are to rise.

SOLYMAN My Roxolana, by ambitious strife,
to get unjust succession for her son,
has put in doubt
or blotted out
all the heroique story of my life,
and will lose back the battails I have wonn.

PIRRHUS Ere ill advice shall lead her far, shee'l skorn
her guide, and, faster than she went, return.

MUSTAPHA Those who advis'd her ill, in that did do
much more than we dare hear except from you.

SOLYMAN O Mustapha! is it too much for me
to think, I justly may possessor be
of one soft bosom, where releas'd from care,
I should securely rest from toils of warr?
But now, when daily tir'd with watchfull life,
(with various turns in doubtfull fight,
and length of talking councils) I at night
in vain seek sleep with a tempestuous wife.
Wink at my shame, that I, whose banners brave
the world, should thus to beauty be a slave.

PIRRHUS This cloud will quickly pass
from Roxolana's face.

MUSTAPHA The weather then will change from foul to fair.

RUSTAN Tempests are short, and serve to clear the air.

SOLYMAN Since I have told my sickness, it is fit
you hear what cure I have prescrib'd to it.
Those lovers' knots I cannot strait untwine,
which, sure, were made to last
since they were once ty'd fast
with strings of Roxolana's heart and mine.

MUSTAPHA How can she vast possession more improve?
Has she not all in having all your love?

SOLYMAN I have design'd a way to check her pride.
It is not yet forgot,
that even the gordian knot
at last was cut, which could not be unty'd.
Does not the fair Ianthe wait
without, in hope to mitigate,
by soft'ning looks, the Rhodians' fate?
Let that new moon appear,
and try her influence here.

Exit Mustapha.

PIRRHUS What lab'rynth does our sultan mean to tread?
Shall straying love the world great leader lead?

Enter Mustapha, Ianthe.

SOLYMAN When warlick cities (fair embassadress)
begin to treat, they cover their distress.
In shewing you, the artfull Rhodians know
they hide distress and all their triumphs show.
From with'ring Rhodes you fresher beauty bring,
and sweeter than the bosom of the spring.

IANTHE Cities (propitious sultan) when they treat,
conceal their wants, and strength may counterfeit:
but sure the Rhodians would not get esteem,
by ought pretended in my self or them.
If I could any beauty wear
where Roxolana fills the sphear
yet I bring griefs to cloud it here.

SOLYMAN Your Rhodes has hung a flagg of treaty out.

IANTHE You can as little then my sorrows doubt
as I can fear that any humble grief
may sue to Solyman and want relief.

SOLYMAN You oft the proffer'd freedome did refuse,
which now you seek, and would have others use.

IANTHE I then did make my want of merit known,
 and thought that gift too much for me alone;
 and as 'twas fit
 to reckon it
 more favour than Ianthe should receive,
 so it did then appear
 that single favours were
 too little for great Solyman to give.

SOLYMAN Much is to every beauty due:
 then how much more to all
 those divers forms we beauty call,
 and all are reconcil'd in you?

But those who here for peace by treaty look,
 must meet with that which beauty least can brook,
 delay of court, which makes the blood so cold
 that youngest agents here look pale and old.
 Here you must tedious forms of pow'r obey. ~
 Your bus'ness will all night require your stay.

IANTHE Bus'ness, abroad at night? sure bus'ness then
 only becomes the confidence of men.

Those who the greatest wand'rers are,
 wild birds, that in the day
 frequent no certain way,
 and know no limits in the air,
 will still at night discreetly come
 and take their civil rest at home.

SOLYMAN Is the protection of my pow'r so slight,
 that in my camp you are affraid of night?

IANTHE Stay in the camp at night, and Rhodes so near,
 honour my guide, and griev'd Alphonso there?

SOLYMAN Treaties are long, my bassas old and slow,
 with whom you must debate before you go.
 Let not your cause by any absence fail.
 Your beautious presence may on age prevail.

IANTHE Alas, I came not to capitulate,
 and shew a love of speech by long debate:
She kneels.
 but to implore from Solyman what he
 to Rhodes may quickly grant,
 and never feel a want
 of that which by dispatch would doubled be.

- SOLYMAN** Ianthe, rise! your grief may pitty move;
 but gracefull grief,
 whilst it does seek relief,
 may pitty lead to dang'rous ways of love.
- IANTHE** Why heav'n, was I mistaken when I thought
 that I the coursest shape had brought
 and the most wither'd too that sorrow wears?
- SOLYMAN** If you would wither'd seem, restrain your tears.
 The morning dew makes roses blow
 and sweeter smell and fresher show.
 Take heed, Ianthe, you may be too blame.
 Did you not trust me when you hither came?
 Will you my honour now too late suspect,
 when only that can yours protect?
- IANTHE** If of your virtue my extreme belief
 may virtuous favour gain,
 my tears I will restrain.
 It is my faith shall save me, not my grief.
- SOLYMAN** Conduct her strait to Roxolana's tent,
 and tell my haughty empress I have sent
 such a mysterious present as will prove
 a riddle both to honour and to love.

Exeunt sev'ral ways.

*The scene returns to that of the town besieg'd.
 Enter Admiral.*

- ADMIRAL** Dwells not Alphonso in Ianthe's breast,
 as prince of that fair palace, not a guest?
 Can it be virtue in a Rhodian knight
 to seek possession of anothe right?
 Yet how can I his title there destroy
 by loving that which he may still enjoy?
 My passion will no less than virtue prove,
 whilst it does much Ianthe's virtue love,
 if in her absence I her safety fear,
 'tis virtuous kindness then to wish her here.
 But of her dangers I in vain
 shall with my watchfull fears complain
 till he grow fearfull too, whose fears must be
 rais'd to the husband's virtue, jealousy. ~

Enter Villerius, Marshal.

- VILLERIUS Does he not seem
as if in dream,
his course by storm were on the ocean lost?
- MARSHAL He now draws cards to shun a rocky coast.
- ADMIRAL The foolish world does jealousie mistake:
'tis civil care, which kindness does improve.
Perhaps the jealous are too much awake,
but others dully sleep o're those they love.
He must be jealous made, for that kind fear,
when known, will quickly bring and stay her here.
- VILLERIUS What can thy silence now portend,
when the assembled people send
their thankfulness to heav'n in one loud voice?
The hungry, wounded, and the sick rejoice.
- MARSHAL Our quires in long procession sing,
the bells of all our temples ring,
our enemies
begin to rise,
and from our walls are to their camp retir'd
to see Ianthe there in triumph shown.
Their cannon in a loud salute are fir'd,
and eccho'd too by louder of our own.
Who is so dully bred,
or rather who so dead
whom fair Ianthe's triumph cannot move?
From th'ocean's bosom it will call
a sinking admiral
who flies to stormy seas from storms of love.

Exit.

Enter Alphonso.

- ALPHONSO Our foes (Great Master) wear the looks of friends.
A Zanjack from the camp attends
behind the out-let of the peer,
and he demands your private ear.

Exit Villerius.

- ADMIRAL Would you had met Ianthe there!
- ALPHONSO Since well receiv'd, you wish her here too soon.
The morning led her out
and we may doubt
how her dispatch could bring her back ere noon.

ADMIRAL Her high reception was but justly due,
 who with such noble confidence,
 could with her sexe's fears dispence,
 and trusting Solyman could part from you.

ALPHONSO By that we may discern her rising mind
 o're all the pinnacles of female kind.

ADMIRAL Strangely she shun'd what custom does afford,
 the pledges of his pass and plighted word.

ALPHONSO Not knowing guilt, she knows no fear,
 and still must strange in all appear,
 as well as singular in this;
 the crowd of common gazers fill
 their eyes with objects low and ill,
 but she a high and good example is.

Enter Villerius, Marshal.

MARSHAL Ianthe's lawrels hourly will increase!

VILLERIUS I have receiv'd some secret signs of peace
 from Mustapha, whose trusted messenger
 has brought me counsel how to counsel her.
 She must a while make such appliances
 as may the haughty Roxolana please,
 to whom she now by Solyman is sent,
 and does remain our lieger in her tent.

ADMIRAL In Turkish dialects, that word, remain,
 may many summs of tedious hours contain:
 and in a Rhodian lover's swift accompt,
 to what a debt will that sad reck'ning mount?

VILLERIUS To night, Alphonso, you must sleep alone.
 But time is swift, a night is quickly gone.
 For lovers' nights are like their slumbers, short. ~
 I must dispatch this Zanjack to the court.

ALPHONSO The quiet bed of lovers is the grave,
 for we in death, no sence of absence have.

Exeunt Villerius, Marshal.

ADMIRAL Rhodes in her view, her tent within your sight!
 And yet to be divided a whole night!

ALPHONSO A single night would many ages seem,
 were I not sure that we shall meet in dream.

ADMIRAL She must no more such dang'rous visits make,
 me-thinks I grow malicious for your sake,
 and rather wish Rhodes should of freedome fail,
 than that Ianthe's power should now prevail.

ALPHONSO Your words mysterious grow.
 Alphonso, no.
 For if whilst thus you for her absence mourn
 her pow'r should much appear,
 she'l want excuse,
 unless she use
 a little of that power, for her return
 to day, and nightly resting here.
 The hardned steel of Solyman is such,
 as with the edge does all the world command,
 and yet that edge is softned with the touch
 of Roxolana's gentle hand.
 And as his hardness yields, when she is near,
 so many Ianthe's softness govern her.

ADMIRAL The day sufficient seems for all address,
 and is at court the season of access;
 deprive not Roxolana of her right;
 let th'empres lye with Solyman at night.
 And as that privilege to her is due,
 so should Ianthe sleep at Rhodes with you.

ALPHONSO I'll write! The Zanjack for my letter stays;
 love walks his round, and leads me in a maze.

Exit.

ADMIRAL Love does Alphonso in a circle lead;
 and none can trace the wayes which I must tread.
 Lovers, in searching love's records, will find
 but very few like me,
 that still would virtuous be,
 whilst to another's wife I like a lover woo,
 I use all art
 that form her husband she may never part,
 and yet even then would make him jealous too.

Exit.

The scene returns to that of the camp.

Enter Roxolana, Haly.

ROXOLANA Think, Haly, think, what I should swiftly do?
 A Rhodian lady, and a beauty too,
 in my pavillon lodg'd? It serves to prove
 his settled hatred and his wandring love.
 Who did he send to plant this canker here?

HALY Old Bassa Mustapha.

ROXOLANA Bid him appear.

Exit Haly.

MUSTAPHA Peruse the dreaded will of anger'd pow'r,
 toucht with the signet of the emperour:
 it does enjoyn Ianthe's safety here:
 she must be sought with love, and serv'd with fear.
 This disobey'd, your mutes, who still make haste
 to cruelty, may rest for want of breath.
 'Tis order'd they shall suddenly be past
 their making signs, and shall be dumb with death.
 This dreadfull doom from Solyman I give.
 But if his will, which is our law,
 be met with an obedient awe,
 the empress then may long in triumph live.

She weeps.

ROXOLANA Begon! thy duty is officious fear.
 If I am soft enough to grieve,
 it is to see the sultan leave
 the warring world, and end his conquest here. ~
 Crawl to my sultan still, officious grow!
 Ebb with his love, and with his anger flow.

Exit Mustapha.

HALY Preserve with temper your imperial mind;
 and, till you can express
 your wrath with god success,
 by angring others to your self be kind. ~

ROXOLANA If thou canst weep, thou canst endure to bleed:
 men who compassion feel have valour too:
 I shall thy courage more than pittty need:
 dar'st thou contrive as much as I dare do?

HALY I'll be on, as far as weary life can go.

ROXOLANA Then I shall want no aid to my design:
 wee'll digg below them, and blow up their mine.

Exeunt.

The fourth act

*The scene returns to that of the town beleaguer'd.
 Enter Solyman, Mustapha, Rustan.*

SOLYMAN Can Roxolana such a rival bear?

MUSTAPHA She has her fits of courage and of fear.
 As she does high against your anger grow,
 so, trusting strait your love, she stoops as low.

SOLYMAN Her chamber-tempests I have known too well:
she quickly can with winds of passion swell,
and then as quickly has the woman's pow'r
of laying tempests with a weeping show'r.
What looks does the detain'd Ianthe shew?

MUSTAPHA She still is calm in all her fears.

RUSTAN And seems so lovely in her tears,
as when the morning's face is washt in dew.

Enter Pirrhus.

PIRRHUS The world salutes you sultan! Ev'ry pow'r
does shrink before your throne; and ev'ry how'r
a flying packet or an agent brings
from Asia, Afrique, and European kings. ~

SOLYMAN With packets to old Zanger go;
who, free'd from action, can with sleep dispence;
and having little now to do,
may read dull volumes of intelligence.
These writing-princes covet to seem wise
in packets, and by formal embassies:
they would with symphonies of civil words
(sweet sounds of court) charm rudeness from our swords:
teach us to lay our gauntlets by,
that they unarm'd, and harmlessly,
from farthest realms, by proxy, might shake hands;
and, off'ring useless friendshiep, save their lands.

Exeunt.

Enter Villerius, Alphonso, Admiral, Marshal.

ADMIRAL He came disguis'd, who brought your letter here,
and sought such privacy as argu'd fear.

MARSHAL But (sov'raign Master) yours did seem to be
convey'd by one less pain'd with secresie,
who does for answer stay.

VILLERIUS Mine came from Mustapha.
It would import a promising increase
of our conditions by approaching peace.
But does request us to consent
that fair Ianthe may yet longer stay
in pow'rfull Roxolana's tent;
and that request we understand
as a command
which, though we would not grant, we must obey.

- ALPHONSO Mine by a christian slave was brought,
 who from the eunuch Bassa, Haly, came;
 and was by Roxolana wrote:
 see the sultana's signet and her name.
 She writes ~ but oh! why have I breath
 to tell, how much 'tis worse than death
 not to be dead
 ere I agen this letter read?
- ADMIRAL Oh my prophetick fear!
- ALPHONSO She writes, that if I hold my honour dear,
 or if Ianthe does that honour prize,
 I should with all the art
 of love, confirm her heart,
 and strait from Solyman divert her eyes.
- ADMIRAL Who knows what end this dire beginning bodes?
- ALPHONSO And here she likewise says,
 he to Ianthe lays
 a closer siege than ere he did to Rhodes.
- ADMIRAL (aside) Ianthe, I will still my love pursue;
 be kind to thee, and to Alphonso true:
 but love's small policies great honour now
 will hardly to my rival-ship allow:
 those little arts, bold duke, I must lay by
 and urge thy courage more than jealousy.
- VILLERIUS Where is thou honour now, fam'd eastern lord?
- ADMIRAL Why sought we not his passport or his word?
- ALPHONSO How durst Ianthe have so little fear
 as to believe
 that in the camp she could receive
 freedome from him who did besiege her here?
- ADMIRAL Whilst in her own dispose she here remain'd
 I of the brav'ry of her trust complain'd:
 her gen'rous faith too meanly was deceiv'd,
 and must not be upbraided but reliev'd.
- VILLERIUS To rescue Rhodes she did her self forsake;
 and Rhodes shall nobly pay that virtue back.
- ALPHONSO Great Master! what shall poor Alphonso do?
 Since all he has Ianthe's is;
 and now in this
 must owe Ianthe and her fame to you.
- VILLERIUS If any virtue can in valour be,
- ADMIRAL or any valour in a Rhodian knight,

ALPHONSO or any lover can have loyalty,
 VILLERIUS or any warrior can in love delight,
 MARSHAL if absence makes not mighty love grow less,
 ADMIRAL or gentle lovers can compassion feel,
 ALPHONSO if loyal beauty, when in deep distress,
 can melt our hearts, and harden all our steel:
 VILLERIUS then let us here in sacred vows combine.
 My vow is seal'd ~
They join their swords.
 ADMIRAL and mine. ~
 MARSHAL And mine. ~
 ALPHONSO And trebly mine. ~

VILLERIUS Behold us, fame, then stay thy flight,
 and hover o're our towers to night.
 Fresh wings together with the morning take;
 as early as afflicted lovers' wake.
 Then tell the world that we have join'd our swords
 but 'tis for griev'd Ianthe, not for Rhodes.

ALPHONSO Now we shall prosper, who were weary grown
 in Rhodes, and never could successfull prove
 when empire led us forth to seek renown,
 for honour should no leader have but love.

Exeunt omnes.

The scene is chang'd.

Being wholly fill'd with Roxolana's rich pavilion, wherein is discern'd at distance, Ianthe sleeping on a couch; Roxolana at one end of it, and Haly at the other; guards of eunuchs are discover'd at the wings of the pavilion; Roxolana having a Turkish embroidered handkerchief in her left hand, and a naked ponyard in her right.

ROXOLANA Thou dost from beauty, Solyman,
 as much refrain as nature can,
 who, making beauty, meant it should be lov'd.
 But how can I my station keep
 till you, Ianthe, art by death remov'd?
 To dye, when thou art young,
 is but too soon to fall asleep
 and lye asleep too long.

HALY Your dreadfull will what power can here command
 but pitty? Oh let pitty stay your hand! ~

- ROXOLANA** Sultan, I will not weep, because my tears
cannot suffice to quench thy love's false flame:
nor will I to a paleness bleed,
to show my love's true fears,
because I rather need
more blood to help to blush away thy shame.
- HALY** How far are all his former virtues gone?
Turn back the progress of forgetfull time:
the many favours by your sultan done
should now excuse him for one purpos'd crime.
- ROXOLANA** Haly, consult! Can I do ill
if many foul adult'ries I prevent,
when I but one fair mistress kill?
- HALY** Be not too early here with punishment.
Your sultan now
does only show
the grudgings of a lover's feavrish fit.
You find his inclinations strange,
but, being new, they soon may change;
and they have reacht but to intention yet.
- ROXOLANA** Long before deeds heav'n calls intention sin.
'Tis good to end what he would ill begin.
- HALY** Do not relinquish yet your first design.
Before you darken all her light
examine, by your judging sight,
if in your sphear she can unblemisht shine.
You ment to prove her virtue and first try
how well she here could as a rival live,
ere as a judg'd adultress she should dye:
in pard'ning her you Solyman forgive.
And can you add to your lov'd greatness more
when able to forgive the greatest pow'r?
- ROXOLANA** Tell me agen Alphonso's short reply
when I by letter wak'd his jealousie,
and counsel'd him to write and to advise
his wife to lock her breast, and shut her eyes?
- HALY** With silence first he did his sorrows bear;
then anger rais'd him, till he fell with fear:
at last, said she was now past counsel grown,
or else could take no better than her own.
- ROXOLANA** His thoughts a double vizard wear,
and only lead me tu suspence,
it seems he does her dangers fear,
and fain would trust her innocence.
Wake her! I will pursue my first design. ~

- HALY** I go to draw the curtain of a shrine. ~
Awake! Behold the pow'rfull empress here.
Ianthe rises and walks at distance from Roxolana.
- IANTHE** Heav'n has the greatest pow'r;
heav'n seeks our love, and kindly comforts fear.
This is my fatal how'r.
- ROXOLANA** Though beautious when she slept,
yet now would I had kept
her safely sleeping still.
She, waking, turns my envy into shame,
and does it so reclaim
that I am conquer'd who came here to kill.
- IANTHE** What dangers should I fear?
her brow grows smooth and clear:
yet so much greatness cannot want disguise.
The great live all within,
and are but seldome seen
looking abroad through casements of their eyes.
- ROXOLANA** Have courage, fair Sicilian, and come near. ~
- IANTHE** My distance shew my duty more than fear.
- ROXOLANA** I have a present for you, and 'tis such
as comes from one who does believe
it is for you too little to receive;
and I, perhaps, may think it is too much.
- IANTHE** Who dares be bountifull to low distress?
Who to Ianthe can a present make
when Rhodes besieg'd has all she would possess,
and all the world does ruin'd Rhodes forsake?
- ROXOLANA** The present will not make the giver poor;
and, though 'tis single now, it quickly can
be multipli'd; you shall have many more.
It is this kiss ~ it comes from Solyman.
- IANTHE** You did your creature courage give,
and made me hope that I had leave to live,
when you from dutious distance call'd me near:
but now I soon shall courage lack:
I am amaz'd, and must go back:
amazement is the uggli'st shape of fear.
- ROXOLANA** Are christian ladies so reserv'd and shy?
- IANTHE** Our sacred law does give
them precepts how to live.
And nature tells them they must dye.

- ROXOLANA 'Tis well they to their husbands are so true.
But speak, Ianthe, are they all like you?
- IANTHE I hope they are, and better too,
or, if they are not, will be so.
- ROXOLANA They have been strangely injur'd then.
But rumour does mistake.
Some say they visits make,
and they are visited by men.
- IANTHE What custom does avow
our laws in time allow;
and those who never guilty be
suspect not others' liberty.
- ROXOLANA This would in Asia wonderfull appear:
but time may introduce that fashion here.
Come nearer! Is your husband kind and true?
- IANTHE If good to good I may compare
(excepting greatness) I would dare
to say, he is as Solyman to you.
- ROXOLANA As he to me? How strong is innocence?
Prevailing till 'tis free to give offence.
Indeed, Alphonso has a large renown,
which does so daily spread,
as it the world may lead,
and should not be contracted in a town.
- IANTHE As we in all agree,
so he will prove like me
a lowly servant to your rising fame.
- ROXOLANA But is he kind to you, and free from blame?
Civil by day, and loyal too at night?
- IANTHE By nature, not by skill,
he is as cheerfull still
and as unblemisht as unshaded light.
- ROXOLANA These christian-turtles live too happily.
I wish, for breed, they would to Asia fly. ~
You must not at such distance stand;
draw near, and give me your fair hand. ~
I have another present for you now,
and such a present as I know
you will much better than the first allow,
though Solyman will not esteem it so.
'Tis from my self ~ of friendship such a seal. ~
(Kisses her)

Continued on next page.

- ROXOLANA As you to Solyman must ne'r reveal. ~
And that I may be more assur'd,
by this agen you are conjur'd. ~
- IANTHE Presents so good and great as these
I should receive upon my knees.
- ROXOLANA I will not, lest I may revive your fear,
relate the cause of your confinement here.
But know, I must
your virtue trust,
which, proving loyal, you are safe in mine.
- IANTHE The light of angels still about you shine!
- HALY The dang'rous secrets of th'imperial bed
(takes Ianthe aside)
are darker than the riddles of the throne.
The glass, in which their characters are read,
we eunuchs grin'd, and 'tis but seldome shown.
- IANTHE I shall with close and wary eyes
retire from all your mysteries.
And when occasion shall my honour trust,
you'l find I have some courage, and am just.
- ROXOLANA Perhaps, Ianthe, you may shortly hear
of clouds, which threatning me, may urge your fear.
Be virtuous still! 'tis true my sultan frowns, ~
(She weeps)
but let him winn more battails, take more towns,
and be all day the fore-most in the fight,
yet he shall find that I will rule at night.
- HALY (looks in)
The guards increase, and many mutes appear,
lifting their lights, to shew the sultan near.
- ROXOLANA My new seal'd friendship I must now lay by
a while, and seem your jealous enemy.
Be to your self, and to Alphonso true.
- IANTHE As he to me, and virtue is to you.
(steps at distance)

Enter Solyman.

- SOLYMAN Has night lost all her dark dominion here?
High hopes disturb your sleep,
but I suspect you keep
Ianthe waking not with hope but fear.
- ROXOLANA Too well, and much too soon I know
whom you are pleas'd to grace:
however, since it must be so,
you'l find I can give place.

SOLYMAN You had a place, too near me, and too high.
 If but a little you remove
 from place of empire or of love,
 you soon become but as a stander-by.
 One step descending from a shining throne,
 you to the darkest depth fall swiftly down.

ROXOLANA If I sat nearer to you than 'twas fit
 for empires, heraulds to admit,
 (I being born below, and you above)
 pray call in death, and I'll, even then, bring love.
 To these all places equal be,
 for love and death know no degree.

SOLYMAN I cannot passion's riddles understand.

ROXOLANA You still have present death at your command;
 but former love you have laid by,
 which, being gone, you know that I can dye. ~
 (Weeps)

SOLYMAN I better know that you have cause to weep.
 (Turns to Ianthe)

Ianthe, all is calm within your breast,
 retire into the quiet shade of sleep,
 and let not watchfull fear divert your rest.
 Let all the nations of my camp suffice,
 as guards, to keep you from my enemies,
 (for of your own
 you can have none)
 whilst I but as love's sent'nel on you wait,
 arm'd with his bow, at your pavilion gate.

IANTHE Heav'n put it in your mighty mind
 quickly to be,
 more than to me,
 to all the valiant Rhodians kind.
 And may you grieve to think how many mourn
 till you shall end their griefs at my return.

SOLYMAN You shall not languish with delay.
 But this is bus'ness for the day.
 'Tis now so late at night that all love's spies,
 parents, and husbands too,
 the watchfull and the watcht seal up their eyes,
 and lovers cease to woo.

Exeunt Haly, Ianthe.

- ROXOLANA You alter ev'ry year the world's known face;
whilst cities you remove, and nations chace.
These great mutations (which, with shril
and ceaseless sounds, fame's trumpet fill,
and shall seem wonders in her brazen books)
much less amaze me than your alter'd looks;
where I can read your love's more fatal change.
- SOLYMAN You make my frowns, yet seem to think them strange.
- ROXOLANA You seek a stranger, and abandon me.
- SOLYMAN Strange coasts are welcome after storms at sea.
- ROXOLANA That various mind will wander very farr,
which, more than home, a forein land prefers.
- SOLYMAN The wise, for quietness, when civil warr
does rage at home, turn private travailers.
- ROXOLANA Your love's long frost has made my bosom cold.
- SOLYMAN Let not the cause be in your story told.
- ROXOLANA A colder heart death's hand has never felt:
but 'tis such ice as you may break, or melt. ~
(She weeps)
- SOLYMAN I never shall complain
when you are wet with rain,
which softer passion, does thus gently pow'r.
What more in season is than such a show'r?
You still, through little clouds, would lovely show,
were all your April-weather calm as now.
But March resembles more your haughty mind,
froward and loud oftner than calmly kind.
Weather which may not inconvenient prove
to country lovers, born but to make love,
who grieve not when they mutual kindness doubt,
but with indiff'rence meet a frown or smile,
as having frequent leisure to fall out,
and their divided breasts to reconcile.
- ROXOLANA The world had less sad bus'ness known, if you
had been ordain'd for so much leisure too.
- SOLYMAN Monarchs, who onward still with conquest move,
can only for their short diversion love.
When a black cloud in beauties' sky appears,
they cannot wait till time the tempest clears.
Whilst they, to save a sullen mistress, stay,
the world's dominion may be cast away.
- ROXOLANA Why is dominion priz'd above
wise nature's great concernment, love?

SOLYMAN Of heav'n what have we found, which we do more
and sooner, than exceeding pow'r adore?
The wond'rous things which that chief pow'r has done,
are to those early spies, our senses, shown,
and must at length to reason be assur'd:
yet how, or what, heav'n love is much obscur'd.
And our uncertain love
(perhaps not bread above,
but in low regions, like the wandring winds)
shews diff'rent sexes more than equal minds.

ROXOLANA Your love, indeed, is prone to change,
and like the wandring wind does range.
The gale awhile tow'rds Cyprus blew;
it turn'd to Creet, and stronger grew;
then, on the Lycian shore, it favour'd me:
but now, Ianthe seeks in Sicily.

SOLYMAN In progresses of warr and love
victors with equal haste must move,
and in attempts of either make no stay:
they can but visit, conquer, and away.

ROXOLANA Love's most victorious and most cruel foe!
Forsake me, and to meaner conquests go!
To warrs, where you may sack and over-run,
till your success has all the world undone.
Advance those trophies which you ought to hide;
for wherefore are they rais'd
but to have slaughter prais'd,
and courage, which is but applauded pride?

SOLYMAN In so much rain I knew a gust would come:
I'll shun the rising storm and give it room.

ROXOLANA Love's foes are ever hasty in retreat;
you can march off; but 'tis for fear
lest you should hear
those mournings which your cruelties beget.

SOLYMAN The fear is wise which you upbraid;
for, whilst thus terrible you grow,
I must confess, I am affraid,
and not asham'd of being so.

ROXOLANA Go where you cover greater fear
than that which you dissemble here:
where you breed ill your mis-begotten fame
when charging armies and assaulting towns,
you ravish nations with as little shame
as now you shew in your injurious frowns.

- SOLYMAN** If we grow fearfull at the face of warr,
you, justly, may our terrour blame,
since, by your darings, we might learn to dare.
Would you as well could teach us shame.
- ROXOLANA** Your fears appear, even in your darings, great;
you would not else sound cheerfull trumpets when
the charge begins, whilst drumms with clamour beat,
to raise the courage of your mighty men.
With warr's loud musick showts are mingled too;
which boastingly such cruel deeds proclaim
as beasts, through thickest furrs, would blush to do.
Your wives may breed up wolves to teach you shame.
- SOLYMAN** 'Tis not still dang'rous when you angry grow:
for, Roxolana, you can anger show
to those whom you, perhaps, can never hate.
This passion is; but you have crimes of state.
- ROXOLANA** Call nature to be judge! What have I done?
- SOLYMAN** You have a husband lost to save a son.
- ROXOLANA** Sultan, that son is yours as much as mine.
- SOLYMAN** He has some lustre got in fight;
but yet, beyond the dawning light
of his new glory, Mustapha does shine,
who is the pledge of my Circasian wife,
and from my blood as great a share of life
may challenge as your son. Has he not worn
a victor's wreath? He is my eldest born.
- ROXOLANA** Because her son the empire shall enjoy,
must therefore strangling mutes my son destroy?
Since eldest born you may him empire give:
but mine, as well as he were born to live.
They may, as yours, though by a second wife,
inherit that which nature gave them, life.
- SOLYMAN** Whilst any life I shew by any breath,
who dares approach them in the shape of death?
- ROXOLANA** When you to heav'n's high palace shall remove,
to meet much more compassion there
than you have ever felt, and far more love
than ere your heart requited here;
will not your bassas then presume to do
what custom warrants and our priesthood too?
- SOLYMAN** Those are the secret nerves of empire's force.
Empire grows often high
by rules of cruelty,
but seldome prospers when it feels remorse.

ROXOLANA Accursed empire! got and bred by art!
 Let nature govern, or at least
 divide our mutual interest:
 yield yours to death, and keep alive my part.

SOLYMAN Beauty, retire! Thou dost my pitty move!
 Believe my pitty, and then trust my love! ~

Exit Roxolana.

At first I thought her by our prophet sent
 as a reward for valour's toils,
 more worth than all my fathers' spoils:
 and now, she is become my punishment.
 But thou art just, o pow'r divine!
 With new and painfull arts
 of study'd warr I break the hearts
 of half the world, and she breaks mine.

Exit.

The fifth act

*The scene is chang'd to a prospect of Rhodes by night, and the Grand
 Master's palace on fire.*

Enter Solyman, Pirrhus, Rustan.

SOLYMAN Look, Pirrhus, look! what means that sudden light,
 which casts a paleness o're the face of night?
 the flame shews dreadfull, and ascends still higher!

PIRRHUS The Rhodian Master's palace is on fire!

RUSTAN A greater from Saint George's tower does shine!

SOLYMAN Chance it would seem, but does import design!

Enter Mustapha.

MUSTAPHA Their flagg of treaty they have taken in!

SOLYMAN Dare they this ending warr again begin?

PIRRHUS They feed their flames to light their forces out!

RUSTAN And now, seem sallying from the French redoubt!

MUSTAPHA Old Orchan takes already the alarm!

SOLYMAN Need they make fires to keep their courage warm?

PIRRHUS The English now advance!

SOLYMAN Let them proceed!
 Their cross is bloody, and they come to bleed.
 Set all the turn-pikes open, let them in!
 Those island gamesters may,
 (who desperately for honour play)
 behold fair stakes, and try what they can winn.

Exeunt omnes.

Enter Villerius, Alphonso, Admiral, Marshal.

VILLERIUS Burn, palace, burn! Thy flame more beautious grows
 whilst higher it ascends.
 That now must serve to light us to our foes
 which long has lodg'd our friends.

ALPHONSO It serves not only as a light
 to guide us in so bleck a night,
 but to our enemies will terrour give.

MARSHAL Who (seeing we so much destroy,
 what we in triumph did enjoy,
 that now we know not where to live)
 will strait conclude that boldly we dare dye.

VILLERIUS And those who to themselves lov'd life deny
 want seldome pow'r to aid their will
 when they would others kill.

ADMIRAL Speak both of killing and of saving too.
 The utmost that our valour now can do
 is when, by many bassas, pris'ners ta'ne,
 we freedome for distrest Ianthe gain.

ALPHONSO A jewel too sufficient to redeem
 great Solyman were he in chains with them.

VILLERIUS Here spread our front! Our rear is all come forth.
 We lead two thousand Rhodian knights,
 all skill'd in various fights:
 fame's role contains no names of higher worth.
 In whispers give command
 to make a stand!

ADMIRAL Stand!

WITHIN Stand! 1

Stand! 2

Stand! 3

Stand!

VILLERIUS Divide our knights, and all their martial train!

ALPHONSO Let me by storm the sultan's quarter gain.

ADMIRAL My lot directs my wing to Mustapha.

MARSHAL To Pirrhus, o'er his trench, I'll force my way.

VILLERIUS Our honour bids us give a brave defeat,
whilst prudence leaves reserves for a retreat.
All lovers are concern'd in what we do.
Love's crown depends on you, on you, and you.
Love's bow is not so fatal as my sword.

ALPHONSO As mine.

ADMIRAL And mine.

TOGETHER Ianthe is the word.

Exeunt.

A symphony expressing a battail is play'd awhile.

Enter Solyman.

SOLYMAN More horse! more horse, to shake their ranks!
Bid Orchan haste to gaul their flanks.
Few Rhodian knights, making their several stands,
out-strike assemblies of our many hands.

Enter Mustapha, Rustan.

MUSTAPHA Morat and valiant Zangiban are slain.

RUSTAN But Orchan does their yielded ground regain.

SOLYMAN Our crescents shine not in the shade of night.
But now the crescent of the sky appears,
our valour rises with her lucky light,
and all our fighters blush away their fears.

Enter Pirrhus.

PIRRHUS More pikes! and pass the French! fall in! fall in!
That we may gain the day ere day begin.

SOLYMAN Advance with all our guards! This doubtfull strife
less grieves me than our odds
of number against Rhodes,
by which we honour lose to rescue life.

Exeunt.

A symphony sounds a battail again.

The scene returns to the town besieg'd.

Enter Villerius, Marshal.

- VILLERIUS Send back! send back! to quench our fatal fire!
Ere morning does avance we must retire;
justly asham'd to let the day's great light
shew what a little we have done to night.
- ADMIRAL We have been shipwrackt ina midnight storm,
who hither came (Great Master) to perform
such deeds as might have given us cause to boast.
- MARSHAL We found the night too black,
and now no use can make
of day but to discern that we are lost.
- VILLERIUS Can thy great courage mention our defeat
whilst any life is left to make retreat?
- ADMIRAL It is just a rebuke.
- VILLERIUS Where is the duke?
- ADMIRAL Long tir'd with valour's toils, and in his breast
o're charg'd with lover's griefs, he sought for rest.
To Fame's eternal temple he is gone.
And I may fear
is enter'd there,
where death does keep the narrow gate,
and lets in none
but those whom painfull honour brings,
many, without, in vain for entrance wait,
with warrants seal'd by mighty kings.
- VILLERIUS Villerius never yet by Turkish swords
was cut so deep as by thy wounding words.
Is that great youth, the prince of lovers, slain?
- ADMIRAL Who knows how much of life he doas retain?
Twice I reliev'd him from the double force
of Zangibans old foot, and Orchan's horse.
My strength was overpow'rd; and he still bent
to follow honour to the sultan's tent.
- MARSHAL Alphonso's story has this sodain end:
Ianthe may a longer fate attend.
- VILLERIUS Of life's chief hope we are bereft.
Go rally all whom death has left:
let our remaining knights make good the peer.
Our hearts will serve to beat,
unheard, a stoln retreat.

ADMIRAL But shall we leave Ianthe captive here?

VILLERIUS I'lle to our temple force our way,
and there for her redemption pray:
her freedome now depends on our return.
In temples we shall nothing gain
from heav'n, whilst we of loss complain:
wee'l for our crimes, not for our losses, mourn.

Exeunt.

Enter Solyman, Pirrhus.

SOLYMAN Let us no more the Rhodians' flight pursue;
who since below our anger, need our care.
Compassion is to vanquisht valour due
which was not cruel in successfull warr.

PIRRHUS Our sultan does his pow'r from heav'n derive,
'tis rais'd above the reach of human force:
it could not else with soft compassion thrive:
for few are gain'd or mended by remorse.
The world is wicked grown, and wicked men
(since jealous still of those whom they have harm'd)
are but enabled to offend agen,
when they are pardon'd and left arm'd.

Enter Mustapha, Rustan.

MUSTAPHA The Rhodians will no more in arms appear:
they now are lost before they lose their town.

RUSTAN They may their standards hide and ensigns tear,
for what's the body when the soul is gone?

MUSTAPHA The prison'r whom in doubtfull fight we took
(who long maintain'd the strife,
for freedome more than life)
is young Alphonso, the Sicilian duke.

SOLYMAN Fortune could never find, if she had eyes,
a present for me which I more would prize.

Enter Haly.

HALY Your bosom-slave (the creature which your pow'r
has made in all the world the greatest wife)
did all this dang'rous night kneel and implore
that heav'n would give you length of happy life,
in measure to your breadth of spreading fame,
and to the heighth of Ottamans high name.

- SOLYMAN** Tell Roxolana I esteem her love
so much that I her anger fear;
and whilst with passion I the one approve,
the other I with temper bear.
- HALY** She charged me not to undertake t'express
with how much grief her eyes did melt
when she this night your dangers felt,
nor how much joy she shew'd at your success.
She hears that you have pris'ner took
the bold Sicilian duke,
and begs he may be strait at her dispose,
that you may try how she can use your foes.
- SOLYMAN** This furious Rhodian sally could not be
provokt but by his jealousie of me.
- MUSTAPHA** He wanted honour who could yours suspect.
- PIRRHUS** The rash, by jealousie, themselves detect.
- SOLYMAN** His jealousie shall meet with punishment.
Convey him strait to Roxolana's tent.

Exit Pirrhus.

But, Haly, know, the fair Ianthe must
be safe and free, who did my honour trust.
You want no mutes, nor can they want good skill
to torture or dispatch those whom they kill.
But since this duke's renown did spread and rise
(who in attempt at night
has often scap'd my sight)
take care that I may see him ere he dyes.

Exeunt several ways.

*The scene returns to Roxolana's pavilion.
Enter Ianthe in her night dress.*

IANTHE

In this pavilion all have been alarm'd.
The eunuchs, mutes, and very dwarfs were arm'd.
The Rhodians have a fatal sally made;
and many now, to shun
the griefs of love, are run
through night's dark walks to death's detested shade.
An eunuch lately cry'd, Alphonso's slain;
now others change my grief,
and give some small relief,
by new report that he's but pris'ner ta'ne.

Continued on next page.

IANTHE Where, my afflicted lord,
 is thy victoriuos sword?
 For now (though 'twas too weak to rescue thee)
 it might successfull grow
 if thy triumphant foe
 would make an end of love by ending me.

Enter Roxolana.

ROXOLANA How fares my rival, the Sicilian flower?

IANTHE As wet with tears as roses in a show'r.

ROXOLANA I brought you presents when I saw you last.

IANTHE Presents? If you have more,
 like those you brought before,
 they come too late, unless they make great haste.

ROXOLANA Are you departing without taking leave?

IANTHE I would not you, nor can your guards deceive.

ROXOLANA You'l pay a farewell to a civil court?

IANTHE Souls make their parting ceremonies short.

ROXOLANA The present which the sultan sent before
 (who means to vex your bashfulness no more)
 was to your lips, and that you did refuse:
 but this is to your ear. I bring you news.

IANTHE I hear, my lord and Rhodes have been too blame.

ROXOLANA It seems you keep intelligence with fame,
 or with some frighted eunuch, her swift post,
 who often has from camps to cities brought
 the dreadfull news of battails lost
 before the field was fought.

IANTHE Then I may hope this is a false alarm,
 and Rhodes has neither done nor taken harm.

ROXOLANA You may believe Alphonso is not slain.

IANTHE Blest angel, speak! Nor is he pris'ner ta'ne?

ROXOLANA He is a pris'ner, and is given to me.

IANTHE Angels are kind, I know you'l set him free.

ROXOLANA He has some wounds, plac'd nobly in his breast.

IANTHE You soon take back the comfort you have given.

ROXOLANA They are not deep, and are securely drest.

IANTHE Now you are good agen! O heal them, heav'n!

ROXOLANA In heav'n, Ianthe, he may mercy find,
 he must go thiter, and leave you behind.

- IANTHE I hope I shall discern your looks less strange,
and your expressions not so full of change. ~
- ROXOLANA Weep'st thou for him, whose sawcy jealousy
durst think the sultan could be false to me?
- IANTHE Though his offence makes him unfit to live,
I hope it is no crime in me to grieve.
- ROXOLANA Soft fool! bred up in narrow western courts,
which are by subjects storm'd like paper-ports,
Italian courts, fair inns for foreign posts
where little princes are but civil hosts,
think'st thou that she, who does wide empire sway,
can breed such storms as lovers' show'rs allay?
Can half the world be govern'd by a mind
that shews domestick pitty, and grows kind?
- IANTHE Where are those virtuous vows you lately seal'd?
- ROXOLANA I did enjoy they should not be reveal'd.
- IANTHE But could you mean they should be broken too?
- ROXOLANA Those seals were counterfeit, and pass
for nothing, since my sealing was
but to a christian when I seal'd to you.
- IANTHE Seal'd by your pretious lipps? What is so sure
as that which makes the sultan's heart secure?
You to religion many temples rere;
justice may find one lodging in your breast.
- ROXOLANA Religion is but publique fashion here,
and justice is but private interest.
Nature our sex does to revenge incite,
and int'rest counsels us to keep our own.
Were you not sent to rule with me at night?
Love is as shy of partners as the throne.
Haly, prepare the pris'ner; he must dye.

Enter Haly.

- IANTHE If any has offended, it is I. ~
O think! think upward on the thrones above.
Disdain not mercy, since they mercy love.
If mercy were not mingled with their pow'r,
this wretched world could not subsist an how'r.
Excuse his innocence; and seize my life!
Can you mistake the husband for the wife?

ROXOLANA Are christian wives so true, and wondrous kind?
 Ianthe, you can never change my mind,
 for I did ever mean to keep my vow,
 which I renew, and seal it faster now. ~

(Kisses her)

The sultan franckly gave thy lord to me,
 and I freely render him to thee.

IANTHE To all the world be all your virtues known
 more than the triumphs of the sultan's throne.

ROXOLANA Send in her lord, to calm her troubled breast.

Exeunt Roxolana, Haly, several ways.

IANTHE Now his departing life may stay;
 but he has wounds. Yet she did say
 they were not deep, and are securaly drest.

Enter Haly, Alphonso, his arms bound.

HALY Fate holds your dice; and here expect the cast.
 Your chance, if it be bad, will soon be past.

Exit.

ALPHONSO My doom contains not much diversity.
 To live, to dye, to be a slave, or free?
 Death summs up all! by dying we remove
 from all the frowns of pow'r, and grief of love.

Ianthe, are you here?
 I will dismiss my fear.
 Death's dreaded journey I
 have ended ere I dye.

ALPHONSO Death does to heav'n the virtuous lead,
 which I enjoy ere I am dead.
 For it is heav'n to me where e're thou art,
 and those who meet in heav'n shall never part.

IANTHE Stay, stay, Alphonso! you proceed too fast,
 for I am chang'd since you beheld me last.
 In Rhodes I wholly did myself resign
 to serve your pow'r, but you are now in mine.
 And that you may perceive how soon I can
 melt the obdurate heart of Solyman,
 let this confirm your restless jealousie:
 you came in bound, and thus I make you free. ~

(Unbinds him)

ALPHONSO By this, Ianthe, you express no more
dominion o're me than you had before.
In Rhodes I was a subject to your will:
your smiles preserv'd me, and your frowns did kill.

IANTHE I know your tongue too well, which should deceive
one who had study'd all the art
of love rather than her whose heart
too simply would your very looks believe.
But now you know, that though you are unbound,
yet still your walk is on the sultan's ground.

ALPHONSO Ianthe, you are chang'd indeed
if, cruelly, you thus proceed.

IANTHE In tracing human story we shall find
the cruel more successfull than the kind.
Whilst you are here submitted to my sway,
it safe discretion were to make you pay
for all those sighs and tears my heart and eyes
have lost to make you lose your jealousies.
But I was bred in nature's simple school,
and am but love's great fool,
with whom you rudely play,
and strike me hard, then stroke the pain away. ~
How are wounds? I hope you find them slight.

ALPHONSO They scarce will need the rip'ning of a night:
unless, severe Ianthe, you
by chiding me, their pains renew.

IANTHE Was it not jealousy which brought you here?

ALPHONSO It was my love, conducted by my fear.
Fear of your safety, not of virtue, made
the Rhodians, by surprize, this camp invade.
In hope, by bringing home great pris'ners, we
might set the Rhodians' greater mistress free.

IANTHE The safety of Ianthe was not worth
that courage which mis-led the Rhodians' fort.
The world's contagion, vice, could ne'r infect
the sultan's heart: but when you did suspect
his favours were too great for me to take,
you then, Alphonso, did unkindly make
my merit small; as if you knew
there was to that but little due.
Or if he wicked were,
what danger could you fear?
Since virtue's force all viciou's pow'r controles.
Lucrece a ponyard found, and Porcia coals.

ALPHONSO How low to your high virtue shall I fall?

IANTHE What chance attended in this fatal night
the Master, Marshal, and the Admiral?

ALPHONSO I lost them in the thickest mist of fight.
Yet did from Haly this short comfort get
that they to Rhodes have made a brave retreat,
as love's great champions we must them adore.

IANTHE Be well Alphonso, I will chide no more.

Enter Solyman, Roxolana, Mustapha, Pirrhus, Haly, Rustan.

SOLYMAN Haly, I did declare that I would see
the jealous pris'ner ere he dy'd.

ROXOLANA Look there! you are oby'd, yet pardon me
who, ere you pardon'd him, did make him free.

SOLYMAN In this I have your virtue try'd.
If Roxolana thus revengeless proves
to him whom such a beautiful rival loves,
it does denote she rivals can endure,
yet think she still is of my heart secure.
Duke, this example of her trust may be
a cure for your distrustfull thoughts of me.
You may imbarck for the Sicilian coast,
and there possess your wife when Rhodes is lost.

ALPHONSO Since freedome, which is more than life, you give
to him, who durst not ask you leave to live,
I cannot doubt your bounty when I crave
that, granting freedome, you will honour save.
My honour I shall lose, unless I share
in Rhodes, the Rhodians' worst effects of warr.
To Sicily let chaste Ianthe steer,
and sing long stories of your virtue there:
whilst, by your mercy sent, to Rhodes I go,
to be in Rhodes your suppliant, not your foe.

IANTHE Alphonso, I have honour too;
which calls me back to Rhodes with you.
Were this, through tenderness, by you deny'd
for soft concerns of life,
yet gracious Solyman will ne'r divide
the husband from the wife.

SOLYMAN Both may to Rhodes return: but it is just
 that you, who nobly did my honour trust,
 (without my pass, or plighted word)
 should more by your advent'rous visit get
 than empires int'rest would afford,
 or you expected when you came to trest.
 Go back, Ianthe; make your own
 conditions boldly for the town.
 I am content it should recorded be,
 that, when I vanquisht Rhodes, you conquer'd me.

IANTHE Not fame's free voice, nor lasting numbers can
 disperse, or keep, enough of Solyman.

SOLYMAN From lovers' beds, and thrones of monarchs, fly
 thou ever waking madness, jealousy.
 And still, to nature's darling, love
 (that all the world may happy prove)
 let giant-virtue be the watchfull guard,
 honour, the cautious guide, and sure reward:
 honour, adorn'd in such a poets' song
 as may prescribe to fame
 what loyal lovers' name
 shall farr be spread, and shall continue long.

Exeunt omnes.

Epilogue.

Though, bashfully, we fear to give offence,
 yet, pray allow our poet confidence.
 He has the priv'lege of old servants got,
 who are conniv'd at, and have leave to doat,
 to boast past service, and be chol'rique too,
 till they believe at last that all they do
 does far above their masters' judgements grow:
 much like to theirs is his presumption now.
 For free, assur'd, and bold his brow appears,
 because he serv'd your fathers many years.
 He says he pleas'd them too, but he may find
 you wits not of your duller-fathers' mind.
 Which, well consider'd, Mistress Muse will then
 wish for her old gallants at Fri'rs agen;
 rather than be by those neglected here,
 whose fathers civilly did court her there.
 But as old mistresses who meet disdain,
 forbear through pride, or prudence, to complain,
 and satisfie their hearts, when they are sad,
 with thoughts of former lovers they have had:
 even so poor Madam-Muse this night must bear,
 with equal pulse, the fits of hope and fear,
 and never will against your passion strive:
 but, being old, and therefore narrative,
 comfort her self with telling tales too long,
 of many plaudits had when she was young.

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