

Folger SHAKESPEARE LIBRARY

Advancing knowledge & the arts

A Digital Anthology of Early Modern English Drama

emed.folger.edu

Discover over four hundred early modern English plays that were professionally performed in London between 1576 and 1642. Browse plays written by Shakespeare's contemporaries; explore the repertoires of London's professional companies; and download plays for reading and research.

This documentary edition has been edited to provide an accurate and transparent transcription of a single copy of the earliest surviving print edition of this play. Further material, including editorial policy and XML files of the play, is available on the EMED website. EMED texts are edited and encoded by Meaghan Brown, Elizabeth Williamson, and Michael Poston, and build on work done by the EEBO-TCP and the Shakespeare His Contemporaries project. This project is funded by a Humanities Collections and Reference Resources grant from the NEH's Division of Preservation and Access.



Plays distributed under a Creative Commons Attribution-ShareAlike 4.0 International License.

img: 43-a
sig: F2v

In 0001

Tamburlaine, the great.
[portrait of Tamburlaine]

wln 0001
wln 0002
wln 0003
wln 0004
wln 0005
wln 0006
wln 0007

*THE SECOND PART OF
The bloody Conquests
of mighty Tamburlaine.*

With his imp passionate fury, for the death of
his Lady and loue, faire Zenocrate: his fourme
of exhortation and discipline to his three
sons, and the maner of his own death.

wln 0008

The Prologue.

wln 0009
wln 0010
wln 0011
wln 0012
wln 0013
wln 0014
wln 0015
wln 0016
wln 0017

*The generall welcomes Tamburlain receiu'd,
When he arriued last vpon our stage,
Hath made our Poet pen his second part,
Wher death cuts off the progres of his pomp.
And murdrous Fates throwes al his triumphs down,
But what became of faire Zenocrate,
And with how manie cities sacrifice
He celebrated her said funerall,
Himselfe in presence shal vnfold at large.*

wln 0018

Actus. 1. Scæna. 1.

wln 0019
wln 0020
wln 0021
wln 0022
wln 0023
wln 0024
wln 0025
wln 0026
wln 0027
wln 0028

*Orcanes, king of Natolia, Gazellus, vice-roy of
Byron, Vpibassa, and their traine, with drums
and trumpets.*

Orcanes-
EGregious Uiceroyes of these Eastern parts
Plac'd by the issue of great *Baiazeth*:
And sacred Lord the mighty *Calapine*:
Who liues in *Egypt*, prisoner to that slaue,
Which kept his father in an yron cage:
Now haue we martcht from faire *Natolia*

The bloody Conquests of

wln 0029 Two hundred leagues, and on *Danubius* banks,
wln 0030 Our warlike hoste in compleat armour rest,
wln 0031 Where *Sigismond* the king of *Hungary*
wln 0032 Should meet our person to conclude a truce.
wln 0033 What? Shall we parle with the Christian?
wln 0034 Or crosse the streame, and meet him in the field.
wln 0035 *Byr.* King of *Natolia*, let vs treat of peace,
wln 0036 We all are gluttet with the Christians blood,
wln 0037 And haue a greater foe to fight against,
wln 0038 Proud *Tamburlaine*, that now in *Asia*,
wln 0039 Neere *Guyrons* head doth set his conquering feet,
wln 0040 And means to fire Turky as he goes:
wln 0041 Gainst him my Lord must you addresse your power.
wln 0042 *Vpibas.* Besides, king *Sigismond* hath brought
wln 0043 (from Christendome,
wln 0044 More then his Camp of stout Hungarians,
wln 0045 Sclauonians, Almans, Rutters, Muffes, and Danes,
wln 0046 That with the Holbard, Lance, and murthering Axe,
wln 0047 Will hazard that we might with surety hold.
wln 0048 Though from the shortest Northren Paralell,
wln 0049 Uast *Gruntland* compast with the frozen sea,
wln 0050 Inhabited with tall and sturdy men,
wln 0051 Gyants as big as hugie *Polypheme*:
wln 0052 Millions of Souldiers cut the Artick line,
wln 0053 Bringing the strength of *Europe* to these Armes.
wln 0054 Our Turky blades shal glide through al their throats,
wln 0055 And make this champion mead a bloody Fen,
wln 0056 *Danubius* stream that runs to *Trebizon*,
wln 0057 Shall carie wrapt within his scarlet waues,
wln 0058 As martiall presents to our friends at home.
wln 0059 The slaughtered bodies of these Christians.
wln 0060 The Terrene main wherin *Danubius* fals,

Shall

mighty Tamburlaine. Pars. 2.

wln 0061 Shall by this battell be the bloody Sea.
wln 0062 The wandring Sailers of proud Italy,
wln 0063 Shall meet those Christians fleeing with the tyde,
wln 0064 Beating in heaps against their Argoses.
wln 0065 And make faire *Europe* mounted on her bull,
wln 0066 Trapt with the wealth and riches of the world,
wln 0067 Alight and weare a woful mourning weed.
wln 0068 *Byr.* Yet stout *Orcanes*, Prorex of the world,
wln 0069 Since *Tamburlaine* hath mustred all his men,
wln 0070 Marching from *Cairon* northward with his camp,
wln 0071 To *Alexandria*, and the frontier townes,
wln 0072 Meaning to make a conquest of our land:
wln 0073 Tis requisit to parle for a peace
wln 0074 With *Sigismond* the king of *Hungary*:
wln 0075 And saue our forces for the hot assaults
wln 0076 Proud *Tamburlaine* intends *Natolia*.
wln 0077 *Orc.* Uiceroy of *Byron*, wisely hast thou said:
wln 0078 My realme, the Center of our Empery
wln 0079 Once lost, All Turkie would be ouerthrowne:
wln 0080 And for that cause the Christians shall haue peace.
wln 0081 Slauonians, Almains, Rutters, Muffes, and Danes
wln 0082 Feare not *Orcanes*, but great *Tamburlaine*.
wln 0083 Nor he but Fortune that hath made him great.
wln 0084 We haue reuolted Grecians, Albanees,
wln 0085 Cicilians, Iewes, Arabians, Turks, and Moors,
wln 0086 Natolians, Sorians, blacke Egyptians,
wln 0087 **Illicians**, Thracians, and Bythinians,
wln 0088 Enough to swallow forcelesse *Sigismond*
wln 0089 Yet scarce enough t'encounter *Tamburlaine*.
wln 0090 He brings a world of people to the field,
wln 0091 From *Scythia* to the Orientall Plage
wln 0092 Of *India*, wher raging *Lantchidol*

[◇◇◇]

wln 0093 Beates on the regions with his boysterous blowes,
wln 0094 That neuer sea=man yet discovered:
wln 0095 All *Asia* is in Armes with *tamburlaine*,
wln 0096 Euen from the midst of fiery *Cancers* Tropick,
wln 0097 To *Amazonia* vnder *Capricorne*.
wln 0098 And thence as far as *Archipelago*.
wln 0099 All *Affrike* is in Armes with *tamburlaine*.
wln 0100 Therefore Uicerories the Christians must haue peace.

wln 0101

Act. 1. Scœna. 2,

wln 0102

*Sigismond, Fredericke, Baldwine, and their traine
with drums and trumpets.*

wln 0103

wln 0104

Sigis.

wln 0105

ORcanes (as our Legates promist thee)

wln 0106

Wee with our Peeres haue crost *Danubius*

wln 0107

to treat of friedly peace or deadly war: (stream

wln 0108

Take which thou wilt, for as the Romans vsde

wln 0109

I here present thee with a naked sword,

wln 0110

Wilt thou haue war, then shake this blade at me,

wln 0111

If peace, restore it to my hands againe:

wln 0112

And I wil sheath it to confirme the same.

wln 0113

Orc Stay *Sigismond*, forgetst thou I am he

wln 0114

That with the Cannon shooke *Vienna* walles.

wln 0115

And made it dance vpon the Continent:

wln 0116

As when the massy substance of the earth,

wln 0117

Quiuer about the Axeltree of heauen.

wln 0118

Forgetst thou that I sent a shower of dartes

wln 0119

Mingled with powdered shot and fethered steele

wln 0120

So thicke vpon the blink=ei'd Burghers heads,

wln 0121

That thou thy self, then County=Pallatine,

wln 0122

The king of *Boheme*, and the *Austrich* Duke,

Sent

img: 45-b
sig: F5r

mightie Tamburlaine. Pars. 2

wln 0123 Sent Heralds out, which basely on their knees
wln 0124 In all your names desirde a truce of me?
wln 0125 Forgetst thou, that to haue me raise my siege,
wln 0126 Wagons of gold were set before my tent:
wln 0127 Stampt with the princely Foule that in her wings
wln 0128 Caries the fearfull thunderbolts of *Ioue*,
wln 0129 How canst thou think of this and offer war?
wln 0130 *Sig.* *Vienna* was besieg'd, and I was there,
wln 0131 Then County=Pallatine, but now a king:
wln 0132 And what we did, was in extremity:
wln 0133 But now *Orcanes*, view my royall hoste,
wln 0134 That hides these plaines, and seems as vast and wide,
wln 0135 As dooth the Desart of *Arabia*.
wln 0136 To those that stand on *Badgeths* lofty Tower,
wln 0137 Or as the Ocean to the Traueiler
wln 0138 That restes vpon the snowy Appenines:
wln 0139 And tell me whether I should stoope so low,
wln 0140 Or treat of peace with the Natolian king?
wln 0141 *Byr.* Kings of *Natolia* and of *Hungarie*,
wln 0142 We came from Turkey to confirme a league,
wln 0143 And not to dare ech other to the field:
wln 0144 A friendly parle might become ye both.
wln 0145 *Fred.* And we from *Europe* to the same intent,
wln 0146 Which if your General refuse or scorne,
wln 0147 Our Tents are pitcht, our men stand in array.
wln 0148 Ready to charge you ere you stir your feet.
wln 0149 *Nat.* So prest are we, but yet if *Sigismond*
wln 0150 Speake as a friend, and stand not vpon tearmes,
wln 0151 Here is his sword, let peace be ratified
wln 0152 On these conditions specified before,
wln 0153 Drawen with aduise of our Ambassadors.
wln 0154 *Sig.* Then here I sheath it, and giue thee my hand,

Ne=

The bloody Conquests of

wln 0155
wln 0156
wln 0157
wln 0158
wln 0159
wln 0160
wln 0161
wln 0162
wln 0163
wln 0164
wln 0165
wln 0166
wln 0167
wln 0168
wln 0169
wln 0170
wln 0171
wln 0172
wln 0173
wln 0174
wln 0175
wln 0176
wln 0177
wln 0178
wln 0179
wln 0180
wln 0181
wln 0182
wln 0183
wln 0184
wln 0185
wln 0186

Neuer to draw it out, or manage armes
Against thy selfe or thy confederates:
But whilst I liue will be at truce with thee.
Nat. But (*Sigismond*) confirme it with an oath,
And sweare in sight of heauen and by thy Christ.
Sig. By him that made the world and sau'd my
(soule
The sonne of God and issue of a Mayd,
Sweet Iesus Christ, I sollemnly protest,
And vow to keepe this peace inuiolable.
Nat. By sacred *Mahomet*, the friend of God,
Whose holy Alcaron remaines with vs,
Whose glorious body when he left the world,
Closde in a coffyn mounted vp the aire,
And hung on stately *Mecas* Temple roofe,
I sweare to keepe this truce inuiolable:
Of whose conditions, and our solemne othes
Sign'd with our handes, each shal retaine a scrowle:
As memorable witnessse of our league.
Now *Sigismond*, if any Christian King
Encroche vpon the confines of thy realme,
Send woord, *Orcanes* of *Natolia*
Confirm'd this league beyond *Danubius* streame,
And they will (trembling) sound a quicke retreat,
So am I fear'd among all Nations.
Sig. If any heathen potentate or king
Inuade *Natolia*, *Sigismond* will send
A hundred thousand horse train'd to the war,
And backt by stout Lanceres of *Germany*.
The strength and sinewes of the imperiall seat.
Nat. I thank thee *Sigismond*, but when I war,
All *Asia Minor*, *Affrica*, and *Greece*

Follow

mighty Tamburlaine. Pars. 2.

wln 0187
wln 0188
wln 0189
wln 0190
wln 0191
wln 0192
wln 0193
wln 0194

Follow my Standard and my thundring Drums:
Come let vs goe and banquet in our tents:
I will dispatch chiefe of my army hence
To faire *Natolia*, and to *Trebizon*,
To stay my comming gainst proud *Tamburlaine*.
Freend *Sigismond*, and peeres of *Hungary*,
Come banquet and carouse with vs a while,
And then depart we to our territories.

Exeunt.

wln 0195

Actus. 1. Scæna. 3.

wln 0196
wln 0197
wln 0198
wln 0199
wln 0200
wln 0201
wln 0202
wln 0203
wln 0204
wln 0205
wln 0206
wln 0207
wln 0208
wln 0209
wln 0210
wln 0211
wln 0212
wln 0213
wln 0214
wln 0215
wln 0216

Callapine with Almeda, his keeper.

Callap.

Sweet *Almeda*, pity the ruthfull plight
Of *Callapine*, the sonne of *Baiazeth*,
Born to be Monarch of the Western world:
Yet here detain'd by cruell *Tamburlaine*.

Alm. My Lord I pitie it, and with my heart
Wish your release, but he whose wrath is death,
My soueraigne Lord, renowned *tamburlain*.
Forbids you further liberty than this.

Cal. Ah were I now but halfe so eloquent
To paint in woords, what Ile perfourme in deeds,
I know thou wouldst depart from hence with me.

Al. Not for all *Affrike*, therefore mooue me not.

Cal. Yet heare me speake my gentle *Almeda*.

Al. No speach to that end, by your fauour sir.

Cal. By *Cario* runs.

Al. No talke of running, I tell you sir.

Cal. A litle further, gentle *Almeda*.

Al. Wel sir, what of this?

Cal. By *Cario* runs to *Alexandria Bay*,

Darotes

The bloody Conquests of

wln 0217 *Darotes* streames, wherin at anchor lies
wln 0218 A Turkish Gally of my royall fleet,
wln 0219 Waiting my comming to the riuer side,
wln 0220 Hoping by some means I shall be releast,
wln 0221 Which when I come aboard will hoist vp saile,
wln 0222 And soon put foorth into the Terrene sea:
wln 0223 Where twixt the Isles of *Cyprus* and of *Creete*,
wln 0224 We quickly may in Turkish seas arriue.
wln 0225 Then shalt thou see a hundred kings and more
wln 0226 Upon their knees, all bid me welcome home.
wln 0227 Amongst so **mady** crownes of burnisht gold,
wln 0228 Choose which thou wilt, all are at thy command,
wln 0229 A thousand Gallies mann'd with Christian slaues
wln 0230 I freely giue thee, which shall cut the straights,
wln 0231 And bring Armados from the coasts of Spaine,
wln 0232 Fraughted with golde of rich *America*:
wln 0233 The Grecian virgins shall attend on thee,
wln 0234 Skilful in musicke and in amorous laies:
wln 0235 As faire as was *Pigmaliions* Iuory gyrl,
wln 0236 Or louely *Io* metamorphosed.
wln 0237 With naked Negros shall thy coach be drawn,
wln 0238 And as thou rid'st in triumph through the streets,
wln 0239 The pauement vnderneath thy chariot wheels
wln 0240 With Turky Carpets shall be couered:
wln 0241 And cloath of Arras hung about the walles,
wln 0242 Fit obiects for thy princely eie to pierce.
wln 0243 A hundred Bassoes cloath'd in crimson silk
wln 0244 Shall ride before the on Barbarian Steeds:
wln 0245 And when thou goest, a golden Canapie
wln 0246 Enchac'd with pretious stones, which shine as bright
wln 0247 As that faire vail that couers all the world:
wln 0248 When Phœbus leaping from his Hemi=Spheare,

Dis=

mighty Tamburlaine. Pars. 2.

wln 0249
wln 0250
wln 0251
wln 0252
wln 0253
wln 0254
wln 0255
wln 0256
wln 0257
wln 0258
wln 0259
wln 0260
wln 0261
wln 0262
wln 0263
wln 0264
wln 0265
wln 0266
wln 0267
wln 0268
wln 0269
wln 0270
wln 0271
wln 0272
wln 0273
wln 0274
wln 0275
wln 0276
wln 0277

Discendeth downward to th' Antipodes.
And more than this, for all I cannot tell.
Alm. How far hence lies the Galley, say you?
Cal. Sweet *Almeda*, scarce halfe a league from
(hence.
Alm. But need we not be spied going aboard?
Cal. Betwixt the hollow hanging of a hill
And crooked bending of a craggy rock,
The sailes wrapt vp, the mast and tacklings downe,
She lies so close that none can find her out,
Alm. I like that well: but tel me my Lord, if I
should let you goe, would you bee as good as your
word? Shall I be made a king for my labour?
Cal. As I am *Callapine* the Emperour,
And by the hand of *Mahomet* I sweare,
Thou shalt be crown'd a king and be my mate,
Alm. Then here I sweare, as I am *Almeda*,
Your Keeper vnder *Tamburlaine* the great,
(For that's the style and tytle I haue yet)
Although he sent a thousand armed men
To intercept this haughty enterprize,
Yet would I venture to conduct your Grace,
And die before I brought you backe again.
Cal. Thanks gentle *Almeda*, then let vs haste,
Least time be past, and lingring let vs both.
Al. When you will my Lord, I am ready,
Cal. Euen straight: and farewell cursed *Tambur=*
(*laine*.
Now goe I to reuenge my fathers death.

Exeunt

Actus

The bloody Conquests of

Actus. I. Scæna. 4.

*Tamburlaine with Zenocrate, and his three sonnes,
Calyphas, Amyras, and Celebinus. with
drummes and trumpets.*

Tamb.

NOW bright *zenocrate*, the worlds faire eie,
Whose beames illuminate the lamps of heauē,
Whose chearful looks do cleare the cloudy aire
And cloath it in a christall liuerie,
Now rest thee here on faire *Larissa* Plaines,
Where Egypt and the Turkish Empire parts,
Betweene thy sons that shall be Emperours,
And euery one Commander of a world.

zen. Sweet *tamburlain*, when wilt thou leaue these
And saue thy sacred person free from scathe: (armes
And dangerous chances of the wrathfull war.

Tam. When heauen shal cease to mooue on both the
& when the ground wheron my souldiers march (poles
Shal rise aloft and touch the horned Moon,
And not before my sweet *zenocrate*:
Sit vp and rest thee like a louely Queene.
So, now she sits in pompe and maiestie:
When these my sonnes, more **procious** in mine eies
Than all the wealthy kingdomes I subdewed:
Plac'd by her side, looke on their mothers face,
But yet me thinks their looks are amorous,
Not martiall as the sons of *Tamburlaine*
Water and ayre being simbolisde in one:
Argue their want of courage and of wit,
Their haire as white as milke and soft as Downe.
Which should be like the quilles of Porcupines.

As

mighty Tamburlaine. Pars. 2.

wln 0309 As blacke as Ieat, and hard as Iron or steel,
wln 0310 Bewraies they are too dainty for the wars.
wln 0311 Their fingers made to quauer on a Lute,
wln 0312 Their armes to hang about a Ladies necke:
wln 0313 Their legs to dance and caper in the aire:
wln 0314 Would make me thinke them Bastards, not my sons,
wln 0315 But that I know they issued from thy wombe,
wln 0316 That neuer look'd on man but *Tamburlaine*.
wln 0317 *zen* My gracious Lord, they haue their mothers
wln 0318 But whē they list, their cōquering fathers hart: (looks
wln 0319 This louely boy the yongest of the three,
wln 0320 Not long agoe bestrid a Scythian Steed:
wln 0321 Trotting the ring, and tilting at a gloue:
wln 0322 Which when he tainted with his slender rod,
wln 0323 He raig'n'd him straight and made him so curuet,
wln 0324 As I cried out for feare he should haue falne,
wln 0325 *Tam.* Wel done my boy, thou shalt haue shield and
wln 0326 Armour of prooffe, horse, helme, & Curtle=axe (lance
wln 0327 And I will teach thee how to charge thy foe,
wln 0328 And harmesselesse run among the deadly pikes.
wln 0329 If thou wilt loue the warres and follow me,
wln 0330 Thou shalt be made a King and raigne with me.
wln 0331 Keeping in yron cages Emperours.
wln 0332 If thou exceed thy elder Brothers worth,
wln 0333 And shine in compleat vertue more than they,
wln 0334 Thou shalt be king before them, and thy seed
wln 0335 Shall issue crowned from their mothers wombe.
wln 0336 *Cel.* Yes father, you shal see me if I liue,
wln 0337 Haue vnder me as many kings as you,
wln 0338 And martch with such a multitude of men,
wln 0339 As all the world shall tremble at their view.
wln 0340 *tam.* These words assure me boy, thou art my sonne,
wln 0341 When I am old and cannot mannage armes,

The bloody Conquests of

wln 0342
wln 0343
wln 0344
wln 0345
wln 0346
wln 0347
wln 0348
wln 0349
wln 0350
wln 0351
wln 0352
wln 0353
wln 0354
wln 0355
wln 0356
wln 0357
wln 0358
wln 0359
wln 0360
wln 0361
wln 0362
wln 0363
wln 0364
wln 0365
wln 0366
wln 0367
wln 0368
wln 0369
wln 0370
wln 0371
wln 0372
wln 0373

Be thou the scourge and terrour of the world,
Amy. Why may not I my Lord, as wel as he,
Be tearm'd the scourge and terrour of the world?
tam. Be al a scourge and terror to the world,
Or els you are not sons of *Tamburlaine*.
Cal. But while my brothers follow armes my lord
Let me accompany my gracious mother,
They are enough to conquer all the world
And you haue won enough for me to keep.
tam. Bastardly boy, sprong frō some cowards loins:
And not the issue of great *Tamburlaine*,
Of all the prouinces I haue subdued
Thou shalt not haue a foot, vnlesse thou beare
A mind corragious and inuincible:
For he shall weare the crowne of *Persea*,
Whose head hath deepest scarres, whose breast most
(woundes,
Which being wroth, sends lightning from his eies.
And in the furrowes of his frowning browes,
Harbors reuenge, war, death and cruelty:
For in a field whose superfluties
Is couered with a liquid purple veile,
And sprinkled with the braines of slaughtered men,
My royal chaire of state shall be aduanc'd:
And he that meanes to place himselfe therein
Must armed wade vp to the chin in blood.
zen. My Lord, such speeches to our princely sonnes,
Dismaies their mindes before they come to prooue
The wounding troubles angry war affoord.
Cel. No Madam, these are speeches fit for vs,
For if his chaire were in a sea of blood,
I would prepare a ship and saile to it.

Ere

mighty Tamburlaine. Pars. 2

wln 0374
wln 0375
wln 0376
wln 0377
wln 0378
wln 0379
wln 0380
wln 0381
wln 0382
wln 0383
wln 0384
wln 0385
wln 0386
wln 0387
wln 0388
wln 0389
wln 0390
wln 0391
wln 0392
wln 0393
wln 0394
wln 0395

Ere I would loose the tittle of a king,
Amy. And I would striue to swim through pooles
(of blood,
Or make a bridge of murdered Carcases,
Whose arches should be fram'd with bones of Turks,
Ere I would loose the tittle of a king.
tam. Wel louely boies, you shal be Emperours both
Stretching your conquering armes from east to west:
And sirha, if you meane to weare a crowne,
When we shall meet the Turkish Deputie
And all his Uicerories, snatch it from his head,
And cleaue his **Pecicranion** with thy sword.
Cal. If any man will hold him, I will strike,
And cleaue him to the channell with my sword,
tamb. Hold him, and cleaue him too, or Ile cleaue
For we will martch against them presently. (thee
Theridamas, Techelles, and Casane
Promist to meet me on *Larissa* plaines
With hostes apeece against this Turkish crue,
For I haue sworne by sacred *Mahomet*,
To make it parcel of my Empery,
The trumpets sound *Zenocrate*, they come.

wln 0396

Actus: 1. Scæna. 5.

wln 0397
wln 0398
wln 0399
wln 0400
wln 0401
wln 0402
wln 0403

*Enter Theridamas, and his traine with Drums
and Trumpets.*
Tamb.
WELcome *Theridamas*, king of *Argier*,
Ther; My Lord the great and migh=
(ty *Tamburlain*,
Arch=Monarke of the world, I offer here,

G

My

The bloody Conquests of

wln 0404
wln 0405
wln 0406
wln 0407
wln 0408
wln 0409
wln 0410
wln 0411
wln 0412
wln 0413
wln 0414
wln 0415
wln 0416

My crowne, my selfe, and all the power I haue,
In all affection at thy kingly feet.
tam. Thanks good *theridamas*.
ther. Under my collors march ten thousand Greeks
And of *Argier* and *Affriks* frontier townes,
Twise twenty thousand valiant men at armes,
All which haue sworne to sacke *Natolia*:
Fiue hundred Briggandines are vnder saile,
Meet for your seruice on the sea, my Lord,
That lanching from *Argier* to *Tripoly*,
Will quickly ride before *Natolia*:
And batter downe the castles on the shore.
tam. Wel said *Argier*, receiue thy crowne againe.

wln 0417
wln 0418
wln 0419
wln 0420
wln 0421
wln 0422
wln 0423
wln 0424
wln 0425
wln 0426
wln 0427
wln 0428
wln 0429
wln 0430
wln 0431
wln 0432
wln 0433
wln 0434
wln 0435

Actus. 1. Scæna. 6.
Enter Techelles and Vsumeasane together.
Tamb.
Kings of *Morocus* and of *Fesse*, welcome.
Vsu. Magnificent & peerlesse *Tamburlaine*,
I and my neighbor King of *Fesse* haue brought
To aide thee in this Turkish expedition,
A hundred thousand expert souldiers:
From *Azamor* to *Tunys* neare the sea,
Is *Barbary* vnpeopled for thy sake,
And all the men in armour vnder me,
Which with my crowne I gladly offer thee. (gain.
tam. Thanks king of *Morocus*, take your crown a=
tech. And mighty *Tamburlaine*, our earthly God,
Whose lookes make this inferiour world to quake,
I here present thee with the crowne of *Fesse*,
And with an hoste of Moores trainde to the war,
Whose coleblacke faces make their foes retire,
And quake for feare, as if infernall *Ioue*

Meaning

wln 0436
wln 0437
wln 0438
wln 0439
wln 0440
wln 0441
wln 0442
wln 0443
wln 0444
wln 0445
wln 0446
wln 0447
wln 0448
wln 0449
wln 0450
wln 0451
wln 0452
wln 0453
wln 0454
wln 0455
wln 0456
wln 0457
wln 0458
wln 0459
wln 0460
wln 0461
wln 0462
wln 0463
wln 0464
wln 0465
wln 0466
wln 0467

Meaning to aid them in this Turkish armes,
Should pierce the blacke circumference of hell,
With vgly Furies bearing fiery flags,
And millions of his strong tormenting spirits:
From strong *Tesella* vnto *Biledull*,
All *Barbary* is vnpeopled for thy sake.
tam. Thanks king of *Fesse*, take here thy crowne a=
Your presence (louing friends and fellow kings) (gain
Makes me to surfet in conceiuing ioy,
If all the christall gates of *Ioues* high court
Were opened wide, and I might enter in
To see the state and maiesty of heauen,
It could not more delight me than your sight.
Now will we banquet on these plaines a while,
And after martch to Turky with our Campe,
In number more than are the drops that fall
When *Boreas* rents a thousand swelling cloudes,
And proud *Orcanes* of *Natolia*,
With all his viceroies shall be so affraide,
That though the stones, as at *Deucalions* flood,
Were turnde to men, he should be ouercome:
Such lauish will I make of Turkish blood,
That *Ioue* shall send his winged Messenger
To bid me sheath my sword, and leaue the field:
The Sun vnable to sustaine the sight,
Shall hide his head in thetis watery lap,
And leaue his steeds to faire *Boetes* charge:
For halfe the world shall perish in this fight:
But now my friends, let me examine ye,
How haue ye spent your absent time from me?
Vsum. My Lord our men of *Barbary* haue martcht
Foure hundred miles with armour on their backes,

The bloody Conquests of

wln 0468 And laine in leagre fifteene moneths and more,
wln 0469 For since we left you at the Souldans court,
wln 0470 We haue subdude the Southerne *Guallatia*,
wln 0471 And all the land vnto the coast of Spaine.
wln 0472 We kept the narrow straight of *Gibralter*,
wln 0473 And made *Canarea* cal vs kings and Lords,
wln 0474 Yet neuer did they recreate themselues,
wln 0475 Or cease one day from war and hot alarms,
wln 0476 And therefore let them rest a while my Lord.
wln 0477 *Tam.* They shal *Casane*, and tis time yfaith.
wln 0478 *Tech.* And I haue martch'd along the riuier *Nile*
wln 0479 To *Machda*, where the mighty Christian Priest
wln 0480 Cal'd *Iohn* the great, sits in a milk=white robe,
wln 0481 Whose triple Myter I did take by force,
wln 0482 And made him sweare obedience to my crowne.
wln 0483 From thence vnto *Cazates* did I martch,
wln 0484 Wher Amazonians met me in the field:
wln 0485 With whom (being women) I vouchsaft a league,
wln 0486 And with my power did march to *zansibar*
wln 0487 The Westerne part of *Affrike*, where I view'd.
wln 0488 The Ethiopian sea, riuers and lakes:
wln 0489 But neither man nor child in al the land:
wln 0490 Therefore I tooke my course to *Manico*.
wln 0491 Where vnresisted I remoou'd my campe:
wln 0492 And by the coast of *Byather* at last,
wln 0493 I came to *Cubar*, where the Negros dwell,
wln 0494 And conquering that, made haste to *Nubia*,
wln 0495 There hauing sackt *Borno* the Kingly seat,
wln 0496 I took the king, and lead him bound in chaines
wln 0497 Unto *Damasco*, where I staid before.
wln 0498 *Tamb.* Well done *Techelles*: what saith
wln 0499 (*Theridamas?*)

The

mighty Tamburlaine. Pars. 2.

wln 0500
wln 0501
wln 0502
wln 0503
wln 0504
wln 0505
wln 0506
wln 0507
wln 0508
wln 0509
wln 0510
wln 0511
wln 0512
wln 0513
wln 0514
wln 0515
wln 0516
wln 0517
wln 0518
wln 0519

ther. I left the confines and the bounds of Affrike
And made a voyage into *Europe*,
Where by the riuer *Tyros* I subdew'd
Stoka, *Padalia*, and *Codemia*.
Then crost the sea and came to *Oblia*.
And *Nigra Silua*, where the Deuils dance,
Which in despight of them I set on fire:
From thence I crost the Gulfe, call'd by the name
Mare magiore, of th'inhabitanes:
Yet shall my souldiers make no period
Vntill *Natolia* kneele before your feet.

tamb. Then wil we triumph, banquet and carouse,
Cooke shall haue pensions to prouide vs eates,
And glut vs with the dainties of the world,
Lachrima Christi and Calabrian wines
Shall common Souldiers drink in quaffing boules,
I, liquid golde when we haue conquer'd him.
Mingled with corral and with orientall pearle:
Come let vs banquet and carrouse the whiles.

Exeunt.

Finis Actus primi.

wln 0520

Actus. 2. Scæna. 1.

wln 0521
wln 0522
wln 0523
wln 0524
wln 0525
wln 0526
wln 0527
wln 0528
wln 0529

Sigismond, Fredericke, Baldwine,
with their traine.

Sigis.
NOW say my Lords of *Buda* and *Bohemia*,
What motiō is it that inflames your thoughts,
And stirs your valures to such soddaine armes?

Fred. Your Maiesty remembers I am sure
What cruell slaughter of our Christian bloods,
These heathnish Turks and Pagans lately made,

G3

Betwixt

The bloody Conquests of

wln 0530 Betwixt the citie *Zula* and *Danubius*,
wln 0531 How through the midst of *Verna* and *Bulgaria*
wln 0532 And almost to the very walles of *Rome*,
wln 0533 They haue not long since massacred our Camp,
wln 0534 It resteth now then that your **Maiesly**
wln 0535 Take all aduantages of time and power,
wln 0536 And worke reuenge vpon these Infidels:
wln 0537 Your Highnesse knowes for *Tamburlaines* repaire,
wln 0538 That strikes a terrour to all Turkish hearts,
wln 0539 *Natolia* hath dismist the greatest part
wln 0540 Of all his armie, pitcht against our power
wln 0541 Betwixt *Cutheia* and *Orminius* mount:
wln 0542 And sent them marching vp to *Belgasar*,
wln 0543 *Acantha*, *Antioch*, and *Cæsaria*,
wln 0544 To aid the kings of *Soria* and *Ierusalem*.
wln 0545 Now then my Lord, aduantage take hereof,
wln 0546 And issue sodainly vpon the rest:
wln 0547 That in the fortune of their ouerthrow,
wln 0548 We may discourage all the pagan troope,
wln 0549 That dare attempt to war with Christians.
wln 0550 *Sig.* But cals not then your Grace to memorie
wln 0551 The league we lately made with king *Orcanes*,
wln 0552 Confirm'd by oth and Articles of peace,
wln 0553 And calling Christ for record of our trueths?
wln 0554 This should be treacherie and violence,
wln 0555 Against the grace of our profession.
wln 0556 *Bald.* No whit my Lord: for with such Infidels,
wln 0557 In whom no faith nor true religion rests,
wln 0558 We are not bound to those accomplishments,
wln 0559 The holy lawes of Christendome inioine:
wln 0560 But as the faith which they prophanely plight
wln 0561 Is not by necessary pollycy,

mighty Tamburlaine. Pars. 2.

wln 0562
wln 0563
wln 0564
wln 0565
wln 0566
wln 0567
wln 0568
wln 0569
wln 0570
wln 0571
wln 0572
wln 0573
wln 0574
wln 0575
wln 0576
wln 0577
wln 0578
wln 0579
wln 0580
wln 0581
wln 0582
wln 0583
wln 0584
wln 0585
wln 0586

To be esteem'd assurance for our selues,
So what we vow to them should not infringe
Our liberty of armes and victory.

Sig. Though I confesse the othes they vndertake,
Breed litle strength to our securitie,
Yet those infirmitie that thus defame
Their faiths, their honors, and their religion,
Should not giue vs presumption to the like,
Our faiths are sound, and must be consumate,
Religious, righteous, and inuiolate.

Fred. Assure your Grace tis superstition
To stand so strictly on dispensiue faith:
And should we lose the opportunity
That God hath giuen to venge our Christians death
And scourge their foule blasphemous Paganisme?
As fell to *Saule*, to *Balaam* and the rest,
That would not kill and curse at Gods command,
So surely will the vengeance of the highest
And iealous anger of his fearefull arme
Be pour'd with rigour on our sinfull heads,
If we neglect this offered victory.

Sig. Then arme my Lords, and issue sodainly,
Giuing commandement to our generall hoste,
With expedition to assaile the Pagan,
And take the victorie our God hath giuen.

Exeunt.

wln 0587

Actus, 2. Scæna, 2.

wln 0588
wln 0589
wln 0590
wln 0591

Orcanes, Gazellus, Vribassa with their traine.

Orcanes.
GAzellus, Vribassa, and the rest,
Now will we march from proud *Orminus* mount

G4

To

The bloody Conquests of

wln 0592
wln 0593
wln 0594
wln 0595
wln 0596
wln 0597
wln 0598
wln 0599
wln 0600
wln 0601
wln 0602
wln 0603
wln 0604
wln 0605
wln 0606
wln 0607
wln 0608
wln 0609
wln 0610
wln 0611
wln 0612

To faire *Natolia*, where our neighbour kings
Expect our power and our royall presence,
T'incounter with the cruell *tamburlain*,
That nigh *Larissa* swaies a mighty hoste,
And with the thunder of his martial tooles
Makes Earthquakes in the hearts of men and heauen,
Gaz. And now come we to make his sinowes shake,
With greater power than erst his pride hath felt,
An hundred kings by scores wil bid him armes,
And hundred thousands subiects to each score:
Which if a shower of wounding thunderbolts
Should breake out off the bowels of the clowdes
And fall as thick as haile vpon our heads,
In partiall aid of that proud Scythian,
Yet should our courages and steeled crestes,
And numbers more than infinit of men,
Be able to withstand and conquer him.
Vrib. Me thinks I see how glad the christian King
Is made, for ioy of your admitted truce:
That could not but before be terrified:
With vnacquainted power of our hoste.

wln 0613

Enter a messenger.

wln 0614
wln 0615
wln 0616
wln 0617
wln 0618
wln 0619
wln 0620
wln 0621

Mess Arme dread Soueraign and my noble Lords
The treacherous army of the Christians,
Taking aduantage of your slender power,
Comes marching on vs, and determines straight,
To bid vs battaile for our dearest liues.
Orc. Traitors, villaines, damned Christians,
Haue I not here the articles of peace,
And solemne couenants we haue both confirm'd,

He

mighty Tamburlaine. Pars. 2.

wln 0622
wln 0623
wln 0624
wln 0625
wln 0626
wln 0627
wln 0628
wln 0629
wln 0630
wln 0631
wln 0632
wln 0633
wln 0634
wln 0635
wln 0636
wln 0637
wln 0638
wln 0639
wln 0640
wln 0641
wln 0642
wln 0643
wln 0644
wln 0645
wln 0646
wln 0647
wln 0648
wln 0649
wln 0650
wln 0651
wln 0652

He by his Christ, and I by *Mahomet*?
Gaz. Hel and confusion light vpon their heads,
That with such treason seek our ouerthrow,
And cares so litle for their prophet Christ.
Orc. Can **there** be such deceit in Christians
Or treason in the fleshly heart of man,
Whose shape is figure of the highest God?
Then if there be a Christ, as Christians say,
But in their deeds deny him for their Christ:
If he be son to euerliuing *Ioue*,
And hath the power of his outstretched arme,
If he be iealous of his name and honor,
As is our holy prophet *Mahomet*,
Take here these papers as our sacrifice
And wnesse of thy seruants periury.
Open thou shining vaile of *Cynthia*
And make a passage from the imperiall heauen
That he that sits on high and neuer sleeps,
Nor in one place is circumscribable,
But euery where fills euery Continent,
With strange infusion of his sacred vigor,
May in his endlesse power and puritie
Behold and venge this Traitors periury.
Thou Christ that art esteem'd omnipotent,
If thou wilt prooue thy selfe a perfect God,
Worthy the worship of all faithfull hearts,
Be now reueng'd vpon this Traitors soule,
And make the power I haue left behind
(Too litle to defend our guiltlesse liues)
Sufficient to discomfort and confound
The trustlesse force of those false Christians.

img: 54-a
sig: G5v

The bloody Conquests of

wln 0653
wln 0654

To armes my Lords, on Christ still let vs crie,
If there be Christ, we shall haue victorie.

wln 0655
wln 0656

*Sound **ro** the battell, and Sigismond
comes out wounded.*

wln 0657
wln 0658
wln 0659
wln 0660
wln 0661
wln 0662
wln 0663
wln 0664
wln 0665
wln 0666
wln 0667
wln 0668
wln 0669
wln 0670
wln 0671
wln 0672
wln 0673
wln 0674
wln 0675
wln 0676
wln 0677
wln 0678
wln 0679
wln 0680
wln 0681

Sig. Discomfited is all the Christian hoste,
And God hath thundered vengeance from on high,
For my accurst and hatefull periurie.
O iust and dreadfull punisher of sinne,
Let the dishonor of the paines I feele,
In this my mortall well deserued wound,
End all my penance in my sodaine death,
And let this death wherein to sinne I die,
Conceiue a second life in endlesse mercie.

*Enter Orcanes, Gazellus, Vribassa,
with others.*

Or. Now lie the Christians bathing in their bloods,
And Christ or *Mahomet* hath bene my friend.

Gaz. See here the periur'd traitor *Hungary*,
Bloody and breathlesse for his villany.

Orc. Now shall his barbarous body be a pray
To beasts and foules, and al the winds shall breath
Through shady leaues of euery sencelesse tree,
Murmures and hisses for his hainous sin.
Now scaldes his soule in the Tartarian streames,
And feeds vpon the banefull tree of hell,
That *zoacum*, that fruit of bytternesse,
That in the midst of fire is ingraft,
Yet flourisheth as *Flora* in her pride,
With apples like the heads of damned Feends,

The

mighty Tamburlaine. Pars. 2.

wln 0682
wln 0683
wln 0684
wln 0685
wln 0686
wln 0687
wln 0688
wln 0689
wln 0690
wln 0691
wln 0692
wln 0693
wln 0694
wln 0695
wln 0696
wln 0697
wln 0698
wln 0699
wln 0700
wln 0701
wln 0702
wln 0703
wln 0704
wln 0705

The Dyuils there in chaines of quencelesse flame,
Shall lead his soule through *Orcus* burning gulfe:
From paine to paine, whose change shal neuer end:
What saiest thou yet *Gazellus* to his foile:
Which we referd to iustice of his Christ,
And to his power, which here appeares as full
As raies of *Cynthia* to the clearest sight?

Gaz. Tis but the fortune of the wars my Lord,
Whose power is often proou'd a myracle.

Orc. Yet in my thoughts shall Christ be honoured,
Not dooing *Mahomet* an iniurie,
Whose power had share in this our victory:
And since this miscreant hath disgrac'd his faith,
And died a traitor both to heauen and earth,
We wil both watch and ward shall keepe his trunk
Amidst these plaines, for Foules to pray vpon.
Go *Vribassa*, giue it straight in charge.

Vri. I will my Lord.

Exit Vrib.

Orc. And now *Gazellus*, let vs haste and meete
Our Army and our brother of *Ierusalem*,
Of *Soria*, *Trebizon* and *Amasia*,
And happily with full Natolian bowles
Of Greekish wine now let vs celebrate
Our happy conquest, and his angry fate.

Exeunt.

wln 0706

Actus. 2. Scæna vltima.

wln 0707
wln 0708
wln 0709
wln 0710
wln 0711

*The Arras is drawen and Zenocrate lies in her bed
of state, Tamburlaine sitting by her: three Phisi=
tians about her bed, tempering potions. Theri=
damas, Techelles, Vsumeasane, and the three
sonnes.*

Tamb.

The bloody Conquests of

Tamburlaine,

wln 0712
wln 0713
wln 0714
wln 0715
wln 0716
wln 0717
wln 0718
wln 0719
wln 0720
wln 0721
wln 0722
wln 0723
wln 0724
wln 0725
wln 0726
wln 0727
wln 0728
wln 0729
wln 0730
wln 0731
wln 0732
wln 0733
wln 0734
wln 0735
wln 0736
wln 0737
wln 0738
wln 0739
wln 0740
wln 0741
wln 0742
wln 0743

BLacke is the beauty of the brightest day,
The golden balle of heauens eternal fire,
That danc'd with glorie on the siluer waues:
Now wants the fewell that enflamde his beames
And all with faintnesse and for foule disgrace,
He bindes his temples with a frowning cloude,
Ready to darken earth with endlesse night:
Zenocrate that gaue him light and life,
Whose eies shot fire from their Iuory bowers,
And tempered euery soule with liuely heat,
Now by the malice of the angry Skies,
Whose iealousie admits no second Mate,
Drawes in the comfort of her latest breath
All dasled with the hellish mists of death.
Now walk the angels on the walles of heauen,
As Centinels to warne th'immortall soules,
To entertaine deuine *Zenocrate*.
Apollo, Cynthia, and the ceaslesse lamps
That gently look'd vpon this loathsome earth,
Shine downwards now no more, but deck the heauens
To entertaine diuine *Zenocrate*.
The christall springs whose taste illuminates
Refined eies with an eternall sight,
Like tried siluer runs through Paradice
To entertaine diuine *zenocrate*.
The Cherubins and holy Seraphins
That sing and play before the king of kings,
Use all their voices and their instruments
To entertaine diuine *Zenocrate*.
And in this sweet and currious harmony,
The God that tunes this musicke to our soules:

Holdes

mighty Tamburlaine. Pars. 2.

wln 0744
wln 0745
wln 0746
wln 0747
wln 0748
wln 0749
wln 0750
wln 0751
wln 0752
wln 0753
wln 0754
wln 0755
wln 0756
wln 0757
wln 0758
wln 0759
wln 0760
wln 0761
wln 0762
wln 0763
wln 0764
wln 0765
wln 0766
wln 0767
wln 0768
wln 0769
wln 0770
wln 0771
wln 0772
wln 0773
wln 0774
wln 0775

Holds out his hand in highest maiesty
To entertaine diuine *Zenocrate*.
Then let some holy trance conuay my thoughts,
Up to the pallace of th'imperiall heauen:
That this my life may be as short to me
As are the daies of sweet *Zenocrate*:
Phisitions, wil no phisicke do her good?
Phis. My Lord, your Maiesty shall soone perceiue:
And if she passe this fit, the worst is past.
tam. Tell me, how fares my faire *Zenocrate*?
zen. I fare my Lord, as other Emperesses,
That when this fraile and transitory flesh,
Hath suckt the measure of that vitall aire
That feeds the body with his dated health,
Wanes with enforst and necessary change.
tam. May neuer such a change transfourme my
In whose sweet being I repose my life, (loue
Whose heauenly presence beautified with health,
Giues light to *Phœbus* and the fixed stars,
Whose absence make the sun and Moone as darke
As when opposde in one Diamiter:
Their Spheares are mounted on the serpents head,
Or els discended to his winding traine:
Liue still my Loue and so conserue my life,
Or dieng, be the anchor of my death.
zen. Liue still my Lord, O let my soueraigne liue,
And sooner let the fiery Element
Dissolue, and make your kingdome in the Sky,
Than this base earth should shroud your maiesty:
For should I but suspect your death by mine,
The comfort of my future happinesse
And hope to meet your highnesse in the heauens,

Turn'd

The bloody Conquests of

wln 0776 Turn'd to dispaire, would break my wretched breast.
wln 0777 And furie would confound my present rest.
wln 0778 But let me die my Loue, yet let me die,
wln 0779 With loue and patience let your true loue die:
wln 0780 Your griefe and furie hurtes my second life,
wln 0781 Yet let me kisse my Lord before I die,
wln 0782 And let me die with kissing of my Lord.
wln 0783 But since my life is lengthened yet a while,
wln 0784 Let me take leaue of these my louing sonnes,
wln 0785 And of my Lords whose true nobilitie
wln 0786 Haue merited my latest memorie:
wln 0787 Sweet sons farewell, in death resemble me,
wln 0788 And in your liues your fathers excellency.
wln 0789 Some musicke, and my fit wil cease my Lord.

They call musicke.

wln 0790 *tam.* Proud furie and intollorable fit,
wln 0791 That dares torment the body of my Loue,
wln 0792 And scourge the Scourge of the immortall God:
wln 0793 Now are those Spheares where *Cupid* vsde to sit,
wln 0794 Wounding the world with woonder and with loue,
wln 0795 Sadly supplied with pale and ghastly death:
wln 0796 Whose darts do pierce the Center of my soule,
wln 0797 Her sacred beauty hath enchanted heauen,
wln 0799 And had she liu'd before the siege of *Troy*,
wln 0800 *Hellen*, whose beauty sommond Greece to armes,
wln 0801 And drew a thousand ships to *Tenedos*,
wln 0802 Had not bene nam'd in *Homers* Iliads:
wln 0803 Her name had bene in euery line he wrote:
wln 0804 Or had those wanton Poets, for whose byrth
wln 0805 Olde Rome was proud, but gasde a while on her,
wln 0806 Nor *Lesbia*, nor *Corrinna* had bene nam'd,
wln 0807 *zenocrate* had bene the argument

Of

mighty Tamburlaine. Pars. 2.

wln 0808
wln 0809
wln 0810
wln 0811
wln 0812
wln 0813
wln 0814
wln 0815
wln 0816
wln 0817
wln 0818
wln 0819
wln 0820
wln 0821
wln 0822
wln 0823
wln 0824
wln 0825
wln 0826
wln 0827
wln 0828
wln 0829
wln 0830
wln 0831
wln 0832
wln 0833
wln 0834
wln 0835
wln 0836
wln 0837
wln 0838
wln 0839

Of euery Epigram or Eligie.
The musicke sounds, and she dies.
tam. What, is she dead? *Techelles*, draw thy sword,
And wound the earth, that it may cleaue in twaine,
And we discend into th'inferrall vaults,
To haile the fatall Sisters by the haire,
And throw them in the triple mote of Hell,
For taking hence my faire *zenocrate*.
Casane and *theridamas* to armes,
Raise Caualiers higher than the cloudes:
And with the cannon breake the frame of heauen,
Batter the shining pallace of the Sun,
And shiuer all the starry firmament:
For amorous *Ioue* hath snatcht my loue from hence,
Meaning to make her stately Queene of heauen,
What God so euer holds thee in his armes,
Giuing thee Nectar and Ambrosia,
Behold me here diuine *zenocrate*,
Rauing, impatient, desperate and mad,
Breaking my steeled lance, with which I burst
The rusty beames of *Ianus* Temple doores,
Letting out death and tyrannising war:
To march with me vnder this bloody flag,
And if thou pitiest *Tamburlain* the great,
Come downe from heauen and liue with me againe.
ther. Ah good my Lord be patient, she is dead,
And all this raging cannot make her liue,
If woords might serue, our voice hath rent the aire,
If teares, our eies haue watered all the earth:
If grieffe, our murdered harts haue straind forth blood
Nothing preuailes, for she is dead my Lord.
tam. For she is dead? thy words doo pierce my soule

Ah

The bloody Conquests of

wln 0840 Ah sweet *theridamas*, say so no more,
wln 0841 Though she be dead, yet let me think she liues,
wln 0842 And feed my mind that dies for want of her:
wln 0843 Where ere her soule be, thou shalt stay with me
wln 0844 Embalm'd with Cassia, Amber Greece and Myrre,
wln 0845 Not lapt in lead but in a sheet of gold,
wln 0846 And till I die thou shalt not be interr'd.
wln 0847 Then in as rich a tombe as *Mausolus*,
wln 0848 We both will rest and haue one Epitaph
wln 0849 Writ in as many seuerall languages,
wln 0850 As I haue conquered kingdomes with my sword,
wln 0851 This cursed towne will I consume with fire,
wln 0852 Because this place bereft me of my Loue:
wln 0853 The houses burnt, wil looke as if they mourn'd
wln 0854 And here will I set vp her stature,
wln 0855 And martch about it with my mourning campe,
wln 0856 Drooping and pining for *zenocrate*.

The Arras is drawn.

wln 0858

Actus. 3. Scæna. 1,

wln 0859 *Enter the kings of Trebisond and Soria, one brin=*
wln 0860 *ging a sword, & another a scepter: Next Natolia*
wln 0861 *and Ierusalem with the Emperiall crowne: After*
wln 0862 *Calapine, and after him other Lordes: Orcanes*
wln 0863 *and Ierusalem crowne him, and the other giue*
wln 0864 *him the scepter.*

wln 0865
wln 0866
wln 0867
wln 0868
wln 0869

Orca.
CAlepinus Cyricelibes, otherwise Cybelius, son
and successiue heire to the late mighty Empe=
rour Baiazeth, by the aid of God and his friend
Mahomet, Emperour of Natolia, Ierusalem,

Tre=

mighty Tamburlaine. Pars. 2

wln 0870
wln 0871
wln 0872
wln 0873
wln 0874
wln 0875
wln 0876
wln 0877
wln 0878
wln 0879
wln 0880
wln 0881
wln 0882
wln 0883
wln 0884
wln 0885
wln 0886
wln 0887
wln 0888
wln 0889
wln 0890
wln 0891
wln 0892
wln 0893
wln 0894
wln 0895
wln 0896
wln 0897
wln 0898
wln 0899
wln 0900
wln 0901

*Trebizon, Soria, Amasia, Thracia, Illyria, Carmo-
nia* And al the hundred and thirty Kingdomes late con=
tributory to his mighty father. Long liue *Callepinus*,
Emperour of Turkey.

Cal. Thrice worthy kings of *Natolia*, and the rest,
I will requite your royall gratitudes
With all the benefits my Empire yeelds:
And were the sinowes of th'imperiall seat
So knit and strengthned, as when *Baiazeth*
My royall Lord and father fild the throne,
Whose cursed fate hath so dismembred it,
Then should you see this Thiefe of *Scythia*,
This proud vsurping king of *Persea*,
Do vs such honor and supremacie,
Bearing the vengeance of our fathers wrongs,
As all the world should blot our dignities
Out of the booke of base borne infamies.
And now I doubt not but your royall cares
Hath so prouided for this cursed foe,
That since the heire of mighty *Baiazeth*
(An Emperour so honoured for his vertues)
Reuiues the spirits of true Turkish heartes,
In grieuous memorie of his fathers shame,
We shall not need to nourish any doubt,
But that proud Fortune, who hath followed long
The martiall sword of mighty *Tamburlaine*,
Will now retaine her olde inconstancie,
And raise our honors to as high a pitch
In this our strong and fortunate encounter,
For so hath heauen prouided my escape,
From al the crueltie my soule sustaind,
By this my friendly keepers happy meanes,

H

That

The bloody Conquests of

wln 0902
wln 0903
wln 0904
wln 0905
wln 0906
wln 0907
wln 0908
wln 0909
wln 0910
wln 0911
wln 0912
wln 0913
wln 0914
wln 0915
wln 0916
wln 0917
wln 0918
wln 0919
wln 0920
wln 0921
wln 0922
wln 0923
wln 0924
wln 0925
wln 0926
wln 0927
wln 0928
wln 0929
wln 0930
wln 0931
wln 0932
wln 0933

That *Ioue* surchardg'd with pity of our wrongs,
Will poure it downe in showers on our heads:
Scourging the pride of cursed *tamburlain*.

Orc. I haue a hundred thousad men in armes,
Some, that in conquest of the periur'd Christian.
Being a handfull to a mighty hoste,
Thinke them in number yet sufficient,
To drinke the riuier *Nile* or *Euphrates*,
And for their power, ynow to win the world.

Ier. And I as many from *Ierusalem*,
Iudæa, *Gaza*, and *Scalonians* bounds,
That on mount *Sinay* with their ensignes spread,
Looke like the parti=coloured cloudes of heauen,
That shew faire weather to the neighbor morne.

Treb. And I as many bring from *Trebizon*,
Chio Famastro and *Amasia*,
All bordring on the *Mare-major sea*:
Riso, *Sancina*, and the bordering townes,
That touch the end of famous *Euphrates*.
Whose courages are kindled with the flames,
The cursed Scythian sets on all their townes,
And vow to burne the villaines cruell heart.

Sor. From *Soria* with seenty thousand strong.
Tane from *Aleppo*, *Soldino*, *Tripoly*,
And so vnto my citie of *Damasco*,
I march to meet and aide my neighbor kings,
All which will ioine against this *Tamburlain*,
And bring him captiue to your highnesse feet.

Orc. Our battaile then in martiall maner pitcht,
According to our ancient vse, shall beare
The figure of the semi=circled Moone:
Whose hornes shall sprinkle through the tainted aire,

The

mighty Tamburlaine Pars. 2

wln 0934
wln 0935
wln 0936
wln 0937
wln 0938
wln 0939
wln 0940
wln 0941
wln 0942
wln 0943
wln 0944
wln 0945
wln 0946

The poisoned braines of this proud Scythian.
Cal. Wel then my noble Lords, for this my friend,
That freed me from the bondage of my foe:
I thinke it requisite and honorable,
To keep my promise, and to make him king,
That is a Gentleman (I know) at least.
Alm. That's no matter sir, for being a king,
For *Tamburlain* came vp of nothing.
Ier. Your Maiesty may choose some pointed time,
Perfourming all your promise to the full:
Tis nought for your maiesty to giue a kingdome.
Cal. Then wil I shortly keep my promise *Almeda*
Alm. Why, I thank your Maiesty.

Exeunt.

wln 0947

Actus. 2. Scæna. 2.

wln 0948
wln 0949
wln 0950
wln 0951
wln 0952
wln 0953
wln 0954
wln 0955
wln 0956
wln 0957
wln 0958
wln 0959
wln 0960
wln 0961
wln 0962
wln 0963

*Tamburlaine with Vsumeasane, and his three sons,
foure bearing the hearse of Zenocrate, and the
drums sounding a dolefull martch, the Towne
burning.*

Tamb.
SO, burne the turrets of this cursed towne,
Flame to the highest region of the aire:
And kindle heaps of exhalations,
That being fiery meteors, may presage,
Death and destruction to th'inhabitants
Ouer my Zenith hang a blazing star,
That may endure till heauen be dissolu'd,
Fed with the fresh supply of earthly dregs,
Threatning a death and famine to this land,
Flieng Dragons, lightning, fearfull thunderclaps,
sindge these fair plaines, and make them seeme as black

H2

As

The bloody Conquests of

wln 0964
wln 0965
wln 0966
wln 0967
wln 0968
wln 0969
wln 0970
wln 0971
wln 0972
wln 0973
wln 0974
wln 0975
wln 0976
wln 0977
wln 0978
wln 0979
wln 0980
wln 0981
wln 0982
wln 0983
wln 0984
wln 0985
wln 0986
wln 0987
wln 0988
wln 0989
wln 0990
wln 0991
wln 0992
wln 0993
wln 0994
wln 0995

As is the Island where the Furies maske
Compast with *Lethe*, *Styx* and *Phlegeton*,
Because my deare *Zenocrate* is dead.
Cal. This Piller plac'd in memorie of her,
Where in Arabian, Hebrew, Greek, is writ
This towne being burnt by Tamburlaine the great,
Forbids the world to build it vp againe.
Amy. And here this **mourful** streamer shal be plac'd
Wrought with the Persean and Egyptian armes,
To signifie she was a princesse borne,
And wife vnto the Monarke of the East.
Celib. And here this table as a Register
Of all her vertues and perfections.
tam. And here the picture of *zenocrate*,
To shew her beautie, which the world admyr'd,
Sweet picture of diuine *Zenocrate*,
That hanging here, wil draw the Gods from heauen:
And cause the stars fixt in the Southern arke,
Whose louely faces neuer any viewed,
That haue not past the Centers latitude.
As Pilgrimes traueile to our Hemi=spheare.
Onely to gaze vpon *Zenocrate*.
Thou shalt not beautifie *Larissa* plaines.
But keep within the circle of mine armes.
At euery towne and castle I besiege,
Thou shalt be set vpon my royall tent.
And when I meet an armie in the field,
Whose looks will shed such influence in my campe,
As if *Bellona*, Goddess of the war
Threw naked swords and sulphur bals of fire,
Upon the heads of all our enemies.
And now my Lords, aduance your speares againe,

Sorrow

mighty Tamburlaine. Pars. 2.

wln 0996
wln 0997
wln 0998
wln 0999
wln 1000
wln 1001
wln 1002
wln 1003
wln 1004
wln 1005
wln 1006
wln 1007
wln 1008
wln 1009
wln 1010
wln 1011
wln 1012
wln 1013
wln 1014
wln 1015
wln 1016
wln 1017
wln 1018
wln 1019
wln 1020
wln 1021
wln 1022
wln 1023
wln 1024
wln 1025
wln 1026
wln 1027

Sorrow no more my sweet *Casane* now:
Boyes leaue to mourne, this towne shall euer mourne,
Being burnt to cynders for your mothers death.
Cal. If I had wept a sea of teares for her,
It would not ease the sorrow I sustaine.
Amy. As is that towne, so is my heart consum'd,
With grieffe and sorrow for my mothers death.
Cel. My mothers death hath mortified my mind,
And sorrow stops the passage of my speech.
Tamb. But now my boies, leaue off, and **[*]ist** to me,
That meane to teach you rudiments of war:
Ile haue you learne to sleepe vpon the ground,
March in your armour throwe watery Fens,
Sustaine the scortching heat and freezing cold,
Hunger and cold right adiuncts of the war.
And after this, to scale a castle wal,
Besiege a fort, to vndermine a towne,
And make whole cyties caper in the aire.
Then next, the way to fortifie your men,
In champion grounds, what figure serues you best,
For with the *quinque=angle* fourme is meet,
Because the corners there may fall more flat:
Whereas the Fort may fittest be assailde,
And sharpest where th'assault is desperate.
The ditches must be deepe, the Counterscarps
Narrow and steepe, the wals made high and broad,
The Bulwarks and the rampiers large and strong,
With Caulieros and thicke counterforts,
And roome within to lodge sixe thousand men.
It must haue priuy ditches, countermines,
And secret issuings to defend the ditch.
It must haue high Argins and couered waies

The bloody Conquests of

wln 1028 To keep the bulwark fronts from battery,
wln 1029 And Parapets to hide the Muscatiers:
wln 1030 Casemates to place the great Artillery,
wln 1031 And store of ordinance that from euery flanke
wln 1032 May scoure the outward curtaines of the Fort,
wln 1033 Dismount the Cannon of the aduerse part,
wln 1034 Murther the Foe and saue their walles from breach.
wln 1035 When this is learn'd for seruice on the land,
wln 1036 By plaine and easie demonstration,
wln 1037 Ile teach you how to make the water mount,
wln 1038 That you may dryfoot martch through lakes & pooles,
wln 1039 Deep riuers, hauens, creekes, and litle seas,
wln 1040 And make a Fortresse in the raging waues,
wln 1041 Fenc'd with the concaue of a monstrous rocke,
wln 1042 Inuincible by nature of the place.
wln 1043 When this is done, then are ye souldiers,
wln 1044 And worthy sonnes of *Tamburlain* the great,
wln 1045 *Cal.* My Lord, but this is dangerous to be done,
wln 1046 We may be slaine or wounded ere we learne.
wln 1047 *tam.* Uillain, art thou the sonne of *Tamburlaine*,
wln 1048 And fear'st to die, or with a Curtile=axe
wln 1049 To hew thy flesh and make a gaping wound?
wln 1050 Hast thou beheld a peale of ordinance strike
wln 1051 A ring of pikes, mingled with shot and horse,
wln 1052 Whose shattered lims, being tost as high as heauen,
wln 1053 Hang in the aire as thicke as sunny motes,
wln 1054 And canst thou Coward stand in feare of death?
wln 1055 Hast thou not seene my horsmen charge the foe,
wln 1056 Shot through the armes, cut ouerthwart the hands,
wln 1057 Dieng their lances with their streaming blood,
wln 1058 And yet at night carrouse within my tent,
wln 1059 Filling their empty vaines with aiery wine,

That

mighty Tamburlaine. Pars. 2.

wln 1060
wln 1061
wln 1062
wln 1063
wln 1064
wln 1065
wln 1066
wln 1067
wln 1068
wln 1069
wln 1070
wln 1071
wln 1072
wln 1073
wln 1074
wln 1075
wln 1076
wln 1077
wln 1078
wln 1079
wln 1080
wln 1081
wln 1082
wln 1083
wln 1084
wln 1085
wln 1086
wln 1087
wln 1088
wln 1089
wln 1090
wln 1091

That being concocted, turnes to crimson blood,
And wilt thou shun the field for feare of woundes:
Uiew me thy father that hath conquered kings,
And with his hoste march round about the earth,
Quite voide of skars, and cleare from any wound,
That by the warres lost not a dram of blood,
And see him lance his flesh to teach you all.

He cuts his arme.

A wound is nothing be it nere so deepe,
Blood is the God of Wars rich liuery.
Now look I like a souldier, and this wound
As great a grace and maiesty to me,
As if a chaire of gold enamiled,
Enchac'd with Diamondes, Saphyres, Rubies
And fairest pearle of welthie *India*
Were mounted here vnder a Canapie:
And I sat downe, cloth'd with the massie robe,
That late adorn'd the Affrike Potentate.
Whom I brought bound vnto *Damascus* walles.
Come boyes and with your fingers search my wound,
And in my blood wash all your hands at once,
While I sit smiling to behold the sight.
Now my boyes, what think you of a wound?

Cal. I know not what I should think of it,
Me thinks tis a pitifull sight.

Cel. Tis nothing: giue me a wound father.

Amy. And me another my Lord.

tam. Come sirra, giue me your arme.

Cel. Here father, cut it brauely as you did your own

tam. It shall suffice thou darst abide a wound

My boy, Thou shalt not loose a drop of blood,
Before we meet the armie of the Turke.

The bloody Conquests of

wln 1092
wln 1093
wln 1094
wln 1095
wln 1096
wln 1097
wln 1098
wln 1099
wln 1100
wln 1101
wln 1102
wln 1103
wln 1104
wln 1105
wln 1106
wln 1107
wln 1108
wln 1109
wln 1110
wln 1111

But then run desperate through the thickest throngs,
Dreadlesse of blowes, of bloody wounds and death:
And let the burning of *Larissa* wals
My speech of war, and this my wound you see
Teach you my boyes to beare couragious minds,
Fit for the followers of great *tamburlaine*.

Vsumeasane now come let vs march
Towards *Techelles* and *Theridamas*,
That we haue sent before to fire the townes,
The towers and cities of these hatefull Turks,
And hunt that Coward, faintheart, runaway,
With that accursed traitor *Almeda*,
Til fire and sword haue found them at a bay.

Vsu. I long to pierce his bowels with my sword,
That hath betraied my gracious Soueraigne,
That curst and damned Traitor *Almeda*.

Tam. Then let vs see if coward *Calapine*
Dare leuie armes against our puissance,
That we may tread vpon his captiue necke,
And treble all his fathers slaueries.

Exeunt.

wln 1112

Actus. 3. Scæna. 1,

wln 1113
wln 1114
wln 1115
wln 1116
wln 1117
wln 1118
wln 1119
wln 1120
wln 1121

Techelles, Theridamas and their traine.

Therid.

THus haue wee martcht Northwarde from
(*Tamburlaine*,
Unto the frontier point of *Soria*:
And this is *Balsera* their chiefest hold,
Wherein is all the treasure of the land.

tech. Then let vs bring our light Artilery,
Minions, Fauknets, and Sakars to the trench,

Fil=

mighty Tamburlaine. Pars. 2.

wln 1122
wln 1123
wln 1124
wln 1125
wln 1126
wln 1127
wln 1128
wln 1129
wln 1130

Filling the ditches with the walles wide breach,
And enter in, to seaze vpon the gold:
How say ye Souldiers, Shal we not?
Soul. Yes, my Lord, yes, come lets about it,
ther. But stay a while, summon a parle, Drum,
It may be they will yeeld it quietly,
Knowing two kings, the friend to *tamburlain*,
Stand at the walles, with such a mighty power.
Summon the battell.

wln 1131
wln 1132
wln 1133
wln 1134
wln 1135
wln 1136
wln 1137
wln 1138
wln 1139
wln 1140
wln 1141
wln 1142
wln 1143
wln 1144
wln 1145
wln 1146
wln 1147
wln 1148
wln 1149
wln 1150
wln 1151
wln 1152

Captaine with his wife and sonne.
Cap. What requier you my maisters?
ther. Captaine, that thou yeeld vp thy hold to vs.
Cap. To you. Why, do you thinke me weary of it?
Tech. Nay Captain, thou art weary of thy life,
If thou withstand the friends of *Tamburlain*.
ther. These Pioners of *Argier* in Affrica,
Euen in the cannons face shall raise a hill
Of earth and fagots higher than thy Fort,
And ouer thy Argins and couered waies
Shal play vpon the bulwarks of thy hold
Uolleies of ordinance til the breach be made,
That with his ruine fils vp all the trench.
And when we enter in, not heauen it selfe
Shall ransome thee, thy wife and family.
Tech. Captaine, these Moores shall cut the leaden
(pipes,
That bring fresh water to thy men and thee,
And lie in trench before thy castle walles:
That no supply of victuall shall come in,
Nor issue foorth, but they shall die:
And therefore Captaine, yeeld it quietly.

Captain

The bloody Conquests of

wln 1153

wln 1154

wln 1155

wln 1156

wln 1157

wln 1158

wln 1159

wln 1160

wln 1161

wln 1162

wln 1163

wln 1164

wln 1165

wln 1166

wln 1167

wln 1168

wln 1169

wln 1170

wln 1171

wln 1172

wln 1173

wln 1174

wln 1175

wln 1176

wln 1177

wln 1178

wln 1179

wln 1180

wln 1181

wln 1182

wln 1183

Cap. Were you that are the friends of *Tamburlain*
Brothers to holy *Mahomet* himselfe,
I would not yeeld it: therefore doo your worst.
Raise mounts, batter, intrench, and vndermine,
Cut off the water, all conuoies that can,
Yet I am resolute, and so farewell.

ther. Pioners away, and where I stuck the stake,
Intrench with those dimensions I prescribed:
Cast vp the earth towards the castle wall,
Which til it may defend you, labour low:
And few or none shall perish by their shot.

Pion. We will my Lord.

Exeunt.

Tech. A hundred horse shall scout about the plaines
To spie what force comes to relieue the holde.
Both we (*theridamas*) wil intrench our men,
And with the Iacobs staffe measure the height
And distance of the castle from the trench,
That we may know if our artillery
Will carie full point blancke vnto their wals.

ther. Then see the bringing of our ordinance
Along the trench into the battery,
Where we will haue **Galions** of sixe foot broad,
To saue our Cannoniers from musket shot,
Betwixt which, shall our ordinance thunder forth,
And with the breaches fall, smoake, fire, and dust,
The cracke, the Ecchoe and the souldiers crie
Make deafe the aire, and dim the Christall Sky.

tech. Trumpets and drums, alarum presently,
And souldiers play the men, the holds is yours.

*Enter the Captaine with his wife and
sonne.*

Olimpia

mighty Tamburlaine. Pars. 2.

wln 1184
wln 1185
wln 1186
wln 1187
wln 1188
wln 1189
wln 1190
wln 1191
wln 1192
wln 1193
wln 1194
wln 1195
wln 1196
wln 1197
wln 1198
wln 1199
wln 1200
wln 1201
wln 1202
wln 1203
wln 1204
wln 1205
wln 1206
wln 1207
wln 1208
wln 1209
wln 1210
wln 1211
wln 1212
wln 1213
wln 1214
wln 1215

Olym. Come good my Lord, & let vs haste frō hence
Along the caue that leads beyond the foe,
No hope is left to saue this conquered hold.

Cap. A deadly bullet gliding through my side,
Lies heauy on my heart, I cannot liue.
I feele my liuer pierc'd and all my vaines,
That there begin and nourish euery part,
Mangled and torne, and all my entrals bath'd
In blood that straineth from their orifex.
Farewell sweet wife, sweet son farewell, I die.

Olym. Death, whether art thou gone that both we
Come back again (sweet death) & strike vs both: (liue?
One minute end our daies, and one sepulcher
Containe our bodies: death, why comm'st thou not?
Wel, this must be the messenger for thee,
Now vgly death stretch out thy Sable wings,
And carie both our soules, where his remaines.
Tell me sweet boie, art thou content to die?
These barbarous Scythians full of cruelty,
And Moores, in whom was neuer pitie found,
Will hew vs peecemeale, put vs to the wheele,
Or els inuent some torture worse than that,
Therefore die by thy louing mothers hand,
Who gently now wil lance thy luory throat,
And quickly rid thee both of paine and life.

Son. Mother dispatch me, or Ile kil my selfe,
For think ye I can liue, and see him dead?
Giue me your knife, good mother) or strike home:
The Scythiens shall not tyrannise on me.
Sweet mother strike, that I may meet my father.

She stabs him.

Olym. Ah sacred *Mahomet*, if this be sin,

The bloody Conquests of

wln 1216
wln 1217

Intreat a pardon of the God of heauen,
And purge my soule before it come to thee.

wln 1218
wln 1219

*Entert Theridamas, Techelles and all
their traine.*

wln 1220

ther. How now Madam, what are you doing?

wln 1221

Olim. Killing my selfe, as I haue done my sonne,

wln 1222

Whose body with his fathers I haue burnt,

wln 1223

Least cruell Scythians should dismember him.

wln 1224

tech. Twas brauely done, and like a souldiers wife,

wln 1225

Thou shalt with vs to *Tamburlaine* the great,

wln 1226

Who when he heares how resolute thou wert,

wln 1227

Wil match thee with a Uiceroy or a king.

wln 1228

Olym. My Lord deceast, was dearer vnto me,

wln 1229

Than any Uiceroy, King or Emperour.

wln 1230

And for his sake here will I end my daies.

wln 1231

ther. But Lady goe with vs to *Tamburlaine*,

wln 1232

And thou shalt see a man greater [····] *Mahomet*.

wln 1233

In whose high lookes is much more maiesty

wln 1234

Than from the Concaue superficies.

wln 1235

Of *Ioues* vast pallace the imperiall Orbe,

wln 1236

Unto the shinning bower where *Cynthia* sits,

wln 1237

Like louely thetis in a Christall robe,

wln 1238

That treadeth Fortune vnderneath his feete,

wln 1239

And makes the mighty God of armes his slaue:

wln 1240

On whom death and the fatall sisters waite,

wln 1241

With naked swords and scarlet liueries:

wln 1242

Before whom (mounted on a Lions backe)

wln 1243

Rhammusia beares a helmet ful of blood,

wln 1244

And strowes the way with braines of slaughtered men:

wln 1245

By whose proud side the vgly furies run.

Harkening

mighty Tamburlaine. Pars 2.

wln 1246
wln 1247
wln 1248
wln 1249
wln 1250
wln 1251
wln 1252
wln 1253
wln 1254
wln 1255
wln 1256
wln 1257
wln 1258
wln 1259
wln 1260
wln 1261
wln 1262
wln 1263
wln 1264
wln 1265
wln 1266
wln 1267
wln 1268
wln 1269
wln 1270
wln 1271
wln 1272
wln 1273
wln 1274
wln 1275
wln 1276

Harkening when he shall bid them plague the world,
Ouer whose zenith cloth'd in windy aire,
And Eagles wings ioin'd to her feathered breast,
Fame houereth, sounding of her golden Trumpe:
That to the aduerse poles of that straight line,
Which measureth the glorious frame of heauen,
The name of mightie *Tamburlain* is spread:
And him faire Lady shall thy eies behold. Come.

Olim Take pitie of a Ladies ruthfull teares,
That humbly craues vpon her knees to stay,
And cast her bodie in the burning flame,
That feeds vpon her sonnes and husbands flesh.

tech. Madam, sooner shall fire consume vs both,
Then scotch a face so beautiful as this.
In frame of which, Nature hath shewed more skill,
Than when she gaue eternall *Chaos* forme,
Drawing from it the shining Lamps of heauen.

ther. Madam, I am so far in loue with you,
That you must goe with vs, no remedy.

Olim. Then carie me I care not where you will,
And let the end of this my fatall iourney,
Be likewise end to my accursed life.

tech. No Madam, but the beginning of your ioy,
Come willinglie, therfore.

ther. Souldiers now let vs meet the Generall,
Who by this time is at *Natolia*,
Ready to charge the army of the Turke.
The gold, the siluer, and the pearle ye got,
Rifling this Fort, deuide in equall shares:
This Lady shall haue twice so much againe,
Out of the coffers of our treasure.

Exeunt.

Actus

The bloody Conquests of

wln 1277

Actus: 3. Scæna. 5.

wln 1278

wln 1279

*Callepine, Orcanes, Ierusalem, Trebizon, Soria, Al=
meda, with their traine.*

wln 1280

Messenger.

wln 1281

REnowmed Emperour, mighty *Callepine*,

wln 1282

Gods great lieftenant ouer all the world:

wln 1283

Here at *Alepo* with an hoste of men

wln 1284

Lies *Tamburlaine*, this king of *Persea*:

wln 1285

In number more than are the quyering leaues

wln 1286

Of *Idas* forrest, where your highnesse hounds,

wln 1287

With open crie pursues the wounded Stag:

wln 1288

Who meanes to gyrt *Natolias* walles with siege,

wln 1289

Fire the towne and ouerrun the land.

wln 1290

Cal. My royal army is as great as his,

wln 1291

That from the bounds of *Phrigia* to the sea

wln 1292

Which washeth *Cyprus* with his brinish waues,

wln 1293

Couers the hils, the valleies and the plaines.

wln 1294

Uicroies and Peeres of Turkey play the men,

wln 1295

Whet all your swords to mangle *Tamburlain*

wln 1296

His sonnes, his Captaines and his followers,

wln 1297

By *Mahomet* not one of them shal liue.

wln 1298

The field wherin this battaile shall be fought,

wln 1299

For euer, terme, the Perseans sepulchre,

wln 1300

In memorie of this our victory.

wln 1301

Orc. Now, he that cals himself the scourge of *Ioue*,

wln 1302

The Emperour of the world, and earthly God,

wln 1303

Shal end the warlike progresse he intends,

wln 1304

And traueile hedlong to the lake of hell:

wln 1305

Where legions of deuils (knowing he must die

Here

mighty Tamburlaine. Pars. 2.

wln 1306
wln 1307
wln 1308
wln 1309
wln 1310
wln 1311
wln 1312
wln 1313
wln 1314
wln 1315
wln 1316
wln 1317
wln 1318
wln 1319
wln 1320
wln 1321
wln 1322
wln 1323
wln 1324
wln 1325
wln 1326
wln 1327
wln 1328
wln 1329
wln 1330
wln 1331
wln 1332
wln 1333
wln 1334
wln 1335
wln 1336
wln 1337

Here in *Natolia*, by your highnesse hands)
All brandishing their brands of quenchlesse fire,
Streching their monstrous pawes, grin with their
(teeth.
And guard the gates to entertaine his soule.
Cal. Tel me Uicroies the number of your men,
And what our Army royall is esteem'd.
Ier. From *Palestina* and *Ierusalem*,
Of Hebrewes, three score thousand fighting men
Are come since last we shewed your maiesty.
Orc. So from *Arabia* desart, and the bounds
Of that sweet land, whose braue Metropolis
Reedified the faire *Semyramis*,
Came forty thousand warlike foot and horse,
Since last we numbred to your Maiesty.
treb. From *trebizon* in *Asia* the lesse,
Naturalized Turks and stout Bythinians
Came to my bands full fifty thousand more,
That fighting, knowes not what retreat doth meane,
Nor ere returne but with the victory,
Since last we numbred to your maiesty.
Sor. Of Sorians from *Halla* is repair'd
And neighbor cities of your highnesse land,
Ten thousand horse, and thirty thousand foot,
Since last we numbred to your maiestie:
So that the Army royall is esteem'd
Six hundred thousand valiant fighting men.
Callep. Then welcome *Tamburlaine* vnto thy
(death.
Come puissant Uicroies, let vs to the field,
(The Perseans Sepulchre) and sacrifice
Mountaines of breathlesse men to *Mahomet*.

The bloody Conquests of

wln 1338
wln 1339

Who now with *Ioue* opens the firmament,
To see the slaughter of our enemies.

wln 1340

Actus. 2. Scæna. 1.

wln 1341
wln 1342

*Tamburlaine with his three sonnes, Vsumeasane
with other.*

wln 1343

Tam.

wln 1344

HOw now *Casane*? See a knot of kings,

wln 1345

Sitting as if they were a telling ridles.

wln 1346

Vsu. My Lord, your presence makes them

wln 1347

(pale and wan.

wln 1348

Poore soules they looke as if their deaths were neere.

wln 1349

tamb. Why, so he is *Casane*, I am here,

wln 1350

But yet Ile saue their liues and make them slaues.

wln 1351

Ye petty kings of Turkye I am come,

wln 1352

As *Hector* did into the Grecian campe.

wln 1353

To ouerdare the pride of *Græcia*.

wln 1354

And set his warlike person to the view

wln 1355

Of fierce *Achilles*, riuall of his fame,

wln 1356

I doe you honor in the *simile*.

wln 1357

For if I should as *Hector* did *Achilles*,

wln 1358

(The worthiest knight that euer brandisht sword)

wln 1359

Challenge in combat any of you all,

wln 1360

I see how fearfully ye would refuse,

wln 1361

And fly my gloue as from a Scorpion.

wln 1362

Orc. Now thou art fearfull of thy armies strength,

wln 1363

Thou wouldst with ouermatch of person fight,

wln 1364

But Shepherds issue, base borne *tamburlaine*,

wln 1365

Thinke of thy end, this sword shall lance thy

wln 1366

(throat.

wln 1367

Tamb. Uillain, the shepherds issue, at whose byrth

Heauen

wln 1368
wln 1369
wln 1370
wln 1371
wln 1372
wln 1373
wln 1374
wln 1375
wln 1376
wln 1377
wln 1378
wln 1379
wln 1380
wln 1381
wln 1382
wln 1383
wln 1384
wln 1385
wln 1386
wln 1387
wln 1388
wln 1389
wln 1390
wln 1391
wln 1392
wln 1393
wln 1394
wln 1395
wln 1396
wln 1397
wln 1398
wln 1399

Heauen did affoord a gracious aspect,
And ioin'd those stars that shall be opposite,
Euen till the dissolution of the world,
And neuer meant to make a Conquerour,
So famous as is mighty *Tamburlain*:
Shall so torment thee and that *Callapine*,
That like a roguish runaway, suborn'd
That villaine there, that slaue, that Turkish dog,
To false his seruice to his Soueraigne,
As ye shal curse the byrth of *Tamburlaine*.

Cal. Raile not proud Scythian, I shall now reuenge
My fathers vile abuses and mine owne.

Ier. By *Mahomet* he shal be tied in chaines,
Rowing with Christians in a Brigandine,
About the Grecian Isles to rob and spoile:
And turne him to his ancient trade againe.
Me thinks the slaue should make a lusty theefe.

Cal. Nay, when the battaile ends, al we wil meet,
And sit in councell to inuent some paine,
That most may vex his body and his soule.

Tam. Sirha, *Callapine*, Ile hang a clogge about
your necke for running away againe, you shall not trou=
ble me thus to come and fetch you.

But as for you (*Uiceroy*) you shal haue bits,
And harnest like my horses, draw my coch:
And when ye stay, be lasht with whips of wier,
Ile haue you learne to feed on prouander,
And in a stable lie vpon the planks:

Orc. But *Tamburlaine*, first thou shalt kneele to vs
And humbly craue a pardon for thy life.

treb. The common souldiers of our mighty hoste
Shal bring thee bound vnto the Generals tent.

Sor.

The bloody Conquests of

wln 1400
wln 1401
wln 1402
wln 1403
wln 1404
wln 1405
wln 1406
wln 1407
wln 1408
wln 1409
wln 1410
wln 1411
wln 1412
wln 1413
wln 1414
wln 1415
wln 1416
wln 1417
wln 1418
wln 1419
wln 1420
wln 1421
wln 1422
wln 1423
wln 1424
wln 1425
wln 1426
wln 1427
wln 1428
wln 1429
wln 1430
wln 1431

Sor. And all haue iointly sworne thy cruell death,
Or bind thee in eternall torments wrath.

tam. Wel sirs, diet your selues, you knowe I shall
haue occasion shortly to iourney you.

Cel. See father, how *Almeda* the Iaylor looks
vpon vs.

tam. Uillaine, traitor, damned fugitiue,
Ile make thee wish the earth had swallowed thee:
Seest thou not death within my wrathfull looks.
Goe villaine, cast thee headlong from a rock,
Or rip thy bowels, and rend out thy heart,
T'appease my wrath, or els Ile torture thee,
Searing thy hatefull flesh with burning yrons,
And drops of scalding lead, while all thy ioints
Be rackt and beat asunder with the wheele,
For if thou liuest, not any Element
Shal shrowde thee from the wrath of *tamburlaine*

Cal. Wel, in despite of thee he shall be king:
Come *Almeda*, receiue this crowne of me,
I here inuest thee king of *Ariadan*,
Bordering on *Mare Roso* neere to *Meca*.

Or. What, take it man.

Al. Good my Lord, let me take it.

Cal. Doost thou aske him leaue? here, take it.

tam. Go too sirha, take your crown, and make vp the
halfe dozen.

So sirha, now you are a king you must giue armes.

Or. So he shal, and weare thy head in his Scutchion:

tamb. No, let him hang a bunch of keies on his stan=
derd, to put him in remembrance he was a Iailor, that
when I take him, I may knocke out his braines with
them, and lock you in the stable, when you shall come

sweating

mighty Tamburlaine. Pars. 2

wln 1432
wln 1433
wln 1434
wln 1435
wln 1436
wln 1437
wln 1438
wln 1439
wln 1440
wln 1441
wln 1442
wln 1443
wln 1444
wln 1445
wln 1446
wln 1447
wln 1448
wln 1449
wln 1450
wln 1451
wln 1452
wln 1453
wln 1454
wln 1455
wln 1456
wln 1457
wln 1458
wln 1459
wln 1460
wln 1461
wln 1462
wln 1463

sweating from my chariot.

treb. Away, let vs to the field, that the villaine may be slaine.

tamb. Sirha, prepare whips, and bring my chariot to my Tent: For as soone as the battaile is done, Ile ride in triumph through the Camp.

Enter Theridamas, Techelles and their traine.

How now ye pety kings, loe, here are Bugges
Wil make the haire stand vpright on your heads,
And cast your crownes in slauery at their feet.
Welcome *theridamas* and *techelles* both,
See ye this rout, and know ye this same king?

ther. I, my Lord, he was *Calapines* keeper.

tam. Wel, now you see hee is a king, looke to him *theridamas*, when we are fighting, least hee hide his crowne as the foolish king of *Persea* did.

Sor. No *Tamburlaine*, hee shall not be put to that Exigent, I warrant thee.

tam. You knowe not sir:

But now my followers and my louing friends,
Fight as you euer did, like Conquerours,
The glorie of this happy day is yours:
My sterne aspect shall make faire Uictory,
Houering betwixt our armies, light on me,
Loden with Lawrell wreathes to crowne vs all.

tech. I smile to think, how when this field is fought,
And rich *Natolia* ours, our men shall sweat
With carrieng pearle and treasure on their backes,

tamb. You shall be princes all immediatly:
Come fight ye Turks, or yeeld vs victory.

Or. No, we wil meet thee slauish *tāburlain*.

Exeunt

The bloody Conquests of

Actus. 4. Scæna. 1.

wln 1464

wln 1465

wln 1466

*Alarme: Amyras and Celebinus, issues from the tent
where Caliphas sits a sleepe.*

wln 1467

wln 1468

wln 1469

wln 1470

wln 1471

wln 1472

wln 1473

wln 1474

wln 1475

wln 1476

wln 1477

wln 1478

wln 1479

wln 1480

wln 1481

wln 1482

wln 1483

wln 1484

wln 1485

wln 1486

wln 1487

wln 1488

wln 1489

wln 1490

wln 1491

wln 1492

wln 1493

NOW in their glories shine the golden crownes
Of these proud Turks, much like so many suns
That halfe dismay the maiesty of heauen:

Now brother follow we our fathers sword,
That flies with fury swifter than our thoughts,
And cuts down armies with his conquerings wings,

Cel. Call foorth our laisie brother from the tent,
For if my father misse him in the field,
Wrath kindled in the furnace of his breast,
Wil send a deadly lightening to his heart.

Amy. Brother, ho, what, giuen so much to sleep
You cannot leaue it, when our enemies drums
And ratling cannons thunder in our eares
Our proper ruine, and our fathers foile?

Cal. Away ye fools, my father needs not me,
Nor you in faith, but that you wil be thought
More childish valourous than manly wise:
If halfe our campe should sit and sleepe with me,
My father ware enough to scare the foe:
You doo dishonor to his maiesty,
To think our helps will doe him any good.

Amy. What, dar'st thou then be absent frō the fight,
Knowing my father hates thy cowardise,
And oft hath warn'd thee to be stil in field,
When he himselfe amidst the thickest troopes
Beats downe our foes to flesh our taintlesse swords.

Cal. I know sir, what it is to kil a man,

mighty Tamburlaine. Pars. 2.

wln 1494
wln 1495
wln 1496
wln 1497
wln 1498
wln 1499
wln 1500
wln 1501
wln 1502
wln 1503
wln 1504
wln 1505
wln 1506
wln 1507
wln 1508
wln 1509
wln 1510
wln 1511
wln 1512
wln 1513
wln 1514
wln 1515
wln 1516
wln 1517
wln 1518
wln 1519
wln 1520
wln 1521
wln 1522
wln 1523
wln 1524
wln 1525

It works remorse of conscience in me,
I take no pleasure to be murtherous,
Nor care for blood when wine wil quench my thirst.

Cel. O cowardly boy, fie for shame, come foorth.
Thou doost dishonor manhood, and thy house.

Cal. Goe, goe tall stripling, fight you for vs both,
And take my other toward brother here,
For person like to prooue a second *Mars*,
Twill please my mind as wel to heare both you
Haue won a heape of honor in the field,
And left your slender carkasses behind,
As if I lay with you for company.

Amy. You wil not goe then?

Cal. You say true.

Amy. Were all the lofty mounts of *Zona mundi*,
That fill the midst of farthest *Tartary*,
Turn'd into pearle and proffered for my stay,
I would not bide the furie of my father:
When made a victor in these hautie arms.
He comes and findes his sonnes haue had no shares
In all the honors he proposde for vs.

Cal. Take you the honor, I will take my ease,
My wisdom shall excuse my cowardise:
I goe into the field before I need?

Alarme, and Amy. and Celeb. run in.

The bullets fly at random where they list.
And should I goe and kill a thousand men,
I were as soone rewarded with a shot,
And sooner far than he that neuer fights.
And should I goe and do nor harme nor good,
I might haue harme, which all the good I haue
Ioin'd with my fathers crowne would neuer cure.

wln 1526
wln 1527
wln 1528
wln 1529
wln 1530
wln 1531
wln 1532
wln 1533
wln 1534
wln 1535
wln 1536
wln 1537
wln 1538
wln 1539
wln 1540
wln 1541
wln 1542
wln 1543
wln 1544
wln 1545
wln 1546
wln 1547
wln 1548
wln 1549
wln 1550
wln 1551
wln 1552
wln 1553
wln 1554
wln 1555
wln 1556
wln 1557

Ile to cardes: *Perdicas*.

Perd. Here my Lord.

Cal. Come, thou and I wil goe to cardes to driue
away the time.

Per. Content my Lord, but what shal we play for?

Cal. Who shal kisse the fairest of the Turkes Con=
cubines first, when my father hath conquered them.

Per. Agreed yfaith.

They play.

Cal. They say I am a coward, (*Perdicas*) and I
feare as litle their *tara, tantaras*, their swordes or their
cannons, as I doe a naked Lady in a net of golde, and
for feare I should be affraid, would put it off and come
to bed with me.

Per. Such a feare (my Lord) would neuer make yee
(retire.

Cal. I would my father would let me be put in the
front of such a battaile once, to trie my valour.

Alarme.

What a coyle they keepe, I beleue there will be some
hurt done anon amongst them.

*Enter Tamburlain, Theridamas, Techelles, Vsu=
measane, Amyras, Celebinus, leading
the Turkish kings.*

Tam. See now ye slaues, my childrē stoops your pride
And leads your glories sheep=like to the sword.
Bring them my boyes, and tel me if the warres
Be not a life that may illustrate Gods,
And tickle not your Spirits with desire
Stil to be train'd in armes and chialry:

Amy. Shal we let goe these kings again my Lord
To gather greater numbers gainst our power,
That they may say, it is not chance doth this,

But

wln 1558
wln 1559
wln 1560
wln 1561
wln 1562
wln 1563
wln 1564
wln 1565
wln 1566
wln 1567
wln 1568
wln 1569
wln 1570
wln 1571
wln 1572
wln 1573
wln 1574
wln 1575
wln 1576
wln 1577
wln 1578
wln 1579
wln 1580
wln 1581
wln 1582
wln 1583
wln 1584
wln 1585
wln 1586
wln 1587
wln 1588
wln 1589

But matchlesse strength and magnanimity.

tamb. No, no *Amyras*, tempt not Fortune so,
Cherish thy valour stil with fresh supplies:
And glut it not with stale and daunted foes,
But wher's this coward, villaine, not my sonne,
But traitor to my name and maiesty.

He goes in and brings him out.

Image of sloth, and and picture of a slaue,
The obloquie and skorne of my renowne,
How may my hart, thus fired with mine eies,
Wounded with shame, and kill'd with discontent,
Shrowd any thought may holde my striuing hands
From martiall iustice on thy wretched soule.

ther. Yet pardon him I pray your Maiesty. (don

tech. & Vsu. Let al of vs intreat your highnesse par=

tam. Stand vp, ye base vnworthy souldiers,
Know ye not yet the argument of Armes?

Amy. Good my Lord, let him be forgiuen for once,
And we wil force him to the field hereafter.

tam. Stand vp my boyes, and I wil teach ye arms,
And what the iealousie of warres must doe.

O *Samarcanda*, where I breathed first,
And ioy'd the fire of this martiall flesh,
Blush, blush faire citie, at thine honors foile,
And shame of nature with *Iaertis* streame,
Embracing thee with deepest of his loue,
Can neuer wash from thy distained browes.
Here *Ioue*, receiue his fainting soule againe,
A Forme not meet to giue that subiect essence,
Whose matter is the flesh of *Tamburlain*,
Wherein an incorporeall spirit mooues,
Made of the mould whereof of thy selfe consists.

wln 1590 Which makes me valiant, proud, ambitious,
wln 1591 Ready to leuie power against thy throne,
wln 1592 That I might mooue the turning Spheares of heauē,
wln 1593 For earth and al this aery region
wln 1594 Cannot containe the state of *Tamburlaine*.
wln 1595 By *Mahomet*, thy mighty friend I swear,
wln 1596 In sending to my issue such a soule,
wln 1597 Created of the massy dregges of earth,
wln 1598 The scum and tartar of the Elements,
wln 1599 Wherein was neither corrage, strength or wit,
wln 1600 But follie, sloth, and damned idlennesse:
wln 1601 Thou hast procur'd a greater enemye,
wln 1602 Than he that darded mountaines at thy head.
wln 1603 Shaking the burthen mighty *Atlas* beares:
wln 1604 Whereat thou trembling hid'st thee in the aire.
wln 1605 Cloth'd with a pitchy cloud for being seene.
wln 1606 And now ye cankred cures of *Asia*,
wln 1607 That will not see the strength of *Tamburlaine*,
wln 1608 Although it shine as brightly as the Sun.
wln 1609 Now you shal feele the strength of *Tamburlain*,
wln 1610 And by the state of his supremacie,
wln 1611 Approoue the difference twixt himself and you.
wln 1612 *Orc.* Thou shewest the difference twixt our selues
wln 1613 (and thee.
wln 1614 In this thy barbarous damned tyranny.
wln 1615 *Ier.* Thy victories are growne so violent,
wln 1616 That shortly heauen, fild with the meteors
wln 1617 Of blood and fire thy tyrannies haue made,
wln 1618 Will poure down blood and fire on thy head:
wln 1619 Whose scalding drops wil pierce thy seething braines,
wln 1620 And with our bloods, reuenge our bloods on thee.
wln 1621 *Tamb.* Uillaines, these terrours and these tyrannies

(If

mighty Tamburlaine. Pars. 2.

wln 1622 (If tyrannies wars iustice ye repute)
wln 1623 I execute, enioin'd me from aboue:
wln 1624 To scourge the pride of such as heauen abhors,
wln 1625 Nor am I made Arch=monark of the world,
wln 1626 Crown'd and inuested by the hand of *Ioue*,
wln 1627 For deeds of bounty or nobility:
wln 1628 But since I exercise a greater name,
wln 1629 The Scourge of God and terroure of the world,
wln 1630 I must apply my selfe to fit those tearmes,
wln 1631 In war, in blood, in death, in crueltie,
wln 1632 And plague such Pesants as resisting me,
wln 1633 The power of heauens eternall maiesty.
wln 1634 *Theridamas, techelles, and Casane,*
wln 1635 Ransacke the tents and the paulions
wln 1636 Of these proud Turks, and take their Concubines.
wln 1637 Making them burie this effeminate brat,
wln 1638 For not a common Souldier shall defile
wln 1639 His manly fingers with so faint a boy.
wln 1640 Then bring those Turkish harlots to my tent,
wln 1641 And Ile dispose them as it likes me best,
wln 1642 Meane while take him in.
wln 1643 *Soul.* We will my Lord.
wln 1644 *Ier* O damned monster, nay a Feend of Hell,
wln 1645 Whose cruelties are not so harsh as thine,
wln 1646 Nor yet imposd, with such a bitter hate.
wln 1647 *Orc.* Reuenge it *Radamanth* and *Eacus*,
wln 1648 And let your hates extended in his paines,
wln 1649 Expell the hate wherewith he paines our soules.
wln 1650 *treb.* May neuer day giue vertue to his eies,
wln 1651 Whose sight composde of furie and of fire
wln 1652 Doth send such sterne affections to his heart,
wln 1653 *Sor.* May neuer spirit, vaine or Artier feed

The

[◇◇◇◇]

wln 1654
wln 1655
wln 1656
wln 1657
wln 1658
wln 1659
wln 1660
wln 1661
wln 1662
wln 1663
wln 1664
wln 1665
wln 1666
wln 1667
wln 1668
wln 1669
wln 1670
wln 1671
wln 1672
wln 1673
wln 1674
wln 1675
wln 1676
wln 1677
wln 1678
wln 1679
wln 1680
wln 1681
wln 1682

The cursed substance of that cruel heart,
But (wanting moisture and remorsefull blood)
Drie vp with anger, and consume with heat.
tam. Wel, bark ye dogs, Ile bridle al your tongues
And bind them close with bits of burnisht steele,
Downe to the channels of your hatefull throats,
And with the paines my rigour shall inflict,
Ile make ye roare, that earth may eccho foorth
The far resounding torments ye sustaine,
As when an heard of lusty Cymbrian Bulls,
Run mourning round about, the Femals misse,
And stung with furie of their following,
Fill all the aire with troublous bellowing:
I will with Engines, neuer exercise,
Conquer, sacke, and vtterly consume
Your cities and your golden pallaces,
And with the flames that beat against the clowdes
Incense the heauens. and make the starres to melt,
As if they were the teares of *Mahomet*
For hot consumption of his countries pride:
And til by vision, or by speach I heare
Immortall *Ioue* say, Cease my *Tamburlaine*,
I will persist a terrour to the world,
Making the Meteors, that like armed men
Are seene to march vpon the towers of heauen,
Run tilting round about the firmament,
And breake their burning Lances in the aire,
For honor of my woondrous victories.
Come bring them in to our Pauilion.

Exeunt.

Actus

wln 1683

Actus. 4. Scæna. 3,

wln 1684

Olympia alone.

wln 1685

DIstrest *Olympia*, whose weeping eies
wln 1686 Since thy arriuall here beheld no Sun,
wln 1687 But closde within the compasse of a tent,
wln 1688 Hath stain'd thy cheekes, & made thee look like
wln 1689 Deuise some meanes to rid thee of thy life. (death
wln 1690 Rather than yeeld to his detested suit,
wln 1691 Whose drift is onely to dishonor thee.
wln 1692 And since this earth, dew'd with thy brinish teares,
wln 1693 Affords no hearbs, whose taste may poison thee,
wln 1694 Nor yet this aier, beat often with thy sighes,
wln 1695 Contagious smels, and vapors to infect thee,
wln 1696 Nor thy close Caue a sword to murder thee,
wln 1697 Let this inuention be the instrument.

wln 1698

Enter Theridamas.

wln 1699

The. Wel met *Olympia*, I sought thee in my tent
wln 1700 But when I saw the place obscure and darke,
wln 1701 Which with thy beauty thou wast woont to light,
wln 1702 Enrag'd, I ran about the fields for thee,
wln 1703 Supposing, amorous *Ioue* had sent his sonne,
wln 1704 The winged *Hermes*, to conuay thee hence:
wln 1705 But now I finde thee, and that feare is past.
wln 1706 Tell me *Olympia*, wilt thou graunt my suit?

wln 1700

wln 1701

wln 1702

wln 1703

wln 1704

wln 1705

wln 1706

wln 1707

wln 1708

wln 1709

wln 1710

wln 1711

Olym. My Lord and husbandes death, with my
wln 1708 With whom I buried al affections, (sweete sons,
wln 1709 Saue grieve and sorrow which torment my heart,
wln 1710 Forbids my mind to entertaine a thought
wln 1711 That tends to loue, but meditate on death,

The bloody Conquests of

wln 1712
wln 1713
wln 1714
wln 1715
wln 1716
wln 1717
wln 1718
wln 1719
wln 1720
wln 1721
wln 1722
wln 1723
wln 1724
wln 1725
wln 1726
wln 1727
wln 1728
wln 1729
wln 1730
wln 1731
wln 1732
wln 1733
wln 1734
wln 1735
wln 1736
wln 1737
wln 1738
wln 1739
wln 1740
wln 1741
wln 1742
wln 1743

A fitter subiect for a pensiuē soule.

Ther. *Olympia*, pitie him, in whom thy looks
Haue greater operation and more force
Than *Cynthias* in the watery wildernes,
For with thy view my ioyes are at the full,
And eb againe, as thou departst from me.

Olim. Ah, pity me my Lord, and draw your sword,
Making a passage for my troubled soule,
Which beates against this prison to get out,
And meet my husband and my louing sonne.

ther. Nothing, but stil thy husband and thy sonne?
Leaue this my Loue, and listen more to me,
Thou shalt be stately Queene of faire *Argier*,
And cloth'd in costly cloath of massy gold,
Upon the marble turrets of my Court
Sit like to *Venus* in her chaire of state,
Commanding all thy princely eie desires,
And I will cast off armes and sit with thee,
Spending my life in sweet discourse of loue.

Olym. No such discourse is pleasant in mine eares,
But that where euery period ends with death,
And euery line begins with death againe:
I cannot loue to be an Emperesse.

ther. Nay Lady, then if nothing wil preuaile,
Ile vse some other means to make you yeeld,
Such is the sodaine fury of my loue,
I must and wil be pleasde, and you shall yeeld:
Come to the tent againe. (honor,

Olym. Stay good my Lord, and wil you saue my
Ile giue your Grace a present of such price,
As all the world cannot affoord the like.

ther. What is it.

Olim.

mighty Tamburlaine. Pars. 2.

wln 1744
wln 1745
wln 1746
wln 1747
wln 1748
wln 1749
wln 1750
wln 1751
wln 1752
wln 1753
wln 1754
wln 1755
wln 1756
wln 1757
wln 1758
wln 1759
wln 1760
wln 1761
wln 1762
wln 1763
wln 1764
wln 1765
wln 1766
wln 1767
wln 1768
wln 1769
wln 1770
wln 1771
wln 1772
wln 1773
wln 1774
wln 1775

Olym. An ointment which a cunning Alcumist
Distilled from the purest Balsamum,
And simplest extracts of all Minerals,
In which the essentiall fourme of Marble stone,
Tempered by science metaphisicall,
And Spels of magicke from the mouthes of spirits,
With which if you but noint your tender Skin,
Nor Pistol, Sword, nor Lance can pierce your flesh.

Ther. Why Madam, thinke ye to mocke me thus
palpably?

Olim. To prooue it, I wil noint my naked throat,
Which when you stab, looke on your weapons point,
And you shall se't rebated with the blow.

ther. Why gaue you not your husband some of it, if
you loued him, and it so precious?

Olym. My purpose was (my Lord) to spend it so,
But was preuented by his sodaine end.

And for a present easie prooffe hereof,
That I dissemble not, trie it on me,

ther. I wil *Olympia*, and will keep it for
The richest present of this Easterne world.

She noints her throat.

Olym. Now stab my Lord, and mark your weapons
That wil be blunted if the blow be great. (point

ther. Here then *Olympia*.
What, haue I slaine her? Uillaine, stab thy selfe:
Cut off this arme that murdered my Loue:
In whom the learned Rabies of this age,
Might find as many woondrous myracles,
As in the Theoria of the world.
Now Hell is fairer than *Elisian*,
A greater Lamp than that bright eie of heauen,

From

The bloody Conquests of

wln 1776
wln 1777
wln 1778
wln 1779
wln 1780
wln 1781
wln 1782
wln 1783
wln 1784
wln 1785
wln 1786

From whence the starres doo borrow all their light,
Wanders about the black circumference,
And now the damned soules are free from paine,
For euery Fury gazeth on her lookes:
Infernall *Dis* is courting of my Loue,
Inuenting maskes and stately showes for her,
Opening the doores of his rich treasure,
To entertaine this Queene of chastitie,
Whose body shall be tomb'd with all the pompe
The treasure of my kingdome may affoord.

Exit, taking her away.

wln 1787

Actus. 4. Scæna. 4.

wln 1788
wln 1789
wln 1790
wln 1791
wln 1792
wln 1793
wln 1794
wln 1795
wln 1796
wln 1797
wln 1798
wln 1799
wln 1800
wln 1801
wln 1802
wln 1803
wln 1804
wln 1805
wln 1806

*Tamburlaine drawn in his chariot by Trebizon
and Soria with bittes in their mouthes, reines in
his left hand, in his right hād a whip, with which
he scourgeth them, Techelles, Theridamas, Vsu=
measane, Amyras, Celebinus: Natolia, and Ieru=
salem led by with fiue or six common souldiers.*

Tam.

Holla, ye pampered Iades of *Asia*:
What, can ye draw but twenty miles a day,
And haue so proud a chariot at your heeles,
And such a Coachman as great *Tamburlaine*?
But from *Asphaltis*, where I conquer'd you,
To *Byron* here where thus I honor you?
The horse that guide the golden eie of heauen,
And blow the morning from their nosterils,
Making their fiery gate aboue the cloudes,
Are not so honoured in their Gouvernour,
As you (ye slaues) in mighty *Tamburlain*.
The headstrong Iades of *Thrace*, *Alcides* tam'd,

That

mighty Tamburlaine. Pars. 2.

wln 1807
wln 1808
wln 1809
wln 1810
wln 1811
wln 1812
wln 1813
wln 1814
wln 1815
wln 1816
wln 1817
wln 1818
wln 1819
wln 1820
wln 1821
wln 1822
wln 1823
wln 1824
wln 1825
wln 1826
wln 1827
wln 1828
wln 1829
wln 1830
wln 1831
wln 1832
wln 1833
wln 1834
wln 1835
wln 1836
wln 1837
wln 1838

That King *Egeus* fed with humane flesh,
And made so wanton that they knew their strengths,
Were not subdew'd with valour more diuine,
Than you by this vnconquered arme of mine.
To make you fierce, and fit my appetite,
You shal be fed with flesh as raw as blood,
And drinke in pailles the strongest Muscadell:
If you can liue with it, then liue, and draw
My chariot swifter than the racking cloudes:
If not, then dy like beasts, and fit for nought
But perches for the black and fatall Rauens.
Thus am I right the Scourge of highest *Ioue*,
And see the figure of my dignitie,
By which I hold my name and maiesty.
Ami. Let me haue coach my Lord, that I may ride,
And thus be drawen with these two idle kings.
tam. Thy youth forbids such ease my kingly boy,
They shall to morrow draw my chariot,
While these their fellow kings may be refresht,
Orc. O thou that swaiest the region vnder earth,
And art a king as absolute as *Ioue*,
Come as thou didst in fruitfull Scicilie,
Suruaieng all the glories of the land:
And as thou took'st the faire *Proserpina*,
Ioying the fruit of *Ceres* garden plot,
For loue, for honor, and to make her Queene,
So for iust hate, for shame, and to subdew
This proud contemner of thy dreadfull power,
Come once in furie and suruay his pride,
Haling him headlong to the lowest hell.
ther. Your Maiesty must get some byts for these,
To bridle their contemptuous cursing tongues,

That

The bloody Conquests of

wln 1839
wln 1840
wln 1841
wln 1842
wln 1843
wln 1844
wln 1845
wln 1846
wln 1847
wln 1848
wln 1849
wln 1850
wln 1851
wln 1852
wln 1853
wln 1854
wln 1855
wln 1856
wln 1857
wln 1858
wln 1859
wln 1860
wln 1861
wln 1862
wln 1863
wln 1864
wln 1865
wln 1866
wln 1867
wln 1868
wln 1869
wln 1870

That like vnruely neuer broken Iades,
Breake through the hedges of their hateful mouthes,
And passe their fixed boundes exceedingly.
Tech. Nay, we wil break the hedges of their mouths
And pul their kicking colts out of their pastures,
Vsu Your Maiesty already hath deuisde
A meane, as fit as may be to restraine
These coltish coach=horse tongues from blasphemy.
Cel. How like you that sir king? why speak you not?
Ier. Ah cruel Brat, sprung from a tyrants loines,
How like his cursed father he begins,
To practize tauntes and bitter tyrannies?
Tam. I Turke, I tel thee, this same Boy is he,
That must (aduaunst in higher pompe than this)
Rifle the kingdomes I shall leaue vnsackt.
If *Ioue* esteeming me too good for earth,
Raise me to match the faire *Aldeboran*,
About the threefold Astracisme of heauen,
Before I conquere all the triple world.
Now fetch me out the Turkish Concubines,
I will prefer them for the funerall
They haue bestowed on my abortiue sonne.
The Concubines are brought in.
Where are my common souldiers now that fought
So Lion=like vpon Asphaltis plaines?
Soul. Here my Lord.
Tam. Hold ye tal souldiers, take ye Queens apeece
(I meane such Queens as were kings Concubines)
Take them, deuide them and their iewels too,
And let them equally serue all your turnes.
Soul. We thank your maiesty.
tam. Brawle not (I warne you) for your lechery,

For

mighty Tamburlaine. Pars. 2

wln 1871
wln 1872
wln 1873
wln 1874
wln 1875
wln 1876
wln 1877
wln 1878
wln 1879
wln 1880
wln 1881
wln 1882
wln 1883
wln 1884
wln 1885
wln 1886
wln 1887
wln 1888
wln 1889
wln 1890
wln 1891
wln 1892
wln 1893
wln 1894
wln 1895
wln 1896
wln 1897
wln 1898
wln 1899
wln 1900
wln 1901
wln 1902

For euery man that so offends shall die,
Orc. Iniurious tyrant, wilt thou so defame
The hatefull fortunes of thy victory,
To exercise vpon such guiltlesse Dames,
The violence of thy common Souldiours lust.
Tam. Liue content then (ye slaues) and meet not me
With troopes of harlots at your sloothful heeles
Lad. O pity vs my Lord, and saue our honours.
tam. Are ye not gone ye villaines with your spoiles?
They run away with the Ladies.
Ier. O mercillesse infernall cruelty.
Tam. Saue your honours? twere but time indeed,
Lost long before you knew what honour meant.
ther. It seemes they meant to conquer vs my Lord,
And make vs ieasting Pageants for their Trulles.
tam. And now themselues shal make our Pageant,
And common souldiers iest with all their Truls,
Let them take pleasure soundly in their spoiles,
Till we prepare our march to *Babylon*,
Whether we next make expedition.
tech. Let vs not be idle then my Lord,
But presently be prest to conquer it.
tam. We wil *techelles*, forward then ye Iades:
Now crowch ye kings of greatest *Asia*,
And tremble when ye heare this Scourge wil come,
That whips downe cities, and controwleth crownes,
Adding their wealth and treasure to my store,
The Euxine sea North to *Natolia*,
The Terrene west, the Caspian north north=east,
And on the south *Senus Arabicus*.
Shal al be loden with the martiall spoiles
We will conuay with vs to *Persea*.

K

Then

The bloody Conquest of

wln 1903 Then shal my natiue city *Samarcanda*
wln 1904 And christall waues of fresh *Iaertis* streame,
wln 1905 The pride and beautie of her princely seat,
wln 1906 Be famous through the furthest continents,
wln 1907 For there my Pallace royal shal be plac'd:
wln 1908 Whose shyning Turrets shal dismay the heauens,
wln 1909 And cast the fame of *Ilions* Tower to hell.
wln 1910 Thorow the streets with troops of conquered kings,
wln 1911 Ile ride in golden armour like the Sun,
wln 1912 And in my helme a triple plume shal spring,
wln 1913 Spangled with Diamonds dancing in the aire,
wln 1914 To note me Emperour of the threefold world.
wln 1915 Like to an almond tree ymounted high,
wln 1916 Upon the lofty and celestiall mount,
wln 1917 Of euery greene *Selinus* queintly dect
wln 1918 With bloomes more white than *Hericinas* browes,
wln 1919 Whose tender blossoms tremble euery one,
wln 1920 At euery litle breath that thorow heauen is blowen:
wln 1921 Then in my coach like *Saturnes* royal son,
wln 1922 Mounted his shining chariots, gilt with fire.
wln 1923 And drawen with princely Eagles through the path,
wln 1924 Pau'd with bright Christall, and enchac'd with starres,
wln 1925 When all the Gods stand and gazing at his pomp.
wln 1926 So will I ride through *Samarcanda* streets,
wln 1927 Vntil my soule disseuered from this flesh,
wln 1928 Shall mount the milk=white way and meet him there.
wln 1929 To *Babylon* my Lords, to *Babylon*.

Exeunt.

Finis Actus quarti.

wln 1930

Actus

mighty Tamburlaine. Pars. 2

wln 1931

Actus. 5. Scæna. 1.

wln 1932

*Enter the Gouvernour of Babylon vpon the walles
with others.*

wln 1933

wln 1934

Gouer.

wln 1935

WHAT saith *Maximus*? (hath made

wln 1936

Max. My Lord, the breach the enimie

wln 1937

Giues such assurance of our ouerthrow,

wln 1938

That litle hope is left to saue our liues,

wln 1939

Or hold our citie from the Conquerours hands.

wln 1940

Then hang out flagges (my Lord of humble truce,

wln 1941

And satisfie the peoples generall praiers,

wln 1942

That *Tamburlains* intollorable wrath

wln 1943

May be suppress by our submission.

wln 1944

Gou. Uillaine, respects thou more thy slauish life,

wln 1945

Than honor of thy cuntrye or thy name?

wln 1946

Is not my life and state as deere to me,

wln 1947

The citie and my natiue countries weale,

wln 1948

As any thing of price with thy conceit?

wln 1949

Haue we not hope, for all our battered walles,

wln 1950

To liue secure, and keep his forces out,

wln 1951

When this our famous lake of *Limnasphaltis*

wln 1952

Makes walles a fresh with euery thing that falles

wln 1953

Into the liquid substance of his streame,

wln 1954

More strong strong than are the gates of death or hel.

wln 1955

What faintnesse should dismay our courages,

wln 1956

When we are thus defenc'd against our Foe,

wln 1957

And haue no terrour but his threatning lookes?

wln 1958

Enter another, kneeling to the

wln 1959

Gouvernour.

wln 1960

My Lord, if euer you did deed of ruth,

wln 1961

And now will work a refuge to our liues,

The bloody Conquests of

wln 1962
wln 1963
wln 1964
wln 1965
wln 1966
wln 1967
wln 1968
wln 1969
wln 1970
wln 1971
wln 1972
wln 1973
wln 1974
wln 1975
wln 1976
wln 1977
wln 1978
wln 1979
wln 1980
wln 1981
wln 1982
wln 1983
wln 1984
wln 1985
wln 1986
wln 1987
wln 1988
wln 1989
wln 1990
wln 1991
wln 1992
wln 1993

Offer submission, hang vp flags of truce,
That *Tamburlaine* may pitie our distresse,
And vse vs like a louing Conquerour,
Though this be held his last daies dreadfull siege,
Wherein he spareth neither man nor child,
Yet are there Christians of *Georgia* here,
Whose state he euer pitied and relieu'd:
Wil get his pardon if your grace would send.

Gouer. How is my soule enuironed,
And this eternisde citie *Babylon*,
Fill'd with a packe of faintheart Fugitiues,
That thus intreat their shame and seruitude?

Another. My Lord, if euer you wil win our hearts,
Yeeld vp the towne, saue our wiues and children:
For I wil cast my selfe from off these walles,
Or die some death of quickest violence,
Before I bide the wrath of *Tamburlaine*.

Gouer. Uillaines, cowards, Traitors to our state,
Fall to the earth, and pierce the pit of Hel,
That legions of tormenting spirits may vex
Your slauish bosomes with continuall paines,
I care not, nor the towne will neuer yeeld
As long as any life is in my breast.

*Enter Theridamas and Techelles,
with other souldiers.*

Thou desperate Gouvernour of *Babylon*,
To saue thy life, and vs a litle labour,
Yeeld speedily the citie to our hands,
Or els be sure thou shalt be forc'd with paines,
More exquisite than euer Traitor felt.

Gou. Tyrant, I turne the traitor in thy throat,
And wil defend it in despite of thee.

Call

mighty Tamburlaine. Pars. 2.

wln 1994
wln 1995
wln 1996
wln 1997
wln 1998
wln 1999
wln 2000
wln 2001

Call vp the souldiers to defend these wals.
tech. Yeeld foolish Gouvernour, we offer more
Than euer **pet** we did to such proud slaues,
As durst resist vs till our third daies siege:
Thou seest vs prest to giue the last assault,
And that shal bide no more regard of parlie.

Gou. Assault and spare not, we wil neuer yeeld.
Alarme, and they scale the walles.

wln 2002
wln 2003

*Enter Tamburlain, with Vsumeasane. Amyras, and
Celebinus, with others, the two spare kings.*

wln 2004
wln 2005
wln 2006
wln 2007
wln 2008
wln 2009
wln 2010
wln 2011
wln 2012
wln 2013
wln 2014
wln 2015
wln 2016
wln 2017
wln 2018
wln 2019
wln 2020
wln 2021
wln 2022
wln 2023

Tam. The stately buildings of faire *Babylon*,
Whose lofty Pillers, higher than the cloudes,
Were woont to guide the seaman in the deepe.
Being caried thither by the cannons force,
Now fil the mouth of *Limnasphaltes* lake,
And make a bridge vnto the battered walles,
Where *Belus*, *Ninus* and great *Alexander*
Haue rode in triumph, triumphs *Tamburlaine*,
Whose chariot wheeles haue burst th' Assirians bones,
Drawen with these kings on heaps of carkasses,
Now in the place where faire *Semiramis*,
Courtred by kings and peeres of *Asia*,
Hath trode the Measures, do my souldiers march,
And in the streets, where braue Assirian Dames
Haue rid in pompe like rich *Saturnia*,
With furious words and frowning visages,
My horsmen brandish their vnruly blades.

*Enter Theridamas and Techelles bringing
the Gouvernour of Babylon.*

Who haue ye there my Lordes?

K3

ther

The bloody Conquests of

wln 2024
wln 2025
wln 2026
wln 2027
wln 2028
wln 2029
wln 2030
wln 2031
wln 2032
wln 2033
wln 2034
wln 2035
wln 2036
wln 2037
wln 2038
wln 2039
wln 2040
wln 2041
wln 2042
wln 2043
wln 2044
wln 2045
wln 2046
wln 2047
wln 2048
wln 2049
wln 2050
wln 2051
wln 2052
wln 2053
wln 2054
wln 2055

Ther. The sturdy Governour of *Babylon*,
That made vs all the labour for the towne,
And vsde such slender reckning of **you** maiesty.
tam. Go bind the villaine, he shall hang in chaines,
Upon the ruines of this conquered towne,
Sirha, the view of our vermillion tents,
Which threatned more than if the region
Next vnderneath the Element of fire,
Were full of Commets and of blazing stars,
Whose flaming traines should reach down to the earth
Could not affright you, no, nor I my selfe,
The wrathfull messenger of mighty *Ioue*,
That with his sword hath quail'd all earthly kings,
Could not perswade you to submission,
But stil the ports were shut: villaine I say,
Should I but touch the rusty gates of hell,
The triple headed *Cerberus* would howle,
And wake blacke *Ioue* to crouch and kneele to me.
But I haue sent volleies of shot to you,
Yet could not enter till the breach was made,
Gou. Nor if my body could haue stopt the breach,
Shouldst thou haue entred, cruel *tamburlaine*:
Tis not thy bloody tents can make me yeeld,
Nor yet thy selfe, the anger of the highest,
For though thy cannon shooke the citie walles,
My heart did neuer quake, or corrage faint.
tam. Wel, now Ile make it quake, go draw him vp,
Hang him vp in chaines vpon the citie walles,
And let my souldiers shoot the slaue to death.
Gouern. Uile monster, borne of some infernal hag,
And sent from hell to tyrannise on earth,
Do all thy wurst, nor death, nor *Tamburlaine*,

Tor=

mighty Tamburlaine. Pars. 2.

wln 2056
wln 2057
wln 2058
wln 2059
wln 2060
wln 2061
wln 2062
wln 2063
wln 2064
wln 2065
wln 2066
wln 2067
wln 2068
wln 2069
wln 2070
wln 2071
wln 2072
wln 2073
wln 2074
wln 2075
wln 2076
wln 2077
wln 2078
wln 2079
wln 2080
wln 2081
wln 2082
wln 2083
wln 2084
wln 2085
wln 2086
wln 2087

Torture or paine can daunt my dreadlesse minde.
tam. Up with him then, his body shalbe scard.
Gou But *Tamburlain*, in *Lymnasphaltis* lake,
There lies more gold than *Babylon* is worth,
Which when the citie was besieg'd I hid,
Saue but my life and I wil giue it thee. (life,
tam. Then for all your valour, you would saue your
Where about lies it?
Gou. Under a hollow bank, right opposite
Against the Westerne gate of *Babylon*.
tam Go thither some of you and take his gold,
The rest forward with execution,
Away with him hence, let him speake no more:
I think I make your courage something quaile,
When this is done, we'll march from *Babylon*,
And make our greatest haste to *Persea*:
These Iades are broken winded, and halfe tyr'd,
Unharnesse them, and let me haue fresh horse:
So, now their best is done to honour me,
Take them, and hang them both vp presently.
Tre. Vild Tyrant, barbarous bloody *Tamburlain*
Tamb. Take them away *Theridamas*, see them
(dispatcht.
Ther I will my Lord.
tam. Come Asian Uicroies, to your taskes a while
And take such fortune as your fellowes felt.
Orc. First let thy Scythyan horse teare both our
Rather then we should draw thy chariot. (limmes
And like base slaues abiect our princely mindes
To vile and ignominious seruitude.
Ier. Rather lend me thy weapon *Tamburlain*,
That I may sheath it in this breast of mine,

[◇◇◇◇]

wln 2088
wln 2089
wln 2090
wln 2091
wln 2092
wln 2093
wln 2094
wln 2095
wln 2096
wln 2097
wln 2098
wln 2099
wln 2100
wln 2101
wln 2102
wln 2103
wln 2104
wln 2105
wln 2106
wln 2107
wln 2108
wln 2109
wln 2110
wln 2111
wln 2112
wln 2113
wln 2114
wln 2115
wln 2116
wln 2117
wln 2118
wln 2119

A thousand deathes could not torment our hearts
More than the thought of this dooth vexe our soules.
Amy. They will talk still my Lord, if you doe not
bridle them.
tam. Bridle them, and let me to my coach.
They bridle them.
Amy. See now my Lord how braue the Captaine
(hangs.
tam. Tis braue indeed my boy, wel done,
Shoot first my Lord, and then the rest shall follow.
ther. Then haue at him to begin withall.
Theridamas shootes.
Gou Yet saue my life, and let this wound appease
The mortall furie of great *Tamburlain.*
tam. No, though *Asphaltis* lake were liquid gold,
And offer'd me as ransome for thy life,
Yet shouldst thou die, shoot at him all at once.
They shoote.
So now he hangs like *Bagdets* Gouvernour,
Hauing as many bullets in his flesh,
As there be breaches in her battered wall.
Goe now and bind the Burghers hand and foot,
And cast them headlong in the cities lake:
Tartars and Perseans shall inhabit there,
And to command the citie, I will build
A Cytadell, that all Affrica
Which hath bene subiect to the Persean king,
Shall pay me tribute for, in *Babylon.*
tech. What shal be done with their wiues and chil=
dren my Lord.
tam, Techelles, Drowne them all, man, woman,
Leaue not a Babylonian in the towne. (and child,

Tech.

mighty Tamburlaine. Pars. 2.

wln 2120
wln 2121
wln 2122
wln 2123
wln 2124
wln 2125
wln 2126
wln 2127
wln 2128
wln 2129
wln 2130
wln 2131
wln 2132
wln 2133
wln 2134
wln 2135
wln 2136
wln 2137
wln 2138
wln 2139
wln 2140
wln 2141
wln 2142
wln 2143
wln 2144
wln 2145
wln 2146
wln 2147
wln 2148
wln 2149
wln 2150
wln 2151

tech I will about it straight, come Souldiers.
tam. Now *Casane*, wher's the Turkish *Alcaron*,
And all the heapes of superstitious bookes,
Found in the Temples of that *Mahomet*?
Whom I haue thought a God, they shal be burnt.
Cas. Here they are my Lord.
tam. Wel said, let there be a fire presently,
In vaine I see men worship *Mahomet*,
My sword hath sent millions of Turks to hell.
Slew all his Priests, his kinsmen, and his friends,
And yet I liue vntoucht by *Mahomet*:
There is a God full of reuenging wrath,
From whom the thunder and the lightning breaks,
Whose Scourge I am, and him will I obey.
So *Casane*, fling them in the fire.
Now *Mahomet*, if thou haue any power,
Come downe thy selfe and worke a myracle,
Thou art not woorthy to be worshipped,
That suffers flames of fire to burne the writ
Wherein the sum of thy religion rests.
Why send'st thou not a furious whyrlwind downe,
To blow thy *Alcaron* vp to thy throne,
Where men report, thou sitt'st by God himselfe,
Or vengeance on the head of *Tamburlain*,
That shakes his sword against thy maiesty.
And spurns the Abstracts of thy foolish lawes.
Wel souldiers, *Mahomet* remaines in hell,
He cannot heare the voice of *Tamburlain*,
Seeke out another Godhead to adore,
The God that sits in heauen, if any God,
For he is God alone, and none but he.
tech. I haue fulfil'd your highnes wil, my Lord,

Exit

Thou

The bloody Conquests of

wln 2152 Thousands of men drown'd in *Asphaltis* Lake,
wln 2153 Haue made the water swell about the bankes,
wln 2154 And fishes feed by humane carkasses,
wln 2155 Amasde, swim vp and downe vpon the waues,
wln 2156 As when they swallow *Assafitida*,
wln 2157 Which makes them fleet aloft and gaspe for aire,
wln 2158 *tam.* Wel then my friendly Lordes what now re=
wln 2159 But that we leaue sufficient garrison (maines
wln 2160 And presently depart to *Persea*,
wln 2161 To triumph after all our victories.
wln 2162 *ther.* I, good my Lord, let vs in hast to *Persea*,
wln 2163 And let this Captaine be remoou'd the walles,
wln 2164 To some high hill about the citie here.
wln 2165 *tam.* Let it be so, about it souldiers:
wln 2166 But stay, I feele my selfe distempered sudainly.
wln 2167 *tech.* What is it dares distemper *Tamburlain*?
wln 2168 *tam.* Something *techelles* but I know not what,
wln 2169 But foorth ye vassals, what so ere it be,
wln 2170 Sicknes or death can neuer conquer me. *Exeunt*

wln 2171 *Actus. 5. Scæna. 4.*

wln 2172 *Enter Callapine, Amasia, with drums and trumpets.*
wln 2173 *Callap.*
wln 2174 KING of *Amasia*, now our mighty hoste,
wln 2175 Marcheth in *Asia maior* where the streames,
wln 2176 Of *Euphrates* and *Tigris* swiftly runs,
wln 2177 And here may we behold great Babylon,
wln 2178 Circled about with *Limnasphaltis* Lake,
wln 2179 Where *tamburlaine* with all his armie lies,
wln 2180 Which being faint and weary with the siege,
wln 2181 Wee may lie ready to encounter him.

Before

mighty Tamburlaine. Pars. 2.

wln 2182
wln 2183
wln 2184
wln 2185
wln 2186
wln 2187
wln 2188
wln 2189
wln 2190
wln 2191
wln 2192
wln 2193
wln 2194
wln 2195
wln 2196
wln 2197
wln 2198
wln 2199
wln 2200
wln 2201
wln 2202
wln 2203
wln 2204
wln 2205
wln 2206
wln 2207
wln 2208
wln 2209
wln 2210
wln 2211
wln 2212
wln 2213

Before his hoste be full from *Babylon*,
And so reuenge our latest grieuous losse,
If God or *Mahomet* send any aide.
Ama. Doubt not my lord, but we shal conquer him
The Monster that hath drunke a sea of blood,
And yet gapes stil for more to quench his thirst,
Our Turkish swords shal headlong send to hell,
And that vile Carkasse drawne by warlike kings,
The Foules shall eate, for neuer sepulchre
Shall grace that base=borne Tyrant *tamburlaine*.
Cal. When I record my Parents' slauish life,
Their cruel death, mine owne captiuity,
My Uicroies bondage vnder *tamburlaine*,
Me thinks I could sustaine a thousand deaths,
To be reueng'd of all his Uillanie.
Ah sacred *Mahomet*, thou that hast seene,
Millions of Turkes perish by *Tamburlaine*,
Kingdomes made waste, braue cities sackt & burnt,
And but one hoste is left to honor thee.
And thy obedient seruant *Callapine*.
And make him after all these ouerthrowes,
To triumph ouer cursed *Tamburlaine*.
Ama Feare not my Lord, I see great *Mahomet*
Clothed in purple clowdes, and on his head
A Chaplet brighter than *Apollos* crowne,
Marching about the ayer with armed men,
To ioine with you against this *Tamburlaine*.
Renowmed Generall mighty *Callapine*,
Though God himselfe and holy *Mahomet*,
Should come in person to resist your power,
Yet might your mighty hoste incounter all,
And pull proud *Tamburlaine* vpon his knees,

To

The bloody Conquests of

wln 2214
wln 2215
wln 2216
wln 2217
wln 2218
wln 2219
wln 2220
wln 2221
wln 2222
wln 2223
wln 2224
wln 2225
wln 2226
wln 2227
wln 2228
wln 2229
wln 2230
wln 2231
wln 2232

To sue for mercie at your highnesse feete,
 Cal. Captaine the force of *Tamburlaine* is great,
His fortune greater, and the victories
Wherewith he hath so sore dismaide the world,
Are greatest to discourage all our drifts,
Yet when the pride of *Cynthia* is at full,
She waines againe, and so shall his I hope,
For we haue here the chiefe selected men
Of twenty seuerall kingdomes at the least:
Nor plowman, Priest, nor Merchant staies at home.
All Turkie is in armes with *Callapine*.
And neuer wil we sunder camps and armes,
Before himselfe or his be conquered.
This is the time that must eternize me,
For conquering the Tyrant of the world.
Come Souldiers, let vs lie in wait for him
And if we find him absent from his campe,
Or that it be reioin'd again at full,
Assaile it and be sure of victorie.

Exeunt.

wln 2233

Actus. 5. Scæna. 6.

wln 2234

Theridamas, Techelles, Vsumeasane.

wln 2235
wln 2236
wln 2237
wln 2238
wln 2239
wln 2240
wln 2241
wln 2242

WEEpe heauens, and vanish into liquid teares
Fal starres that gouerne his natiuity,
And sommon al the shining lamps of heauen
To cast their bootlesse fires to the earth.
And shed their feble influence in the aire.
Muffle your beauties with eternall clowdes,
For hell and darknesse pitch their pitchy tentes,
And Death with armies of Cymerian spirits

Giues

mighty Tamburlaine. Pars. 2.

wln 2243 Giues battile gainst the heart of *Tamburlaine*.
wln 2244 Now in defiance of that woonted loue,
wln 2245 Your sacred vertues pour'd vpon his throne,
wln 2246 And made his state an honor to the heauens,
wln 2247 These cowards inuisible assaile hys soule,
wln 2248 And threaten conquest on our Soueraigne:
wln 2249 But if he die, your glories are disgrac'd,
wln 2250 Earth droopes and saies, that hell in heauen is plac'd,
wln 2251 *tech.* O then ye Powers that sway eternal seates,
wln 2252 And guide this massy substance of the earthe,
wln 2253 If you retaine desert of holinesse,
wln 2254 As your supream estates instruct our thoughtes,
wln 2255 Be not inconstant, carelesse of your fame,
wln 2256 Beare not the burthen of your enemies ioyes,
wln 2257 Triumpling in his fall whom you aduaunst,
wln 2258 But as his birth, life, health and maiesty
wln 2259 Were strangely blest and gouerned by heauen,
wln 2260 So honour heauen til heauen dissolued be,
wln 2261 His byrth, his life, his health and maiesty.
wln 2262 *Cas.* Blush heauen to loose the honor of thy name,
wln 2263 To see thy foot=stoole set vpon thy head,
wln 2264 And let no basenesse in thy haughty breast,
wln 2265 Sustaine a shame of such inexcellence:
wln 2266 To see the deuils mount in Angels throanes,
wln 2267 And Angels diue into the pooles of hell.
wln 2268 And though they think their painfull date is out,
wln 2269 And that their power is puissant as *Ioues*,
wln 2270 Which makes them manage armes against thy state,
wln 2271 Yet make them feele the strength of *Tamburlain*,
wln 2272 Thy instrument and note of **Maisty**.
wln 2273 Is greater far, than they can thus subdue.
wln 2274 For if he die, thy glorie is disgrac'd,

Earth

The bloody Conquests of

wln 2275
wln 2276
wln 2277
wln 2278
wln 2279
wln 2280
wln 2281
wln 2282
wln 2283
wln 2284
wln 2285
wln 2286
wln 2287
wln 2288
wln 2289
wln 2290
wln 2291
wln 2292
wln 2293
wln 2294
wln 2295
wln 2296
wln 2297
wln 2298
wln 2299
wln 2300
wln 2301
wln 2302
wln 2303
wln 2304
wln 2305
wln 2306

Earth droopes and saies that hel in heauen is plac'd.
tam. What daring God torments my body thus,
And seeks to conquer mighty *Tamburlaine*,
Shall sicknesse prooue me now to be a man,
That haue bene tearm'd the terrour of the world?
Techelles and the rest, come take your swords,
And threaten him whose hand afflicts my soul,
Come let vs march against the powers of heauen,
And set blacke streamers in the firmament,
To signifie the slaughter of the Gods,
Ah friends, what shal I doe I cannot stand,
Come carie me to war against the Gods,
That thus inuie the health of *Tamburlaine*.
ther. Ah good my Lord, leaue these impatient words,
Which ad much danger to your malladie.
tam. Why shal I sit and languish in this paine,
No, strike the drums, and in reuenge of this,
Come let vs chardge our speares and pierce his breast,
Whose shoulders beare the Axis of the world,
That if I perish, heauen and earth may fade,
theridamas, haste to the court of *Ioue*,
Will him to send *Apollo* hether straight,
To cure me, or Ile fetch him downe my selfe. (cease,
tech. Sit stil my gracious Lord, this grieffe wil
And cannot last, it is so violent.
tam. Not last *techelles*, no, for I shall die,
See where my slaue, the vglie monster death
Shaking and quiuering, pale and wan for feare,
Stands aiming at me with his murthering dart,
Who flies away at euery glance I giue,
And when I look away, comes stealing on:
Uillaine away, and hie thee to the field,

mighty Tamburlaine. Pars. 2.

wln 2307
wln 2308
wln 2309
wln 2310
wln 2311
wln 2312
wln 2313
wln 2314
wln 2315
wln 2316
wln 2317
wln 2318
wln 2319
wln 2320
wln 2321
wln 2322
wln 2323
wln 2324
wln 2325
wln 2326
wln 2327
wln 2328
wln 2329
wln 2330
wln 2331
wln 2332
wln 2333
wln 2334
wln 2335
wln 2336
wln 2337
wln 2338

I and myne armie come to lode thy barke
With soules of thousand mangled carkasses,
Looke where he goes, but see, he comes againe
Because I stay, *techelles* let vs march,
And weary Death with bearing soules to hell.
Phi. Pleaseth your Maiesty to drink this potion.
Which wil abate the furie of your fit,
And cause some milder spirits gouerne you.
tam. Tel me, what think you of my sicknes now?
Phi. I view'd your vrine, and the Hipostates
Thick and obscure doth make your danger great,
Your vaines are full of accidentall heat,
Whereby the moisture of your blood is dried,
The *Humidum* and *Calor*, which some holde
Is not a parcell of the Elements,
But of a substance more diuine and pure,
Is almost cleane extinguished and spent.
Which being the cause of life, imports your death.
Besides my Lord, this day is Criticall,
Dangerous to those, whose Chrisis is as yours:
Your Artiers which amongst the vaines conuey
The liuely spirits which the heart ingenders
Are partcht and void of spirit that the soule
Wanting those Organnons by which it mooues,
Can not indure by argument of art.
Yet if your maiesty may escape this day,
No doubt, but you shal soone recouer all.
tam. Then will I comfort all my vital parts,
And liue in sight of death aboute a day.
Alarme within.
Mess. My Lord, yong *Callapine* that lately fled from
your maiesty, hath nowe gathered a fresh Armie, and

hearing

The bloody Conquests of

wln 2339
wln 2340
wln 2341
wln 2342
wln 2343
wln 2344
wln 2345
wln 2346
wln 2347
wln 2348
wln 2349
wln 2350
wln 2351
wln 2352
wln 2353
wln 2354
wln 2355
wln 2356
wln 2357
wln 2358
wln 2359
wln 2360
wln 2361
wln 2362
wln 2363
wln 2364
wln 2365
wln 2366
wln 2367
wln 2368
wln 2369
wln 2370

hearing your absence in the field, offers to set vpon vs presently.

Tam. See my Phisitions now, how *Ioue* hath sent,
A present **medicince** to recure my paine:
My looks shall make them flie, and might I follow,
There should not one of all the villaines power
Lieu to giue offer of another fight.

Vsum. I ioy my Lord, your highnesse is so strong,
That can endure so well your royall presence,
Which onely will dismay the enemy.

Tam. I know it wil *Casane*: draw you slaues,
In spight of death I will goe show my face.

*Alarme, Tamb. goes in, and comes out
again with al the rest.*

Thus are the villaines, cowards fled for feare,
Like Summers vapours, vanisht by the Sun.
And could I but a while pursue the field,
That *Callapine* should be my slaue againe.
But I perceiue my martial strength is spent,
In vaine I striue and raile against those powers,
That meane t'inuest me in a higher throane,
As much too high for this disdainfull earth.
Giue me a Map, then let me see how much
Is left for me to conquer all the world,
That these my boies may finish all my wantes,

One brings a Map.

Here I began to martch towards *Persea*,
Along *Armenia* and the Caspian sea,
And thence vnto *Bythinia*, where I tooke
The Turke and his great Empresse prisoners,
Then martcht I into *Egypt* and *Arabia*,
And here not far from *Alexandria*,

Wher=

wln 2371 Whereas the Terren and the red sea meet,
wln 2372 Being distant lesse than ful a hundred leagues,
wln 2373 I meant to cut a channell to them both,
wln 2374 That men might quickly saile to *India*.
wln 2375 From thence to *Nubia* neere *Borno* Lake,
wln 2376 And so along the Ethiopian sea,
wln 2377 Cutting the Tropicke line of *Capricorne*,
wln 2378 I conquered all as far as *Zansibar*,
wln 2379 Then by the Northerne part of *Affrica*.
wln 2380 I came at last to *Græcia*, and from thence
wln 2381 To *Asia*, where I stay against my will,
wln 2382 Which is from *Scythia*, where I first began,
wln 2383 Backward and forwards nere fiue thousand leagues,
wln 2384 Looke here my boies, see what a world of ground,
wln 2385 Lies westward from the midst of *Cancers* line,
wln 2386 Unto the rising of this earthly globe,
wln 2387 Whereas the Sun declining from our sight,
wln 2388 Begins the day with our Antypodes:
wln 2389 And shall I die, and this vnconquered?
wln 2390 Loe here my sonnes, are all the golden Mines,
wln 2391 Inestimable drugs and precious stones,
wln 2392 More worth than *Asia*, and the world beside,
wln 2393 And from th' Antartique Pole, Eastward behold
wln 2394 As much more land, which neuer was descried,
wln 2395 Wherein are rockes of Pearle, that shine as **kright**
wln 2396 As all the Lamps that beautifie the Sky,
wln 2397 And shal I die, and this vnconquered?
wln 2398 Here louely boies, what death forbids my life,
wln 2399 That let your liues commaund in spight of death.
wln 2400 *Amy.* Alas my Lord, how should our bleeding harts
wln 2401 Wounded and broken with your Highnesse grieffe,
wln 2402 Retaine a thought of ioy, or sparke of life?

L

Your

wln 2403
wln 2404
wln 2405
wln 2406
wln 2407
wln 2408
wln 2409
wln 2410
wln 2411
wln 2412
wln 2413
wln 2414
wln 2415
wln 2416
wln 2417
wln 2418
wln 2419
wln 2420
wln 2421
wln 2422
wln 2423
wln 2424
wln 2425
wln 2426
wln 2427
wln 2428
wln 2429
wln 2430
wln 2431
wln 2432
wln 2433
wln 2434

Your soul giues essence to our wretched subiects.
Whose matter is incorporat in your flesh.
Cel. Your paines do pierce our soules, no hope sur=
For by your life we entertaine our liues, (uiues,
tam. But sons, this subiect not of force enough,
To hold the fiery spirit it containes,
must part, imparting his impressions,
By equall portions into both your breasts:
My flesh deuided in your precious shapes,
Shal still retaine my spirit, though I die,
And liue in all your seedes immortally:
Then now remooue me, that I may resigne
My place and proper tittle to my sonne:
First take my Scourge and my imperiall Crowne,
And mount my royall chariot of estate,
That I may see thee crown'd before I die,
Help me (my Lords) to make my last remooue.
ther. A woful change my Lord, that daunts our
More than the ruine of our proper soules. (thoughts,
tam. Sit vp my sonne, let me see how well
Thou wilt become thy fathers maiestie.
They crowne him.
Ami. With what a flinty bosome should I ioy,
The breath of life, and burthen of my soule,
If not resolu'd into resolued paines,
My bodies mortified lineaments
should exercise the motions of my heart,
Pierc'd with the ioy of any dignity?
O father, if the vnrelenting eares
Of death and hell be shut against my praiers,
And that the spightfull influence of heauen.
Denie my soule fruition of her ioy,

How

wln 2435
wln 2436
wln 2437
wln 2438
wln 2439
wln 2440
wln 2441
wln 2442
wln 2443
wln 2444
wln 2445
wln 2446
wln 2447
wln 2448
wln 2449
wln 2450
wln 2451
wln 2452
wln 2453
wln 2454
wln 2455
wln 2456
wln 2457
wln 2458
wln 2459
wln 2460
wln 2461
wln 2462
wln 2463
wln 2464
wln 2465
wln 2466

How should I step or stir my hatefull feete,
Against the inward powers of my heart,
Leading a life that onely striues to die,
And plead in vaine, vnpleasing souerainty.

tam. Let not thy loue exceed thyne honor sonne,
Nor bar thy mind that magnanimitie,
That nobly must admit necessity:
Sit vp my boy, and with those silken raines,
Bridle the steeled stomackes of those Iades.

ther. My Lord, you must obey his maiesty,
Since Fate commands, and proud necessity.

Amy. Heauens witnes me, with what a broken hart
And damned spirit I ascend this seat,
[*]nd send my soule before my father die,
His anguish and his burning agony.

tam. Now fetch the hearse of faire *Zenocrate*,
Let it be plac'd by this my fatall chaire,
And serue as parcell of my funerall.

Cas. Then feeles your maiesty no soueraigne ease,
Nor may our hearts all drown'd in teares of blood,
Ioy any hope of your recouery?

tamb. *Casane* no, the Monarke of the earth,
And eielesse Monster that torments my soule,
Cannot behold the teares ye shed for me,
And therefore stil augments his cruelty.

tech. Then let some God oppose his holy power,
Against the wrath and tyranny of death,
That his teare-thyrsty and vnquenched hate,
May be vpon himselfe reuerberate.

They bring in the hearse.

tam Now eies, inioy your latest benefite,
And when my soule hath vertue of your sight,

wln 2467 Pierce through the coffin and the sheet of gold,
wln 2468 And glut your longings with a heauen of ioy.
wln 2469 So, raigne my sonne, scourge and controlle those slaues
wln 2470 Guiding thy chariot with thy Fathers hand.
wln 2471 As precious is the charge thou vndertak'st
wln 2472 As that which *Clymens* brainsicke sonne did guide,
wln 2473 When wandring *Phæbes* luory cheeks were scortcht
wln 2474 And all the earth like *AEtna* breathing fire:
wln 2475 Be warn'd by him, then learne with awfull eie
wln 2476 To sway a throane as dangerous as his:
wln 2477 For if thy body thriue not full of thoughtes
wln 2478 As pure and fiery as *Phyteus* beames,
wln 2479 The nature of these proud rebelling Iades
wln 2480 Wil take occasion by the slenderest haire,
wln 2481 And draw thee peecemeale like *Hyppolitus*,
wln 2482 Through rocks more steepe and sharp than Caspian
wln 2483 The nature of thy chariot wil not beare (cliftes.
wln 2484 A guide of baser temper than my selfe,
wln 2485 More then heauens coach, the pride of *Phaeton*.
wln 2486 **Fa[···]** my boies, my dearest friends, farewell,
wln 2487 My body feeles, my soule dooth weepe to see
wln 2488 Your sweet desires depriu'd my company,
wln 2489 For *Tamburlaine*, the Scourge of God must die.
wln 2490 *Amy*. Meet heauen & earth, & here let al things end
wln 2491 For earth hath spent the pride of all her fruit,
wln 2492 And heauen consum'd his choisest liuing fire.
wln 2493 Let earth and heauen his timelesse death deplore,
wln 2494 For both their woorths wil equall him no more.

wln 2495

FINIS.

Textual Notes

1. **87 (44-b)**: The regularized reading *Illyrians* is amended from the original *Illicians*.
2. **227 (47-a)**: The regularized reading *many* is amended from the original *mady*.
3. **300 (48-a)**: The regularized reading *precious* is amended from the original *procious*.
4. **385 (49-b)**: The regularized reading *Pericranion* is amended from the original *Pecicranion*.
5. **534 (52-a)**: The regularized reading *Majesty* is amended from the original *Maiesly*.
6. **626 (53-b)**: The regularized reading *there* is amended from the original *there*.
7. **655 (54-a)**: The regularized reading *to* is amended from the original *ro*.

8. **971 (59-a)**: The regularized reading *mournful* is amended from the original *mourful*.
9. **1005 (59-b)**: The regularized reading *list* is supplied for the original [***]*list*.
10. **1174 (62-a)**: The regularized reading *Gabions* is amended from the original *Galions*.
11. **1232 (63-a)**: The regularized reading *than* is supplied for the original [*...*].
12. **1243 (63-a)**: The regularized reading *Rhamnusia* is amended from the original *Rhammusia*.
13. **1996 (75-b)**: The regularized reading *yet* is amended from the original *pet*.
14. **2026 (76-a)**: The regularized reading *your* is amended from the original *you*.
15. **2272 (79-b)**: The regularized reading *Majesty* is amended from the original *Maisty*.
16. **2342 (81-a)**: The regularized reading *medicine* is amended from the original *medicince*.
17. **2395 (81-b)**: The regularized reading *bright* is amended from the original *kright*.
18. **2448 (82-b)**: The regularized reading *And* is supplied for the original [***]*nd*.
19. **2486 (83-a)**: The regularized reading *Farewell* is supplied for the original *Fa[...]**l*.