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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 impassionate 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*

img: 44-a  
sig: F3v

wln 0029  
wln 0030  
wln 0031  
wln 0032  
wln 0033  
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wln 0055  
wln 0056  
wln 0057  
wln 0058  
wln 0059  
wln 0060

*The bloody Conquests of*

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

Shall

img: 44-b  
sig: F4r

wln 0061  
wln 0062  
wln 0063  
wln 0064  
wln 0065  
wln 0066  
wln 0067  
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wln 0087  
wln 0088  
wln 0089  
wln 0090  
wln 0091  
wln 0092

*mighty Tamburlaine. Pars. 2.*

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

[◇◇◇]

wln 0093  
wln 0094  
wln 0095  
wln 0096  
wln 0097  
wln 0098  
wln 0099  
wln 0100

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

wln 0101

*Act. 1. Scæna. 2,*

wln 0102  
wln 0103  
wln 0104  
wln 0105  
wln 0106  
wln 0107  
wln 0108  
wln 0109  
wln 0110  
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wln 0116  
wln 0117  
wln 0118  
wln 0119  
wln 0120  
wln 0121  
wln 0122

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

*Sigis.*

*ORcanes* (as our Legates promist thee)  
Wee with our Peeres haue crost *Danubius*  
to treat of friēdly peace or deadly war: (stream  
Take which thou wilt, for as the Romans vsde  
I here present thee with a naked sword,  
Wilt thou haue war, then shake this blade at me,  
If peace, restore it to my hands againe:  
And I wil sheath it to confirme the same.

*Orc* Stay *Sigismond*, forgetst thou I am he  
That with the Cannon shooke *Vienna* walles.  
And made it dance vpon the Continent:  
As when the massy substance of the earth,  
Quiuer about the Axeltree of heauen.  
Forgetst thou that I sent a shower of dartes  
Mingled with powdered shot and fethered steele  
So thick vpon the blink=ei'd Burghers heads,  
That thou thy self, then County=Pallatine,  
The king of *Boheme*, and the *Austrich* Duke,

Sent

img: 45-b  
sig: F5r

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wln 0147  
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wln 0149  
wln 0150  
wln 0151  
wln 0152  
wln 0153  
wln 0154

*mightie Tamburlaine. Pars. 2*

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

Ne=

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wln 0156  
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wln 0182  
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wln 0184  
wln 0185  
wln 0186

*The bloody Conquests of*

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 swear 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 swear to keepe this truce inuiolable:  
Of whose conditions, and our solemne othes  
Sign'd with our handes, each shal retaine a scrowle:  
As memorable wnesse 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



img: 46-b  
sig: F6r

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

*mighty Tamburlaine. Pars. 2.*

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  
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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*

img: 47-a  
sig: F6v

wln 0217  
wln 0218  
wln 0219  
wln 0220  
wln 0221  
wln 0222  
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wln 0224  
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wln 0247  
wln 0248

*The bloody Conquests of*

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

Dis=

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wln 0276  
wln 0277

*mighty Tamburlaine. Pars. 2.*

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. 1. 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.*

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wln 0312  
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wln 0339  
wln 0340  
wln 0341

As blacke as Ieat, and hard as Iron or steel,  
Bewraies they are too dainty for the wars.  
Their fingers made to quauer on a Lute,  
Their armes to hang about a Ladies necke:  
Their legs to dance and caper in the aire:  
Would make me thinke them Bastards, not my sons,  
But that I know they issued from thy wombe,  
That neuer look'd on man but *Tamburlaine*.

*zen* My gracious Lord, they haue their mothers  
But whē they list, their cōquering fathers hart: (looks  
This louely boy the yongest of the three,  
Not long agoe bestrid a Scythian Steed:  
Trotting the ring, and tilting at a gloue:  
Which when he tainted with his slender rod,  
He raign'd him straight and made him so curuet,  
As I cried out for feare he should haue falne,

*Tam.* Wel done my boy, thou shalt haue shield and  
Armour of prooffe, horse, helme, & Curtle=axe (lance  
And I will teach thee how to charge thy foe,  
And harmelesse run among the deadly pikes.  
If thou wilt loue the warres and follow me,  
Thou shalt be made a King and raigne with me.  
Keeping in yron cages Emperours.  
If thou exceed thy elder Brothers worth,  
And shine in compleat vertue more than they,  
Thou shalt be king before them, and thy seed  
Shall issue crowned from their mothers wombe.

*Cel.* Yes father, you shal see me if I liue,  
Haue vnder me as many kings as you,  
And martch with such a multitude of men,  
As all the world shall tremble at their view.

*tam.* These words assure me boy, thou art my sonne,  
When I am old and cannot mannage armes,

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wln 0371  
wln 0372  
wln 0373

*The bloody Conquests of*

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 affoords.

*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.

img: 49-b  
sig: G1r

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

*mighty Tamburlaine. Pars. 2*

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 Uicroies, 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

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

*The bloody Conquests of*

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. I. 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



*mighty Tamburlaine. Pars. 2*

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,

img: 51-a  
sig: G2v

wln 0468  
wln 0469  
wln 0470  
wln 0471  
wln 0472  
wln 0473  
wln 0474  
wln 0475  
wln 0476  
wln 0477  
wln 0478  
wln 0479  
wln 0480  
wln 0481  
wln 0482  
wln 0483  
wln 0484  
wln 0485  
wln 0486  
wln 0487  
wln 0488  
wln 0489  
wln 0490  
wln 0491  
wln 0492  
wln 0493  
wln 0494  
wln 0495  
wln 0496  
wln 0497  
wln 0498  
wln 0499

*The bloody Conquests of*

And laine in leagre fiteene moneths and more,  
For since we left you at the Souldans court,  
We haue subdude the Southerne *Guallatia*,  
And all the land vnto the coast of Spaine.  
We kept the narrow straight of *Gibralter*,  
And made *Canarea* cal vs kings and Lords,  
Yet neuer did they recreate themselues,  
Or cease one day from war and hot alarms,  
And therefore let them rest a while my Lord.

*Tam.* They shal *Casane*, and tis time yfaith.

*Tech.* And I haue march'd along the riuier *Nile*  
To *Machda*, where the mighty Christian Priest  
Cal'd *Iohn* the great, sits in a milk=white robe,  
Whose triple Myter I did take by force,  
And made him sweare obedience to my crowne.  
From thence vnto *Cazates* did I march,  
Wher Amazonians met me in the field:  
With whom (being women) I vouchsaft a league,  
And with my power did march to *zansibar*  
The Westerne part of *Affrike*, where I view'd.  
The Ethiopian sea, riuers and lakes:  
But neither man nor child in al the land:  
Therefore I tooke my course to *Manico*.  
Where vnresisted I remoou'd my campe:  
And by the coast of *Byather* at last,  
I came to *Cubar*, where the Negros dwell,  
And conquering that, made haste to *Nubia*,  
There hauing sackt *Borno* the Kingly seat,  
I took the king, and lead him bound in chaines  
Unto *Damasco*, where I staid before.

*Tamb.* Well done *Techelles*: what saith  
(*Theridamas*?)

*The*

img: 51-b  
sig: G3r

*mighty Tamburlaine. Pars. 2.*

*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 maggiore*, of th'inhabitanes:  
Yet shall my souldiers make no period  
Vntill *Natolia* kneele before your feet.

*tamb.* Then wil we triumph, banquet and carouse,  
Cookees 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.*

*Actus. 2. Scæna. 1.*

*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

wln 0530  
wln 0531  
wln 0532  
wln 0533  
wln 0534  
wln 0535  
wln 0536  
wln 0537  
wln 0538  
wln 0539  
wln 0540  
wln 0541  
wln 0542  
wln 0543  
wln 0544  
wln 0545  
wln 0546  
wln 0547  
wln 0548  
wln 0549  
wln 0550  
wln 0551  
wln 0552  
wln 0553  
wln 0554  
wln 0555  
wln 0556  
wln 0557  
wln 0558  
wln 0559  
wln 0560  
wln 0561

*The bloody Conquests of*

Betwixt the citie *Zula* and *Danubius*,  
How through the midst of *Verna* and *Bulgaria*  
And almost to the very walles of *Rome*,  
They haue not long since massacred our Camp,  
It resteth now then that your Maiesly  
Take all aduantages of time and power,  
And worke reuenge vpon these Infidels:  
Your Highnesse knowes for *Tamburlaines* repaire,  
That strikes a terrour to all Turkish hearts,  
*Natolia* hath dismiss the greatest part  
Of all his armie, pitcht against our power  
Betwixt *Cutheia* and *Orminius* mount:  
And sent them marching vp to *Belgasar*,  
*Acantha*, *Antioch*, and *Cæsaria*,  
To aid the kings of *Soria* and *Ierusalem*.  
Now then my Lord, aduantage take hereof,  
And issue sodainly vpon the rest:  
That in the fortune of their ouerthrow,  
We may discourage all the pagan troope,  
That dare attempt to war with Christians.

*Sig.* But cals not then your Grace to memorie  
The league we lately made with king *Orcanes*,  
Confirm'd by oth and Articles of peace,  
And calling Christ for record of our trueths?  
This should be treacherie and violence,  
Against the grace of our profession.

*Bald.* No whit my Lord: for with such Infidels,  
In whom no faith nor true religion rests,  
We are not bound to those accomplishments,  
The holy lawes of Christendome inioine:  
But as the faith which they prophanely plight  
Is not by necessary pollycy,

img: 52-b  
sig: G4r

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

*mighty Tamburlaine. Pars. 2.*

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 ielous 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

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

wln 0613

wln 0614

wln 0615

wln 0616

wln 0617

wln 0618

wln 0619

wln 0620

wln 0621

*The bloody Conquests of*

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.

*Enter a messenger.*

*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

wln 0622  
wln 0623  
wln 0624  
wln 0625  
wln 0626  
wln 0627  
wln 0628  
wln 0629  
wln 0630  
wln 0631  
wln 0632  
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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

*mighty Tamburlaine. Pars. 2.*

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 wisse 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

wln 0653

wln 0654

*The bloody Conquests of*  
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

*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.*

wln 0668

wln 0669

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

wln 0670

wln 0671

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

wln 0672

wln 0673

wln 0674

wln 0675

wln 0676

wln 0677

wln 0678

wln 0679

wln 0680

wln 0681

*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



wln 0682  
wln 0683  
wln 0684  
wln 0685  
wln 0686  
wln 0687  
wln 0688  
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wln 0708  
wln 0709  
wln 0710  
wln 0711

*mighty Tamburlaine. Pars. 2.*

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 trunke  
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.*

*Actus. 2. Scæna vltima.*

*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  
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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:

Holds

*mighty Tamburlaine. Pars. 2.*

wln 0744  
wln 0745  
wln 0746  
wln 0747  
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wln 0752  
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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 *Phæbus* 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

img: 56-a  
sig: G7v

wln 0776  
wln 0777  
wln 0778  
wln 0779  
wln 0780  
wln 0781  
wln 0782  
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wln 0805  
wln 0806  
wln 0807

*The bloody Conquests of*

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

*They call musicke.*

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

Of

wln 0808  
wln 0809  
wln 0810  
wln 0811  
wln 0812  
wln 0813  
wln 0814  
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wln 0836  
wln 0837  
wln 0838  
wln 0839

*mighty Tamburlaine. Pars. 2.*

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'infernall 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 words might serue, our voice hath rent the aire,  
If teares, our eies haue watered all the earth:  
If grieffe, our murthered harts haue strained forth blood  
Nothing preuailes, for she is dead my Lord.  
*tam.* For she is dead? thy words doo pierce my soule

Ah

img: 57-a  
sig: G8v

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wln 0841  
wln 0842  
wln 0843  
wln 0844  
wln 0845  
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wln 0847  
wln 0848  
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wln 0850  
wln 0851  
wln 0852  
wln 0853  
wln 0854  
wln 0855  
wln 0856  
wln 0857

*The bloody Conquests of*

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

*The Arras is drawn.*

wln 0858

*Actus. 3. Scæna. 1,*

wln 0859  
wln 0860  
wln 0861  
wln 0862  
wln 0863  
wln 0864

*Enter the kings of Trebisond and Soria, one bring=*  
*ing a sword, & another a scepter: Next Natolia*  
*and Ierusalem with the Emperiall crowne: After*  
*Calapine, and after him other Lordes: Orcanes*  
*and Ierusalem crowne him, and the other giue*  
*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=

wln 0870  
wln 0871  
wln 0872  
wln 0873  
wln 0874  
wln 0875  
wln 0876  
wln 0877  
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wln 0897  
wln 0898  
wln 0899  
wln 0900  
wln 0901

*mighty Tamburlaine. Pars. 2*

*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 strengthened, 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

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wln 0933

*The bloody Conquests of*

That *Ioue* surcharg'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 thousand 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 riuer *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 seuentie 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,



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wln 0935  
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wln 0943  
wln 0944  
wln 0945  
wln 0946

*mighty Tamburlaine Pars. 2*

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.*

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wln 0953  
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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

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wln 0995

*The bloody Conquests of*

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=sphere.  
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*, Goddessse 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

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wln 1027

*mighty Tamburlaine. Pars. 2.*

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 scorching 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

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wln 1059

*The bloody Conquests of*

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

That

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wln 1091

*mighty Tamburlaine. Pars. 2.*

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 martch 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.

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

*The bloody Conquests of*

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 betrayed 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 *Balsea* 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=

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

*mighty Tamburlaine. Pars. 2.*

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*

*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 foorth,  
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*

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



*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 euey 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 Iuory 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,

wln 1216

wln 1217

*The bloody Conquests of*  
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 shinining 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

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  
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wln 1262  
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wln 1269  
wln 1270  
wln 1271  
wln 1272  
wln 1273  
wln 1274  
wln 1275  
wln 1276

*mighty Tamburlaine. Pars 2.*

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, therefore.

*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 tresurie.

*Exeunt.*

*Actus*

*The bloody Conquests of*

wln 1277

*Actus: 3. Scæna. 5.*

wln 1278

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

wln 1279

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

wln 1306  
wln 1307  
wln 1308  
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wln 1329  
wln 1330  
wln 1331  
wln 1332  
wln 1333  
wln 1334  
wln 1335  
wln 1336  
wln 1337

*mighty Tamburlaine. Pars. 2.*

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 Uiceroies 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 Uiceroies, let vs to the field,  
(The Perseans Sepulchre) and sacrifice  
Mountaines of breathlesse men to *Mahomet*.

wln 1338

wln 1339

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

wln 1340

*Actus. 2. Scæna. 1.*

wln 1341

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

wln 1342

wln 1343

*Tam.*

wln 1344

HOw now *Casane*? See a knot of kings,  
Sitting as if they were a telling ridles.

wln 1345

wln 1346

*Vsu.* My Lord, your presence makes them  
(pale and wan.

wln 1347

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

*mighty Tamburlaine Pars. 2*

wln 1368  
wln 1369  
wln 1370  
wln 1371  
wln 1372  
wln 1373  
wln 1374  
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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.

wln 1400  
wln 1401  
wln 1402  
wln 1403  
wln 1404  
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wln 1429  
wln 1430  
wln 1431

*The bloody Conquests of*

*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 despight 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 sweating from my chariot.

wln 1433 *treb.* Away, let vs to the field, that the villaine may  
wln 1434 be slaine.

wln 1435 *tamb.* Sirha, prepare whips, and bring my chariot  
wln 1436 to my Tent: For as soone as the battaile is done, Ile  
wln 1437 ride in triumph through the Camp.

wln 1438 *Enter Theridamas, Techelles and*  
wln 1439 *their traine.*

wln 1440 How now ye pety kings, loe, here are Bugges  
wln 1441 Wil make the haire stand vpright on your heads,  
wln 1442 And cast your crownes in slauery at their feet.  
wln 1443 Welcome *theridamas* and *techelles* both,  
wln 1444 See ye this rout, and know ye this same king?

wln 1445 *ther.* I, my Lord, he was *Calapines* keeper.

wln 1446 *tam.* Wel, now you see hee is a king, looke to him  
wln 1447 *theridamas*, when we are fighting, least hee hide his  
wln 1448 crowne as the foolish king of *Persea* did.

wln 1449 *Sor.* No *Tamburlaine*, hee shall not be put to that  
wln 1450 Exigent, I warrant thee.

wln 1451 *tam.* You knowe not sir:

wln 1452 But now my followers and my louing friends,  
wln 1453 Fight as you euer did, like Conquerours,  
wln 1454 The glorie of this happy day is yours:  
wln 1455 My sterne aspect shall make faire Uictory,  
wln 1456 Houering betwixt our armies, light on me,  
wln 1457 Loden with Lawrell wreathes to crowne vs all.

wln 1458 *tech.* I smile to think, how when this field is fought,  
wln 1459 And rich *Natolia* ours, our men shall sweat  
wln 1460 With carrieng pearle and treasure on their backes,

wln 1461 *tamb.* You shall be princes all immediatly:  
wln 1462 Come fight ye Turks, or yeeld vs victory.

wln 1463 *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 conquering 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 will 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,

wln 1494  
wln 1495  
wln 1496  
wln 1497  
wln 1498  
wln 1499  
wln 1500  
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wln 1521  
wln 1522  
wln 1523  
wln 1524  
wln 1525

*mighty Tamburlaine. Pars. 2.*

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.

[ ◇◇◇◇ ]

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 beleeeue 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

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wln 1527  
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wln 1586  
wln 1587  
wln 1588  
wln 1589

*mighty [ ◇◇◇ ]*

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 ielousie 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 sweare,  
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 idlenesse:  
wln 1601 Thou hast procur'd a greater enemie,  
wln 1602 Than he that darted 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 terrour 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

img: 70-a  
sig: 15v

[ ◇◇◇◇ ]

wln 1654  
wln 1655  
wln 1656  
wln 1657  
wln 1658  
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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 Buls,  
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 Paultion.

*Exeunt.*

*Actus*



*mighty Tamburlaine. Pars. 2.*

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 murther 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 1707

*Olym.* My Lord and husbandes death, with my

wln 1708

With whom I buried al affections, (sweete sons,

wln 1709

Saue grieffe 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,

wln 1712  
wln 1713  
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wln 1740  
wln 1741  
wln 1742  
wln 1743

*The bloody Conquests of*

A fitter subject for a pensiué 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  
*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.

wln 1753  
wln 1754  
*Ther.* Why Madam, thinke ye to mocke me thus  
palpably?

wln 1755  
wln 1756  
wln 1757  
*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.

wln 1758  
wln 1759  
*ther.* Why gae you not your husband some of it, if  
you loued him, and it so precious?

wln 1760  
wln 1761  
wln 1762  
*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,

wln 1763  
wln 1764  
wln 1765  
*ther.* I wil *Olympia*, and will keep it for  
The richest present of this Easterne world.

wln 1766  
*She noints her throat.*

wln 1767  
wln 1768  
*Olym.* Now stab my Lord, and mark your weapons  
That wil be blunted if the blow be great. (point

wln 1769  
wln 1770  
wln 1771  
wln 1772  
wln 1773  
wln 1774  
wln 1775  
*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

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

*The bloody Conquests of*  
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  
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wln 1797  
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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 aboute 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  
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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 drawn 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

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  
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wln 1860  
wln 1861  
wln 1862  
wln 1863  
wln 1864  
wln 1865  
wln 1866  
wln 1867  
wln 1868  
wln 1869  
wln 1870

*The bloody Conquests of*

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*,  
Aboue 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

wln 1871  
wln 1872  
wln 1873  
wln 1874  
wln 1875  
wln 1876  
wln 1877  
wln 1878  
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wln 1896  
wln 1897  
wln 1898  
wln 1899  
wln 1900  
wln 1901  
wln 1902

*mighty Tamburlaine. Pars. 2*

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 mercilesse 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 martch 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 crouch 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*.

img: 74-a  
sig: K1v

*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 celestially 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 blown:

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.*

wln 1930

*Finis Actus quarti.*

Actus



*mighty Tamburlaine. Pars. 2*

wln 1931

*Actus. 5. Scæna. 1.*

wln 1932

*Enter the Governour 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 praier,

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 countrie 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 euerie 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

*Gouernour.*

wln 1960

My Lord, if euer you did deed of ruth,

wln 1961

And now will work a refuge to our liues,

wln 1962  
wln 1963  
wln 1964  
wln 1965  
wln 1966  
wln 1967  
wln 1968  
wln 1969  
wln 1970  
wln 1971  
wln 1972  
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wln 1985  
wln 1986  
wln 1987  
wln 1988  
wln 1989  
wln 1990  
wln 1991  
wln 1992  
wln 1993

*The bloody Conquests of*

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 despight of thee.

img: 75-b  
sig: K3r

wln 1994

*mighty Tamburlaine. Pars. 2.*  
Call vp the souldiers to defend these wals.

wln 1995

*tech.* Yeeld foolish Gouvernour, we offer more

wln 1996

Than euer pet we did to such proud slaues,

wln 1997

As durst resist vs till our third daies siege:

wln 1998

Thou seest vs prest to giue the last assault,

wln 1999

And that shal bide no more regard of parlie.

wln 2000

*Gou.* Assault and spare not, we wil neuer yeeld.

wln 2001

*Alarme, and they scale the walles.*

wln 2002

*Enter Tamburlain, with Vsumeasane. Amyras, and*

wln 2003

*Celebinus, with others, the two spare kings.*

wln 2004

*Tam.* The stately buildings of faire *Babylon*,

wln 2005

Whose lofty Pillers, higher than the cloudes,

wln 2006

Were woont to guide the seaman in the deepe.

wln 2007

Being caried thither by the cannons force,

wln 2008

Now fil the mouth of *Limnasphaltes* lake,

wln 2009

And make a bridge vnto the battered walles,

wln 2010

Where *Belus*, *Ninus* and great *Alexander*

wln 2011

Haue rode in triumph, triumphs *Tamburlaine*,

wln 2012

Whose chariot wheeles haue burst th'Assirians bones,

wln 2013

Drawen with these kings on heaps of carkasses,

wln 2014

Now in the place where faire *Semiramis*,

wln 2015

Courted by kings and peeres of *Asia*,

wln 2016

Hath trode the Meisures, do my souldiers march,

wln 2017

And in the streets, where braue Assirian Dames

wln 2018

Haue rid in pompe like rich *Saturnia*,

wln 2019

With furious words and frowning visages,

wln 2020

My horsmen brandish their vnruly blades.

wln 2021

*Enter Theridamas and Techelles bringing*

wln 2022

*the Gouvernor of Babylon.*

wln 2023

Who haue ye there my Lordes?

K3

*ther*

*The bloody Conquests of*

*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*,

wln 2056  
wln 2057  
wln 2058  
wln 2059  
wln 2060  
wln 2061  
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wln 2082  
wln 2083  
wln 2084  
wln 2085  
wln 2086  
wln 2087

*mighty Tamburlaine. Pars. 2.*

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 martch 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 Uiceroies, 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,

[ ◇◇◇◇ ]

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.*

wln 2088  
wln 2089  
wln 2090  
wln 2091  
wln 2092  
wln 2093  
wln 2094  
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wln 2096  
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wln 2112  
wln 2113  
wln 2114  
wln 2115  
wln 2116  
wln 2117  
wln 2118  
wln 2119

*mighty Tamburlaine. Pars. 2.*

wln 2120  
wln 2121  
wln 2122  
wln 2123  
wln 2124  
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wln 2126  
wln 2127  
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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 supersticious 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

wln 2152  
wln 2153  
wln 2154  
wln 2155  
wln 2156  
wln 2157  
wln 2158  
wln 2159  
wln 2160  
wln 2161  
wln 2162  
wln 2163  
wln 2164  
wln 2165  
wln 2166  
wln 2167  
wln 2168  
wln 2169  
wln 2170

*The bloody Conquests of*

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

wln 2171

*Actus. 5. Scæna. 4.*

wln 2172  
wln 2173  
wln 2174  
wln 2175  
wln 2176  
wln 2177  
wln 2178  
wln 2179  
wln 2180  
wln 2181

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

Before



wln 2182  
wln 2183  
wln 2184  
wln 2185  
wln 2186  
wln 2187  
wln 2188  
wln 2189  
wln 2190  
wln 2191  
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wln 2207  
wln 2208  
wln 2209  
wln 2210  
wln 2211  
wln 2212  
wln 2213

*mighty Tamburlaine. Pars. 2.*

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 Uicerioies 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,

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

*The bloody Conquests of*  
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

wln 2243  
wln 2244  
wln 2245  
wln 2246  
wln 2247  
wln 2248  
wln 2249  
wln 2250  
wln 2251  
wln 2252  
wln 2253  
wln 2254  
wln 2255  
wln 2256  
wln 2257  
wln 2258  
wln 2259  
wln 2260  
wln 2261  
wln 2262  
wln 2263  
wln 2264  
wln 2265  
wln 2266  
wln 2267  
wln 2268  
wln 2269  
wln 2270  
wln 2271  
wln 2272  
wln 2273  
wln 2274

*mighty Tamburlaine. Pars. 2.*

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

Earth

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  
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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

*The bloody Conquests of*

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,

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wln 2336  
wln 2337  
wln 2338

*mighty Tamburlaine. Pars. 2.*

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 spight of death aboue a day.  
*Alarme within.*  
*Mess.* My Lord, yong *Callapine* that lately fled from  
your maiesty, hath nowe gathered a fresh Armie, and

hearing

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wln 2367  
wln 2368  
wln 2369  
wln 2370

*The bloody Conquests of*

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  
Liue 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 sight 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=

*mighty Tamburlaine. Pars. 2*

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

[ ◇◇◇◇ ]

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wln 2434

Your soul giues essence to our wretched subiects.  
Whose matter is incorporoat 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 tytle 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  
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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* Iuory 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[ ···· ]l 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.*