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



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img: 1-a
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img: 1-b
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ln 0001
ln 0002
ln 0003
ln 0004
ln 0005
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ln 0007
ln 0008
ln 0009

Tamburlain[.]

the Great.

*Who, from a Scythian Shepheard,
by his rare and woonderfull Conquests,
became a most puissant and migh-
tye Monarque.*

And (for his tyranny, and terrour in
Warre) was tearmed,
The Scourge of God.

ln 0010
ln 0011
ln 0012
ln 0013

*Deuided into two Tragicall Dis-
courses, as they were sundrie times
shewed vpon Stages in the Citie
of London.*

ln 0014
ln 0015

*By the right honorable the Lord
Admyrall, his seruantes.*

ln 0016

Now first, and newlie published.

ln 0017
ln 0018
ln 0019
ln 0020

LONDON.

*Printed by Richard Ihones: at the signe
of the Rose and Crowne neere Hol-
borne Bridge. 1590.*

img: 2-a
sig: A1v

ln 0001
ln 0002
ln 0003

To the Gentlemen Rea-
ders: and others that take pleasure
in reading Histories.

ln 0004
ln 0005
ln 0006
ln 0007
ln 0008
ln 0009
ln 0010
ln 0011
ln 0012
ln 0013
ln 0014
ln 0015
ln 0016
ln 0017
ln 0018
ln 0019
ln 0020
ln 0021
ln 0022
ln 0023

Gentlemen, and curteous Readers whoso-
euer: I haue here published in print for
your sakes, the two tragical Discourses of
the Scythian Shepheard, *Tamburlaine*, that
became so great a Conquerour, and so mightie
a Monarque: My hope is, that they wil be now
no lesse acceptable vnto you to read after your
serious affaires and studies, then they haue bene
(lately) delightfull for many of you to see, when
the same were shewed in London vpon stages:
I haue (purposely) omitted and left out some
fond and friuolous Iestures, digressing (and in
my poore opinion) far vnmeet for the matter,
which I thought, might seeme more tedious
vnto the wise, than any way els to be regarded,
though (happly) they haue bene of some vaine
cōceited fondlings greatly gaped at, what times
they were shewed vpon the stage in their gra-
ced deformities: neuertheles now, to be mixtu-
red in print with such matter of worth, it wuld

A2

prooue

To the Reader.

ln 0024
ln 0025
ln 0026
ln 0027
ln 0028
ln 0029
ln 0030
ln 0031
ln 0031
ln 0032
ln 0033
ln 0034

prooue a great disgrace to so honorable & state-
ly a historie: Great folly were it in me, to com-
mend vnto your wisdomes, either the elo-
quence of the Authour that writ them, or the
worthinesse of the matter it selfe; I therefore
leaue vnto your learned censures, both the one
and the other, and my selfe the poore printer of
them vnto your most curteous and faourable
protection; which if you vouchsafe to accept,
you shall euermore binde mee to imploy what
trauell and seruice I can, to the aduauncing and
pleasuring of your excellent degree.

Yours, most humble at com=
maundement,

ln 0035
ln 0036

ln 0037

R. I. Printer

wln 0001
wln 0002
wln 0003

*The two tragical Dis
courses of mighty Tamburlaine, the
Scythian Shepheard. &c.*

wln 0004

The Prologue.

wln 0005
wln 0006
wln 0007
wln 0008
wln 0009
wln 0010
wln 0011
wln 0012

*FRom iygging vaines of riming mother wits,
And such conceits as clownage keepes in pay,
Weele lead you to the stately tent of War.
Where you shall heare the Scythian Tamburlaine:
Threatning the world with high astounding tearms
And scourging kingdoms with his cōquering sword
View but his picture in this tragicke glasse,
And then applaud his fortunes as you please.*

wln 0013

Actus. 1. Scæna. 1.

wln 0014
wln 0015
wln 0016
wln 0017
wln 0018
wln 0019
wln 0020
wln 0021
wln 0022
wln 0023
wln 0024
wln 0025
wln 0026
wln 0027
wln 0028
wln 0029
wln 0030

*Mycetes, Cosroe, Meander, Theridamas, Ortygius,
Ceneus, with others.*

Mycetes.

BRother *Cosroe*, I find my selfe agreeu'd,
Yet insufficient to expresse the same:
For it requires a great and thundring speech:
Good brother tell the cause vnto my Lords,
I know you haue a better wit than I.
Cos. Unhappie *Persea*, that in former age
Hast bene the seat of mightie Conquerors,
That in their prowessse and their pollicies,
Haue triumpht ouer *Affrike*, and the bounds
Of *Europe*, wher the Sun dares scarce appeare,
For freezing meteors and coniealed colde:
Now to be rulde and gouerned by a man,
At whose byrth=day *Cynthia* with *Saturne* ioinde,
And *Ioue*, the Sun and *Mercurie* denied

A3

To

wln 0031
wln 0032
wln 0033
wln 0034
wln 0035
wln 0036
wln 0037
wln 0038
wln 0039
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wln 0060
wln 0061
wln 0062

To shed his influence in his fickle braine,
Now Turkes and Tartars shake their swords at **th[··]**
Meaning to mangle all thy Prouinces,
Mycet. Brother, I see your meaning well enough.
And thorough your Planets I perceiue you thinke,
I am not wise enough to be a kinge,
But I refer me to my noble men,
That knowe my wit, and can be witnesses:
I might command you to be slaine for this,
Meander, might I not?
Meand. Not for so small a fault my soueraigne Lord
Mycet. I meane it not, but yet I know I might,
Yet liue, yea, liue, *Mycetes* wils it so:
Meander, thou my faithfull Counsellor,
Declare the cause of my conceiued grieffe,
Which is (God knowes) about that *Tamburlaine*.
That like a Foxe in midst of haruest time,
Dooth pray **vpnon** my flockes of Passengers.
And as I heare, doth meane to pull my plumes,
Therefore tis good and meete for to be wise.
Meand. Oft haue I heard your Maiestie complain,
Of *Tamburlaine*, that sturdie Scythian thiefe,
That robs your merchants of *Persepolis*,
Treading by land vnto the Westerne Isles,
And in your confines with his lawlesse traine,
Daily commits inciuill outrages.
Hoping (misled by dreaming prophesies)
To raigne in *Asia*, and with barbarous Armes,
To make himselfe the Monarch of the East:
But ere he march in *Asia*, or display
His vagrant Ensigne in the Persean fields,
Your Grace hath taken order by *Theridimas*,

Chardg'd

the Scythian Shepheard.

wln 0063
wln 0064
wln 0065
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wln 0067
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wln 0092
wln 0093
wln 0094

Chardg'd with a thousand horse, to apprehend
And bring him Captiue to your Highnesse throne,
Myce. Ful true thou speakst, & like thy selfe my lord
Whom I may tearme a *Damon* for thy loue.
Therefore tis best, if so it lik you all,
To send my thousand horse incontinent,
To apprehend that paltrie Scythian.
How like you this, my honorable Lords?
Is it not a kingly resolution?
Cosr. It cannot choose, because it comes from you.
Myce. Then heare thy charge, valiant *Theridimas*
The chiefest Captaine of Mycetes hoste,
The hope of *Persea*, and the verie legges
Whereon our state doth leane, as on a staffe,
That holds vs vp, and foiles our neighbour foes,
Thou shalt be leader of this thousand horse,
Whose foming galle with rage and high disdain,
Haue sworne the death of wicked *Tamburlaine*.
Go frowning foorth, but come thou smyling home,
As did Sir *Paris* with the Grecian Dame,
Returne with speed, time passeth swift away,
Our life is fraile, and we may die to day.
Ther. Before the Moone renew her borrowed light,
Doubt not my Lord and gracious Soueraigne,
But *Tamburlaine*, and that Tartarian rout,
Shall either perish by our warlike hands,
Or plead for mercie at your highnesse feet.
Myce. Go, stout *Theridimas*, thy words are swords
And with thy lookes thou conquerest all thy foes:
I long to see thee back returne from thence,
That I may view these milk-white steeds of mine.
All loden with the heads of killed men,

[◇◇◇◇]

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wln 0096
wln 0097
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wln 0125
wln 0126

And from their knees, euen to their hoofes below,
Besmer'd with blood, that makes a dainty show.

The. Then now my Lord, I humbly take my leaue.

Myc. *Therid.* farewell ten thousand times, *(Exit.*

Ah, *Menaphon*, why staiest thou thus behind,
When other men prease forward for renowne:

Go *Menaphon*, go into *Scythia*,

And foot by foot follow *Theridamas*:

Cos. Nay, pray you let him stay, a greater
Fits *Menaphon*, than warring with a Thiefe:

Create him Prorex of *Affrica*,

That he may win the *Babylonians* hearts,

Which will reuolt from *Persean* gouernment,

Unlesse they haue a wiser king than you.

Myc. Unlesse they haue a wiser king than you?

These are his words, *Meander* set them downe.

Cos. And ad this to them, that all *Asia*
Lament to see the follie of their King.

Myc. Well here I sweare by this my royal seat.

Cos. You may doe well to kisse it then.

Myc. Embost with silke as best beseemes my state.
To be reueng'd for these contemptuous words.

O where is dutie and allegeance now?

Fled to the *Caspean* or the *Ocean* maine?

What, shall I call thee brother? No, a foe,

Monster of Nature, shame vnto thy stocke,

That dar st presume thy *Soueraigne* for to mocke.

Meander come, I am abus'd *Meander.*

Exit.

Manent Cosroe & Menaphon.

Mena. How now my Lord, what, mated and amaz'd
To heare the king thus thraten like himselfe?

Cos. Ah *Menaphon*, I passe not for his threatates,

The

the Scythian Shepheard.

wln 0127 The plot is laid by Persean Noble men,
wln 0128 And Captaines of the Medean garrisons,
wln 0129 To crowne me Emperour of *Asia*,
wln 0130 But this it is that doth excruciate
wln 0131 The verie substance of my vexed soule:
wln 0132 To see our neighbours that were woont to quake
wln 0133 And tremble at the Persean Monarkes name,
wln 0134 Now sits and laughs our regiment to scorne,
wln 0135 And that which might resolue me into teares:
wln 0136 Men from the farthest Equinoctiall line,
wln 0137 Haue swarm'd in troopes into the Easterne *India*:
wln 0138 Lading their shippes with golde and pretious stones:
wln 0139 And made their spoiles from all our prouinces.
wln 0140 *Mena.* This should intreat your highnesse to reioice,
wln 0141 Since Fortune giues you opportunity,
wln 0142 To gaine the tytle of a Conquerour,
wln 0143 By curing of this maimed Emperie,
wln 0144 *Affrike* and *Europe* bordering on your land,
wln 0145 And continent to your Dominions:
wln 0146 How easely may you with a mightie hoste,
wln 0147 Passe into *Græcia*, as did *Cyrus* once.
wln 0148 And cause them to withdraw their forces home,
wln 0149 Least you subdue the pride of Christendome.? (sound
wln 0150 *Cos.* But *Menaph.* what means this trumpets
wln 0151 *Mena.* Behold, my Lord *Ortigius*, and the rest,
wln 0152 Bringing the Crowne to make you Emperour.
wln 0153 *Enter Ortigius & Conerus bearing a Crowne*
wln 0154 *with others.*
wln 0155 *Ort.* Magnificent and mightie Prince *Cosroe*,
wln 0156 We in the name of other Persean states,
wln 0157 And commons of this mightie Monarchie,
wln 0158 Present thee with th'Emperiall Diadem.

Cen. The

The Conquests of Tamburlaine.

wln 0159 *Cene* The warlike Souldiers, & the Gentlemen,
wln 0160 That heretofore haue fild *Persepolis*
wln 0161 With *Affrike* Captaines, taken in the field:
wln 0162 Whose ransome made them martch in coates of gold,
wln 0163 With costlie iewels hanging at their eares,
wln 0164 And shining stones vpon their loftie Crestes,
wln 0165 Now liuing idle in the walled townes,
wln 0166 Wanting both pay and martiall discipline.
wln 0167 Begin in troopes to threaten ciuill warre.
wln 0168 And openly exclaime against the King.
wln 0169 Therefore to stay all sodaine mutinies,
wln 0170 We will inuest your Highnesse Emperour:
wln 0171 Whereat the Souldiers will conceiue more ioy,
wln 0172 Then did the Macedonians at the spoile
wln 0173 Of great *Darius* and his wealthy hoast.

wln 0174 *Cosr.* Wel, since I see the state of *Persea* droope,
wln 0175 And languish in my brothers gouernment:
wln 0176 I willingly receiue th'mperiall crowne,
wln 0177 And vow to weare it for my countries good:
wln 0178 In spite of them shall malice my estate.

wln 0179 *Ortyg.* And in assurance of desir'd successe,
wln 0180 We here doo crowne thee Monarch of the East,
wln 0181 Emperour of *Asia*, and of *Persea*,
wln 0182 Great Lord of *Medea* and *Armenia*:
wln 0183 Duke of *Affrica* and *Albania*,
wln 0184 *Mesopotamia* and of *Parthia*,
wln 0185 East *India* and the late discovered Isles,
wln 0186 Chiefe Lord of all the wide vast *Euxine* sea,
wln 0187 And of the euer raging Caspian Lake:
wln 0188 Long liue *Cosroe* mighty Emperour.

wln 0189 *Cosr.* And *Ioue* may neuer let me longer liue,
wln 0190 Then I may seeke to gratifie your loue,

And

the Scythian Shepheard.

wln 0191 And cause the souldiers that thus honour me,
wln 0192 To triumph ouer many Prouinces.
wln 0193 By whose desires of discipline in Armes,
wln 0194 I doubt not shortly but to raigne sole king,
wln 0195 And with the Armie of *Theridamas*,
wln 0196 Whether we presently will flie (my Lords)
wln 0197 To rest secure against my brothers force. (crowne,
wln 0198 *Ortyg* We knew my Lord, before we brought the
wln 0199 Intending your inuestion so neere,
wln 0200 The residence of your dispised brother,
wln 0201 The Lord would not be too exasperate,
wln 0202 To iniure or suppress your woorthy tyle.
wln 0203 Or if they would, there are in readines
wln 0204 Ten thousand horse to carie you from hence,
wln 0205 In spite of all suspected enemies.
wln 0206 *Cosr.* I know it wel my Lord, & thanke you all.
wln 0207 *Ortyg.* Sound vp the trumpets then,
wln 0208 God saue the King. *Exeunt.*

wln 0209

Actus. 1. Scœna. 2:

wln 0210 *Tamburlaine leading Zenocrate: Techelles, Vsu-*
wln 0211 *measane, other Lords and Souldiers loden*
wln 0212 *with treasure.*

wln 0213 *Tam.* COME lady, let not this appal your thoughts
wln 0214 The iewels and the treasure we haue tane
wln 0215 Shall be reseru'd, and you in better state,
wln 0216 Than if you were arriu'd in *Siria*.
wln 0217 Euen in the circle of your Fathers armes:
wln 0218 The mightie Soldan of *Egyptia*.
wln 0219 *Zeno.* Ah Shepheard, pity my distressed plight,

(If

wln 0220
wln 0221
wln 0222
wln 0223
wln 0224
wln 0225
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wln 0249
wln 0250
wln 0251

(If as thou seem'st, thou art so meane a man)
And seeke not to inrich thy followers,
By lawlesse rapine from a silly maide.
Who traueiling with these Medean Lords
To *Memphis*, from my vncles country of *Medea*,
Where all my youth I haue bene gouerned,
Haue past the armie of the mightie Turke:
Bearing his priuie signet and his hand:
To safe conduct vs thorow *Affrica*:
Mag. And since we haue arriu'd in *Scythia*,
Besides rich presents from the puisant *Cham*,
We haue his highnesse letters to command
Aide and assistance if we stand in need.
Tam. But now you see these letters & commandes,
Are countermanded by a greater man:
And through my prouinces you must expect
Letters of conduct from my mightinesse,
If you intend to keep your treasure safe.
But since I loue to liue at liberty,
As easely may you get the Souldans crowne,
As any prizes out of my precinct.
For they are friends that help to weane my state,
Till men and kingdomes help to strengthen it:
And must maintaine my life exempt from seruitude.
But tell me Maddam, is your grace betroth'd?
Zen. I am (my Lord,) for so you do import.
Tam. I am a Lord, for so my deeds shall prooue,
And yet a shepheard by my Parentage:
But Lady, this faire face and heauenly hew,
Must grace his bed that conquers *Asia*:
And meanes to be a terrour to the world,
Measuring the limits of his Emperie

By

the Scythian Shepheard.

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wln 0254
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wln 0256
wln 0257
wln 0258
wln 0259
wln 0260
wln 0261
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wln 0263
wln 0264
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wln 0278
wln 0279
wln 0280
wln 0281
wln 0282
wln 0283

By East and west, as *Phæbus* doth his course:
Lie here ye weedes that I disdaine to weare,
This compleat armor, and this curtlee=axe
Are adiuncts more beseeming *Tamburlaine*.
And Maddam, whatsoeuer you esteeme
Of this successe, and losse vnvallued,
Both may inuest you Empresse of the East:
And these that seeme but silly country Swaines,
May haue the leading of so great an host,
As with their waight shall make the mountains quake.
Euen as when windy exhalations,
Fighting for passage, tilt within the earth.
Tec. As princely Lions when they rouse themselues,
Stretthing their pawes, and threatning heardes of
(Beastes.
So in his Armour looketh *Tamburlaine*:
Me thinks I see kings kneeling at his feet,
And he with frowning browes and fiery lookes,
Spurning their crownes from off their captiue heads.
Vsum. And making thee and me *Techelles*, kinges,
That euen to death will follow *Tamburlaine*.
Tam. Nobly resolu'd, sweet friends and followers,
These Lords (perhaps) do scorne our estimates:
And thinke we prattle with distempered spirits,
But since they measure our deserts so meane,
That in conceit bear Empires on our speares,
Affecting thoughts coequall with the cloudes,
They shall be kept our forced followers,
Till with their eies thee view vs Emperours.
Zen. The Gods, defenders of the innocent,
Will neuer prosper your intended driftes,
That thus oppresse poore friendles passengers.

There=

[◇◇◇]Tamburlaine,

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wln 0285
wln 0286
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wln 0313
wln 0314
wln 0315

Therefore at least admit vs libertie,
Euen as thou hop'st to be eternized,
By liuing *Asias* mightie Emperour.
Agid. I hope our Ladies treasure and our owne,
May serue for ransome to our liberties:
Returne our Mules and emptie Camels backe,
That we may traueile into *Siria*,
Where her betrothed Lord *Alcidamus*,
Expects th'arriuell of her highnesse person.
Mag. And wheresoeuer we repose our selues,
We will report but well of *Tamburlaine*.
Tamb. Disdaines *Zenocrate* to liue with me?
Or you my Lordes to be my followers?
Thinke you I way this treasure more than you?
Not all the Gold in Indias welthy armes,
Shall buy the meanest souldier in my traine.
Zenocrate, louelier than the Loue of *Ioue*,
Brighter than is the siluer *Rhodolfe*,
Fairer than whitest snow on Scythian hils,
Thy person is more woorth to *Tamburlaine*,
Than the possession of the Persean Crowne.
Which gracious starres haue promist at my birth,
A hundreth Tartars shall attend on thee,
Mounted on Steeds, swifter than *Pegasus*.
Thy Garments shall be made of Medean silke,
Enchast with precious iuelles of mine owne:
More rich and valurous than *Zenocrates*.
With milke=white Hartes vpon an Iuorie sled,
Thou shalt be drawen amidst the frosen Pooles,
And scale the ysie mountaines lofty tops:
Which with thy beautie will be soone resolu'd.
My martiall prises with fiue hundred men,

the Scythian Shepheard.

wln 0316
wln 0317
wln 0318
wln 0319
wln 0320
wln 0321
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wln 0323
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wln 0344
wln 0345
wln 0346
wln 0347

Wun on the fiftie headed *Vuolgas* waues.
Shall all we offer to *Zenocrate*,
And then my selfe to faire *Zenocrate*.
Tech. What now? In loue?
Tam. *Techelles*, women must be flatered.
But this is she with whom I am in loue.
Enter a Souldier.
Sould. Newes, newes.
Tamb. How now, what's the matter?
Sould. A thousand Persean horsmen are at hand,
Sent from the King to ouercome vs all.
Tam. How now my Lords of *Egypt & Zenocrate*?
Now must your iewels be restor'd againe:
And I that triumpht so be ouercome.
How say you Lordings, Is not this your hope?
Agid. We hope your selfe wil willingly restore thē.
Tamb. Such hope, such fortune haue the thousand
Soft ye my Lords and sweet *Zenocrate*. (horse.)
You must be forced from me ere you goe:
A thousand horsmen? We fiue hundred foote?
An ods too great, for vs to stand against:
But are they rich? And is their armour good?
Sould. Their plumed helmes are wrought with
(beaten golde.
Their swords enameld, and about their neckes
Hangs massie chaines of golde downe to the waste,
In euery part exceeding braue and rich.
Tam. Then shall we fight couragiously with them.
Or looke you, I should play the Orator?
Tech. No: cowards and fainthearted runawaies,
Looke for orations when the foe is neere.
Our swordes shall play the Orators for vs.

Vsum. Come

[◇◇◇◇]

wln 0348
wln 0349
wln 0350
wln 0351
wln 0352
wln 0353
wln 0354
wln 0355
wln 0356
wln 0357
wln 0358
wln 0359
wln 0360
wln 0361
wln 0362
wln 0363
wln 0364
wln 0365
wln 0366
wln 0367

Vsum. Come let vs meet them at the mountain foot,
And with a sodaine and an hot alarme
Driue all their horses headlong down the hill.

Tech. Come let vs martch.

Tam. Stay *Techelles*, aske a parlee first,
The Souldiers enter.

Open the Males, yet guard the treasure sure,
Lay out our golden wedges to the view,
That their reflexions may amaze the Perseans.
And looke we friendly on them when they come:
But if they offer word or violence,
Weele fight fiue hundred men at armes to one,
Before we part with our possession.
And gainst the Generall we will lift our swords.
And either lanch his greedy thirsting throat,
Or take him prisoner, and his chaine shall serue
For Manackles, till he be ransom'd home.

Tech. I heare them come, shal we encounter them?

Tam. Keep all your standings, and not stir a foote,
My selfe will bide the danger of the brunt.

wln 0368

Enter Theridamas with others.

wln 0369
wln 0370
wln 0371
wln 0372
wln 0373
wln 0374
wln 0375
wln 0376
wln 0377

Ther. Where is this Scythian *Tamberlaine*?

Tam. Whō seekst thou Persean? I am ***Taburlain.***

Ther. *Tamburlaine*? A Scythian Shepheard,
(so imbellished
With Natures pride, and richest furniture,
His looks do menace heauen and dare the Gods,
His fierie eies are fixt vpon the earth.
As if he now deuis'd some Stratageme:
Or meant to pierce *Auernas* darksome vaults.

And

the Scythian Shepheard.

wln 0378
wln 0379
wln 0380
wln 0381
wln 0382
wln 0383
wln 0384
wln 0385
wln 0386
wln 0387
wln 0388
wln 0389
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wln 0398
wln 0399
wln 0400
wln 0401
wln 0402
wln 0403
wln 0404
wln 0405
wln 0406
wln 0407
wln 0408
wln 0409

To pull the triple headed dog from hell.
tamb. Noble and milde this Persean seemes to be,
If outward habit iudge the inward man,
tech. His deep affections make him passionate.
tamb. With what a maiesty he rears his looks:
In thee (thou valiant man of Persea)
I see the folly of thy Emperour:
Art thou but Captaine of a thousand horse,
That by Characters grauen in thy browes,
And by thy martiall face and stout aspect,
Deseru'st to haue the leading of an hoste?
Forsake thy king and do but ioine with me
And we will triumph ouer all the world.
I hold the Fates bound fast in yron chaines,
And with my hand turne Fortunes wheel about,
And sooner shall the Sun fall from his Spheare,
Than *Tamburlaine* be slaine or ouercome.
Draw foorth thy sword, thou mighty man at Armes,
Intending but to rase my charmed skin:
And *Ioue* himselve will stretch his hand from heauen.
To ward the blow, and shield me safe from harme,
See how he raines down heaps of gold in showers.
As if he meant to giue my Souldiers pay,
And as a sure and grounded argument,
That I shall be the Monark of the East.
He sends this Souldans daughter rich and braue,
To be my Queen and portly Emperesse,
If thou wilt stay with me, **renowned** man,
And lead thy thousand horse with my conduct,
Besides thy share of this Egyptian prise,
Those thousand horse shall sweat with martiall spoile
Of conquered kingdomes, and of Cities sackt,

B

Both

wln 0410
wln 0411
wln 0412
wln 0413
wln 0414
wln 0415
wln 0416
wln 0417
wln 0418
wln 0419
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wln 0435
wln 0436
wln 0437
wln 0438
wln 0439
wln 0440
wln 0441

Both we wil walke vpon the lofty clifts,
And Christian Merchants that with Russian stems
Plow vp huge furrowes in the Caspian sea.
Shall vaile to vs, as Lords of all the Lake.
Both we will raigne as Consuls of the earth,
And mightie kings shall be our Senators,
Ioue sometime masked in a Shepherds weed,
And by those steps that he hath scal'd the heauens,
May we become immortall like the Gods.
Ioine with me now in this my meane estate,
(I cal it meane, because being yet obscure,
The Nations far remoou'd admyre me not)
And when my name and honor shall be spread,
As far as *Boreas* claps his brazen wings,
Or faire *Botëes* sends his cheerefull light.
Then shalt thou be Competitor with me,
And sit with *Tamburlaine* in all his maiestie.
Ther. Not *Hermes* Prolocutor to the Gods,
Could vse perswasions more patheticall.
Tam. Nor are *Apollos* Oracles more true,
Then thou shalt find my vaunts substantiall.
Tec. We are his friends, and if the Persean king
Should offer present Dukedomes to our state,
We thinke it losse to make exchange for that,
We are assured of by our friends successe.
Vsum. And kingdomes at the least we all expect.
Besides the honor in assured conquestes:
Where kings shall crouch vnto our conquering swords,
And hostes of souldiers stand amaz'd at vs,
When with their fearfull tongues they shall confesse
Theise are the men that all the world admires, (soule
Ther. What stronge enchantments tice my yeelding

Are

the Scythian Shepheard.

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
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wln 0456
wln 0457
wln 0458
wln 0459
wln 0460
wln 0461
wln 0462
wln 0463
wln 0464
wln 0465
wln 0466
wln 0467
wln 0468
wln 0469
wln 0470
wln 0471
wln 0472
wln 0473

Are these resolu'd noble Scythians?
But shall I prooue a Traitor to my King?
Tam. No, but the trustie friend of *Tamburlaine*.
Ther. Won with thy words, & conquered with thy
I yeeld my selfe, my men & horse to thee: (looks,
To be partaker of thy good or ill,
As long as life maintaines *Theridamas*.
Tam. *Theridamas* my friend, take here my hand.
Which is as much as if I swore by heauen,
And call'd the Gods to witness of my vow,
Thus shall my heart be still combinde with thine,
Untill our bodies turne to Elements:
And both our soules aspire celestially thrones.
Techelles, and *Casane*, welcome him.
Tech. Welcome **renowned** Persean to vs all.
Cas. Long may *theridamas* remaine with vs.
Tam. These are my friends in whō I more reioice,
Than dooth the King of Persea in his Crowne:
And by the loue of *Pyllades* and *Orestes*,
Whose statutes we adore in Scythia,
Thy selfe and them shall neuer part from me,
Before I crowne you kings in *Asia*.
Make much of them gentle *Theridamas*,
And they will neuer leaue thee till the death.
ther. Nor thee, nor them, thrice noble *Tamburlain*
Shal want my heart to be with gladnes pierc'd
To do you honor and securitie.
Tam. A thousand thankes worthy *theridamas*:
And now faire Madam, and my noble Lords,
If you will willingly remaine with me,
You shall haue honors, as your merits be:
Or els you shall be forc'd **wth** slauerie.

The Conquests of Tamburlaine.

wln 0474
wln 0475
wln 0476
wln 0477

Agid. We yeeld vnto thee happie *Tamburlaine*
tamb. For you then Maddam, I am out of doubt
Zeno. I must be pleasde perforce, wretched
(*Zenocrate.*

Exeunt

wln 0478

Actus. 2. Scœna. 1.

wln 0479
wln 0480

Cosroe, Menaphon, Ortygius, Ceneus, with
other Souldiers.

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
wln 0500
wln 0501
wln 0502

Cosroe.
THus farre are we towards *Theridamas*,
And valiant *Tamburlaine*, the man of fame,
The man that in the forehead of his fortune,
Beares figures of renowne and myracle:
But tell me, that hast seene him, *Menaphon*,
What stature wieldes he, and what personage?
Mena. Of stature tall, and straightly fashioned,
Like his desire, lift vpwards and diuine,
Sa large of lims, his ioints so strongly knit,
Such breadth of shoulders as might mainly beare
Olde *Atlas* burthen, twixt his manly pitch,
A pearle more worth, then all the world is plaste:
Wherein by curious soueraintie of Art,
Are fixt his piercing instruments of sight:
Whose fiery cyrcles beare encompassed
A heauen of heauenly bodies in their Spheares:
That guides his steps and actions to the throne.
Where honor sits inuested royally:
Pale of complexion: wrought in him with passion,
Thirsting with souerainty with loue of armes,
His lofty browes in foldes, do figure death,

And

the Scythian [◇]

wln 0503
wln 0504
wln 0505
wln 0506
wln 0507
wln 0508
wln 0509
wln 0510
wln 0511
wln 0512
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wln 0514
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wln 0531
wln 0532
wln 0533
wln 0534

And in their smoothnesse, amitie and life:
About them hangs a knot of Amber heire.
Wrapped in curles, as fierce *Achilles* was,
On which the breath of heauen delights to play,
Making it daunce with wanton maiestie:
His armes and fingers long and **snowy**,
Betokening valour and excesse of strength:
In euery part proportioned like the man,
Should make the world subdued to *Tamburlaine*.
Cos Wel hast thou pourtraid in thy tearms of life,
The face and personage of a woondrous man:
Nature doth striue with Fortune and his stars,
To make him famous in accomplit woorth:
And well his merits show him to be made:
His Fortunes maister, and the king of men.
That could perswade at such a sodaine pinch,
With reasons of his valour and his life,
A thousand sworne and ouermatching foes:
Then when our powers in points of swords are ioin'd
And closde in compasse of the killing bullet,
Though straight the passage and the port be made,
That leads to Pallace of my brothers life,
Proud is his fortune if we pierce it not.
And when the princely Persean Diadem,
Shall ouerway his wearie witlesse head,
And fall like mellowed fruit, with shakes of death,
In faire *Persea* noble *tamburlaine*
Shall be my Regent, and remaine as King:
Ort. In happy hower we haue set the Crowne
Upon your kingly head, that seeks our honor,
In ioyning with the man, ordain'd by heauen
To further euery action to the best.

The Conquests of Tamburlaine.

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

Cen. He that with Shepherds and a litle spoile,
Durst in disdaine of wrong and tyrannie,
Defend his freedome gainst a Monarchie.
What will he doe supported by a king?
Leading a troope of Gentlemen and Lords,
And stuft with trasure for his highest thoughts,

Cos. And such shall wait on worthy *Tamburlaine*.
Our army will be forty thousand strong,
When *Tamburlain* and braue *Theridamas*
Haue met vs by the riuier *Araris*:
And all conioin'd to meet the witlesse King.
That now is marching neer to Parthia.
And with vnwilling souldiers faintly arm'd,
To seeke reuenge on me and *Tamburlaine*.
To whom sweet *Menaphon*, direct me straight.

Mena. I will my Lord.

Exeunt.

wln 0551

Act. 2. Scæna. 2,

wln 0552
wln 0553
wln 0554
wln 0555
wln 0556
wln 0557
wln 0558
wln 0559
wln 0560
wln 0561
wln 0562
wln 0563
wln 0564

*Mycetes, Meander, with other Lords
and Souldiers.*

Mycetes.

COME my *Meander*, let vs to this geere,
I tel you true my heart is swolne with wrath,
On this same theeuish villaine *tamburlaine*.
And of that false *Cosroe*, my traiterous brother
Would it not grieue a King to be so abusde.
And haue a thousand horsmen tane away?
And which is worst to haue his Diadem
Sought for by such scalde knaues as loue him not?
I thinke it would: wel then, by heauens I sweare,
Aurora shall not peepe out of her doores,

But

the Scythian Shepheard.

wln 0565
wln 0566
wln 0567
wln 0568
wln 0569
wln 0570
wln 0571
wln 0572
wln 0573
wln 0574
wln 0575
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wln 0589
wln 0590
wln 0591
wln 0592
wln 0593
wln 0594
wln 0595
wln 0596

But I will haue *Cosroe* by the head,
And kill proud *Tamburlaine* with point of sword.
Tell you the rest (*Meander*) I haue said.
Mean. Then hauing past Armenian desarts now,
And pitch our tents vnder the Georgan hilles.
Whose tops are couered with Tartarian thieues,
That lie in ambush, waiting for a pray:
What should we doe but bid them battaile straight,
And rid the world of those detested troopes?
Least if we let them lynger here a while,
They gather strength by power of fresh supplies.
This countrie swarmes with vile outragious men,
That liue by rapine and by lawlesse spoile,
Fit Souldiers for the wicked *Tamburlaine*.
And he that could with giftes and promises.
Inueigle him that lead a thousand horse,
And make him false his faith vnto his King,
Will quickly win such as are like himselfe.
Therefore cheere vp your mindes, prepare to fight,
He that can take or slaughter *tamburlaine*,
Shall rule the Prouince of *Albania*.
Who brings that Traitors head *theridamas*,
Shal haue a gouernment in *Medea*:
Beside the spoile of him and all his traine:
But if *Cosroe* (as our Spials say,
And as we know) remaines with *tamburlaine*,
His Highnesse pleasure is that he should liue,
And be reclaim'd with princely lenitie.
A Spy. An hundred horsmen of my company
Scowting abroad vpon these champion plaines,
Haue view'd the army of the Scythians,
Which make reports it far exceeds the Kings.

wln 0597
wln 0598
wln 0599
wln 0600
wln 0601
wln 0602
wln 0603
wln 0604
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wln 0628
wln 0629

Mean. Suppose they be in number infinit,
Yet being void of Martiall discipline,
All running headlong after greedy spoiles:
And more regarding gaine than victory:
Like to the cruell brothers of the earth,
Sprong of the teeth of Dragons venomous,
Their carelesse swords shal lanch their fellowes throats
And make vs triumph in their ouerthrow.

Myc. Was there such brethren, sweet *Meander*, say
That sprong of teeth of Dragons venomous.

Meand. So Poets say, my Lord.

Myce. And tis a prety toy to be a Poet.
Wel, wel (*Meander*) thou art deeply read:
And hauing thee, I haue a ieuell sure:
Go on my Lord, and giue your charge I say,
Thy wit will make vs Conquerors to day.

Mean. Then noble souldiors, to intrap these theeues,
That liue confounded in disordered troopes,
If wealth or riches may preuaile with them,
We haue our Cammels laden all with gold:
Which you that be but common souldiers,
Shall fling in euery corner of the field:
And while the base borne Tartars take it vp,
You fighting more for honor than for gold,
Shall massacre those greedy minded slaues.
And when their scattered armie is subdu'd:
And you march on their slaughtered carkasses,
Share **equally** the gold that bought their liues,
And liue like Gentlemen in *Persea*,
Strike vp the Drum and martch corragiously,
Fortune her selfe dooth sit vpon our Crests.

Myc. He tels you true, my maisters, so he does.
Drums, why sound ye not **we** *Meand.* speaks.

Exeunt

the [◇◇]

Actus. 2. Scæna. 3.

wln 0630

wln 0631

wln 0632

wln 0633

wln 0634

wln 0635

wln 0636

wln 0637

wln 0638

wln 0639

wln 0640

wln 0641

wln 0642

wln 0643

wln 0644

wln 0645

wln 0646

wln 0647

wln 0648

wln 0649

wln 0650

wln 0651

wln 0652

wln 0653

wln 0654

wln 0655

wln 0656

wln 0657

wln 0658

wln 0659

wln 0660

Cosroe, Tamburlaine, Theridamas, Techelles, Vsusmeasane, Ortygius. with others.

Cosroe.

NOW worthy *Tamburlaine*, haue I reposde,
In thy approued Fortunes all my hope,
What thinkst thou man, shal come of our at=
(temptes.

For euen as from assured oracle,
I take thy doome for satisfaction.

Tamb. And so mistake you not a whit my Lord.

For Fates and Oracles, heauen haue sworne,
To roialise the deedes of *tamburlaine*:
And make them blest that share in his attemptes.
And doubt you not, but if you fauour me,
And let my Fortunes and my valour sway,
To some direction in your martiall deeds,
The world will striue with hostes of men at armes.
To swarme vnto the Ensigne I support,
The host of *Xerxes*, which by fame is said
To drinke the mightie Parthian *Araris*,
Was but a handful to that we will haue.
Our quiuering Lances shaking in the aire,
And bullets like *Ioues* dreadfull Thunderbolts,
Enrolde in flames and fiery smoldering mistes,
Shall threat the Gods more than Cyclopien warres,
And with our Sun=bright armour as we march,
Weel chase the Stars from heauen, and dim their eies
That stand and muse at our admyred armes.

therid. You see my Lord, what woorking woordes
(he hath.

But

[◇◇◇◇]

wln 0661
wln 0662
wln 0663
wln 0664
wln 0665
wln 0666
wln 0667
wln 0668
wln 0669
wln 0670
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wln 0685
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wln 0688
wln 0689
wln 0690
wln 0691
wln 0692

But when you see his actions stop his speech,
Your speech will stay, or so extol his worth,
As I shall be commended and excude
For turning my poore charge to his direction.
And these his two renowned friends my Lord,
Would make one thrust and striue to be retain'd
In such a great degree of amitie.

tech. With dutie not with amitie we yeeld
Our vtmost seruice to the faire *Cosroe*.

Cos. Which I esteeme as portion of my crown.
Vsumeasane and *techelles* both,
When she that rules in *Rhamniss* golden gates,
And makes a passage for all prosperous Armes:
Shall make me solely Emperour of *Asia*,
Then shall your meeds and vallours be aduaunst
To roomes of honour and Nobilitie.

Tam. Then haste *Cosroe* to be king alone.
That I with these my friends and all my men,
May triumph in our long expected Fate,
The King your Brother is now hard at hand,
Meete with the foole, and rid your royall shoulders
Of such a burthen, as outwaies the sands
And all the craggie rockes of Caspea.

Mess. My Lord, we haue discovered the enemie
Ready to chardge you with a mighty armie.

Cos. Come tamburlain, now whet thy winged sword
And lift thy lofty arme into the cloudes,
That it may reach the King of Perseas crowne,
And set it safe on my victorious head.

tam. See where it is, the keenest Cutle=axe.
That ere made passage thorow Persean Armes,
These are the wings shall make it flie as swift,

the Scythian Shepheard.

wln 0693
wln 0694
wln 0695
wln 0696
wln 0697
wln 0698
wln 0699
wln 0700

As dooth the lightening: or the breath of heauen,
And kill as sure as it swiftly flies.

Cos. Thy words assure me of kind successe:
Go valiant Souldier, go before and charge
The fainting army of that foolish King.

tamb. *Vsumeasane* and *techelles* come,
We are enough to scarre the enemy,
And more than needes to make an Emperour.

wln 0701
wln 0702
wln 0703
wln 0704
wln 0705
wln 0706
wln 0707
wln 0708
wln 0709
wln 0710
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wln 0720
wln 0721
wln 0722
wln 0723

*To the Battaile, and Mycetes comes out alone with
his Crowne in his hand offering to hide it.*

Myc. Accurst be he that first inuented war,
They knew not, ah, they knew not simple men,
How those were hit by pelting Cannon shot,
Stand staggering like a quiuering Aspen leafe,
Fearing the force of *Boreas* boistrous blasts.
In what a lamentable case were I,
If Nature had not giuen me wisdomes lore?
For Kings are clouts that euery man shoots at,
Our Crowne the pin that thousands seeke to cleaue,
Therefore in pollicie I thinke it good
To hide it close: a goodly Stratagem,
And far from any man that is a foole.
So shall not I be knowen, or if I bee,
They cannot take away my crowne from me.
Here will I hide it in this simple hole.

Enter Tamburlain.

tam. What fearful coward stragling from the camp
When Kings themselues are present in the field.

Myc. Thou liest.

tam. Base villaine, darst thou giue the lie?

Myc. Away, I am the King: go, touch me not.

Thou

wln 0724
wln 0725
wln 0726
wln 0727
wln 0728
wln 0729
wln 0730
wln 0731
wln 0732
wln 0733
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wln 0742
wln 0743
wln 0744
wln 0745
wln 0746
wln 0747

Thou breakst the law of Armes vnlesse thou kneele.
And cry me mercie, noble King.

Tam Are you the witty King of *Persea*?

Myce. I marie am I: haue you any suite to me?

Tam. I would intreat you to speak but three wise
wordes.

Myce. So I can when I see my time.

Tam. Is this your Crowne?

Myce. I, Didst thou euer see a fairer?

Tamb. You will not sell it, wil ye?

Myce. Such another word, and I will haue thee
executed.

Come giue it me.

Tamb. No, I tooke it prisoner.

Myce. You lie, I gaue it you.

tam. Then tis mine.

Myce. No, I meane, I let you keep it.

tamb. Wel, I meane you shall haue it againe.

Here take it for a while, I lend it thee,
Till I may see thee hem'd with armed men.
Then shalt thou see me pull it from thy head:
Thou art no match for mightie *Tamburlaine*.

Myce. O Gods, is this *tamburlaine* the thiefe,
I marueile much he stole it not away.

wln 0748

Sound trumpets to the battell, and he runs in.

wln 0749
wln 0750
wln 0751
wln 0752
wln 0753

*Cosroe, Tamburlaine, Theridamas, Menaphon,
Meander, Ortygius, Techelles. Vsumeasane,
with others.*

Tamb. Holde thee *Cosroe*, weare two imperiall
(Crownes.

Thinke

the Scythian Shepheard.

wln 0754
wln 0755
wln 0756
wln 0757
wln 0758
wln 0759
wln 0760
wln 0761
wln 0762
wln 0763
wln 0764
wln 0765
wln 0766
wln 0767
wln 0768
wln 0769
wln 0770
wln 0771
wln 0772
wln 0773
wln 0774
wln 0775
wln 0776
wln 0777
wln 0778
wln 0779
wln 0780
wln 0781
wln 0782
wln 0783
wln 0784
wln 0785

Thinks thee Inuested now as royally,
Euen by the mighty hand of *tamburlaine*,
As if as many kinges as could encompass thee,
With greatest pompe had crown'd thee Emperour.

Cosr. So do I thrice renowned man at armes,
And none shall keepe the crowne but *tamburlaine*:

Thee doo I make my Regent of Persea,
And Generall Lieftenant of my Armies.

Meander, you that were our brothers Guide,
And chiefest Counsailor in all his acts,
Since he is yeilded to the stroke of War,
On your submission we with thanks excuse,
And giue you equall place in our affaires.

Mean. Most happy Emperour in humblest tearms
I vow my seruice to your Maiestie.
With vtmost vertue of my faith and dutie.

Cosr. Thanks good *Meander*, then *Cosroe* raign
And gouerne Persea in her former pomp:
Now send Ambassage to thy neighbor Kings,
And let them know the Persean King is chang'd:
From one that knew not what a King should do,
To one that can commaund what longs thereto:
And now we will to faire *Persepolis*,
With twenty thousand expert souldiers.
The Lords and Captaines of my brothers campe,
With litle slaughter take *Meanders* course,
And gladly yeeld them to my gracious rule:
Ortigijs and *menaphon*, my trustie friendes,
Now will I gratify your former good,
And grace your calling with a greater sway.

Ort. And as we euer and at your behoofe,
And sought your state, all honor it deseru'd,

[◇◇◇◇]

wln 0786
wln 0787
wln 0788
wln 0789
wln 0790
wln 0791
wln 0792
wln 0793
wln 0794
wln 0795
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wln 0812
wln 0813
wln 0814
wln 0815
wln 0816
wln 0817

So will we with our powers and our liues,
Indeour to preserue and prosper it.
Cos. I will not thank thee (sweet *Ortigius*)
Better replies shall prooue my purposes.
And now, Lord *tamburlaine*, my brothers Campe
I leaue to thee, and to *theridamas*,
To follow me to faire *Persepolis*.
Then will we march to all those Indian Mines,
My witlesse brother to the Christians lost:
And ransome them with fame and vsurie.
And till thou ouertake me *tamburlaine*,
(Staying to order all the scattered troopes)
Farewell Lord Regent, and his happie friends,
I long to sit vpon my brothers throne,
Mena. Your Maiestie shall shortly haue your wish.
And ride in triumph through *Persepolis*.
Manent Tamb. Tech. Ther. Vsum.
tamb. And ride in triumph through *Persepolis*?
Is it not braue to be a King, *techelles*?
Vsumeasane and *theridamas*,
Is it not passing braue to be a King,
And ride in triumph through *Persepolis*?
tech. O my Lord, tis sweet and full of pompe.
Vsum. To be a King, is halfe to be a God.
ther. A God is not so glorious as a King:
I thinke the pleasure they enioy in heauen
Can not compare with kingly ioyes in earth,
To weare a Crowne enchac'd with pearle and golde,
Whose vertues carie with it life and death,
To aske, and haue: command, and be obeied.
When looks breed loue, with lookes to gaine the prize.
Such power attractiue shines in princes eies.

Exeunt.

tam

the Scythian Shepheard.

wln 0818 *tam.* Why say *theridamas*, wilt thou be a king?
wln 0819 *the.* Nay, though I praise it, I can liue without it.
wln 0820 *tam.* What saies my other friends, wil you be kings?
wln 0821 *tec.* I, if I could with all my heart my Lord.
wln 0822 *tam.* Why, that's wel said *techelles*, so would I,
wln 0823 And so would you my maisters, would you not?
wln 0824 *Vsum.* What then my Lord?
wln 0825 *tam.* Why then *Casanes* shall we wish for ought
wln 0826 The world affoords in greatest noueltie,
wln 0827 And rest **attemplesse** faint and destitute?
wln 0828 Me thinks we should not, I am strongly moou'd,
wln 0829 That if I should desire the Persean Crowne,
wln 0830 I could attaine it with a woondrous ease,
wln 0831 And would not all our souldiers soone consent,
wln 0832 If we should aime at such a dignitie?
wln 0833 *ther.* I know they would with our perswasions.
wln 0834 *tam.* Why then *theridamas*, Ile first assay,
wln 0835 To get the Persean Kingdome to my selfe:
wln 0836 Then thou for *Parthia*, they for *Scythia* and *Medea*.
wln 0837 And if I prosper, all shall be as sure,
wln 0838 As if the Turke, the Pope, *Affrike* and *Greece*,
wln 0839 Came creeping to vs with their crownes apace.
wln 0840 *tech.* Then shall we send to this triumphing King,
wln 0841 And bid him battell for his nouell Crowne?
wln 0842 *Vsum.* Nay quickly then, before his roome be hot.
wln 0843 *tam.* Twil prooue a pretie iest (in faith) my friends.
wln 0844 *the.* A iest to chardge on twenty thousand men?
wln 0845 I iudge the purchase more important far.
wln 0846 *tam.* Iudge by thy selfe *theridamas*, not me,
wln 0847 For presently *techelles* here shal haste,
wln 0848 To bid him battaile ere he passe too farre,
wln 0849 And lose more labor than the gaine will quight.

Then

The Conquests of Tamburlaine,

wln 0850
wln 0851
wln 0852
wln 0853
wln 0854
wln 0855
wln 0856
wln 0857
wln 0858
wln 0859

Then shalt thou see the Scythian *tamburlaine*,
Make but a iest to win the Persean crowne.
techelles, take a thousand horse with thee,
And bid him turne his back to war with vs,
That onely made him King to make vs sport.
We will not steale vpon him cowardly,
But giue him warning and more warriours.
Haste the *techelles*, we will follow thee.
What saith *theridamas*?
ther. Goe on for me.

Exeunt.

wln 0860

Actus. 2. Scæna. 6.

wln 0861
wln 0862
wln 0863
wln 0864
wln 0865
wln 0866
wln 0867
wln 0868
wln 0869
wln 0870
wln 0871
wln 0872
wln 0873
wln 0874
wln 0875
wln 0876
wln 0877
wln 0878
wln 0879

*Cosroe, Meander, Ortygius, Menaphon, with
other Souldiers.*

Cos.

VVhat means this diuelish shepheard to aspire
With such a Giantly presumption.
To cast vp hils against the face of heauen:
And dare the force of angrie *Iupiter*.
But as he thrust them vnderneath the hils,
And prest out fire from their burning iawes:
So will I send this monstrous slaue to hell,
Where flames shall euer feed vpon his soule.
mean. Some powers diuine, or els infernall, mixt
Their angry seeds at his conception:
For he was neuer sprong of humaine race,
Since with the spirit of his fearefull pride,
He dares so doubtlesly resolute of rule.
And by profession be ambitious.
Ort. What God or Feend, or spirit of the earth,
Or Monster turned to a manly shape,

Or

the Scythian Shepheard.

wln 0880 Or of what mould or mettel he be made,
wln 0881 What star or state soeuer gouerne him,
wln 0882 Let vs put on our meet incountring mindes,
wln 0883 And in detesting such a diuelish Thiefe,
wln 0884 In loue of honor & defence of right,
wln 0885 Be arm'd against the hate of such a foe,
wln 0886 Whether from earth, or hell, or heauen he grow.
wln 0887 *Cos.* Nobly resolu'd, my good *Ortygius*.
wln 0888 And since we all haue suckt one wholsome aire,
wln 0889 And with the same proportion of Elements,
wln 0890 Resolue, I hope we are resembled,
wln 0891 Uowing our loues to equall death and life,
wln 0892 Let's cheere our souldiers to incounter him,
wln 0893 That grieuous image of ingratitude:
wln 0894 That fiery thirster after Soueraingtie:
wln 0895 And burne him in the fury of that flame,
wln 0896 That none can quence but blood and Emperie.
wln 0897 Resolue my Lords and louing souldiers now,
wln 0898 To saue your King and country from decay:
wln 0899 Then strike vp Drum, and all the Starres that make
wln 0900 The loathsome Circle of my dated life,
wln 0901 Direct my weapon to his barbarous heart,
wln 0902 That thus opposeth him against the Gods,
wln 0903 And scornes the Powers that gouerne *Persea*.

wln 0904 *Enter to the Battell, & after the battell, enter Cosroe*
wln 0905 *wounded, Theridamas, tamburlaine, Techelles,*
wln 0906 *Vsumeasane, with others.*

wln 0907 *Cos.* Barbarous and bloody *Tamburlaine*,
wln 0908 Thus to depriue me of my crowne and life.
wln 0909 Treacherous and false *theridamas*,

The Conquests of Tamburlaine,

wln 0910 Euen at the morning of my happy state,
wln 0911 Scarce being seated in my royall throne,
wln 0912 To worke my downfall and vntimely end.
wln 0913 An vncouth paine torments my griued soule,
wln 0914 And death arrests the organe of my voice.
wln 0915 Who entring at the breach thy sword hath made,
wln 0916 Sacks euery vaine and artier of my heart,
wln 0917 Bloody and insatiate *Tamburlain*.
wln 0918 *tam.* The thirst of raigne and sweetnes of a crown,
wln 0919 That caude the eldest sonne of heauenly *Ops*,
wln 0920 To thrust his doting father from his chaire,
wln 0921 And place himselfe in the Emperiall heauen,
wln 0922 Moou'd me to manage armes against they state,
wln 0923 What better president than mightie *Ioue*?
wln 0924 Nature that fram'd vs of foure Elements,
wln 0925 Warring within our breasts for regiment,
wln 0926 Doth teach vs all to haue aspyring minds:
wln 0927 Our soules, whose faculties can comprehend
wln 0928 The wondrous Architecture of the world:
wln 0929 And measure euery wandring plannets course.
wln 0930 Still climing after knowledge infinite,
wln 0931 And alwaies moouing as the restles Spheares.
wln 0932 Wils vs to weare our selues and neuer rest.
wln 0933 Until we reach the ripest fruit of all.
wln 0934 That perfect blisse and sole felicitie.
wln 0935 The sweet fruition of an earthly crowne.
wln 0936 *Ther.* And that made me to ioine with *tamburlain*
wln 0937 For he is grosse and like the massie earth,
wln 0938 That mooues not vpwards, nor by princely deeds
wln 0939 Doth meane to soare aboue the highest sort.
wln 0940 *Tec.* And that made vs the friends of *Tamburlaine*.
wln 0941 To lift our swords against the Persean King.

Vsum.

the Scythian Shepheard.

wln 0942
wln 0943
wln 0944
wln 0945
wln 0946
wln 0947
wln 0948
wln 0949
wln 0950
wln 0951
wln 0952
wln 0953
wln 0954
wln 0955
wln 0956
wln 0957
wln 0958

Vsum. For as when *Ioue* did thrust old *Saturn* down,
Neptune and *Dis* gain'd each of them a Crowne.
So do we hope to raign in *Asia*,
If *tamburlain* be plac'd in *Persea*.
Cos. The strangest men that euer nature made,
I know not how to take their tyrannies.
My bloodlesse body waxeth chill and colde,
And with my blood my life slides through my wound.
My soule begins to take her flight to hell.
And sommons all my sences to depart:
The heat and moisture which did feed each other,
For want of nourishment to feed them both.
Is drie and cold, and now dooth gastly death
With greedy tallents gripe my bleeding hart,
And like a Harpyr tires on my life.
Theridamas and *Tamburlaine*, I die,
And fearefull vengeance light vpon you both.

wln 0959

He takes the Crowne and puts it on.

wln 0960
wln 0961
wln 0962
wln 0963
wln 0964
wln 0965
wln 0966
wln 0967
wln 0968
wln 0969
wln 0970
wln 0971

tam. Not all the curses which the furies breathe,
Shall make me leaue so rich a prize as this:
Theridamas, *techelles*, and the rest,
Who thinke you now is king of *Persea*?
All. *Tamburlaine*, *tamburlaine.* (armes,
Tamb. Though *Mars* himselfe the angrie God of
And all the earthly Potentates conspire,
To dispossesse me of this Diadem:
Yet will I weare it in despite of them,
As great commander of this Easterne world,
If you but say that *tamburlaine* shall raigne.
Al. Long liue *tamburlaine*, and raigne in *Asia*.

The Conquests of Tamburlaine.

wln 0972 *tamb.* So, now it is more surer on my head,
wln 0973 Than if the Gods had held a Parliament:
wln 0974 And all pronounst me king of Persea.
wln 0975

Finis Actus 2.

wln 0976

Actus. 3. Scæna. 1.

wln 0977 *Baiazeth, the kings of Fess. Moroco, and Argier.*
wln 0978 *with others, in great pompe.*

wln 0979 *Baiazeth.*

wln 0980 GREAT Kings of *Barbary*, and my portly Bassoes,
wln 0981 We heare, the Tartars & the Easterne theeues
wln 0982 Under the conduct of one *Tamburlaine*,
wln 0983 Presume a bickering with your Emperour:
wln 0984 And thinks to rouse vs from our dreadful siege
wln 0985 Of the famous Grecian *Constantinople*.
wln 0986 You know our Armie is inuincible:
wln 0987 As many circumcised Turkes we haue,
wln 0988 And warlike bands of Christians renied,
wln 0989 As hath the Ocean or the Terrene sea
wln 0990 Small drops of water, when the Moon begins
wln 0991 To ioine in one her semi=circled hornes:
wln 0992 Yet would we not be brau'd with forrain power,
wln 0993 Nor raise our siege before the Gretians yeeld.
wln 0994 Or breathles lie before the citie walles.

wln 0995 *Fess.* Renowmed Emperour, and mighty Generall
wln 0996 What if you sent the Bassoes of your guard.
wln 0997 To charge him to remaine in *Asia*.
wln 0998 Or els to threaten death and deadly armes,
wln 0999 As from the mouth of mighty *Baiazeth*.

wln 1000 *Bai.* Hie thee my Bassoe fast to *Persea*,
wln 1001 Tell him thy Lord the Turkish Emperour,
wln 1002 Dread Lord of *Affrike, Europe* and *Asia*.

Great

the Scythian Shepheard.

wln 1003 Great King and conquerour of Grecia,
wln 1004 The Ocean, Terrene, and the cole=blacke sea,
wln 1005 The high and **higest** Monarke of the world.
wln 1006 Wils and Commands (for say not I intreat)
wln 1007 Not once to set his foot in *Affrica*,
wln 1008 Or spread his collours in Grecia.
wln 1009 Least he incurre the furie of my wrath.
wln 1010 Tell him, I am content to take a truce,
wln 1011 Because I heare he beares a valiant mind.
wln 1012 But if presuming on his silly power,
wln 1013 He be so mad to manage Armes with me,
wln 1014 Then stay thou with him, say I bid thee so.
wln 1015 And if before the Sun haue measured heauen
wln 1016 With triple circuit thou regret vs not,
wln 1017 We meane to take his mornings next arise.
wln 1018 For messenger, he will not be reclaim'd,
wln 1019 And meane to fetch thee in despight of him.
wln 1020 *Bass.* Most great and puisant Monarke of the earth,
wln 1021 Your Bassoe will accomplish your behest:
wln 1022 And show your pleasure to the Persean.
wln 1023 As fits the Legate of the stately Turk.
wln 1024 *Arg.* They say he is the King of *Persea*.
wln 1025 But if he dare attempt to stir your siege,
wln 1026 Twere requisite he should be ten times more,
wln 1027 For all flesh quakes at your magnificence.
wln 1028 *Bai.* True (*Argier*) and tremble at my lookes.
wln 1029 *Moro.* The spring is hindred by your smothering
wln 1030 For neither rain can fall vpon the earth, (host,
wln 1031 Nor Sun reflexe his vertuous beames thereon.
wln 1032 The ground is mantled with such multitudes.
wln 1033 *Bai.* All this is true as holy *Mahomet*,
wln 1034 And all the trees are blasted with our breathes.

Exit Bass.

The Conquests of Tamburlaine.

wln 1035
wln 1036
wln 1037
wln 1038
wln 1039
wln 1040
wln 1041
wln 1042
wln 1043
wln 1044
wln 1045
wln 1046

Fess. What thinks your greatnes best to be atchieu'd
In pursuit of the Cities ouerthrow?

Bai. I wil the captiue Pioners of *Argier*,
Cut of the water, that by leaden pipes
Runs to the citie from the mountain *Carnon*,
Two thousand horse shall forrage vp and downe,
That no reliefe or succour come by Land.
And all the sea my Gallies countermaund.
Then shall our footmen lie within the trench,
And with their Cannons mouth'd like *Orcus gulfe*
Batter the walles, and we will enter in:
And thus the Grecians shall be conquered.

Exeunt

wln 1047

Actus. 3. Scæna. 2.

wln 1048
wln 1049

*Agidas, Zenocrate, Anippe, with
others.*

wln 1050
wln 1051
wln 1052
wln 1053
wln 1054
wln 1055
wln 1056
wln 1057
wln 1058
wln 1059
wln 1060
wln 1061
wln 1062
wln 1063

MAdam *Zenocrate*, may I presume
To know the cause of these vnquiet fits:
That worke such trouble to your woonted rest:
Tis more then pittie such a heauenly face
Should by hearts sorrow wax so wan and pale.
When your offensiue rape by *tamburlaine*,
(Which of your whole displeasures should be most)
Hath seem'd to be digested long agoe.

Zen. Although it be digested long agoe,
As his exceding fauours haue deseru'd,
And might content the Queene of heauen as well:
As it hath chang'd my first conceiu'd disdain.
Yet since a farther passion feeds my thoughts,
With ceaselesse and disconsolate conceits.

Which

the Scythian Shepheard.

wln 1064
wln 1065
wln 1066
wln 1067
wln 1068
wln 1069
wln 1070
wln 1071
wln 1072
wln 1073

Which dies my lookes so liuelesse as they are.
And might, if my extreame had full euent,
Make me the gastly counterfeit of death.
Agid. Eternall heauen sooner be dissolu'd.
And all that pierceth *Phæbes* siluer eie,
Before such hap fall to *zenocrate*.
zen. Ah, life, and soule still houer in his Breast.
And leaue my body sencelesse as the earth.
Or els vnite you to his life and soule,
That I may liue and die with *tamburlaine*.

wln 1074

Enter Tamburlaine with Techelles and others.

wln 1075
wln 1076
wln 1077
wln 1078
wln 1079
wln 1080
wln 1081
wln 1082
wln 1083
wln 1084
wln 1085
wln 1086
wln 1087
wln 1088
wln 1089
wln 1090
wln 1091
wln 1092
wln 1093

Agid. With *tamburlaine*? Ah faire *zenocrate*.
Let not a man so vile and barbarous,
That holds you from your father in despight,
And keeps you from the honors of a Queene.
Being supposde his worthlesse Concubine.
Be honored with your loue, but for necessity.
So now the mighty Souldan heares of you,
Your Highnesse needs not doubt but in short time,
He will with *Tamburlaines* destruction
Redeeme you from this deadly seruitude.
Zen. leaue to wound me with these words.
And speake of *tamburlaine* as he deserues:
The entertainment we haue had of him,
Is far from villanie or seruitude.
And might in noble minds be counted princely.
Agid. How can you fancie one that lookes so fierce,
Onelie disposed to martiall Stratagems?
Who when he shall embrace you in his armes,
Will tell how many thousand men he slew.

The Conquests of Tamburlaine.

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
wln 1112
wln 1113
wln 1114
wln 1115

wln 1116
wln 1117
wln 1118
wln 1119
wln 1120
wln 1121
wln 1122
wln 1123
wln 1124

And when you looke for amorous discourse,
Will rattle foorth his facts of war and blood.
Too harsh a subiect for your dainty eares.

Zen. As looks the sun through *Nilus* flowing stream,
Or when the morning holds him in her armes.
So lookes my Lordly loue, faire *tamburlaine*:
His talke much sweeter than the Muses song,
They sung for honor gainst *Pierides*.
Or when *Minerua* did with *Neptune* striue,
And higher would I reare my estimate,
Than *Iuno* sister to the highest God.
If I were matcht with mightie *tamburlaine*.

Agid. Yet be not so inconstant in your loue,
But let the yong Arabian liue in hope,
After your rescue to **ei**oy his choise.
You see though first the King of *Persea*
(Being a Shepheard) seem'd to loue you much,
Now in his maiesty he leaues those lookes,
Those words of fauour, and those comfortings,
And giues no more than common courtesies.

Zen. Thence rise the tears that so distain my cheeks,
Fearing his loue through my vnworthynesse.

*Tamburlaine goes to her, & takes her away louing-
ly by the hand, looking wrathfully on Agidas,
and sayes nothing.*

Agid. Betraide by fortune and suspitious loue.
Threatned with frowning wrath and ieaousie.
Surpriz d with feare of hideous reuenge.
I stand agast: but most astonied
To see his choller shut in secrete thoughtes,
And wrapt in silence of his angry soule.

Upon

the Scythian Shepheard.

wln 1125
wln 1126
wln 1127
wln 1128
wln 1129
wln 1130
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
wln 1153
wln 1154
wln 1155
wln 1156

Upon his browes was pourtraid vgly death,
And in his eies the furie of his hart.
That shine as Comets, menacing reuenge,
And casts a pale complexion on his cheeks.
As when the Sea=man sees the *Hyades*
Gather an armye of Cemerian clouds,
(*Auster* and *Aquilon* with winged Steads
All sweating, tilt about the watery heauens,
With shiuering speares enforcing thunderclaps.
And from their shieldes strike flames of lightning)
All fearefull foldes his sailes, and sounds the maine,
Lifting his prayers to the heauens for aid,
Against the terrour of the winds and waues.
So fares *Agydas* for the late felt frownes
That sent a tempest to my daunted thoughtes,
And makes my soule deuine her ouerthrow.

Enter Techelles with a naked dagger.

tech. See you *Agydas* how the King salutes you.
He bids you prophesie what it imports.

Exit.

Agid. I prophesied before and now I prooue,
The killing frownes of iealousie and loue.
He needed not with words confirme my feare,
For words are vaine where working tooles present
The naked action of my threatned end.
It saies, *Agydas*, thou shalt surely die.
And of extremities elect the least,
More honor and lesse paine it may procure,
To dy by this resolved hand of thine,
Than stay the torments he and heauen haue sworne.
Then haste *Agydas*, and preuent the plagues:
Which thy prolonged Fates may draw on thee:
Go wander free from feare of Tyrants rage.

Remoo=

The Conquests of Tamburlaine.

wln 1157
wln 1158
wln 1159
wln 1160
wln 1161
wln 1162
wln 1163
wln 1164
wln 1165
wln 1166
wln 1167

Remooued from the Torments and the hell:
Wherewith he may excruciate thy soule.
And let *Agidas* by *Agidas* die.
And with this stab slumber eternally.
tech. *Vsumeasane*, see how right the man
Hath hit the meaning of my Lord the King.
Vsum. Faith, and *techelles*, it was manly done:
And since he was so wise and honorable,
Let vs affoord him now the bearing hence.
And craue his triple worthy buriall.
tech. Agreed *Casane*, we wil honor him.

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
wln 1184
wln 1185
wln 1186
wln 1187

Act. 3. Scœna. 3,
Tamburlain, Techelles, Vsumeasane, Theridamas,
Bassoe, Zenocrate, with others.
Tamburlaine.
BAssoe, by this thy Lord and maister knowes,
I meane to meet him in *Bithynia*:
see how he comes? Tush. Turkes are ful of brags
And menace more than they can wel performe:
He meet me in the field and fetch thee hence?
Alas (poore Turke) his fortune is to weake,
T'incounter with the strength of *Tamburlaine*.
Uiew well my Camp, and speake indifferently,
Doo not my captaines and my souldiers looke
As if they meant to conquer *Affrica*.
Bass. Your men are valiant but their number few,
And cannot terrefie his mightie hoste,
My Lord, the great Commander of the worlde,
Besides fifteene contributorie kings,
Hath now in armes ten thousand Ianisaries,
Mounted on lusty Mauritanian Steeds.

Brought

the Scythian Shepheard.

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
wln 1216
wln 1217
wln 1218
wln 1219

Brought to the war by men of *Tripoly*.
Two hundred thousand footmen that haue seru'd
In two set battels fought in Grecia:
And for the expedition of this war,
If he think good, can from his garrisons,
Withdraw as many more to follow him.
tech. The more he brings, the greater is the spoile,
For when they perish by our warlike hands,
We meane to seate our footmen on their Steeds.
And rifle all those stately Ianisars.
tam. But wil those Kings accompany your Lord?
Bass. Such as his Highnesse please, but some must
To rule the prouinces he late subdude. (stay
tam. thē fight courageously, their crowns are yours
This hand shal set them on your conquering heads:
That made me Emperour of *Asia*.
Vsum. Let him bring millions infinite of men,
Unpeopling Westerne *Affrica* and *Greece*:
Yet we assure vs of the victorie.
ther. Euen he that in a trice vanquisht two kings,
More mighty than the Turkish Emperour:
Shall rouse him out of Europe, and pursue
His scattered armie til they yeeld or die.
tamb. Wel said *theridamas*, speake in that mood,
For Wil and Shall best fitteth *Tamburlain*,
Whose smiling stars giues him assured hope
Of martiall triumph, ere he meete his foes:
I that am tearm'd the Scourge and Wrath of God,
The onely feare and terrour of the world,
Wil first subdue the Turke, and then inlarge
Those Christian Captiues, which you keep as slaues,
Burdening their bodies with your heauie chaines.

And

The Conquests of Tamburlaine,

wln 1220 And feeding them with thin and slender fare,
wln 1221 That naked rowe about the Terrene sea.
wln 1222 And when they chance to breath and rest a space,
wln 1223 Are punisht with Bastones so grieuously,
wln 1224 That they lie panting on the Gallies side.
wln 1225 And striue for life at euery stroke they giue,
wln 1226 These are the cruell pirates of *Argeire*,
wln 1227 That damned traine, the scum of *Affrica*.
wln 1228 Inhabited with stragling Runnagates,
wln 1229 That make quick hauock of the Christian blood.
wln 1230 But as I liue that towne shall curse the time
wln 1231 That *Tamburlaine* set foot in *Affrica*:

wln 1232
wln 1233
*Enter Baiazeth with his Bassoes and contri-
butorie Kinges.*

wln 1234 *Bai.* Bassoes and Ianisaries of my Guard,
wln 1235 Attend vpon the person of your Lord,
wln 1236 The greatest Potentate of *Affrica*.
wln 1237 *Tam.* *Techelles*, and the rest prepare your swordes
wln 1238 I meane t'incounter with that *Baiazeth*.
wln 1239 *Bai.* Kings of *Fesse*, *Moroccus* and *Argier*,
wln 1240 He cals me *Baiazeth*, whom you call Lord.
wln 1241 Note the presumption of this Scythian slaue:
wln 1242 I tell thee villaine, those that lead my horse
wln 1243 Haue to their names tytles of dignity,
wln 1244 And dar'st thou bluntly call me *Baiazeth*?
wln 1245 *Tam.* And know thou Turke, that those which
wln 1246 (lead my horse,
wln 1247 Shall lead thee Captiue thorow *Affrica*.
wln 1248 And dar'st thou bluntly call me *tamburlaine*?
wln 1249 *Bai.* By *Mahomet*, my Kinsmans sepulcher.

And

the Scythian Shepheard.

wln 1250
wln 1251
wln 1252
wln 1253
wln 1254
wln 1255
wln 1256
wln 1257
wln 1258
wln 1259
wln 1260
wln 1261
wln 1262
wln 1263
wln 1264
wln 1265
wln 1266
wln 1267
wln 1268
wln 1269
wln 1270
wln 1271
wln 1272
wln 1273
wln 1274
wln 1275
wln 1276
wln 1277
wln 1278
wln 1279
wln 1280
wln 1281

And by the holy *Alcaron* I sweare,
He shall be made a chast and lustlesse Eunuke,
And in my Sarell tend my Concubines:
And all his Captaines that thus stoutly stand,
Shall draw the chariot of my Emperesse.
Whom I haue brought to see their ouerthrow.

Tamb. By this my sword that conquer'd *Persea*,
Thy fall shall make me famous through the world:
I will not tell thee how Ile handle thee,
But euery common souldier of my Camp
Shall smile to see thy miserable state.

Fess. What means the mighty Turkish Emperor
To talk with one so base as *tamburlaine*.

Moro. Ye Moores and valiant men of *Barbary*.
How can ye suffer these indignities.

Arg. Leaue words and let them feele your lances
(pointes.
Which glided through the bowels of the Greekes.

Bai. Wel said my stout contributory kings,
Your threefold armie and my hugie hoste,
Shall swallow vp these base borne Perseans,

tech. Puissant, renowmed and mighty *tamburlain*,
Why stay we thus prolonging all their liues?

ther. I long to see those crownes won by our swords
That we may raigne as kings of Affrica.

Vsum. What Coward wold not fight for such a prize?

Tamb. Fight all couragiously and be you kings.
I speake it, and my words are oracles.

Bai. *Zabina*, mother of three brauer boies,
Than *Hercules*, that in his infancie
Did pash the iawes of Serpents venomous:
Whose hands are made to gripe a warlike Lance.

Their

The Conquests of Tamburlaine,

wln 1282 Their shoulders broad, for complet armour fit,
wln 1283 Their lims more large and of a bigger size
wln 1284 Than all the brats ysprong from *Typhons* loins:
wln 1285 Who, when they come vnto their fathers age,
wln 1286 Will batter Turrets with their manly fists.
wln 1287 Sit here vpon this royal chaire of state,
wln 1288 And on thy head weare my Emperiall crowne,
wln 1289 Untill I bring this sturdy *tamburlain*,
wln 1290 And all his Captains bound in captiue chaines.
wln 1291 *zab.* Such good successe happen to *Baiazeth*,
wln 1292 *Tam.* *zenocrate*, the loueliest Maide aliue,
wln 1293 Fairer than rockes of pearle and pretious stone,
wln 1294 The onely Paragon of *tamburlaine*,
wln 1295 Whose eies are brighter than the Lamps of heauen.
wln 1296 And speech more pleasant than sweet harmony:
wln 1297 That with thy lookes canst cleare the darkened Sky:
wln 1298 And calme the rage of thundring *Iupiter*:
wln 1299 Sit downe by her: adorned with my Crowne,
wln 1300 As if thou wert the Empresse of the world.
wln 1301 Stir not *zenocrate* vntill thou see
wln 1302 Me martch victoriously with all my men,
wln 1303 Triumpling ouer him and these his kings.
wln 1304 Which I will bring as Uassals to thy feete.
wln 1305 Til then take thou my crowne, vaunt of my worth,
wln 1306 And manage words with her as we will armes.
wln 1307 *zen.* And may my Loue, the king of *Persea*
wln 1308 Returne with victorie, and free from wound.
wln 1309 *Bai.* Now shalt thou feel the force of Turkish arms,
wln 1310 Which lately made all Europe quake for feare:
wln 1311 I haue of Turkes, Arabians, Moores and Iewes
wln 1312 Enough to couer all *Bythinia*,
wln 1313 Let thousands die, their slaughtered Carkasses

Shall

the Scythian Shepheard.

wln 1314 Shal serue for walles and bulwarkes to the rest:
wln 1315 And as the heads of *Hydra*, so my power
wln 1316 Subdued, shall stand as mighty as before:
wln 1317 If they should yeeld their necks vnto the sword,
wln 1318 Thy souldiers armes could not endure to strike
wln 1319 So many blowes as I haue heads for thee.
wln 1320 Thou knowest not (foolish hardy *Tamburlaine*)
wln 1321 What tis to meet me in the open field,
wln 1322 That leaue no ground for thee to march vpon.
wln 1323 *Tam.* Our conquering swords shall marshal vs the
wln 1324 We vse to march vpon the slaughtered foe: (way
wln 1325 Trampling their bowels with our horses hooffes:
wln 1326 Braue horses, bred on the white Tartarian hils:
wln 1327 My Campe is like to *Iulius Cæsars* hoste,
wln 1328 That neuer fought but had the victorie:
wln 1329 Nor in *Pharsalia* was there such hot war,
wln 1330 As these my followers willingly would haue:
wln 1331 Legions of Spirits fleeting in the aire,
wln 1332 Direct our Bullets and our weapons pointes
wln 1333 And make our strokes to wound the sencelesse lure,
wln 1334 And when she sees our bloody Collours spread.
wln 1335 Then Uictorie begins to take her flight,
wln 1336 Resting her selfe vpon my milk=white Tent:
wln 1337 But come my Lords, to weapons let vs fall.
wln 1338 The field is ours, the Turk, his wife and all.
wln 1339 *Exit, with his followers.*
wln 1340 *Bai.* Come Kings and Bassoes let vs glut our swords
wln 1341 That thirst to drinke the feble Perseans blood.
wln 1342 *Exit, with his followers.*
wln 1343 *zab.* Base Concubine, must thou be plac'd by me
wln 1344 That am the Empresse of the mighty Turke?
wln 1345 *zen.* Disdainful Turkesse and vnreuerend Bosse,

The Conquests of Tamburlaine,

wln 1346
wln 1347
wln 1348
wln 1349
wln 1350
wln 1351
wln 1352
wln 1353
wln 1354
wln 1355
wln 1356
wln 1357
wln 1358
wln 1359
wln 1360
wln 1361
wln 1362
wln 1363
wln 1364
wln 1365
wln 1366
wln 1367
wln 1368
wln 1369
wln 1370
wln 1371
wln 1372
wln 1373
wln 1374
wln 1375
wln 1376
wln 1377

Call'st thou me Concubine that am betroath'd
Unto the great and mighty *tamburlaine*?

Zab. To *tamburlaine* the great Tartarian thiefe?

Zen. Thou wilt repent these lauish words of thine,
When thy great Bassoë, maister and thy selfe,
Must plead for mercie at his kingly feet,
And sue to me to be your Aduocates.

Zab. And sue to thee? I tell thee shamelesse girle,
Thou shalt be Landresse to my waiting maid.
How lik'st thou her *Ebea*, will she serue?

Ebea. Madame, she thinks perhaps she is too fine.
But I shall turne her into other weedes.
And make her daintie fingers fall to woorke.

Zen. hearst thou *Anippe*, how thy drudge doth talk,
And how my slaue, her mistresse menaceth.
Both for their sausinesse shall be employed,
To dresse the common souldiers meat and drink.
For we will scorne they should come nere our selues.

Anip. Yet somtimes let your highnesse send for the
To do the work my chamber maid disdaines.

They sound the battell within, and stay

Zen. Ye Gods and powers that gouerne Persea.
And made my lordly Loue her worthy King:
Now strengthen him against the Turkish *Baiazeth*,
And let his foes like flockes of fearfull Roes,
Pursude by hunters, flie his angrie lookes,
That I may see him issue Conquerour.

Zab. Now *Mahomet*, solicit God himselfe,
And make him raine down murthering shot frō heauen
To dash the Scythians braines, and strike them dead,
That dare to manage armes with him,
That offered iewels to thy sacred shrine.

When

the Scythian Shepheard.

wln 1378
wln 1379
wln 1380
wln 1381
wln 1382
wln 1383
wln 1384
wln 1385
wln 1386
wln 1387
wln 1388
wln 1389
wln 1390
wln 1391
wln 1392
wln 1393
wln 1394
wln 1395
wln 1396

wln 1397

wln 1398
wln 1399
wln 1400
wln 1401
wln 1402
wln 1403
wln 1404
wln 1405
wln 1406
wln 1407

When first he war'd against the Christians.

To the battell againe.

Zen. By this the Turks lie weltring in their blood
And *tamburlaine* is Lord of *Affrica*: (sound,

Zab. Thou art deceiu'd, I heard the Trumpets
As when my Emperour ouerthrew the Greeks:
And led them Captiue into Affrica.

Straight will I vse thee as thy pride deserues:
Prepare thy selfe to liue and die my slaue.

Zen. If *Mahomet* should come from heauen and
My royall Lord is slaine or conquered. (swear,
Yet should he not perswade me otherwise.
But that he liues and will be Conquerour.

Baiazeth flies, and he pursues him.

The battell short, and they enter,

Baiazeth is ouercome.

Tam. Now king of Bassoes, who is Conqueror?

Bai. Thou, by the fortune of this damned soile,

Tam. Where are your stout contributorie kings?

Enter Techelles, Theridamas, Vsumeasane.

Tech. We haue their crownes their bodies strowe
(the fielde.

Tam. Each man a crown? why kingly fought ifaith
Deliuier them into my tresurie.

Zen. Now let me offer to my gracious Lord.
His royall Crowne againe, so highly won:

tam. Nay take the Turkish Crown from her, *zen.*
And crowne me Emperour of Affrica.

Zab. No *tamburlain*, though now thou gat the best
Thou shalt not yet be Lord of Affrica.

The Conquests of Tamburlaine,

wln 1408 *ther.* Giue her the Crowne Turkesse you wer best.
wln 1409 *He takes it from her, and giues it Zenocrate,*
wln 1410 *zab.* Iniurious villaines, thieues, runnagates,
wln 1411 How dare you thus abuse my Maiesty?
wln 1412 *ther.* Here Madam, you are Empresse, she is none.
wln 1413 *tam.* Not now *theridamas*, her time is past:
wln 1414 The pillers that haue bolstered vp those tearmes,
wln 1415 Are falne in clusters at my conquering feet.
wln 1416 *zab.* Though he be prisoner, he may be ransomed:
wln 1417 *tamb.* Not all the world shall ransom *Baiazeth*.
wln 1418 *Bai.* Ah faire *zabina*, we haue lost the field.
wln 1419 And neuer had the Turkish Emperour
wln 1420 So great a foile by any forraine foe.
wln 1421 Now will the Christian miscreants be glad,
wln 1422 Ringing with ioy their superstitious belles:
wln 1423 And making bonfires for my ouerthrow.
wln 1424 But ere I die those foule Idolaters
wln 1425 Shall make me bonfires with their filthy bones,
wln 1426 For though the glorie of this day be lost.
wln 1427 *Affrik* and *Greece* haue garrisons enough
wln 1428 To make me Soueraigne of the earth againe.
wln 1429 *Tam.* Those walled garrisons wil I subdue,
wln 1430 And write my selfe great Lord of *Affrica*:
wln 1431 So from the East vnto the furthest West,
wln 1432 Shall *tamburlain* extend his puisant arme.
wln 1433 The Galles and those pilling Briggandines,
wln 1434 That yeerely saile to the Uenetian gulfe,
wln 1435 And houer in the straighes for Christians wracke,
wln 1436 Shall lie at anchor in the Isle *Asant*.
wln 1437 Untill the Persean Fleete and men of war,
wln 1438 Sailing along the Orientall sea,
wln 1439 Haue fetcht about the Indian continent:

the Scythian Shepheard.

wln 1440 Euen from *Persepolis* to *Mexico*,
wln 1441 And thence vnto the straightes of *Iubalter*:
wln 1442 Where they shall meete, and ioine their force in one.
wln 1443 Keeping in aw the Bay of *Portingale*.
wln 1444 And all the Ocean by the British shore:
wln 1445 And by this meanes Ile win the world at last.
wln 1446 *Bai.* Yet set a ransome on me tamburlaine.
wln 1447 *Tam.* What, thinkst thou tamburlain esteems thy
wln 1448 Ile make the kings of *India* ere I die, (gold,
wln 1449 Offer their mines (to sew for peace) to me,
wln 1450 And dig for treasure to appease my wrath:
wln 1451 Come bind them both and one lead in the Turke.
wln 1452 The Turkesse let my Loues maid lead away.
wln 1453 *They bind them.*
wln 1454 *Bai.* Ah villaines, dare ye touch my sacred armes.
wln 1455 O *Mahomet*, Oh sleepe *Mahomet*.
wln 1456 *zab.* O cursed *Mahomet* that makest vs thus
wln 1457 The slaues to Scythians rude and barbarous.
wln 1458 *Tam.* Come bring them in, & for this happy cōquest
wln 1459 Triumph, and solemnize a martiall feast.
wln 1460 *Exeunt.* *Finis Actus tertii.*

wln 1461

Actus. 4. Scæna. 1.

wln 1462 *Souldan of Egipt with three or four Lords, Capolin*
wln 1463 *Souldan.*
wln 1464 AWake ye men of *Memphis*, heare the clange
wln 1465 Of Scythian trumpets, heare the Basiliskes,
wln 1466 That roaring, shake *Damascus* turrets downe,
wln 1467 The rogue of *Volga* holds *zenocrate*,
wln 1468 The Souldans daughter for his Concubine,
wln 1469 And with a troope of theeues and vagabondes.

D2

Hath

The Conquests of Tamburlaine.

wln 1470
wln 1471
wln 1472
wln 1473
wln 1474
wln 1475
wln 1476
wln 1477
wln 1478
wln 1479
wln 1480
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wln 1492
wln 1493
wln 1494
wln 1495
wln 1496
wln 1497
wln 1498
wln 1499
wln 1500
wln 1501

Hath spread his collours to our high disgrace:
While you faint=hearted base Egyptians,
Lie slumbering on the flowrie bankes of *Nile*,
As Crocodiles that vnaffrighted rest,
While thundring Cannons rattle on their Skins.

Mess. Nay (mightie Souldan) did your greatnes see
The frowning lookes of fiery *Tamburlaine*,
That with his terrour and imperious eies,
Commandes the hearts of his associates,
It might amaze your royall maiesty.

Soldan Uillain. I tell thee, were that tamburlaine,
As monstrous as *Gorgon*, prince of Hell,
The Souldane would not start a foot from him.
But speake, what power hath he?

Mess. Mightie Lord,
Three hundred thousand men in armour clad,
Upon their pransing Steeds, disdainfully
With wanton paces trampling on the ground.
Fieue hundred thousand footmen threatning shot,
Shaking their swords, their speares and yron bils,
Enuironing their Standard round, that stood
As bristle=pointed as a thorny wood.
Their warlike Engins and munition
Exceed the forces of their martial men.

Soldan Nay could their nūbers counteruail the stars
Or euer drisling drops of Aprill showers,
Or withered leaues that Autume shaketh downe.
Yet would the Souldane by his conquering power:
So scatter and consume them in his rage,
That not a man should liue to rue their fall,

Cap. So might your highnesse, had you time to sort
Your fighting men, and raise your royall hoste.

But

the Scythian Shepheard.

wln 1502
wln 1503
wln 1504
wln 1505
wln 1506
wln 1507
wln 1508
wln 1509
wln 1510
wln 1511
wln 1512
wln 1513
wln 1514
wln 1515
wln 1516
wln 1517
wln 1518
wln 1519
wln 1520
wln 1521
wln 1522
wln 1523
wln 1524
wln 1525
wln 1526
wln 1527
wln 1528
wln 1529
wln 1530
wln 1531
wln 1532
wln 1533

But tamburlaine, by expedition
Aduantage takes of your vnreadinesse.
Soldan Let him take all th'aduantages he can,
Were all the world conspird to fight for him,
Nay, were he Deuill, as he is no man,
Yet in reuenge of faire *Zenocrate*,
Whom he detaineth in despight of vs,
This arme should send him downe to *Erebus*.
To shroud his shame in darknes of the night.
Mess. Pleaseth your mightinesse to vnderstand,
His resolution far exceedeth all:
The first day when he pitcheth downe his tentes,
White is their hew, and on his siluer crest
A snowy Feather spangled white he beares,
To signify the mildnesse of his minde.
That satiate with spoile refuseth blood:
But when *Aurora* mounts the second time,
As red as scarlet is his furniture,
Then must his kindled wrath bee quencht with blood.
Not sparing any that can manage armes:
But if these threats mooue not submission.
Black are his collours, blacke Pauilion,
His speare, his shield, his horse, his armour, plumes,
And Ietty Feathers menace death and hell,
Without respect of Sex, degree or age.
He raceth all his foes with fire and sword.
Soldan Mercilesse villaine, Pesant ignorant,
Of lawfull armes, or martiall discipline:
Pillage and murder are his vsuall trades.
The slaue vsurps the glorious name of war.
See *Capolin* the faire Arabian king,
That hath bene disapointed by this slaue:

The Conquests of Tamburlaine.

wln 1534
wln 1535
wln 1536

Of my faire daughter, and his princely Loue:
May haue fresh warning to go war with vs,
And be reueng'd for her dispardgement.

wln 1537

Actus. 4. Scæna. 2.

wln 1538
wln 1539
wln 1540
wln 1541

*Tamburlain, Techelles, Theridamas, Vsumeasane,
Zenocrate, Anippe, two Moores drawing Baiazeth
in his cage, and his wife following him.*

Tamb.

BRing out my foot=stoole.

They take him out of the cage.

wln 1542
wln 1543
wln 1544
wln 1545
wln 1546
wln 1547

Bai Ye holy Priests of heauenly *Mahomet*,
That sacrificing slice and cut your flesh,
Staining his Altars with your purple blood:
Make heauen to frowne and euery fired starre
To sucke vp poison from the moorish Fens,
And poure it in this glorious Tyrants throat.

wln 1550
wln 1551
wln 1552
wln 1553
wln 1554
wln 1555

tamb. The chiefest God first moouer of that Spheare,
Enchac'd with thousands euer shining lamps,
Will sooner burne the glorious frame of Heauen.
Then it should so conspire my ouerthrow.
But Uillaine, thou that wishest this to me,
Fall prostrate on the lowe disdainefull earth.
And be the foot=stoole of great *Tamburlain*,
That I may rise into my royall throne.

wln 1558
wln 1559
wln 1560

Bai. First shalt thou rip my bowels with thy sword,
And sacrifice my heart to death and hell,
Before I yeeld to such a slauery.

wln 1561
wln 1562
wln 1563

tamb. Base villain, vassall, slaue to *Tamburlaine*:
Unworthy to imbrace or touch the ground.
That beares the honor of my royall waight.

Stoop

the Scythian Shepheard.

wln 1564
wln 1565
wln 1566
wln 1567
wln 1568
wln 1569
wln 1570
wln 1571

Stoop villaine, stoope, stoope for so he bids,
That may command thee peecemeale to be torne,
Or scattered like the lofty Cedar trees,
Strocke with the voice of thundring *Iupiter*.
Bai. Then as I look downe to the damned Feends.
Feends looke on me, and thou dread God of hell.
With Eban Scepter strike this hatefull earth,
And make it swallow both of vs at once.

wln 1572

He gets vp vpon him to his chaire.

wln 1573
wln 1574
wln 1575
wln 1576
wln 1577
wln 1578
wln 1579
wln 1580
wln 1581
wln 1582
wln 1583
wln 1584
wln 1585
wln 1586
wln 1587
wln 1588
wln 1589
wln 1590
wln 1591
wln 1592
wln 1593

Tamb. Now cleare the triple region of the aire,
And let the maiestie of heauen beholde
Their Scourge and Terrour treade on Emperours,
Smile Stars that rain'd at my natiuity:
And dim the brightnesse of their neighbor Lamps,
Disdaine to borrow light of *Cynthia*,
For I the chiefest Lamp of all the earth,
First rising in the East with milde aspect,
But fired now in the Meridian line,
Will send vp fire to your turning Spheares,
And cause the Sun to borrowe light of you.
My sword stroke fire from his coat of steele,
Euen in *Bythinia*, when I took this Turke:
As when a fiery exhalation
Wrapt in the bowels of a freezing cloude,
Fighting for passage, make the Welkin cracke,
And casts a flash of lightning to the earth.
But ere I martch to wealthy *Persea*,
Or leaue *Damascus* and th'Egyptian fields,
As was the fame of *Clymeus* brain=sicke sonne,
That almost brent the Axeltree of heauen,

The Conquests of Tamburlaine.

wln 1594
wln 1595
wln 1596
wln 1597
wln 1598
wln 1599
wln 1600
wln 1601
wln 1602
wln 1603
wln 1604
wln 1605
wln 1606
wln 1607
wln 1608
wln 1609
wln 1610
wln 1611
wln 1612
wln 1613
wln 1614
wln 1615
wln 1616
wln 1617
wln 1618
wln 1619
wln 1620
wln 1621
wln 1622
wln 1623
wln 1624
wln 1625

So shall our swords, our lances and our shot.
Fill all the aire with fiery meteors.
Then when the Sky shal waxe as red as blood,
It shall be said, I made it red my selfe,
To make me think of nought but blood and war.
Zab. Unworthy king, that by thy crueltie,
Unlawfully vsurpest the Persean seat:
Dar'st thou that neuer saw an Emperour,
Before thou met my husband in the field,
Being thy Captiue, thus abuse his state,
Keeping his kingly body in a Cage,
That rooffes of golde, and sun=bright Pallaces,
Should haue prepar'd to entertaine his Grace?
And treading him beneath thy loathsome feet,
Whose feet the kings of *Affrica* haue kist.
tech. You must devise some tormēt worsse, my Lord
To make these captiues reine their lauish tongues.
tam. *zenocrate*, looke better to your slaue:
zen. She is my Handmaids slaue, and she shal looke
That these abuses flow not from her tongue:
Chide her *Anippe*.
Anip. Let these be warnings for you then my slaue,
How you abuse the person of the king:
Or els I sweare to haue you whipt stark nak'd.
Bai. Great *tamburlaine*, great in my ouerthrow,
Ambitious pride shall make thee fall as low.
For treading on the back of *Baiazeth*,
That should be horsed on fower mightie kings.
tam. Thy names and tytles, and thy dignities
Are fled from *Baiazeth*, and remaine with me,
That will maintaine it against a world of Kings.
Put him in againe.

Bai.

the Scythian Shepheard.

wln 1626
wln 1627
wln 1628
wln 1629
wln 1630
wln 1631
wln 1632
wln 1633
wln 1634
wln 1635
wln 1636
wln 1637
wln 1638
wln 1639
wln 1640
wln 1641
wln 1642
wln 1643
wln 1644
wln 1645
wln 1646
wln 1647
wln 1648
wln 1649
wln 1650
wln 1651
wln 1652
wln 1653
wln 1654
wln 1655
wln 1656
wln 1657

Bai. Is this a place for mighty *Baiazeth*?
Confusion light on him that helps thee thus.
tam. There whiles he liues, shal *Baiezeth* be kept,
And where I goe be thus in triumph drawne:
And thou his wife shalt feed him with the scraps
My seruitures shall bring the from my boord.
For he that giues him other food than this:
Shall sit by him and starue to death himselfe.
This is my minde, and I will haue it so.
Not all the Kings and Emperours of the Earth:
If they would lay their crownes before my feet,
Shall ransome him, or take him from his cage.
The ages that shall talk of *Tamburlain*,
Euen from this day to *Platoes* wondrous yeare,
Shall talke how I haue handled *Baiazeth*.
These Mores that drew him from *Bythinia*,
To faire *Damascus*, where we now remaine,
Shall lead him with vs wheresoere we goe.
Techelles, and my louing followers,
Now may we see *Damascus* lofty towers,
Like to the shadowes of *Pyramides*,
That with their beauties grac'd the Memphion fields:
The golden stature of their feathered bird
That spreads her wings vpon the citie wals,
Shall not defend it from our battering shot.
The townes=men maske in silke and cloath of gold.
And euery house is as a treasure.
The men, the treasure, and the towne is ours.
Ther. Your tentes of white now pitch'd before the
And gentle flags of amitie displaid. (gates
I doubt not but the Gouvernour will yeeld,
Offering *Damascus* to your Maiesty.

tamb.

The Conquests of Tamburlaine.

wln 1658
wln 1659
wln 1660
wln 1661
wln 1662
wln 1663
wln 1664
wln 1665
wln 1666
wln 1667
wln 1668
wln 1669

Tam. So shall he haue his life, and all the rest.
But if he stay vntil the bloody flag
Be once aduanc'd on my vermilion Tent,
He dies, and those that kept vs out so long.
And when they see me march in black aray,
With mournfull streamers hanging down their heads,
Were in that citie all the world contain'd.
Not one should scape: but perish by our swords.
zen. Yet would you haue some pitie for my sake,
Because it is my countries, and my Fathers.
Tam. Not for the world *Zenocrate*, if I haue sworn:
Come bring in the Turke.

Exeunt.

wln 1670

Act. 4. Scæna. 3,

wln 1671
wln 1672
wln 1673
wln 1674
wln 1675
wln 1676
wln 1677
wln 1678
wln 1679
wln 1680
wln 1681
wln 1682
wln 1683
wln 1684
wln 1685
wln 1686
wln 1687

*Souldane, Arabia, Capoline, with steaming collors
and Souldiers.*

Souldan.

ME thinks we martch as *Meliager* did,
Enuironed with braue Argolian knightes:
To chace the sauage Caldonian Boare,
Or *Cephalus* with lustie Thebane youths.
Against the Woolfe that angrie *Themis* sent.
To waste and spoile the sweet Aonian fieldes.
A monster of fiue hundred thousand heades,
Compact of Rapine, Pyracie, and spoile.
The Scum of men, the hate and Scourge of God,
Raues in *Egyptia*, and annoyeth vs.
My Lord it is the bloody *Tamburlaine*.
A sturdy Felon and a base=bred Thiefe.
By murder raised to the Persean Crowne.
That dares controll vs in our Territories.

To

the Scythian Shepheard.

wln 1688
wln 1689
wln 1690
wln 1691
wln 1692
wln 1693
wln 1694
wln 1695
wln 1696
wln 1697
wln 1698
wln 1699
wln 1700
wln 1701
wln 1702
wln 1703
wln 1704
wln 1705
wln 1706
wln 1707
wln 1708
wln 1709
wln 1710
wln 1711
wln 1712
wln 1713
wln 1714
wln 1715
wln 1716
wln 1717
wln 1718
wln 1719

To tame the pride of this **presumotuous** Beast,
Ioine your Arabians with the Souldans power:
Let vs vnite our royall bandes in one,
And hasten to remooue *Damascus* siege.
It is a blemish to the Maiestie
And high estate of mightie Emperours,
That such a base vsurping vagabond
Should braue a king, or weare a princely crowne.
Ara. Renowmed Souldane, haue ye lately heard
The ouerthrow of mightie *Baiazeth*,
About the confines of *Bythinia*?
The slauerie wherewith he persecutes
The noble Turke and his great Emperesse.
Soldan I haue, and sorrow for his bad successe:
But noble Lord of great *Arabia*,
Be so perswaded, that the Souldan is
No more dismaide with tidings of his fall,
Than in the hauen when the Pilot stands
And viewes a strangers ship rent in the winds,
And shiuered against a craggie rocke,
Yet in compassion of his wretched state,
A sacred vow to heauen and him I make,
Confirming it with *lbis* holy name,
That *Tamburlaine* shall rue the day, the hower,
Wherein he wrought such ignominious wrong.
Unto the hallowed person of a prince,
Or kept the faire *zenocrate* so long.
As Concubine, I feare to feed his lust.
Ara. Let grieffe and furie hasten on reuenge,
Let *Tamburlaine* for his offences feele
Such plagues as heauen and we can poure on him.
I long to breake my speare vpon his crest,

[◇◇◇◇]

wln 1720
wln 1721
wln 1722
wln 1723
wln 1724
wln 1725
wln 1726
wln 1727
wln 1728
wln 1729
wln 1730
wln 1731
wln 1732
wln 1733
wln 1734
wln 1735
wln 1736
wln 1737
wln 1738
wln 1739
wln 1740
wln 1741
wln 1742

And prooue the waight of his victorious arme:
For Fame I feare hath bene too prodigall:
In sounding through the world his partiall praise:
Soldan Capolin, hast thou suruaid our powers.
Cap. Great Emperours of *Egypt* and *Arabia*.
The number of your hostes vnited is,
A hundred and fifty thousand horse,
Two hundred thousand foot, braue men at armes,
Couragious and full of hardinesse:
As frolike as the hunters in the chace:
Of sauage beastes amid the desart woods.
Arab. My mind presageth fortunate successe,
And *tamburlaine*, my spirit doth foresee
The vtter ruine of thy men and thee.
Soldan Then reare your standardes, let your soun-
(ding Drummes
Direct our Souldiers to *Damascus* walles.
Now *Tamburlaine*, the mightie Souldane comes,
And leads with him the great *Arabian* King.
To dim thy basenesse and obscurity.
Famous for nothing but for theft and spoile,
To race and scatter thy inglorious crue,
Of Scythians and slauish Persians.

Exeunt.

wln 1743

Actus: 4. Scæna 5.

wln 1744
wln 1745
wln 1746
wln 1747
wln 1748
wln 1749

*The Banquet, and to it commeth Tamburlain al in
scarlet, Theridamas. Techelles, Vsumeasane, the
Turke, with others.*
Tamb.
NOW hang our bloody collours by *Damascus*.
Reflexing hewes of blood vpon their heads.

While

the Scythian Shepheard.

wln 1750
wln 1751
wln 1752
wln 1753
wln 1754
wln 1755
wln 1756
wln 1757
wln 1758
wln 1759
wln 1760
wln 1761
wln 1762
wln 1763
wln 1764
wln 1765
wln 1766
wln 1767
wln 1768
wln 1769
wln 1770
wln 1771
wln 1772
wln 1773
wln 1774
wln 1775
wln 1776
wln 1777
wln 1778
wln 1779
wln 1780
wln 1781

While they walke quiuering on their citie walles,
Halfe dead for feare before they feele my wrath:
Then let vs freely banquet and carouse
Full bowles of wine vnto the God of war,
That meanes to fill your helmets full of golde:
And make *Damascus* spoiles as rich to you,
As was to *Iason Colchos* golden fleece.
And now *Baiazeth*, hast thou any stomacke?
Bai. I, such a stomacke (cruel *tamburlane*) as I
Willingly feed vpon thy blood=raw hart. (could
tam. Nay, thine owne is easier to come by, plucke
(out that,
And twil serue thee and thy wife: Wel *zenocrate*,
techelles, and the rest, fall to your victuals.
Bai. Fall to, and neuer may your meat digest.
Ye Furies that can maske inuisible,
Diue to the bottome of *Auernas* poole,
And in your hands bring hellish poison vp.
And squeeze it in the cup of *tamburlain*.
Or winged snakes of *Lerna* cast your stings,
And leaue your venoms in this Tyrants dish.
zab. And may this banquet prooue as omenous,
As *Prognos* to th'adulterous Thracian King.
That fed vpon the substance of his child.
zen. My Lord, how can you suffer these outrageous
By these slaues of yours? (curses
tam. To let them see (diuine *zenocrate*)
I glorie in the curses of my foes.
Hauing the power frō the Emperiall heauen,
To turne them al vpon their proper heades.
tech. I pray you giue them leaue Madam, this
speech is a goodly refreshing to them.

ther

The Conquests of Tamburlaine.

wln 1782
wln 1783
wln 1784
wln 1785
wln 1786
wln 1787
wln 1788
wln 1789
wln 1790
wln 1791
wln 1792
wln 1793
wln 1794
wln 1795
wln 1796
wln 1797
wln 1798
wln 1799
wln 1800
wln 1801
wln 1802
wln 1803
wln 1804
wln 1805
wln 1806
wln 1807
wln 1808
wln 1809
wln 1810
wln 1811
wln 1812
wln 1813

Ther. But if his highnesse would let them be fed, it would doe them more good.

tam. Sirra, why fall you not too, are you so daintily brought vp, you cannot eat your owne flesh?

Bai. First legions of deuils shall teare thee in peeces.

Vsum. Uillain, knowest thou to whom thou speakest

tam. O let him alone: here, eat sir, take it from my swords point, or Ile thrust it to thy heart.

He takes it and stamps vpon it.

ther He stamps it vnder his feet my Lord.

tam. Take it vp Uillaine and eat it, or I will make thee slice the brawnes of thy armes into carbonadoes, and eat them.

vsu. Nay, twere better he kild his wife, & then she shall be sure not to be staru'd, & he be prouided for a moneths victuall before hand.

tam. Here is my dagger, dispatch her while she is fat, for if she liue but a while longer, shee will fall into a consumption with freatting, and then she will not bee woorth the eating.

ther. Doost thou think that *Mahomet* wil suffer this

tech. Tis like he wil, when he cannot let it.

tam. Go to, fal to your meat: what not a bit? belike he hath not bene watered to day, giue him some drinke.

They giue him water to drinke, and he flings it on the ground.

Faste and welcome sir, while hunger make you eat.

How now *zenocrate*, dooth not the Turke and his wife make a goodly showe at a banquet?

Zen. Yes. my Lord.

ther Me thinks, tis a great deale better than a con= sort of musicke.

the Scythian Shepheard.

wln 1814
wln 1815
wln 1816
wln 1817
wln 1818
wln 1819
wln 1820
wln 1821
wln 1822
wln 1823
wln 1824
wln 1825
wln 1826
wln 1827
wln 1828
wln 1829
wln 1830
wln 1831
wln 1832
wln 1833
wln 1834
wln 1835
wln 1836
wln 1837
wln 1838
wln 1839
wln 1840
wln 1841
wln 1842
wln 1843
wln 1844

tam. Yet musicke woulde doe well to cheere vp *zenocrate*: pray thee tel, why art thou so sad? If thou wilt haue a song, the Turke shall straine his voice: but why is it?

Zen. My lord, to see my fathers towne besieg'd,
The countrie wasted where my selfe was borne,
How can it but afflict my verie soule?
If any loue remaine in you my Lord,
Or if my loue vnto your maiesty
May merit fauour at your highnesse handes,
Then raise your siege from faire *Damascus* walles,
And with my father take a frindly truce.

tamb. *Zenocrate*, were Egypt *Ioues* owne land,
Yet would I with my sword make *Ioue* to stoope,
I will confute those blind Geographers
That make a triple region in the world,
Excluding Regions which I meane to trace,
And with this pen reduce them to a Map.
Calling the Prouinces, Citties and townes
After my name and thine *zenocrate*:
Here at *Damascus* will I make the Point
That shall begin the Perpendicular.
And wouldst thou haue me buy thy Fathers loue
With such a losse? Tell me *zenocrate*?

Zen. Honor still waight on happy *tamburlaine*:
Yet giue me leaue to plead for him my Lord.

Tam. Content thy selfe, his person shall be safe.
And all the friendes of faire *Zenocrate*,
If with their liues they will be please to yeeld,
Or may be forc'd to make me Emperour.
For Egypt and Arabia must be mine.

The Conquests of Tamburlaine.

wln 1845
wln 1846
wln 1847
wln 1848
wln 1849
wln 1850
wln 1851
wln 1852
wln 1853
wln 1854
wln 1855
wln 1856
wln 1857
wln 1858
wln 1859

Feed you slaue, thou maist thinke thy selfe happie to be fed from my trencher.

Bai. My empty stomacke ful of idle heat,
Drawes bloody humours from my feeble partes,
Preseruing life, by hasting cruell death.
My vaines are pale, my sinowes hard and drie,
My iointes benumb'd, vnlesse I eat, I die.

Zab. Eat *Baiazeth*, Let vs liue in spite of them,
Looking some happie power will pitie and inlarge vs.

tam. Here Turk, wilt thou haue a cleane trencher?

Bai. I Tyrant, and more meat.

tam. Soft sir, you must be dieted, too much eating will make you surfeit.

ther. So it would my lord, specially hauing so smal a walke, and so litle exercise.

wln 1860

Enter a second course of Crownes.

wln 1861
wln 1862
wln 1863
wln 1864
wln 1865
wln 1866
wln 1867
wln 1868
wln 1869
wln 1870
wln 1871
wln 1872
wln 1873
wln 1874

tam. *Theridamas*, *techelles* and *Casane*, here are the cates you desire to finger, are they not?

ther. I (my Lord) but none saue kinges must feede with these.

tech. Tis enough for vs to see them, and for *tamburlaine* onely to enioy them.

tam. Wel, Here is now to the Souldane of *Egypt* the King of *Arabia*, and the **Gouernout** of *Damascus*. Now take these three crownes, and pledge me, my contributorie Kings.

I crowne you here (*Theridamas*) King of *Argier*:
Techelles King of *Fesse*, and *Vsumeasane* King of *Morocus*. How say you to this (Turke) these are not your contributorie kings.

Bai

the Scythian Shepheard.

wln 1875
wln 1876
wln 1877
wln 1878
wln 1879
wln 1880
wln 1881
wln 1882
wln 1883
wln 1884
wln 1885
wln 1886
wln 1887
wln 1888
wln 1889
wln 1890
wln 1891
wln 1892
wln 1893
wln 1894
wln 1895
wln 1896
wln 1897

Bai. Nor shall they long be thine, I warrant them.
tam. Kings of *Argier*, *Morocus*, and of *Fesse*.
You that haue martcht with happy *Tamburlaine*,
As far as from the frozen place of heauen.
Unto the watry mornings ruddy hower.
And thence by land vnto the *Torrid Zone*,
Deserue these tytles I endow you with.
By value and by magnanimity.
Your byrthes shall be no blemish to your fame.
For vertue is the fount whence honor springs.
And they are worthy she inuesteth kings.
ther. And since your highnesse hath so well vouchsaft,
If we deserue them not with higher meeds
Then erst our states and actions haue retain'd,
Take them away againe and make vs slaues.
Tam. Wel said *Theridamas*, when holy *Fates*
Shall stablish me in strong *Egyptia*.
We meane to traueile to th' *Antatique Pole*,
Conquering the people vnderneath our feet.
And be renown'd, as neuer Emperours were.
zenocrate, I will not crowne thee yet,
Until with greater honors I be grac'd.
Finis Actus quarti.

wln 1898

Actus: 5. Scæna. 1.

wln 1899
wln 1900
wln 1901
wln 1902
wln 1903
wln 1904

*The Governour of Damasco, with three or foure
Citizens, and foure Virgins with branches
of Laurell in their hands.*
Governour.
STil dooth this man or rather God of war,
Batter our walles, and beat our Turrets downe

E

And

wln 1905
wln 1906
wln 1907
wln 1908
wln 1909
wln 1910
wln 1911
wln 1912
wln 1913
wln 1914
wln 1915
wln 1916
wln 1917
wln 1918
wln 1919
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wln 1922
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wln 1924
wln 1925
wln 1926
wln 1927
wln 1928
wln 1929
wln 1930
wln 1931
wln 1932
wln 1933
wln 1934
wln 1935
wln 1936

And to resist with longer stubbornesse,
Or hope of rescue from the SouldansSoldan's power,
Were but to bring our wilfull ouerthrow,
And make vs desperate of our threatned liues:
We see his tents haue now bene altered,
With terrours to the last and cruelst hew:
His cole=blacke collours euery where aduaunst,
Threaten our citie with a generall spoile:
And if we should with common rites of Armes,
Offer our safeties to his clemencie,
I feare the custome proper to his sword,
Which he obserues as parcell of his fame:
Intending so to terrifie the world,
By any innouation or remorse,
Will neuer be dispenc'd with til our deaths,
Therefore, for these our harmlesse virgines sakes,
Whose honors and whose liues relie on him:
Let vs haue hope that their vnspotted praiers
Their blubbered cheekes and hartie humble mones
Will melt his furie into some remorse:
And vse vs like a louing Conquerour.
Virg. If humble suites or imprecations,
(vttered with teares of wretchednesse and blood,
Shead from the heads and hearts of all our Sex.
Some made your wiues, and some your children)
Might haue intreated your obdurate breasts.
To entertaine some care of our securities.
Whiles only danger beat vpon our walles,
These more than dangerous warrants of our death
Had neuer bene erected as they bee,
Nor you depend on such weake helps as we
Go. Wel, louely Uirgins, think our countries care

Our

the Scythian Shepheard.

wln 1937 Our loue of honor loth to be enthal'd
wln 1938 To forraine powers, and rough imperious yokes:
wln 1939 Would not with too much cowardize or feare,
wln 1940 Before all hope of rescue were denied,
wln 1941 Submit your selues and vs to seruitude.
wln 1942 Therefore in that your safeties and our owne
wln 1943 Your honors, liberties and liues were weigh'd
wln 1944 In equall care and ballance with our owne,
wln 1945 Endure as we the malice of our stars.
wln 1946 The wrath of *Tamburlain*, and power of warres.
wln 1947 Or be the means the ouerweighing heauens
wln 1948 Haue kept to quallifie these hot extreames.
wln 1949 And bring vs pardon in your chearfull lookes.
wln 1950 2. *Virg.* Then here before the maiesty of heauen,
wln 1951 And holy *Patrones* of *Egyptia*,
wln 1952 With knees and hearts submissiue we intreate,
wln 1953 Grace to our words and pitie to our lookes
wln 1954 That this deuse may prooue propitious,
wln 1955 And through the eies and eares of *tamburlaine*,
wln 1956 Conuey euent of mercie to his heart:
wln 1957 Graunt that these signes of victorie we yeeld
wln 1958 May bind the temples of his conquering head,
wln 1959 To hide the folded furrowes of his browes,
wln 1960 And shadow his displeas'd countenance,
wln 1961 With happy looks of ruthe and lenity,
wln 1962 Leau vs my Lord, and louing cuntrymen,
wln 1963 What simple Uirgins may perswade, we will.
wln 1964 *Go.* Farewell (sweet Uirgins) on whose safe return
wln 1965 Depends our citie, libertie, and liues.

Exeunt.

The Conquests of Tamburlaine.

wln 1966

Actus. 5. Scæna. 2.

wln 1967

*Tamburlaine. Techelles Theridamas, Vsumeasan,
with others: Tamburlaine all in blacke, and verie
melancholy.*

wln 1968

wln 1969

wln 1970

Tamb.

wln 1971

What, are the Turtles fraide out of their
(neastes?)

wln 1972

wln 1973

Alas poore fooles, must you be first shal feele

wln 1974

The sworne destruction of *Damascus*.

wln 1975

They know my custome: could they not as well

wln 1976

Haue sent ye out, when first my milkwhite flags

wln 1977

Through which sweet mercie threw her gentle beams

wln 1978

Reflexing them on your disdainfull eies:

wln 1979

As now when furie and incensed hate

wln 1980

Flings slaughtering terrour from my coleblack tents.

wln 1981

And tels for trueth, submissions comes too late.

wln 1982

1. Virgin. Most happy King and Emperour of the

wln 1983

(earth.

wln 1984

Image of Honor and Nobilitie.

wln 1985

For whome the Powers diuine haue made the world.

wln 1986

And on whose throne the holy Graces sit.

wln 1987

In whose sweete person is compriz'd the Sum

wln 1988

Of natures Skill and heauenly maiestie.

wln 1989

Pittie our plights, O pitie poore *Damascus*:

wln 1990

Pitie olde age, within whose siluer haies

wln 1991

Honor and reuerence euermore haue raign'd,

wln 1992

Pitie the mariage bed, where many a Lord

wln 1993

In prime and glorie of his louing ioy.

wln 1994

Embraceth now with teares of ruth and blood,

wln 1995

The ialous bodie of his fearfull wife,

wln 1996

Whose cheekes and hearts so punisht with conceit,

To

the Scythian Shepheard.

wln 1997
wln 1998
wln 1999
wln 2000
wln 2001
wln 2002
wln 2003
wln 2004
wln 2005
wln 2006
wln 2007
wln 2008
wln 2009
wln 2010
wln 2011
wln 2012
wln 2013
wln 2014
wln 2015
wln 2016
wln 2017
wln 2018
wln 2019
wln 2020
wln 2021
wln 2022
wln 2023
wln 2024
wln 2025
wln 2026
wln 2027
wln 2028

To thinke thy puisant neuer staid arme
Will part their bodies, and preuent their soules
From heauens of comfort, yet their age might beare,
Now waxe all pale and withered to the death,
As well for grieffe our ruthlesse Gouvernour
Haue thus refuse the mercie of thy hand,
(Whose scepter Angels kisse, and Furies dread)
As for their liberties, their loues or liues,
O then for these, and such as we our selues,
For vs, for infants, and for all our bloods,
That neuer nourisht thought against thy rule,
Pitie, O pitie, (sacred Emperour)
The prostrate seruice of this wretched towne.
And take in signe thereof this gilded wreath,
Whereto ech man of rule hath giuen his hand,
And wisht as worthy subiects happy meanes,
To be inuesters of thy royall browes,
Euen with the true Egyptian Diadem.

tam. Uirgins, in vaine ye labour to preuent
That which mine honor swears shal be perform'd:
Behold my sword, what see you at the point?

Virg. Nothing but feare and fatall steele my Lord.

tam. Your fearfull minds are thicke and mistie then
For there sits Death, there sits imperious Death.
Keeping his circuit by the slicing edge.
But I'am please you shall not see him there,
He now is seated on my horsmens speares:
And on their points his fleshlesse bodie feedes.
Techelles, straight goe charge a few of them
To chardge these Dames, and shew my seruant death:
Sitting in scarlet on their armed speares.

Omnes. O pitie vs.

The Conquests of Tamburlaine.

wln 2029
wln 2030
wln 2031
wln 2032
wln 2033
wln 2034
wln 2035
wln 2036
wln 2037
wln 2038
wln 2039
wln 2040
wln 2041
wln 2042
wln 2043
wln 2044
wln 2045
wln 2046
wln 2047
wln 2048
wln 2049
wln 2050
wln 2051
wln 2052
wln 2053
wln 2054
wln 2055
wln 2056
wln 2057
wln 2058
wln 2059
wln 2060

tam. Away with them I say and shew them death.

They take them away.

I will not spare these proud Egyptians.
Nor change my Martiall obseruations,
For all the wealth of Gehons golden waues.
Or for the loue of *Venus*, would she leaue
The angrie God of Armes, and lie with me.
They haue refusde the offer of their liues,
And know my customes are as peremptory
As wrathfull Planets, death, or destinie.

Enter Techelles.

What, haue your horsmen shewen the virgins Death?

tech. They haue my Lord, and on *Damascus* wals
Haue hoisted vp their slaughtered carcases.

tam. A sight as banefull to their soules I think
As are Thessalian drugs or Mithradate.

But goe my Lords, put the rest to the sword.

Exeunt.

Ah faire *Zenocrate*, diuine *Zenocrate*,
Faire is too foule an Epithite for thee,
That in thy passion for thy countries loue,
And feare to see thy kingly Fathers harme,
With haire discheweld wip'st thy watery cheeks:
And like to *Flora* in her mornings pride,
Shaking her siluer **treshes** in the aire.
Rain'st on the earth resolued pearle in showers,
And sprinklest Saphyrs on thy shining face,
Wher Beauty, mother to the Muses sits,
And comments vollumes with her Yuory pen:
Taking instructions from thy flowing eies,
Eies when that *Ebena* steps to heauen.
In silence of thy solemn Euenings walk.
Making the mantle of the richest night.

The

the Scythian Shepheard.

wln 2061 The Moone, the Planets, and the Meteors light,
wln 2062 There Angels in their christal armours fight
wln 2063 A doubtfull battell with my tempted thoughtes,
wln 2064 For Egypts freedom and the Souldans life:
wln 2065 His life that so consumes *Zenocrate*,
wln 2066 Whose sorrowes lay more siege vnto my soule,
wln 2067 Than all my Army to *Damascus* walles.
wln 2068 And neither Perseans Soueraign, nor the Turk
wln 2069 Troubled my senses with conceit of foile,
wln 2070 So much by much, as dooth *zenocrate*.
wln 2071 What is beauty saith my sufferings then?
wln 2072 If all the pens that euer poets held,
wln 2073 Had fed the feeling of their maisters thoughts,
wln 2074 And euery sweetnes that inspir'd their harts,
wln 2075 Their minds, and muses on admyred theames:
wln 2076 If all the heauenly Quintessence they still
wln 2077 From their immortall flowers of Poesy,
wln 2078 Wherein as in a myrrour we perceiue
wln 2079 The highest reaches of a humaine wit.
wln 2080 If these had made one Poems period
wln 2081 And all combin'd in Beauties worthinesse,
wln 2082 Yet should ther houer in their restlesse heads,
wln 2083 One thought, one grace, one woonder at the least,
wln 2084 Which into words no vertue can digest:
wln 2085 But how vnseemly is it for my Sex
wln 2086 My discipline of armes and Chiualrie,
wln 2087 My nature and the terrour of my name.
wln 2088 To harbour thoughts effeminate and faint?
wln 2089 Saue onely that in Beauties iust applause,
wln 2090 With whose instinct the soule of man is toucht.
wln 2091 And euery Warriour that is rapt with loue,
wln 2092 Of fame, of valour, and of victory

The Conquests of Tamburlaine.

wln 2093
wln 2094
wln 2095
wln 2096
wln 2097
wln 2098
wln 2099
wln 2100
wln 2101
wln 2102
wln 2103
wln 2104
wln 2105
wln 2106
wln 2107

Must needs haue beauty beat on his conceites,
I thus conceiuing and subduing both:
That which hath stopt the tempest of the Gods,
Euen from the fiery spangled vaile of heauen,
To feele the louely warmth of shepherds flames,
And martch in cottages of strowed weeds,
Shal giue the world to note for all my byrth,
That Uertue solely is the sum of glorie,
And fashions men with true nobility.
Who's within there?

Enter two or three.

Hath *Baiazeth* bene fed to day?

An. I, my Lord.

tamb. Bring him forth, & let vs know if the towne
be ransackt.

wln 2108

Enter Techelles, Theridamas, Vsumeasan & others.

wln 2109
wln 2110
wln 2111
wln 2112
wln 2113
wln 2114
wln 2115
wln 2116
wln 2117
wln 2118
wln 2119
wln 2120
wln 2121
wln 2122

tech The town is ours my Lord, and fresh supply
Of conquest, and of spoile is offered vs:

tam. Thats wel *techelles*, what's the newes?

tech. The Souldan and the Arabian king together
Martch on vs with such eager violence,
As if there were no way but one with vs.

tam. No more there is not I warrant thee *techelles*

They bring in the Turke.

ther. We know the victorie is ours my Lord,
But let vs saue the reuerend Souldans life,
For faire *Zenocrate*, that so laments his state.

tamb. That will we chiefly see vnto, *theridamas*.
For sweet *zenocrate*, whose worthinesse
Deserues a conquest ouer euery hart:

And

the Scythian Shepheard.

wln 2123
wln 2124
wln 2125
wln 2126
wln 2127
wln 2128
wln 2129
wln 2130
wln 2131
wln 2132
wln 2133
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wln 2147
wln 2148
wln 2149
wln 2150
wln 2151
wln 2152
wln 2153
wln 2154

And now my footstoole, if I loose the field,
You hope of libertie and restitution:
Here let him stay my maysters from the tents,
Till we haue made vs ready for the field.
Pray for vs *Baiazeth*, we are going.

Exeunt.

Bai. Go, neuer to returne with victorie:
Millions of men encompasse thee about.
And gore thy body with as many wounds,
Sharpe forked arrowes light vpon thy horse:
Furies from the blacke *Cocitus* lake,
Breake vp the earth, and with their firebrands,
Enforce thee run vpon the banefull pikes.
Uolleyes of shot pierce through thy charmed Skin.
And euery bullet dipt in poisoned drugs,
Or roaring Cannons seuer all thy ioints.
Making thee mount as high as Eagles soare.

zab. Let all the swords and Lances in the field,
Stick in his breast, as in their proper roomes,
At euery pore let blood comme dropping foorth.
That lingring paines may massacre his heart.
And madnesse send his damned soule to hell.

Bai. Ah faire *zabina*, we may curse his power,
The heauens may frowne, the earth for anger quake,
But such a Star hath influence in his sword,
As rules the Skies, and countermands the Gods.
More than Cymerian *Stix* or *Distinie*:
And then shall we in this detested guyse,
With shame, with hungar, and with horror aie
Griping our bowels with retorqued thoughtes,
And haue no hope to end our extasies.

zab. Then is there left no *Mahomet*, no God,
No Feend, no Fortune, nor no hope of end?

To

The Conquests of Tamburlaine,

wln 2155 To our infamous monstrous slaueries:
wln 2156 Gape earth, and let the Feends infernall view,
wln 2157 As hell, as hoplesse and as full of feare
wln 2158 As are the blasted banks of *Erebus*:
wln 2159 Where shaking ghosts with euer howling grones,
wln 2160 Houer about the vgly Ferriman, to get a passage to *E-*
wln 2161 why should we liue, O wretches, beggars slaues (*lisiã*)
wln 2162 Why liue we *Baiazeth*, and build vp neasts,
wln 2163 So high within the region of the aire,
wln 2164 By liuing long in this oppression,
wln 2165 That all the world will see and laugh to scorne.
wln 2166 The former triumphes of our mightines,
wln 2167 In this obscure infernall seruitude?
wln 2168 *Bai.* O life more loathsome to my vexed thoughts,
wln 2169 Than noisome parbreak of the Stygian Snakes,
wln 2170 Which fils the nookes of Hell with standing aire,
wln 2171 Infecting all the Ghosts with curelesse griefs:
wln 2172 O dreary Engines of my loathed sight,
wln 2173 That sees my crowne, my honor and my name,
wln 2174 Thrust vnder yoke and thraldom of a thiefe.
wln 2175 Why feed ye still on daies accursed beams,
wln 2176 And sink not quite into my tortur'd soule.
wln 2177 You see my wife, my Queene and Emperesse,
wln 2178 Brought vp and propped by the hand of fame,
wln 2179 Queen of fifteene contributory Queens,
wln 2180 Now throwen to roomes of blacke abiection,
wln 2181 Smear'd with blots of basest drudgery:
wln 2182 And Uillanesse to shame, disdain, and misery:
wln 2183 Accursed *Baiazeth*, whose words of ruth,
wln 2184 That would with pity chear *zabinas* heart:
wln 2185 And make our soules resolue in ceasles teares,
wln 2186 Sharp hunger bites vpon and gripes the root:

From

the Scythian Shepheard.

wln 2187
wln 2188
wln 2189
wln 2190
wln 2191
wln 2192
wln 2193
wln 2194
wln 2195
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wln 2198
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wln 2208
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wln 2212
wln 2213
wln 2214
wln 2215
wln 2216
wln 2217
wln 2218
wln 2219

From whence the issues of my thoughts doe breake,
O poore *zabina*, O my Queen, my Queen,
Fetch me some water for my burning breast,
To coole and comfort me with longer date,
That in the shortned sequel of my life,
I may poure foorth my soule into thine armes,
With words of loue: whose moaning entercourse
Hath hetherto bin staid, with wrath and hate
Of our expreslesse band inflictions inflictions:
zab. Sweet *Baiazeth*, I will prolong thy life,
As long as any blood or sparke of breath
Can quench or coole the torments of my grieffe.

She goes out:

Bai. Now *Baiazeth*, abridge thy banefull daies,
And beat thy braines out of thy conquer'd head:
Since other meanes are all forbidden me,
That may be ministers of my decay.
O highest Lamp of euerliuing *Ioue*,
Accursed day infected with my griefs,
Hide now thy stained face in endles night,
And shut the windowes of the lightsome heauens,
Let vgly darknesse with her rusty coach
Engyrt with tempests wrapt in pitchy clouds,
Smother the earth with neuer fading mistes:
And let her horses from their nostrrels breathe
Rebellious winds and dreadfull thunderclaps:
That in this terrour *tamburlaine* may liue.
And my pin'd soule resolu'd in liquid **ay**,
May styl excruciat his tormented thoughts.
Then let the stony dart of sencelesse colde,
Pierce through the center of my withered heart,
And make a passage for my loathed life.

He brains himself against the cage.

Zab

[◇◇◇◇]

Enter Zabina.

wln 2220
wln 2221 *zab.* What do mine eies behold, my husband dead?
wln 2222 His Skul al riuin in twain, his braines dasht out?
wln 2223 The braines of *Baiazeth*, my Lord and Soueraigne?
wln 2224 O *Baiazeth*, my husband and my Lord,
wln 2225 O *Baiazet*, O Turk, O Emperor, giue him his liquor
wln 2226 Not I, bring milk and fire, and my blood I bring him
wln 2227 again, teare me in peeces, giue me the sworde with a
wln 2228 ball of wildefire vpon it. Downe with him, downe with
wln 2229 him. Goe to my child, away, away, away. Ah, saue that
wln 2230 Infant, saue him, saue him. I, euen I speake to her, the
wln 2231 Sun was downe. Streamers white. Red, Blacke, here
wln 2232 here, here. Fling the meat in his face. *Tamburlaine*,
wln 2233 *tamburlaine*, Let the souldiers be buried. Hel, death,
wln 2234 *tamburlain*, Hell, make ready my Coch, my chaire, my
wln 2235 iewels, I come, I come, I come.
wln 2236

She runs against the Cage and braines her selfe

wln 2237

Zenocrate wyth Anippe,

wln 2238 Wretched *Zenocrate*, that liuest to see,
wln 2239 *Damascus* walles di'd with Egytian blood.
wln 2240 Thy Fathers subiects and thy countrimen:
wln 2241 Thy streetes strowed with disseuered iointes of men,
wln 2242 And wounded bodies gasping yet for life.
wln 2243 But most accurst, to see the Sun=bright troope
wln 2244 Of heauenly vyrgins and vnspotted maides,
wln 2245 Whose lookes might make the angry God of armes,
wln 2246 To breake his sword, and mildly treat of loue,
wln 2247 On horsmens Lances to be hoisted vp,
wln 2248 And guiltlesly endure a cruell death.
wln 2249 For euery fell and stout Tartarian Stead,

That

the Scythian Shepheard.

wln 2250 That stamp on others with their thundring hooues
wln 2251 When al their riders chardg'd their quiuering speares
wln 2252 Began to checke the ground, and rain themselues:
wln 2253 Gazing vpon the beautie of their lookes:
wln 2254 Ah *Tamburlaine*, wert thou the cause of this
wln 2255 That tearm'st *Zenocrate* thy dearest loue?
wln 2256 Whose liues were dearer to *Zenocrate*
wln 2257 Than her owne life, or ought saue thine owne loue.
wln 2258 But see another bloody spectacle.
wln 2259 Ah wretched eies, the enemies of my hart,
wln 2260 How are ye glutted with these grieuous obiects,
wln 2261 And tell my soule mor tales of bleeding ruth?
wln 2262 See, se *Anippe* if they breathe or no.
wln 2263 *Anip.* No breath nor sence, nor motion in them both
wln 2264 Ah Madam, this their slauery hath Enforc'd,
wln 2265 And ruthlesse cruelty of *Tamburlaine*.
wln 2266 *Zen.* Earth cast vp fountaines from thy entralles,
wln 2267 And wet thy cheeks for their vntimely deathes:
wln 2268 Shake with their waight in signe of feare & grieffe:
wln 2269 Blush heauen, that gaue them honor at their birth,
wln 2270 And let them die a death so barbarous.
wln 2271 Those that are proud of fickle Empery,
wln 2272 And place their chiefest good in earthly pompe:
wln 2273 Behold the Turke and his great Emperesse.
wln 2274 Ah *tamburlaine*, my loue, sweet *tamburlaine*,
wln 2275 That fights for Scepters and for slippery crownes,
wln 2276 Behold the Turk and his great Emperesse,
wln 2277 Thou that in conduct of thy happy stars,
wln 2278 Sleep'st euery night with conquest on thy browes,
wln 2279 And yet wouldst shun the wauering turnes of war,
wln 2280 In feare and feeling of the like distresse,
wln 2281 Behold the Turke and his great Emperesse.

Ah

The Conquests of Tamburlaine,

wln 2282
wln 2283
wln 2284
wln 2285
wln 2286
wln 2287
wln 2288
wln 2289
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wln 2309
wln 2310
wln 2311
wln 2312
wln 2313

Ah myghty *Ioue* and holy *Mahomet*,
Pardon my Loue, oh pardon his contempt,
Of earthly fortune, and respect of pitie,
And let not conquest ruthlesly pursewde
Be equally against his life incenst,
In this great Turk and haplesse Emperesse.
And pardon me that was not moou'd with ruthe,
To see them liue so long in misery:

Ah what may chance to thee *zenocrate*?

Anip, Madam content your self and be resolu'd,
Your Loue hath fortune so at his command,
That she shall stay and turne her wheele no more,
As long as life maintaines his mighty arme,
That fights for honor to adorne your head.

Enter a Messenger.

Zen. What other heauie news now brings *Philemus*?

Phi. Madam, your father and th' *Arabian* king,
The first affecter of your excellence,
Comes now as *Turnus* gainst *Eneas* did.
Armed with lance into the Egyptian fields,
Ready for battaile gainst my Lord the King.

Zen. Now shame and duty, loue and feare presents
A thousand sorrowes to my martyred soule:
Whom should I wish the fatall victory,
When my poore pleasures are deuided thus,
And rackt by dutie from my cursed heart:
My father and my first betrothed loue,
Must fight against my life and present loue:
Wherin the change I vse condemns my faith,
And makes my deeds infamous through the world.
But as the Gods to end the Troyans toile,
Preuented *Turnus* of *Lauinia*.

And

the Scythian Shepheard.

wln 2314 And fatally enricht *Eneas* loue.
wln 2315 So for a finall Issue to my griefes,
wln 2316 To pacifie my countrie and my loue,
wln 2317 Must *Tamburlaine* by their resistlesse powers,
wln 2318 With vertue of a gentle victorie,
wln 2319 Conclude a league of honor to my hope,
wln 2320 Then as the powers deuine haue preordainde,
wln 2321 With happy safty of my fathers life,
wln 2322 Send like defence of faire *Arabia*.

They sound to the battaile.

*And Tamburlaine enioyes the victory, after Arabia
enters wounded.*

wln 2326 *Ar.* What cursed power guides the murthering hands,
wln 2327 Of this infamous Tyrants souldiers.
wln 2328 That no escape may saue their enemies:
wln 2329 Nor fortune keep them selues from victory.
wln 2330 Lye down *Arabia*, wounded to the death,
wln 2331 And let *Zenocrates* faire eies beholde
wln 2332 That as for her thou bearst these wretched armes.
wln 2333 Euen so for her thou diest in these armes:
wln 2334 Leauing thy blood for witsnesse of thy loue.
wln 2335 *zen.* Too deare a witsnesse for such loue my Lord,
wln 2336 Behold *Zenocrate*, the cursed obiect
wln 2337 Whose Fortunes neuer mastered her griefs:
wln 2338 Behold her wounded in conceit for thee,
wln 2339 As much as thy faire body is for me.
wln 2340 *Ar.* Then shal I die with full contented heart,
wln 2341 Hauing beheld deuine *Zenocrate*,
wln 2342 Whose sight with ioy would take away my life,
wln 2343 As now it bringeth sweetnesse to my wound,
wln 2344 If I had not bin wounded as I am.

Ah

The Conquests of Tamburlaine,

wln 2345 Ah that the deadly panges I suffer now,
wln 2346 Would lend an howers license to my tongue:
wln 2347 To make discourse of some sweet accidents
wln 2348 Haue chanc'd thy merits in this worthles bondage.
wln 2349 And that I might be priuy to the state,
wln 2350 Of thy deseru'd contentment and thy loue:
wln 2351 But making now a vertue of thy sight,
wln 2352 To driue all sorrow from my fainting soule:
wln 2353 Since Death denies me further cause of ioy.
wln 2354 Depriu'd of care, my heart with comfort dies.
wln 2355 Since thy desired hand shall close mine eies.

wln 2356 *Enter Tamburlain leading the Souldane, Techel-*
wln 2357 *les, Theridamas, Vsumeasane, with others.*

wln 2358 *Tam.* Come happy Father of *Zenocrate*,
wln 2359 A title higher than thy Souldans name:
wln 2360 Though my right hand haue thus enthralled thee
wln 2361 Thy princely daughter here shall set thee free.
wln 2362 She that hath calmede the furie of my sword.
wln 2363 Which had ere this bin bathde in streames of blood,
wln 2364 As vast and deep as *Euphrates* or *Nile*.
wln 2365 *Zen:* O sight thrice welcome to my ioiful soule.
wln 2366 To see the king my Father issue safe,
wln 2367 From dangerous battel of my conquering Loue.
wln 2368 *Soldan* Wel met my only deare *Zenocrate*,
wln 2369 Though with the losse of Egypt and my Crown.
wln 2370 *tam.* Twas I my lord that gat the victory,
wln 2371 And therefore grieue not at your ouerthrow.
wln 2372 Since I shall render all into your hands.
wln 2373 And ad more strength to your dominions
wln 2374 Then euer yet confirm'd th'Egyptian Crown.

The

the Scythian Shepheard.

wln 2375 The God of war resignes his roume to me,
wln 2376 Meaning to make me Generall of the world,
wln 2377 *Ioue* viewing me in armes, lookes pale and wan,
wln 2378 Fearing my power should pull him from his throne,
wln 2379 Where ere I come the fatall sisters sweat,
wln 2380 And griesly death by running to and fro,
wln 2381 To doo their ceaslles homag to my sword:
wln 2382 And here in Affrick where it seldom raines,
wln 2383 Since I arriu'd with my triumphat hoste,
wln 2384 Haue swelling cloudes drawen from wide gasping
wln 2385 (woundes.
wln 2386 Bene oft resolu'd in bloody purple showers,
wln 2387 A meteor that might terrify the earth,
wln 2388 And make it quake at euey drop it drinks:
wln 2389 Millions of soules sit on the bankes of *Styx*,
wln 2390 Waiting the back returne of *Charons* boat,
wln 2391 Hell and *Elisian* swarme with ghosts of men,
wln 2392 That I haue sent from sundry foughten fields.
wln 2393 To spread my fame through hell and vp to heauen:
wln 2394 And see my Lord, a sight of strange import,
wln 2395 Emperours and kings lie breathlesse at my feet,
wln 2396 The Turk and his great Emperesse as it seems,
wln 2397 Left to themselues while we were at the fight.
wln 2398 Haue desperatly dispatcht their slauish liues:
wln 2399 With them *Arabia* too hath left his life,
wln 2400 Al sights of power to grace my victory:
wln 2401 And such are obiects fit for *Tamburlaine*.
wln 2402 Wherein as in a mirrour may be seene,
wln 2403 His honor, that consists in sheading blood,
wln 2404 When men presume to manage armes with him.
wln 2405 *Soldan* Mighty hath God & *Mahomet* made thy hand
wln 2406 (Renowmed *tamburlain*) to whom all kings

The Conquests of Tamburlaine,

wln 2407
wln 2408
wln 2409
wln 2410
wln 2411
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wln 2436
wln 2437
wln 2438

Of force must yeeld their crownes and Emperies,
And I am pleasde with this my ouerthrow:
If as beseemes a person of thy state,
Thou hast with honor vsde *Zenocrate*.
tamb. Her state and person wants no pomp you see,
And for all blot of foule in chastity,
I record heauen, her heauenly selfe is cleare:
Then let me find no further time to grace
Her princely Temples with the Persean crowne:
But here these kings that on my fortunes wait:
And haue bene crown'd for prooued worthynesse,
Euen by this hand that shall establish them,
Shal now, adioining al their hands with mine,
Inuest her here my Queene of *Persea*,
What saith the noble Souldane and *Zenocrate*?
Soldan I yeeld with thanks and protestations
Of endlesse honor to thee for her loue.
Tamb. Then doubt I not but faire *Zenocrate*
Will soone consent to satisfy vs both.
Zen. Els should I much forget my self, my Lord,
Ther. Then let vs set the crowne vpon her head,
That long hath lingred for so high a seat.
Tech. My hand is ready to performe the deed,
For now her mariage time shall worke vs rest:
Vsum. And her's the crown my Lord, help set it on
Tam. Then sit thou downe diuine *Zenocrate*,
And here we crowne thee Queene of *Persea*,
And all the kingdomes and dominions
That late the power of *Tamburlaine* subdewed:
As Iuno, when the Giants were supprest,
That darted mountaines at her brother *Ioue*:
So lookes my Loue, shadowing in her browes

Triumphes

the Scythian Shepheard.

wln 2439 Triumphes and Trophees for my victories:
wln 2440 Or as *Latonas* daughter bent to armes,
wln 2441 Adding more courage to my conquering mind,
wln 2442 To gratify the sweet *zenocrate*,
wln 2443 Egyptians, Moores and men of Asia,
wln 2444 From *Barbary* vnto the Westerne *Indie*,
wln 2445 Shall pay a yearly tribute to thy Syre.
wln 2446 And from the boundes of *Affrick* to the banks
wln 2447 Of *Ganges*, shall his mighty arme extend.
wln 2448 And now my Lords and louing followers,
wln 2449 That purchac'd kingdomes by your matiall deeds,
wln 2450 Cast off your armor, put on scarlet roabes.
wln 2451 Mount vp your royall places of estate,
wln 2452 Enuironed with troopes of noble men,
wln 2453 And there make lawes to rule your prouinces:
wln 2454 Hang vp your weapons on *Alcides* poste,
wln 2455 For *Tamburlaine* takes truce with al the world.
wln 2456 Thy first betrothed, Loue *Arabia*,
wln 2457 Shall we with honor (as beseemes) entombe,
wln 2458 With this great Turke and his faire Emperesse:
wln 2459 Then after all these solemne Exequies,
wln 2460 We wil our celebrated rites of mariage solemnize.

wln 2461
wln 2462

*Finis Actus quinti & vltimi huius
primae partis.*

Textual Notes

1. **1 (1-b)**: The regularized reading *Tamburlaine* is supplied for the original *Tamburlain[·]*.
2. **32 (4-a)**: The regularized reading *thee* is supplied for the original *th[·]*.
3. **48 (4-a)**: The regularized reading *upon* is amended from the original *vpnon*.
4. **265 (7-b)**: The regularized reading *Stretching* is amended from the original *Stretthing*.
5. **370 (9-a)**: The regularized reading *Tamburlaine* is amended from the original *Taburlain*.
6. **405 (9-b)**: The regularized reading *renowned* is amended from the original *renowmed*.
7. **456 (10-b)**: The regularized reading *renowned* is amended from the original *renowmed*.
8. **473 (10-b)**: The regularized reading *with* is amended from the original *wth*.
9. **490 (11-a)**: The regularized reading *So* is amended from the original *Sa*.
10. **501 (11-a)**: The regularized reading *Thirsting* is amended from the original *Thirsting*.

11. **508 (11-b)**: The regularized reading *snowy* comes from the original *snowy*, though possible variants include *sinewy*.
12. **624 (13-a)**: The regularized reading *equally* is amended from the original *equally*.
13. **629 (13-a)**: The regularized reading *when* is amended from the original *whe*.
14. **827 (16-b)**: The regularized reading *attemptless* is amended from the original *attemplesse*.
15. **1005 (19-b)**: The regularized reading *highest* is amended from the original *higest*.
16. **1108 (21-a)**: The regularized reading *enjoy* is amended from the original *eioy*.
17. **1688 (30-b)**: The regularized reading *presumptuous* is amended from the original *presumotuous*.
18. **1868 (33-a)**: The regularized reading *Governor* is amended from the original *Gouernout*.
19. **2052 (36-a)**: The regularized reading *tresses* is amended from the original *treshes*.
20. **2214 (38-b)**: The regularized reading *ay* comes from the original *ay*, though possible variants include *air*.