

Folger SHAKESPEARE LIBRARY

Advancing knowledge & the arts

A Digital Anthology of Early Modern English Drama

emed.folger.edu

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

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



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

img: 1-a

img: 1-b

sig: A1r

ln 0001

Tamburlaine

the Great

ln 0002

Who from a Scythian Shepherd

ln 0003

by his rare and wonderful Conquests

ln 0004

became a most puissant and mighty

ln 0005

Monarch

ln 0006

And for his tyranny and terror in

ln 0007

War was termed

ln 0008

The Scourge of God

ln 0009

ln 0010

Divided into two Tragical Discourses

ln 0011

as they were sundry times

ln 0012

showed upon Stages in the City

ln 0013

of London

ln 0014

By the right honorable the Lord

ln 0015

Admiral his servants

ln 0016

Now first and newly published

ln 0017

LONDON

ln 0018

Printed by Richard Jones at the sign

ln 0019

of the Rose and Crown near Holborn

ln 0020

Bridge 1590

img: 2-a

img: 2-b

sig: A2r

ln 0001

To the Gentlemen Readers

ln 0002

and others that take pleasure

ln 0003

in reading Histories

ln 0004

Gentlemen and courteous Readers whosoever

ln 0005

I have here published in print for

ln 0006

your sakes the two tragical Discourses of

ln 0007

the Scythian Shepherd *Tamburlaine* that

ln 0008

became so great a Conqueror and so mighty

ln 0009

a Monarch My hope is that they will be now

ln 0010

no less acceptable unto you to read after your

ln 0011

serious affairs and studies than they have been

ln 0012

lately delightful for many of you to see when

ln 0013

the same were showed in London upon stages

ln 0014

I have purposely omitted and left out some

ln 0015
ln 0016
ln 0017
ln 0018
ln 0019
ln 0020
ln 0021
ln 0022
ln 0023

fond and frivolous Gestures digressing and in
my poor opinion far unmeet for the matter
which I thought might seem more tedious
unto the wise than any way else to be regarded
though happily they have been of some vain
conceited fondlings greatly gaped at what times
they were showed upon the stage in their graced
deformities nevertheless now to be mixtured
in print with such matter of worth it would

img: 3-a
sig: A2v

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

prove a great disgrace to so honorable and stately
a history Great folly were it in me to commend
unto your wisdoms either the eloquence
of the Author that writ them or the
worthiness of the matter itself I therefore
leave unto your learned censures both the one
and the other and myself the poor printer of
them unto your most courteous and favourable
protection which if you vouchsafe to accept
you shall evermore bind me to employ what
travail and service I can to the advancing and
pleasuring of your excellent degree

ln 0035
ln 0036

Yours most humble at
commandment

ln 0037

R. J. Printer

img: 3-b
sig: A3r

wln 0001
wln 0002
wln 0003

*The two tragical Discourses
of mighty Tamburlaine, the
Scythian Shepherd. etc.*

wln 0004

The Prologue.

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

*FRom jiggling veins of rhyming mother wits,
And such conceits as clownage keeps in pay,
We'll lead you to the stately tent of War.
Where you shall hear the Scythian Tamburlaine:
Threat'ning the world with high astounding terms
And scourging kingdoms with his conquering sword
View but his picture in this tragic glass,
And then applaud his fortunes as you please.*

wln 0013

Actus. I Scaena. I

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

img: 4-a
sig: A3v

wln 0031
wln 0032
wln 0033
wln 0034
wln 0035
wln 0036
wln 0037
wln 0038
wln 0039
wln 0040
wln 0041
wln 0042
wln 0043
wln 0044
wln 0045
wln 0046
wln 0047
wln 0048
wln 0049
wln 0050
wln 0051
wln 0052
wln 0053
wln 0054
wln 0055
wln 0056
wln 0057
wln 0058
wln 0059
wln 0060
wln 0061

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

Mycetes.

BRother *Cosroe*, I find myself aggrieved,
Yet insufficient to express the same:
For it requires a great and thund'ring speech:
Good brother tell the cause unto my Lords,
I know you have a better wit than I.

Cosroe Unhappy *Persia*, that in former age
Hast been the seat of mighty Conquerors,
That in their prowess and their policies,
Have triumphed over *Afric*, and the bounds
Of *Europe*, where the Sun dares scarce appear,
For freezing meteors and congealed cold:
Now to be ruled and governed by a man,
At whose birthday *Cynthia* with *Saturn* joined,
And *Jove*, the Sun and *mercury* denied

To shed his influence in his fickle brain,
Now Turks and Tartars shake their swords at **thee**
Meaning to mangle all thy Provinces,

Mycetes Brother, I see your meaning well enough.
And through your Planets I perceive you think,
I am not wise enough to be a king,
But I refer me to my noble men,
That know my wit, and can be witnesses:
I might command you to be slain for this,
Meander, might I not?

Meander Not for so small a fault my sovereign Lord
Mycetes I mean it not, but yet I know I might,
Yet live, yea, live, *Mycetes* wills it so:

Meander, thou my faithful Counsellor,
Declare the cause of my conceived grief,
Which is (God knows) about that *Tamburlaine*.
That like a Fox in midst of harvest time,
Doth pray **upon** my flocks of Passengers.
And as I hear, doth mean to pull my plumes,
Therefore 'tis good and meet for to be wise.

Meander Oft have I heard your Majesty complain,
Of *Tamburlaine*, that sturdy Scythian thief,
That robs your merchants of *Persepolis*,
Treading by land unto the Western Isles,
And in your confines with his lawless train,
Daily commits incivil outrages.
Hoping (misled by dreaming prophecies)
To reign in *Asia*, and with barbarous Armies,
To make himself the Monarch of the East:
But ere he march in *Asia*, or display

wln 0062

img: 4-b
sig: A4r

His vagrant Ensign in the Persian fields,
Your Grace hath taken order by *Theridamas*,

wln 0063

wln 0064

wln 0065

wln 0066

wln 0067

wln 0068

wln 0069

wln 0070

wln 0071

wln 0072

wln 0073

wln 0074

wln 0075

wln 0076

wln 0077

wln 0078

wln 0079

wln 0080

wln 0081

wln 0082

wln 0083

wln 0084

wln 0085

wln 0086

wln 0087

wln 0088

wln 0089

wln 0090

wln 0091

wln 0092

wln 0093

wln 0094

Charged with a thousand horse, to apprehend
And bring him Captive to your Highness throne,
Mycetes Full true thou speakst, and like thyself my lord
Whom I may term a *Damon* for thy love.
Therefore 'tis best, if so it like you all,
To send my thousand horse incontinent,
To apprehend that paltry Scythian.
How like you this, my honourable Lords?
Is it not a kingly resolution?

Cosroe It cannot choose, because it comes from you.

Mycetes Then hear thy charge, valiant *Theridamas*
The chiefest Captain of *Mycetes*' host,
The hope of *Persia*, and the very legs
Whereon our state doth lean, as on a staff,
That holds us up, and foils our neighbour foes,
Thou shalt be leader of this thousand horse,
Whose foaming gall with rage and high disdain,
Have sworn the death of wicked *Tamburlaine*.
Go frowning forth, but come thou smiling home,
As did Sir *Paris* with the Grecian Dame,
Return with speed, time passeth swift away,
Our life is frail, and we may die today.

Theridamas Before the Moon renew her borrowed light,
Doubt not my Lord and gracious Sovereign,
But *Tamburlaine*, and that Tartarian rout,
Shall either perish by our warlike hands,
Or plead for mercy at your highness' feet.

Mycetes Go, stout *Theridamas*, thy words are swords
And with thy looks thou conquerest all thy foes:
I long to see thee back return from thence,
That I may view these milk-white steeds of mine.
All laden with the heads of killed men,

img: 5-a
sig: A4v

wln 0095

wln 0096

wln 0097

wln 0098

wln 0099

wln 0100

wln 0101

wln 0102

wln 0103

wln 0104

wln 0105

And from their knees, even to their hooves below,
Besmeared with blood, that makes a dainty show.
Theridamas Then now my Lord, I humbly take my leave. *Exit.*
Mycetes *Theridamas* farewell ten thousand times,
Ah, *Menaphon*, why stayest thou thus behind,
When other men press forward for renown
Go *Menaphon*, go into *Scythia*,
And foot by foot follow *Theridamas*:
Cosroe Nay, pray you let him stay, a greater
Fits *Menaphon*, than warring with a Thief:

wln 0106
wln 0107
wln 0108
wln 0109
wln 0110
wln 0111
wln 0112
wln 0113
wln 0114
wln 0115
wln 0116
wln 0117
wln 0118
wln 0119
wln 0120
wln 0121
wln 0122
wln 0123
wln 0124
wln 0125
wln 0126

img: 5-b
sig: A5r

wln 0127
wln 0128
wln 0129
wln 0130
wln 0131
wln 0132
wln 0133
wln 0134
wln 0135
wln 0136
wln 0137
wln 0138
wln 0139
wln 0140
wln 0141
wln 0142
wln 0143
wln 0144
wln 0145
wln 0146
wln 0147
wln 0148
wln 0149
wln 0150
wln 0151
wln 0152

Create him Prorex of *Africa*,
That he may win the Babylonians' hearts,
Which will revolt from Persian government,
Unless they have a wiser king than you.

Mycetes Unless they have a wiser king than you?
These are his words, *Meander* set them down.

Cosroe And add this to them, that all *Asia*
Lament to see the folly of their King.

Mycetes Well here I swear by this my royal seat.

Cosroe You may do well to kiss it then.

Mycetes Embossed with silk as best beseems my state.
To be revenged for these contemptuous words.

O where is duty and allegiance now?

Fled to the Caspian or the Ocean main?

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

Monster of Nature, shame unto thy stock,

That dar'st presume thy Sovereign for to mock.

Meander come, I am abused *Meander*.

Exit.

Manent Cosroe and Menaphon.

Menaphon How now my Lord, what, mated and amazed
To hear the king thus threaten like himself?

Cosroe Ah *Menaphon*, I pass not for his threats,

The plot is laid by Persian Noble men,
And Captains of the Medean garrisons,
To crown me Emperor of *Asia*,
But this it is that doth excruciate
The very substance of my vexed soul
To see our neighbours that were wont to quake
And tremble at the Persian monarch's name,
Now sits and laughs our regiment to scorn,
And that which might resolve me into tears:
Men from the farthest equinoctial line,
Have swarmed in troops into the Eastern *India*:
Lading their ships with gold and precious stones:
And made their spoils from all our provinces.

Menaphon This should entreat your highness to rejoice,
Since Fortune gives you opportunity,

To gain the title of a Conqueror,

By curing of this maimed Empire,

Afric and *Europe* bordering on your land,

And continent to your Dominions:

How easily may you with a mighty host,

Pass into *Graecia*, as did *Cyrus* once.

And cause them to withdraw their forces home,

lest you subdue the pride of Christendom

Cosroe But *Menaphon* what means this trumpet's sound

Menaphon Behold, my Lord *Ortygius*, and the rest,
Bringing the Crown to make you Emperor.

wln 0153
wln 0154
wln 0155
wln 0156
wln 0157
wln 0158

img: 6-a
sig: A5v

*Enter Ortigius and Conerus bearing a Crown
with others.*

Ortygius Magnificent and mighty Prince *Cosroe*,
We in the name of other Persian states,
And commons of this mighty Monarchy,
Present thee with th'Imperial Diadem.

wln 0159
wln 0160
wln 0161
wln 0162
wln 0163
wln 0164
wln 0165
wln 0166
wln 0167
wln 0168
wln 0169
wln 0170
wln 0171
wln 0172
wln 0173
wln 0174
wln 0175
wln 0176
wln 0177
wln 0178
wln 0179
wln 0180
wln 0181
wln 0182
wln 0183
wln 0184
wln 0185
wln 0186
wln 0187
wln 0188
wln 0189
wln 0190

img: 6-b
sig: A6r

Ceneus The warlike Soldiers, and the Gentlemen,
That heretofore have filled *Persepolis*
With *Afric* Captains, taken in the field:
Whose ransom made them march in coats of gold,
With costly jewels hanging at their ears,
And shining stones upon their lofty Crests,
Now living idle in the walled towns,
Wanting both pay and martial discipline.
Begin in troops to threaten civil war.
And openly exclaim against the King.
Therefore to stay all sudden mutinies,
We will invest your Highness Emperor:
Whereat the Soldiers will conceive more joy,
Then did the Macedonians at the spoil
Of great *Darius* and his wealthy host.

Cosroe Well, since I see the state of *Persia* droop,
And languish in my brother's government:
I willingly receive th'imperial crown,
And vow to wear it for my country's good:
In spite of them shall malice my estate.

Ortygius And in assurance of desired success,
We here do crown thee Monarch of the East,
Emperor of *Asia*, and of *Persia*,
Great Lord of *Medea* and *Armenia*:
Duke of *Africa* and *Albania*,
Mesopotamia and of *Parthia*,
East *India* and the late discovered Isles,
Chief Lord of all the wide vast *Euxine* sea,
And of the ever raging Caspian Lake:
Long live *Cosroe* mighty Emperor.

Cosroe And *Jove* may never let me longer live,
Than I may seek to gratify your love,

wln 0191
wln 0192
wln 0193
wln 0194
wln 0195
wln 0196
wln 0197

And cause the soldiers that thus honour me,
To triumph over many Provinces.
By whose desires of discipline in Arms,
I doubt not shortly but to reign sole king,
And with the Army of *Theridamas*,
Whether we presently will fly (my Lords)
To rest secure against my brother's force.

wln 0198
wln 0199
wln 0200
wln 0201
wln 0202
wln 0203
wln 0204
wln 0205
wln 0206
wln 0207
wln 0208

Ortygius We knew my Lord, before we brought the crown,
Intending your investion so near,
The residence of your despised brother,
The Lord would not be too exasperate,
To injure or suppress your worthy title.
Or if they would, there are in readiness
Ten thousand horse to carry you from hence,
In spite of all suspected enemies.

Cosroe I know it well my Lord, and thank you all

Ortygius Sound up the trumpets then,
God save the King.

Exeunt.

wln 0209

Actus. 1 Scaena. 2:

wln 0210
wln 0211
wln 0212

*Tamburlaine leading Zenocrate: Techelles, Usumcasane,
other Lords and Soldiers laden
with treasure.*

wln 0213
wln 0214
wln 0215
wln 0216
wln 0217
wln 0218
wln 0219

Tamburlaine COMe lady, let not this appal your thoughts
The jewels and the treasure we have ta'en
Shall be reserved, and you in better state,
Than if you were arrived in *Syria*.
even in the circle of your Father's armies:
The mighty Sultan of *Egyptia*.

Zenocrate Ah Shepherd, pity my distressed plight,

img: 7-a
sig: A6v

wln 0220
wln 0221
wln 0222
wln 0223
wln 0224
wln 0225
wln 0226
wln 0227
wln 0228
wln 0229
wln 0230
wln 0231
wln 0232
wln 0233
wln 0234
wln 0235
wln 0236
wln 0237
wln 0238
wln 0239
wln 0240

(If as thou seem'st, thou art so mean a man)
And seek not to enrich thy followers,
By lawless rapine from a silly maid.
Who travelling with these Medean Lords
To *Memphis*, from my uncle's country of *Medea*,
Where all my youth I have been governed,
Have passed the army of the mighty Turk:
Bearing his privy signet and his hand:
To safe conduct us through *Africa*:

Magnetes And since we have arrived in *Scythia*,
Besides rich presents from the puissant *Cham*,
We have his highness' letters to command
Aid and assistance if we stand in need.

Tamburlaine But now you see these letters and commands,
Are countermanded by a greater man:
And through my provinces you must expect
Letters of conduct from my mightiness,
If you intend to keep your treasure safe.
But since I love to live at liberty,
As easily may you get the Soldan's crown,

wln 0241
wln 0242
wln 0243
wln 0244
wln 0245
wln 0246
wln 0247
wln 0248
wln 0249
wln 0250
wln 0251

img: 7-b
sig: A7r

As any prizes out of my precinct.
For they are friends that help to wean my state,
Till men and kingdoms help to strengthen it:
And must maintain my life exempt from servitude.
But tell me Madam, is your grace betrothed
 Zenocrate I am (my Lord,) for so you do import.
 Tamburlaine I am a Lord, for so my deeds shall prove,
And yet a shepherd by my Parentage:
But Lady, this fair face and heavenly hue,
Must grace his bed that conquers *Asia*:
And means to be a terror to the world,
Measuring the limits of his Empery

wln 0252
wln 0253
wln 0254
wln 0255
wln 0256
wln 0257
wln 0258
wln 0259
wln 0260
wln 0261
wln 0262
wln 0263
wln 0264
wln 0265
wln 0266
wln 0267
wln 0268
wln 0269
wln 0270
wln 0271
wln 0272
wln 0273
wln 0274
wln 0275
wln 0276
wln 0277
wln 0278
wln 0279
wln 0280
wln 0281
wln 0282
wln 0283

By East and west, as *Phoebus* doth his course:
Lie here ye weeds that I disdain to wear,
This complete armour, and this curtle-axe
Are adjuncts more beseeming *Tamburlaine*.
And Madam, whatsoever you esteem
Of this success, and loss unvalued,
Both may invest you Empress of the East:
And these that seem but silly country Swains,
May have the leading of so great an host,
As with their weight shall make the mountains quake.
even as when windy exhalations,
Fighting for passage, tilt within the earth.
 Techelles As princely Lions when they rouse themselves,
Stretching their paws, and threat'ning herds of
Beasts.
So in his Armour looketh *Tamburlaine*:
Methinks I see kings kneeling at his feet,
And he with frowning brows and fiery looks,
Spurning their crowns from off their captive heads.
 Usumcasane And making thee and me *Techelles*, kings,
That even to death will follow *Tamburlaine*.
 Tamburlaine Nobly resolved, sweet friends and followers,
These Lords (perhaps) do scorn our estimates:
And think we prattle with distempered spirits,
But since they measure our deserts so mean,
That in conceit bear Empires on our spears,
Affecting thoughts co-equal with the clouds,
They shall be kept our forced followers,
Till with their eyes thee view us Emperors.
 Zenocrate The Gods, defenders of the innocent,
Will never prosper your intended drifts,
That thus oppress poor friendless passengers.

img: 8-a
sig: A7v

wln 0284

wln 0285
wln 0286
wln 0287
wln 0288
wln 0289
wln 0290
wln 0291
wln 0292
wln 0293
wln 0294
wln 0295
wln 0296
wln 0297
wln 0298
wln 0299
wln 0300
wln 0301
wln 0302
wln 0303
wln 0304
wln 0305
wln 0306
wln 0307
wln 0308
wln 0309
wln 0310
wln 0311
wln 0312
wln 0313
wln 0314
wln 0315

img: 8-b
sig: A8r

wln 0316
wln 0317
wln 0318
wln 0319
wln 0320
wln 0321
wln 0322
wln 0323
wln 0324
wln 0325
wln 0326
wln 0327
wln 0328
wln 0329
wln 0330
wln 0331

Therefore at least admit us liberty,
Even as thou hop'st to be eternised,
By living *Asia's* mighty Emperor.

Agydas I hope our Lady's treasure and our own,
May serve for ransom to our liberties:
Return our Mules and empty Camels back,
That we may travel into *Syria*,
Where her betrothed Lord *Alcidamus*,
Expects th'arrival of her highness' person.

Magnetes And wheresoever we repose ourselves,
We will report but well of *Tamburlaine*.

Tamburlaine Disdains *Zenocrate* to live with me?
Or you my Lords to be my followers?
Think you I weigh this treasure more than you?
Not all the Gold in India's wealthy arms,
Shall buy the meanest soldier in my train.
Zenocrate, lovelier than the Love of *Jove*,
Brighter than is the silver *Rhodolfe*,
Fairer than whitest snow on *Scythian* hills,
Thy person is more worth to *Tamburlaine*,
Than the possession of the *Persian* Crown.
Which gracious stars have promised at my birth,
A hundreth *Tartars* shall attend on thee,
Mounted on *Steeds*, swifter than *Pegasus*.
Thy Garments shall be made of *Medean* silk,
Enchased with precious jewels of mine own:
More rich and valorous than *Zenocrate's*.
With milk-white Hearts upon an ivory sled,
Thou shalt be drawn amidst the frozen Pools,
And scale the icy mountain's lofty tops:
Which with thy beauty will be soon resolved.
My martial prizes with five hundred men,

Won on the fifty headed *Volga's* waves.
Shall all we offer to *Zenocrate*,
And then myself to fair *Zenocrate*.

Techelles What now? In love?

Tamburlaine *Techelles*, women must be flattered.
But this is she with whom I am in love.

Enter a Soldier.

Soldier News, news.

Tamburlaine How now, what's the matter?

Soldier A thousand *Persian* horsemen are at hand,
Sent from the King to overcome us all.

Tamburlaine How now my Lords of *Egypt* and *Zenocrate*?
Now must your jewels be restored again:
And I that triumphed so be overcome.

How say you Lordings, Is not this your hope?

Agydas We hope yourself will willingly restore them.

wln 0332
wln 0333
wln 0334
wln 0335
wln 0336
wln 0337
wln 0338
wln 0339
wln 0340
wln 0341
wln 0342
wln 0343
wln 0344
wln 0345
wln 0346
wln 0347

img: 9-a
sig: A8v

Tamburlaine Such hope, such fortune have the thousand horse.
Soft ye my Lords and sweet *Zenocrate*.
You must be forced from me ere you go:
A thousand horsemen We five hundred foot?
An odds too great, for us to stand against:
But are they rich And is their armour good?
Soldier Their plumed helms are wrought with
beaten gold.
Their swords enamelled, and about their necks
Hangs massy chains of gold down to the waist,
In every part exceeding brave and rich.
Tamburlaine Then shall we fight courageously with them.
Or look you, I should play the Orator?
Techelles No: cowards and faint-hearted runaways,
Look for orations when the foe is near.
Our swords shall play the Orators for us.

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

Usumcasane Come let us meet them at the mountain foot,
And with a sudden and an hot alarm
Drive all their horses headlong down the hill.
Techelles Come let us march.
Tamburlaine Stay *Techelles*, ask a parley first,
The Soldiers enter.
Open the Mails, yet guard the treasure sure,
Lay out our golden wedges to the view,
That their reflections may amaze the Persians.
And look we friendly on them when they come:
But if they offer word or violence,
We'll fight five hundred men at arms to one,
Before we part with our possession.
And 'gainst the General we will lift our swords.
And either lance his greedy thirsting throat,
Or take him prisoner, and his chain shall serve
For Manacles, till he be ransomed home.
Techelles I hear them come, shall we encounter them?
Tamburlaine Keep all your standings, and not stir a foot,
Myself 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

Theridamas Where is this Scythian *Tamburlaine*?
Tamburlaine Whom seek'st thou Persian? I am *Tamburlaine*.
Theridamas *Tamburlaine*? A Scythian Shepherd,
so embellished
With Nature's pride, and richest furniture,
His looks do menace heaven and dare the Gods,
His fiery eyes are fixed upon the earth.
As if he now devised some Stratagem:

img: 9-b
sig: B1r

Or meant to pierce *Avernus* ' darksome vaults.

wln 0378
wln 0379
wln 0380
wln 0381
wln 0382
wln 0383
wln 0384
wln 0385
wln 0386
wln 0387
wln 0388
wln 0389
wln 0390
wln 0391
wln 0392
wln 0393
wln 0394
wln 0395
wln 0396
wln 0397
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.
tamburlaine Noble and mild this Persian seems to be,
If outward habit judge the inward man,
techelles His deep affections make him passionate.
tamburlaine With what a majesty he rears his looks:
In thee (thou valiant man of Persia)
I see the folly of thy Emperor:
Art thou but Captain of a thousand horse,
That by Characters graven in thy brows,
And by thy martial face and stout aspect,
Deserv'st to have the leading of an host?
Forsake thy king and do but join with me
And we will triumph over all the world.
I hold the Fates bound fast in iron chains,
And with my hand turn Fortune's wheel about,
And sooner shall the Sun fall from his Sphere,
Than *Tamburlaine* be slain or overcome.
Draw forth thy sword, thou mighty man at Arms,
Intending but to raze my charmed skin:
And *Jove* himself will stretch his hand from heaven.
To ward the blow, and shield me safe from harm,
See how he rains down heaps of gold in showers.
As if he meant to give my Soldiers pay,
And as a sure and grounded argument,
That I shall be the Monarch of the East.
He sends this Souldan's daughter rich and brave,
To be my Queen and portly Empress,
If thou wilt stay with me, **renowned** man,
And lead thy thousand horse with my conduct,
Besides thy share of this Egyptian prize,
Those thousand horse shall sweat with martial spoil
Of conquered kingdoms, and of Cities sacked,

img: 10-a
sig: B1v

wln 0410
wln 0411
wln 0412
wln 0413
wln 0414
wln 0415
wln 0416
wln 0417
wln 0418
wln 0419
wln 0420
wln 0421

Both we will walk upon the lofty cliffs,
And Christian Merchants that with Russian stems
Plow up huge furrows in the Caspian sea.
Shall vail to us, as Lords of all the Lake.
Both we will reign as Consuls of the earth,
And mighty kings shall be our Senators,
Jove sometime masked in a Shepherd's weed,
And by those steps that he hath scaled the heavens,
May we become immortal like the Gods.
join with me now in this my mean estate,
(I call it mean, because being yet obscure,

wln 0422
wln 0423
wln 0424
wln 0425
wln 0426
wln 0427
wln 0428
wln 0429
wln 0430
wln 0431
wln 0432
wln 0433
wln 0434
wln 0435
wln 0436
wln 0437
wln 0438
wln 0439
wln 0440
wln 0441

img: 10-b
sig: B2r

The Nations far removed admire me not)
And when my name and honour shall be spread,
As far as *Boreas* claps his brazen wings,
Or fair *Boötes* sends his cheerful light.
Then shalt thou be Competitor with me,
And sit with *Tamburlaine* in all his majesty.
Theridamas Not *Hermes* Prolocutor to the Gods,
Could use persuasions more patheticall.
Tamburlaine Nor are *Apollo's* Oracles more true,
Than thou shalt find my vaunts substantial.
Techelles We are his friends, and if the Persian king
Should offer present Dukedoms to our state,
We think it loss to make exchange for that,
We are assured of by our friend's success.
Usumcasane And kingdoms at the least we all expect.
Besides the honour in assured conquests:
Where kings shall crouch unto our conquering swords,
And hosts of soldiers stand amazed at us,
When with their fearful tongues they shall confess
These are the men that all the world admires,
Theridamas What strong enchantments tice my yielding soul

wln 0442
wln 0443
wln 0444
wln 0445
wln 0446
wln 0447
wln 0448
wln 0449
wln 0450
wln 0451
wln 0452
wln 0453
wln 0454
wln 0455
wln 0456
wln 0457
wln 0458
wln 0459
wln 0460
wln 0461
wln 0462
wln 0463
wln 0464
wln 0465
wln 0466
wln 0467
wln 0468

Are these resolved noble Scythians?
But shall I prove a Traitor to my King?
Tamburlaine No, but the trusty friend of *Tamburlaine*.
Theridamas Won with thy words, and conquered with thy looks,
I yield myself, my men and horse to thee:
To be partaker of thy good or ill,
As long as life maintains *Theridamas*.
Tamburlaine *Theridamas* my friend, take here my hand.
Which is as much as if I swore by heaven,
And called the Gods to witness of my vow,
Thus shall my heart be still combined with thine,
Until our bodies turn to Elements:
And both our souls aspire celestial thrones.
Techelles, and *Casane*, welcome him.
Techelles Welcome **renowned** Persian to us all.
Usumcasane Long may *theridamas* remain with us.
Tamburlaine These are my friends in whom I more rejoyce,
Than doth the King of Persia in his Crown:
And by the love of *Pylades* and *Orestes*,
Whose statutes we adore in Scythia,
Thyself and them shall never part from me,
Before I crown you kings in *Asia*.
Make much of them gentle *Theridamas*,
And they will never leave thee till the death.
theridamas Nor thee, nor them, thrice noble *Tamburlaine*
Shall want my heart to be with gladness pierced
To do you honour and security.

wln 0469
wln 0470
wln 0471
wln 0472
wln 0473

img: 11-a
sig: B2v

Tamburlaine A thousand thanks worthy *theridamas*:
And now fair Madam, and my noble Lords,
If you will willingly remain with me,
You shall have honours, as your merits be:
Or else you shall be forced **with** slavery.

wln 0474
wln 0475
wln 0476
wln 0477

Agydas We yield unto thee happy *Tamburlaine*
tamburlaine For you then Madam, I am out of doubt
Zenocrate I must be pleased perforce, wretched
Zenocrate.

Exeunt

wln 0478

Actus. 2 Scaena. 1

wln 0479
wln 0480

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

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 far are we towards *Theridamas*,
And valiant *Tamburlaine*, the man of fame,
The man that in the forehead of his fortune,
Bears figures of renown and miracle:
But tell me, that hast seen him, *Menaphon*,
What stature wields he, and what personage
Menaphon Of stature tall, and straightly fashioned,
Like his desire, lift upwards and divine,
So large of limbs, his joints so strongly knit,
Such breadth of shoulders as might mainly bear
Old *Atlas* ' burden, 'twixt his manly pitch,
A pearl more worth, than all the world is placed:
Wherein by curious sovereignty of Art,
Are fixed his piercing instruments of sight:
Whose fiery circles bear encompassed
A heaven of heavenly bodies in their Spheres:
That guides his steps and actions to the throne.
Where honour sits invested royally:
Pale of complexion: wrought in him with passion,
Thirsting with sovereignty with love of arms,
His lofty brows in folds, do figure death,

img: 11-b
sig: B3r

wln 0503
wln 0504
wln 0505
wln 0506
wln 0507
wln 0508
wln 0509

And in their smoothness, amity and life:
About them hangs a knot of Amber hair.
Wrapped in curls, as fierce *Achilles* was,
On which the breath of heaven delights to play,
Making it dance with wanton majesty:
His arms and fingers long and **snowy**,

wln 0510
wln 0511
wln 0512
wln 0513
wln 0514
wln 0515
wln 0516
wln 0517
wln 0518
wln 0519
wln 0520
wln 0521
wln 0522
wln 0523
wln 0524
wln 0525
wln 0526
wln 0527
wln 0528
wln 0529
wln 0530
wln 0531
wln 0532
wln 0533
wln 0534

img: 12-a
sig: B3v

Betokening valour and excess of strength:
In every part proportioned like the man,
Should make the world subdued to *Tamburlaine*.
Cosroe Well hast thou portrayed in thy terms of life,
The face and personage of a wondrous man:
Nature doth strive with Fortune and his stars,
To make him famous in accomplished worth:
And well his merits show him to be made:
His Fortune's master, and the king of men.
That could persuade at such a sudden pinch,
With reasons of his valour and his life,
A thousand sworn and overmatching foes:
Then when our powers in points of swords are joined
And closed in compass of the killing bullet,
Though straight the passage and the port be made,
That leads to Palace of my brother's life,
Proud is his fortune if we pierce it not.
And when the princely Persian Diadem,
Shall overweigh his weary witless head,
And fall like mellowed fruit, with shakes of death,
In fair *Persia* noble *tamburlaine*
Shall be my Regent, and remain as King:
Ortygius In happy hour we have set the Crown
Upon your kingly head, that seeks our honour,
In joining with the man, ordained by heaven
To further every action to the best.

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

Ceneus He that with Shepherds and a little spoil,
Durst in disdain of wrong and tyranny,
Defend his freedom 'gainst a Monarchy.
What will he do supported by a king
Leading a troop of Gentlemen and Lords,
And stuffed with treasure for his highest thoughts,
Cosroe And such shall wait on worthy *Tamburlaine*.
Our army will be forty thousand strong,
When *Tamburlaine* and brave *Theridamas*
Have met us by the river *Araris*:
And all conjoined to meet the witless King.
That now is marching near to Parthia.
And with unwilling soldiers faintly armed,
To seek revenge on me and *Tamburlaine*.
To whom sweet *Menaphon*, direct me straight.
Menaphon I will my Lord. *Exeunt.*

wln 0551

Act. 2 Scaena. 2,

wln 0552
wln 0553

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

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

img: 12-b
sig: B4r

wln 0565
wln 0566
wln 0567
wln 0568
wln 0569
wln 0570
wln 0571
wln 0572
wln 0573
wln 0574
wln 0575
wln 0576
wln 0577
wln 0578
wln 0579
wln 0580
wln 0581
wln 0582
wln 0583
wln 0584
wln 0585
wln 0586
wln 0587
wln 0588
wln 0589
wln 0590
wln 0591
wln 0592
wln 0593
wln 0594
wln 0595
wln 0596

img: 13-a
sig: B4v

wln 0597
wln 0598

Mycetes.
Come my *Meander*, let us to this gear,
I tell you true my heart is swoll'n with wrath,
On this same thievish villain *tamburlaine*.
And of that false *Cosroe*, my traitorous brother
Would it not grieve a King to be so abused.
And have a thousand horsemen ta'en away?
And which is worst to have his Diadem
Sought for by such scald knaves as love him not
I think it would: well then, by heavens I swear,
Aurora shall not peep out of her doors,

But I will have *Cosroe* by the head,
And kill proud *Tamburlaine* with point of sword.
Tell you the rest (*Meander*) I have said.
Meander Then having passed Armenian deserts now,
And pitch our tents under the Georgian hills.
Whose tops are covered with Tartarian thieves,
That lie in ambush, waiting for a prey:
What should we do but bid them battle straight,
And rid the world of those detested troops
Lest if we let them linger here a while,
They gather strength by power of fresh supplies.
This country swarms with vile outrageous men,
That live by rapine and by lawless spoil,
Fit Soldiers for the wicked *Tamburlaine*.
And he that could with gifts and promises.
Inveigle him that led a thousand horse,
And make him false his faith unto his King,
Will quickly win such as are like himself.
Therefore cheer up your minds, prepare to fight,
He that can take or slaughter *tamburlaine*,
Shall rule the Province of *Albania*.
Who brings that Traitor's head *theridamas*,
Shall have a government in *Medea*:
Beside the spoil of him and all his train:
But if *Cosroe* (as our 'Spials say,
And as we know) remains with *tamburlaine*,
His Highness' pleasure is that he should live,
And be reclaimed with princely lenity.
A Spy An hundred horsemen of my company
Scouting abroad upon these champion plains,
Have viewed the army of the Scythians,
Which make reports it far exceeds the Kings.

Meander Suppose they be in number infinite,

wln 0599
wln 0600
wln 0601
wln 0602
wln 0603
wln 0604
wln 0605
wln 0606
wln 0607
wln 0608
wln 0609
wln 0610
wln 0611
wln 0612
wln 0613
wln 0614
wln 0615
wln 0616
wln 0617
wln 0618
wln 0619
wln 0620
wln 0621
wln 0622
wln 0623
wln 0624
wln 0625
wln 0626
wln 0627
wln 0628
wln 0629

Yet being void of Martial discipline,
All running headlong after greedy spoils:
And more regarding gain than victory:
Like to the cruel brothers of the earth,
Sprung of the teeth of Dragons venomous,
Their careless swords shall lance their fellow's throats
And make us triumph in their overthrow.
Mycetes Was there such brethren, sweet *Meander*, say
That sprung of teeth of Dragons venomous.
Meander So Poets say, my Lord.
Mycetes And 'tis a pretty toy to be a Poet.
Well, well (*Meander*) thou art deeply read:
And having thee, I have a jewel sure:
Go en my Lord, and give your charge I say,
Thy wit will make us Conquerors today.
Meander Then noble soldiers, to entrap these thieves,
That live confounded in disordered troops,
If wealth or riches may prevail with them,
We have our Camels laden all with gold:
Which you that be but common soldiers,
Shall fling in every corner of the field:
And while the base-born Tartars take it up,
You fighting more for honour than for gold,
Shall massacre those greedy minded slaves.
And when their scattered army is subdued:
And you march on their slaughtered carcasses,
Share **equally** the gold that bought their lives,
And live like Gentlemen in *Persia*,
Strike up the Drum and march courageously,
Fortune herself doth sit upon our Crests.
Mycetes He tells you true, my masters, so he does.
Drums, why sound ye not **when** *Meander* speaks.

Exeunt

img: 13-b
sig: B5r

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

Actus. 2 Scaena. 3

*Cosroe, Tamburlaine, Theridamas, Techelles, Usumcasane,
Ortygius. with others.*

Cosroe.

NOW worthy *Tamburlaine*, have I reposed,
In thy approved Fortunes all my hope,
What think'st thou man, shall come of our
attempts.

For even as from assured oracle,
I take thy doom for satisfaction.

Tamburlaine And so mistake you not a whit my Lord.
For Fates and Oracles, heaven have sworn,
To royalize the deeds of *tamburlaine*:

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

img: 14-a
sig: B5v

And make them blessed that share in his attempts.
And doubt you not, but if you favour me,
And let my Fortunes and my valour sway,
To some direction in your martial deeds,
The world will strive with hosts of men at arms.
To swarm unto the Ensign I support,
The host of *Xerxes*, which by fame is said
To drink the mighty Parthian *Araris*,
Was but a handful to that we will have.
Our quivering Lances shaking in the air,
And bullets like *Jove's* dreadful Thunderbolts,
enrolled in flames and fiery smouldering mists,
Shall threat the Gods more than Cyclopien wars,
And with our Sun-bright armour as we march,
We'll chase the Stars from heaven, and dim their eyes
That stand and muse at our admired arms.
theridamas You see my Lord, what working words
he hath.

wln 0661
wln 0662
wln 0663
wln 0664
wln 0665
wln 0666
wln 0667
wln 0668
wln 0669
wln 0670
wln 0671
wln 0672
wln 0673
wln 0674
wln 0675
wln 0676
wln 0677
wln 0678
wln 0679
wln 0680
wln 0681
wln 0682
wln 0683
wln 0684
wln 0685
wln 0686
wln 0687
wln 0688
wln 0689
wln 0690

But when you see his actions stop his speech,
Your speech will stay, or so extol his worth,
As I shall be commended and excused
For turning my poor charge to his direction.
And these his two renowned friends my Lord,
Would make one thrust and strive to be retained
In such a great degree of amity.
techelles With duty not with amity we yield
Our utmost service to the fair *Cosroe*.
Cosroe Which I esteem as portion of my crown.
Usumcasane and *techelles* both,
When she that rules in *Rhamnus's* golden gates,
And makes a passage for all prosperous Arms:
Shall make me solely Emperor of *Asia*,
Then shall your meeds and valours be advanced
To rooms of honour and Nobility.
Tamburlaine 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,
Meet with the fool, and rid your royal shoulders
Of such a burden, as outweighs the sands
And all the craggy rocks of *Caspia*.
Messenger My Lord, we have discovered the enemy
Ready to charge you with a mighty army.
Cosroe Come *tamburlaine*, now whet thy winged sword
And lift thy lofty arm into the clouds,
That it may reach the King of *Persia's* crown,
And set it safe on my victorious head.

wln 0691

wln 0692

img: 14-b
sig: B6r

wln 0693

wln 0694

wln 0695

wln 0696

wln 0697

wln 0698

wln 0699

wln 0700

tamburlaine See where it is, the keenest Curtle-axe.
That ere made passage thorough Persian Arms,
These are the wings shall make it fly as swift,

As doth the lightning: or the breath of heaven,
And kill as sure as it swiftly flies.

Cosroe Thy words assure me of kind success:
Go valiant Soldier, go before and charge
The fainting army of that foolish King.

tamburlaine *Usumcasane* and *techelles* come,
We are enough to scare the enemy,
And more than needs to make an Emperor.

wln 0701

wln 0702

wln 0703

wln 0704

wln 0705

wln 0706

wln 0707

wln 0708

wln 0709

wln 0710

wln 0711

wln 0712

wln 0713

wln 0714

wln 0715

wln 0716

wln 0717

wln 0718

wln 0719

wln 0720

wln 0721

wln 0722

wln 0723

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

Mycetes Accursed be he that first invented war,
They knew not, ah, they knew not simple men,
How those were hit by pelting Cannon shot,
Stand staggering like a quivering Aspen leaf,
Fearing the force of *Boreas*' boisterous blasts.
In what a lamentable case were I,
If Nature had not given me wisdom's lore?
For Kings are clouts that every man shoots at,
Our Crown the pin that thousands seek to cleave,
Therefore in policy I think it good
To hide it close: a goodly Stratagem,
And far from any man that is a fool.
So shall not I be known, or if I be,
They cannot take away my crown from me.
Here will I hide it in this simple hole.

Enter Tamburlaine.

tamburlaine What fearful coward straggling from the camp
When Kings themselves are present in the field.

Mycetes Thou liest.

tamburlaine Base villain, dar'st thou give the lie?

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

img: 15-a
sig: B6v

wln 0724

wln 0725

wln 0726

wln 0727

wln 0728

wln 0729

wln 0730

wln 0731

wln 0732

wln 0733

Thou break'st the law of Arms unless thou kneel.
And cry me mercy, noble King.

Tamburlaine Are you the witty King of *Persia*?

Mycetes Ay marry am I: have you any suit to me?

Tamburlaine I would entreat you to speak but three wise
words.

Mycetes So I can when I see my time.

Tamburlaine Is this your Crown?

Mycetes Ay, Didst thou ever see a fairer?

wln 0734
wln 0735
wln 0736
wln 0737
wln 0738
wln 0739
wln 0740
wln 0741
wln 0742
wln 0743
wln 0744
wln 0745
wln 0746
wln 0747

Tamburlaine You will not sell it, will ye?
Mycetes Such another word, and I will have thee
executed.
Come give it me.
Tamburlaine No, I took it prisoner.
Mycetes You lie, I gave it you.
tamburlaine Then 'tis mine.
Mycetes No, I mean, I let you keep it.
tamburlaine Well, I mean you shall have it again.
Here take it for a while, I lend it thee,
Till I may see thee hemmed with armed men.
Then shalt thou see me pull it from thy head:
Thou art no match for mighty *Tamburlaine*.
Mycetes O Gods, is this *tamburlaine* the thief,
I marvel much he stole it not away.

wln 0748

Sound trumpets to the battle, and he runs in.

wln 0749
wln 0750
wln 0751
wln 0752
wln 0753

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

Tamburlaine Hold thee *Cosroe*, wear two imperial
Crowns.

img: 15-b
sig: B7r

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

Thinks thee Invested now as royally,
Even by the mighty hand of *tamburlaine*,
As if as many kings as could encompass thee,
With greatest pomp had crowned thee Emperor.
Cosroe So do I thrice renowned man at arms,
And none shall keep the crown but *tamburlaine*:
Thee do I make my Regent of Persia,
And General Lieutenant of my Armies.
Meander, you that were our brother's Guide,
And chiefest Counsellor in all his acts,
Since he is yielded to the stroke of War,
On your submission we with thanks excuse,
And give you equal place in our affairs.
Meander Most happy Emperor in humblest terms
I vow my service to your Majesty.
With utmost virtue of my faith and duty.
Cosroe Thanks good *Meander*, then *Cosroe* reign
And govern Persia in her former pomp:
Now send Ambassage to thy neighbour Kings,
And let them know the Persian King is changed:
From one that knew not what a King should do,
To one that can command what longs thereto:
And now we will to fair *Persepolis*,
With twenty thousand expert soldiers.
The Lords and Captains of my brother's camp,

wln 0779
wln 0780
wln 0781
wln 0782
wln 0783
wln 0784
wln 0785

img: 16-a
sig: B7v

With little slaughter take *Meander's* course,
And gladly yield them to my gracious rule:
Ortygius and *menaphon*, my trusty friends,
Now will I gratify your former good,
And grace your calling with a greater sway.
Ortygius And as we ever and at your behoof,
And sought your state, all honour it deserved,

wln 0786
wln 0787
wln 0788
wln 0789
wln 0790
wln 0791
wln 0792
wln 0793
wln 0794
wln 0795
wln 0796
wln 0797
wln 0798
wln 0799
wln 0800
wln 0801
wln 0802
wln 0803
wln 0804
wln 0805
wln 0806
wln 0807
wln 0808
wln 0809
wln 0810
wln 0811
wln 0812
wln 0813
wln 0814
wln 0815
wln 0816
wln 0817

So will we with our powers and our lives,
Endeavour to preserve and prosper it.
Cosroe I will not thank thee (sweet *Ortygius*)
Better replies shall prove my purposes.
And now, Lord *tamburlaine*, my brother's Camp
I leave to thee, and to *theridamas*,
To follow me to fair *Persepolis*.
Then will we march to all those Indian Mines,
My witless brother to the Christians lost:
And ransom them with fame and usury.
And till thou overtake me *tamburlaine*,
(Staying to order all the scattered troops)
Farewell Lord Regent, and his happy friends,
I long to sit upon my brother's throne,
Menaphon Your Majesty shall shortly have your wish.
And ride in triumph through *Persepolis*. *Exeunt.*
Manent Tamburlaine Techelles Theridamas Usumcasane
tamburlaine And ride in triumph through *Persepolis*?
Is it not brave to be a King, *techelles*?
Usumcasane and *theridamas*,
Is it not passing brave to be a King,
And ride in triumph through *Persepolis*?
techelles O my Lord, 'tis sweet and full of pomp.
Usumcasane To be a King, is half to be a God.
theridamas A God is not so glorious as a King:
I think the pleasure they enjoy in heaven
Can not compare with kingly joys in earth,
To wear a Crown enchased with pearl and gold,
Whose virtues carry with it life and death,
To ask, and have: command, and be obeyed.
When looks breed love, with looks to gain the prize
Such power attractive shines in princes' eyes.

img: 16-b
sig: B8r

wln 0818
wln 0819
wln 0820
wln 0821
wln 0822
wln 0823

tamburlaine Why say *theridamas*, wilt thou be a king?
theridamas Nay, though I praise it, I can live without it.
tamburlaine What says my other friends, will you be kings?
techelles Ay, if I could with all my heart my Lord.
tamburlaine Why, that's well said *techelles*, so would I,

wln 0824
wln 0825
wln 0826
wln 0827
wln 0828
wln 0829
wln 0830
wln 0831
wln 0832
wln 0833
wln 0834
wln 0835
wln 0836
wln 0837
wln 0838
wln 0839
wln 0840
wln 0841
wln 0842
wln 0843
wln 0844
wln 0845
wln 0846
wln 0847
wln 0848
wln 0849

img: 17-a
sig: B8v

And so would you my masters, would you not?
Usumcasane What then my Lord?
tamburlaine Why then *Casane* shall we wish for ought
The world affords in greatest novelty,
And rest **attemptless** faint and destitute?
Methinks we should not, I am strongly moved,
That if I should desire the Persian Crown,
I could attain it with a wondrous ease,
And would not all our soldiers soon consent,
If we should aim at such a dignity?
theridamas I know they would with our persuasions.
tamburlaine Why then *theridamas*, I'll first assay,
To get the Persian Kingdom to myself:
Then thou for *Parthia*, they for *Scythia* and *Medea*.
And if I prosper, all shall be as sure,
As if the Turk, the Pope, *Afric* and *Greece*,
Came creeping to us with their crowns apace.
techelles Then shall we send to this triumphing King,
And bid him battle for his novel Crown?
Usumcasane Nay quickly then, before his room be hot.
tamburlaine 'Twill prove a pretty jest (in faith) my friends.
theridamas A jest to charge on twenty thousand men?
I judge the purchase more important far.
tamburlaine Judge by thyself *theridamas*, not me,
For presently *techelles* here shall haste,
To bid him battle ere he pass too far,
And lose more labour than the gain will quite.

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 jest to win the Persian crown.
techelles, take a thousand horse with thee,
And bid him turn his back to war with us,
That only made him King to make us sport.
We will not steal upon him cowardly,
But give him warning and more warriors.
Haste thee *techelles*, we will follow thee.
What saith *theridamas*?
theridamas Go on for me. *Exeunt.*

wln 0860

Actus. 2 Scaena. 6

wln 0861
wln 0862
wln 0863
wln 0864
wln 0865
wln 0866
wln 0867

*Cosroe, Meander, Ortygius, Menaphon, with
other Soldiers.*
Cosroe
What means this devilish shepherd to aspire
With such a Giantly presumption.
To cast up hills against the face of heaven:
And dare the force of angry *Jupiter*.

wln 0868
wln 0869
wln 0870
wln 0871
wln 0872
wln 0873
wln 0874
wln 0875
wln 0876
wln 0877
wln 0878
wln 0879

img: 17-b
sig: C1r

But as he thrust them underneath the hills,
And pressed out fire from their burning jaws:
So will I send this monstrous slave to hell,
Where flames shall ever feed upon his soul.
meander Some powers divine, or else infernal, mixed
Their angry seeds at his conception:
For he was never sprung of human race,
Since with the spirit of his fearful pride,
He dares so doubtlessly resolve of rule.
And by profession be ambitious.
Ortygius What God or Fiend, or spirit of the earth,
Or Monster turned to a manly shape,

wln 0880
wln 0881
wln 0882
wln 0883
wln 0884
wln 0885
wln 0886
wln 0887
wln 0888
wln 0889
wln 0890
wln 0891
wln 0892
wln 0893
wln 0894
wln 0895
wln 0896
wln 0897
wln 0898
wln 0899
wln 0900
wln 0901
wln 0902
wln 0903

Or of what mould or metal he be made,
What star or state soever govern him,
Let us put on our meet encount'ring minds,
And in detesting such a devilish Thief,
In love of honour and defence of right,
Be armed against the hate of such a foe,
Whether from earth, or hell, or heaven he grow.
Cosroe Nobly resolved, my good *Ortygius*.
And since we all have sucked one wholesome air,
And with the same proportion of Elements,
Resolve, I hope we are resembled,
Vowing our loves to equal death and life,
Let's cheer our soldiers to encounter him,
That grievous image of ingratitude:
That fiery thirster after Sovereignty:
And burn him in the fury of that flame,
That none can quench but blood and Empery.
Resolve my Lords and loving soldiers now,
To save your King and country from decay:
Then strike up Drum, and all the Stars that make
The loathsome Circle of my dated life,
Direct my weapon to his barbarous heart,
That thus opposeth him against the Gods,
And scorns the Powers that govern *Persia*.

wln 0904
wln 0905
wln 0906

*Enter to the Battle, and after the battle, enter Cosroe
wounded, Theridamas, tamburlaine, Techelles,
Usumcasane, with others.*

wln 0907
wln 0908
wln 0909

Cosroe Barbarous and bloody *Tamburlaine*,
Thus to deprive me of my crown and life.
Tracherous and false *theridamas*,

img: 18-a
sig: C1v

wln 0910

Even at the morning of my happy state,

wln 0911
wln 0912
wln 0913
wln 0914
wln 0915
wln 0916
wln 0917
wln 0918
wln 0919
wln 0920
wln 0921
wln 0922
wln 0923
wln 0924
wln 0925
wln 0926
wln 0927
wln 0928
wln 0929
wln 0930
wln 0931
wln 0932
wln 0933
wln 0934
wln 0935
wln 0936
wln 0937
wln 0938
wln 0939
wln 0940
wln 0941

img: 18-b
sig: C2r

Scarce being seated in my royal throne,
To work my downfall and untimely end.
An uncouth pain torments my grieved soul,
And death arrests the organ of my voice.
Who ent'ring at the breach thy sword hath made,
Sacks every vain and artier of my heart,
Bloody and insatiate *Tamburlaine*.
tamburlaine The thirst of reign and sweetness of a crown,
That caused the eldest son of heavenly *Ops*,
To thrust his doting father from his chair,
And place himself in the Imperial heaven,
Moved me to manage arms against they state,
What better precedent than mighty *Jove*?
Nature that framed us of four Elements,
Warring within our breasts for regiment,
Doth teach us all to have aspiring minds:
Our souls, whose faculties can comprehend
The wondrous Architecture of the world:
And measure every wand'ring planets course.
Still climbing after knowledge infinite,
And always moving as the restless Spheres.
Wills us to wear ourselves and never rest.
Until we reach the ripest fruit of all.
That perfect bliss and sole felicity.
The sweet fruition of an earthly crown.
Theridamas And that made me to join with *tamburlaine*
For he is gross and like the massy earth,
That moves not upwards, nor by princely deeds
Doth mean to soar above the highest sort.
Techelles And that made us the friends of *Tamburlaine*.
To lift our swords against the Persian King.

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

Usumcasane For as when *Jove* did thrust old *Saturn* down
Neptune and *Dis* gained each of them a Crown.
So do we hope to reign in *Asia*,
If *tamburlaine* be placed in Persia.
Cosroe The strangest men that ever nature made,
I know not how to take their tyrannies.
My bloodless body waxeth chill and cold,
And with my blood my life slides through my wound.
My soul begins to take her flight to hell.
And summons all my senses to depart:
The heat and moisture which did feed each other,
For want of nourishment to feed them both.
Is dry and cold, and now doth ghastly death
With greedy talons gripe my bleeding heart,
And like a Harpy tires on my life.
Theridamas and *Tamburlaine*, I die,
And fearful vengeance light upon you both.

wln 0959

He takes the Crown and puts it on.

wln 0960

tamburlaine Not all the curses which the furies breathe,
Shall make me leave so rich a prize as this:

wln 0961

Theridamas, techelles, and the rest,

wln 0962

Who think you now is king of *Persia*?

wln 0963

All *Tamburlaine, tamburlaine.*

wln 0964

Tamburlaine Though *Mars* himself the angry God of arms,
And all the earthly Potentates conspire,
To dispossess me of this Diadem:

wln 0965

wln 0966

wln 0967

Yet will I wear it in despite of them,

wln 0968

As great commander of this Eastern world,

wln 0969

If you but say that *tamburlaine* shall reign.

wln 0970

All Long live *tamburlaine*, and reign in *Asia*.

wln 0971

img: 19-a

sig: C2v

wln 0972

tamburlaine So, now it is more surer on my head,

wln 0973

Than if the Gods had held a Parliament:

wln 0974

And all pronounced me king of *Persia*.

wln 0975

Finis Actus 2.

wln 0976

Actus. 3 Scaena. 1

wln 0977

Bajazeth, the kings of Fez Morocco, and Argier.

wln 0978

with others, in great pomp.

wln 0979

Bajazeth.

wln 0980

GREAT Kings of *Barbary*, and my portly Bassoes,

wln 0981

We hear, the Tartars and the Eastern thieves

wln 0982

Under the conduct of one *Tamburlaine*,

wln 0983

Presume a bickering with your Emperor:

wln 0984

And thinks to rouse us from our dreadful siege

wln 0985

Of the famous Grecian *Constantinople*.

wln 0986

You know our Army is invincible:

wln 0987

As many circumcised Turks we have,

wln 0988

And warlike bands of Christians renayed,

wln 0989

As hath the Ocean or the Terrene sea

wln 0990

Small drops of water, when the Moon begins

wln 0991

To join in one her semicircled horns:

wln 0992

Yet would we not be braved with foreign power,

wln 0993

Nor raise our siege before the Gretians yield.

wln 0994

Or breathless lie before the city walls.

wln 0995

Fez Renowned Emperor, and mighty General

wln 0996

What if you sent the Bassoes of your guard.

wln 0997

To charge him to remain in *Asia*.

wln 0998

Or else to threaten death and deadly arms,

wln 0999

As from the mouth of mighty *Bajazeth*.

wln 1000

Bajazeth Hie thee my Basso fast to *Persia*,

wln 1001

Tell him thy Lord the Turkish Emperor,

wln 1002

img: 19-b
sig: C3r

Dread Lord of *Afric, Europe and Asia.*

wln 1003

Great King and conqueror of Grecia,
The Ocean, Terrene, and the coal-black sea,
The high and **highest** Monarch of the world.

wln 1004

wln 1005

Wills and Commands (for say not I entreat)

wln 1006

wln 1007

Not once to set his foot in *Africa*,

wln 1008

Or spread his colours in Grecia.

wln 1009

Lest he incur the fury of my wrath.

wln 1010

Tell him, I am content to take a truce,

wln 1011

Because I hear he bears a valiant mind.

wln 1012

But if presuming on his silly power,

wln 1013

He be so mad to manage Arms with me,

wln 1014

Then stay thou with him, say I bid thee so.

wln 1015

And if before the Sun have measured heaven

wln 1016

With triple circuit thou regret us not,

wln 1017

We mean to take his morning's next arise.

wln 1018

For messenger, he will not be reclaimed,

wln 1019

And mean to fetch thee in despite of him.

wln 1020

Basso Most great and puissant Monarch of the earth,

wln 1021

Your Basso will accomplish your behest:

wln 1022

And show your pleasure to the Persian.

wln 1023

As fits the Legate of the stately Turk.

Exit Basso

wln 1024

Argier They say he is the King of *Persia*.

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

Bajazeth True (*Argier*) and tremble at my looks.

wln 1029

Morocco The spring is hindered by your smothering host,

wln 1030

For neither rain can fall upon the earth,

wln 1031

Nor Sun reflex his virtuous beams thereon.

wln 1032

The ground is mantled with such multitudes.

wln 1033

Bajazeth All this is true as holy *Mahomet*,

wln 1034

And all the trees are blasted with our breathes.

img: 20-a

sig: C3v

wln 1035

Fez What thinks your greatness best to be achieved
In pursuit of the City's overthrow?

wln 1036

Bajazeth I will the captive Pioneers of *Argier*,

wln 1037

Cut of the water, that by leaden pipes

wln 1038

Runs to the city from the mountain *Carnon*,

wln 1039

Two thousand horse shall forage up and down,

wln 1040

That no relief or succour come by Land.

wln 1041

And all the sea my Galleys countermand.

wln 1042

Then shall our footmen lie within the trench,

wln 1043

And with their Cannons mouthed like *Orcus' gulf*

wln 1044

Batter the walls, and we will enter in:

wln 1045

And thus the Grecians shall be conquered.

wln 1046

Exeunt

wln 1047

Actus. 3 Scaena. 2

wln 1048

*Agydas, Zenocrate, Anippe, with
others.*

wln 1049

wln 1050

MAdam *Zenocrate*, may I presume

wln 1051

To know the cause of these unquiet fits:

wln 1052

That work such trouble to your wonted rest:

wln 1053

'Tis more than pity such a heavenly face

wln 1054

Should by heart's sorrow wax so wan and pale.

wln 1055

When your offensive rape by *tamburlaine*,

wln 1056

(Which of your whole displeasures should be most)

wln 1057

Hath seemed to be digested long ago.

wln 1058

Zenocrate Although it be digested long ago

wln 1059

As his exceeding favours have deserved,

wln 1060

And might content the Queen of heaven as well:

wln 1061

As it hath changed my first conceived disdain.

wln 1062

Yet since a farther passion feeds my thoughts,

wln 1063

With ceaseless and disconsolate conceits.

img: 20-b
sig: C4r

wln 1064

Which dies my looks so liveless as they are.

wln 1065

And might, if my extremes had full events,

wln 1066

Make me the ghastly counterfeit of death.

wln 1067

Agydas Eternal heaven sooner be dissolved.

wln 1068

And all that pierceth *Phoebe's* silver eye,

wln 1069

Before such hap fall to *zenocrate*.

wln 1070

zenocrate Ah, life, and soul still hover in his Breast.

wln 1071

And leave my body senseless as the earth.

wln 1072

Or else unite you to his life and soul,

wln 1073

That I may live and die with *tamburlaine*.

wln 1074

Enter Tamburlaine with Techelles and others.

wln 1075

Agydas With *tamburlaine*? Ah fair *zenocrate*.

wln 1076

Let not a man so vile and barbarous,

wln 1077

That holds you from your father in despite,

wln 1078

And keeps you from the honours of a Queen.

wln 1079

Being supposed his worthless Concubine.

wln 1080

Be honoured with your love, but for necessity.

wln 1081

So now the mighty Soldan hears of you,

wln 1082

Your Highness needs not doubt but in short time,

wln 1083

He will with *Tamburlaine's* destruction

wln 1084

Redeem you from this deadly servitude.

wln 1085

Zenocrate leave to wound me with these words.

wln 1086

And speak of *tamburlaine* as he deserves:

wln 1087

The entertainment we have had of him,

wln 1088

Is far from villainy or servitude.

wln 1089

And might in noble minds be counted princely.

wln 1090
wln 1091
wln 1092
wln 1093

img: 21-a
sig: C4v

Agydas How can you fancy one that looks so fierce,
Only disposed to martial Stratagems?
Who when he shall embrace you in his arms,
Will tell how many thousand men he slew.

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

And when you look for amorous discourse,
Will rattle forth his facts of war and blood.
Too harsh a subject for your dainty ears.
Zenocrate As looks the sun through *Nilus*' flowing stream,
Or when the morning holds him in her arms.
So looks my Lordly love, fair *tamburlaine*:
His talk much sweeter than the Muse's song,
They sung for honour 'gainst *Pierides*.
Or when *Minerva* did with *Neptune* strive,
And higher would I rear my estimate,
Than *Juno* sister to the highest God.
If I were matched with mighty *tamburlaine*
Agydas Yet be not so inconstant in your love,
But let the young Arabian live in hope,
After your rescue to **enjoy** his choice.
You see though first the King of *Persia*
(Being a Shepherd) seemed to love you much,
Now in his majesty he leaves those looks,
Those words of favour, and those comfortings,
And gives no more than common courtesies.
Zenocrate Thence rise the tears that so distain my cheeks,
Fearing his love through my unworthiness.

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

img: 21-b
sig: C5r

*Tamburlaine goes to her, and takes her away lovingly
by the hand, looking wrathfully on Agydas,
and says nothing.*
Agydas Betrayed by fortune and suspicious love.
Threatened with frowning wrath and jealousy.
Surprised with fear of hideous revenge.
I stand aghast: but most astonished
To see his choler shut in secret thoughts,
And wrapped in silence of his angry soul.

wln 1125
wln 1126
wln 1127
wln 1128
wln 1129
wln 1130
wln 1131
wln 1132
wln 1133

Upon his brows was portrayed ugly death,
And in his eyes the fury of his heart.
That shine as Comets, menacing revenge,
And casts a pale complexion on his cheeks.
As when the Seaman sees the *Hyades*
Gather an army of Cemerian clouds,
(*Auster* and *Aquilon* with winged Steeds
All sweating, tilt about the watery heavens,
With shivering spears enforcing thunderclaps.

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

img: 22-a
sig: C5v

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

wln 1168
wln 1169
wln 1170
wln 1171
wln 1172
wln 1173
wln 1174
wln 1175
wln 1176
wln 1177
wln 1178
wln 1179

And from their shields strike flames of lightning)
All fearful folds his sails, and sounds the main,
Lifting his prayers to the heavens for aid,
Against the terror of the winds and waves.
So fares *Agydas* for the late felt frowns
That sent a tempest to my daunted thoughts,
And makes my soul divine her overthrow.

Enter Techelles with a naked dagger.

techelles See you *Agydas* how the King salutes you.
He bids you prophesy what it imports.

Exit.

Agydas I prophesied before and now I prove,
The killing frowns of jealousy and love.
He needed not with words confirm my fear,
For words are vain where working tools present
The naked action of my threatened end.
It says, *Agidas*, thou shalt surely die.
And of extremities elect the least,
More honour and less pain it may procure,
To die by this resolved hand of thine,
Than stay the torments he and heaven have sworn.
Then haste *Agydas*, and prevent the plagues:
Which thy prolonged Fates may draw on thee:
Go wander free from fear of Tyrant's rage.

Removed from the Torments and the hell:
Wherewith he may excruciate thy soul.
And let *Agydas* by *Agydas* die.
And with this stab slumber eternally.

techelles *Usumcasane*, see how right the man
Hath hit the meaning of my Lord the King.

Usumcasane Faith, and *techelles*, it was manly done
And since he was so wise and honourable,
Let us afford him now the bearing hence.
And crave his triple worthy burial.

techelles Agreed *Casane*, we will honour him.

Act. 3 Scaena. 3,

*Tamburlaine, Techelles, Usumcasane, Theridamas,
Basso, Zenocrate, with others.*

Tamburlaine.

Basso, by this thy Lord and master knows,
I mean to meet him in *Bithynia*:
see how he comes? Tush. Turks are full of brags
And menace more than they can well perform:
He meet me in the field and fetch thee hence?
Alas (poor Turk) his fortune is too weak,
T'encounter with the strength of *Tamburlaine*.
View well my Camp, and speak indifferently,

wln 1180
wln 1181
wln 1182
wln 1183
wln 1184
wln 1185
wln 1186
wln 1187

img: 22-b
sig: C6r

Do not my captains and my soldiers look
As if they meant to conquer *Africa*.
Basso. Your men are valiant but their number few,
And cannot terrify his mighty host,
My Lord, the great Commander of the world,
Besides fifteen contributory kings,
Hath now in arms ten thousand Janissaries,
Mounted on lusty Mauritanian Steeds.

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 *Tripoli*.
Two hundred thousand footmen that have served
In two set battles 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.
techelles The more he brings, the greater is the spoil,
For when they perish by our warlike hands,
We mean to seat our footmen on their Steeds.
And rifle all those stately Janisars.
tamburlaine But will those Kings accompany your Lord?
Basso Such as his Highness please, but some must stay
To rule the provinces he late subdued.
tamburlaine Then fight courageously, their crowns are yours
This hand shall set them on your conquering heads:
That made me Emperor of *Asia*.
Usumcasane Let him bring millions infinite of men,
Unpeopling Western *Africa* and *Greece*:
Yet we assure us of the victory.
theridamas even he that in a trice vanquished two kings,
More mighty than the Turkish Emperor:
Shall rouse him out of Europe, and pursue
His scattered army till they yield or die.
tamburlaine Well said *theridamas*, speak in that mood,
For Will and Shall best fitteth *Tamburlaine*,
Whose smiling stars gives him assured hope
Of martial triumph, ere he meet his foes:
I that am termed the Scourge and Wrath of God,
The only fear and terror of the world,
Will first subdue the Turk, and then enlarge
Those Christian Captives, which you keep as slaves,
Burdening their bodies with your heavy chains.

img: 23-a
sig: C6v

wln 1220
wln 1221
wln 1222
wln 1223
wln 1224

And feeding them with thin and slender fare,
That naked row about the Terrene sea.
And when they chance to breathe and rest a space,
Are punished with Bastones so grievously,
That they lie panting on the Galley's side.

wln 1225
wln 1226
wln 1227
wln 1228
wln 1229
wln 1230
wln 1231

And strive for life at every stroke they give,
These are the cruel pirates of *Argier*,
That damned train, the scum of *Africa*.
Inhabited with stragglings Runagates,
That make quick havoc of the Christian blood.
But as I live that town shall curse the time
That *Tamburlaine* set foot in Africa:

wln 1232
wln 1233

*Enter Bajazeth with his Bassoes and contributory
Kings.*

wln 1234
wln 1235
wln 1236
wln 1237
wln 1238
wln 1239
wln 1240
wln 1241
wln 1242
wln 1243
wln 1244
wln 1245
wln 1246
wln 1247
wln 1248
wln 1249

Bajazeth Bassoes and Janissaries of my Guard,
Attend upon the person of your Lord,
The greatest Potentate of *Africa*.
Tamburlaine *Techelles*, and the rest prepare your swords
I mean t'encounter with that *Bajazeth*.
Bajazeth Kings of *Fez*, *Moroccus* and *Argier*,
He calls me *Bajazeth*, whom you call Lord.
Note the presumption of this Scythian slave:
I tell thee villain, those that lead my horse
Have to their names titles of dignity,
And dar'st thou bluntly call me *Bajazeth*?
Tamburlaine And know thou Turk, that those which
lead my horse,
Shall lead thee Captive through Africa.
And dar'st thou bluntly call me *tamburlaine*?
Bajazeth By *Mahomet*, my Kinsman's sepulchre.

img: 23-b
sig: C7r

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

And by the holy *Alcoran* I swear,
He shall be made a chaste and lustless Eunuch,
And in my Serail tend my Concubines:
And all his Captains that thus stoutly stand,
Shall draw the chariot of my Empress.
Whom I have brought to see their overthrow.
Tamburlaine By this my sword that conquered *Persia*,
Thy fall shall make me famous through the world:
I will not tell thee how I'll handle thee,
But every common soldier of my Camp
Shall smile to see thy miserable state.
Fez What means the mighty Turkish Emperor
To talk with one so base as *tamburlaine*.
Morocco Ye Moors and valiant men of *Barbary*.
How can ye suffer these indignities.
Argier Leave words and let them feel your lances'
points.
Which glided through the bowels of the Greeks.
Bajazeth Well said my stout contributory kings,
Your threefold army and my hugy host,
Shall swallow up these base-born Persians,

wln 1271
wln 1272
wln 1273
wln 1274
wln 1275
wln 1276
wln 1277
wln 1278
wln 1279
wln 1280
wln 1281

img: 24-a
sig: C7v

techelles Puissant, renowned and mighty *tamburlaine*,
Why stay we thus prolonging all their lives?
theridamas I long to see those crowns won by our swords
That we may reign as kings of Africa.
Usumcasane What Coward would not fight for such a prize?
Tamburlaine Fight all courageously and be you kings.
I speak it, and my words are oracles.
Bajazeth Zabina, mother of three braver boys,
Than *Hercules*, that in his infancy
Did pash the jaws of Serpents venomous:
Whose hands are made to gripe a warlike Lance.

wln 1282
wln 1283
wln 1284
wln 1285
wln 1286
wln 1287
wln 1288
wln 1289
wln 1290
wln 1291
wln 1292
wln 1293
wln 1294
wln 1295
wln 1296
wln 1297
wln 1298
wln 1299
wln 1300
wln 1301
wln 1302
wln 1303
wln 1304
wln 1305
wln 1306
wln 1307
wln 1308
wln 1309
wln 1310
wln 1311
wln 1312
wln 1313

img: 24-b
sig: C8r

Their shoulders broad, for complete armour fit,
Their limbs more large and of a bigger size
Than all the brats y-sprung from *Typhon's* loins:
Who, when they come unto their father's age,
Will batter Turrets with their manly fists.
Sit here upon this royal chair of state
And on thy head wear my Imperial crown,
Until I bring this sturdy *tamburlaine*,
And all his Captains bound in captive chains.
zabina Such good success happen to *Bajazeth*,
Tamburlaine zenocrate, the loveliest Maid alive,
Fairer than rocks of pearl and precious stone,
The only Paragon of *tamburlaine*,
Whose eyes are brighter than the Lamps of heaven.
And speech more pleasant than sweet harmony:
That with thy looks canst clear the darkened Sky:
And calm the rage of thund'ring *Jupiter*:
Sit down by her: adorned with my Crown,
As if thou wert the Empress of the world.
Stir not *zenocrate* until thou see
Me march victoriously with all my men,
Triumphing over him and these his kings.
Which I will bring as Vassals to thy feet.
Till then take thou my crown, vaunt of my worth,
And manage words with her as we will arms.
zenocrate And may my Love, the king of *Persia*
Return with victory, and free from wound.
Bajazeth Now shalt thou feel the force of Turkish arms,
Which lately made all Europe quake for fear:
I have of Turks, Arabians, Moors and Jews
Enough to cover all *Bithynia*,
Let thousands die, their slaughtered Carcases

wln 1314
wln 1315

Shall serve for walls and bulwarks to the rest:
And as the heads of *Hydra*, so my power

wln 1316
wln 1317
wln 1318
wln 1319
wln 1320
wln 1321
wln 1322
wln 1323
wln 1324
wln 1325
wln 1326
wln 1327
wln 1328
wln 1329
wln 1330
wln 1331
wln 1332
wln 1333
wln 1334
wln 1335
wln 1336
wln 1337
wln 1338
wln 1339
wln 1340
wln 1341
wln 1342
wln 1343
wln 1344
wln 1345

img: 25-a
sig: C8v

Subdued, shall stand as mighty as before:
If they should yield their necks unto the sword,
Thy soldiers arms could not endure to strike
So many blows as I have heads for thee.
Thou knowest not (foolish hardy *Tamburlaine*)
What 'tis to meet me in the open field,
That leave no ground for thee to march upon.
Tamburlaine Our conquering swords shall marshal us the way
We use to march upon the slaughtered foe:
Trampling their bowels with our horses hoofs:
Brave horses, bred on the white Tartarian hills:
My Camp is like to *julius Caesar's* host,
That never fought but had the victory:
Nor in *Pharsalia* was there such hot war,
As these my followers willingly would have:
Legions of Spirits fleeting in the air,
Direct our Bullets and our weapons' points
And make our strokes to wound the senseless lure,
And when she sees our bloody Colours spread.
Then Victory begins to take her flight,
Resting herself upon my milk-white Tent:
But come my Lords, to weapons let us fall.
The field is ours, the Turk, his wife and all.
Exit, with his followers.
Bajazeth Come Kings and Bassoes let us glut our swords
That thirst to drink the feeble Persians' blood.
Exit, with his followers.
zabina Base Concubine, must thou be placed by me
That am the Empress of the mighty Turk?
zenocrate Disdainful Turkess and unreverend Boss,

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

Call'st thou me Concubine that am betrothed
Unto the great and mighty *tamburlaine*?
Zabina To *tamburlaine* the great Tartarian thief?
Zenocrate Thou wilt repent these lavish words of thine,
When thy great Basso, master and thyself.
Must plead for mercy at his kingly feet,
And sue to me to be your Advocates.
Zabina And sue to thee? I tell thee shameless girl,
Thou shalt be Laundress to my waiting maid.
How lik'st thou her *Ebea*, will she serve?
Ebea. Madam, she thinks perhaps she is too fine.
But I shall turn her into other weeds.
And make her dainty fingers fall to work.
Zenocrate hear'st thou *Anippe*, how thy drudge doth talk,
And how my slave, her mistress menaceth.
Both for their sauciness shall be employed,
To dress the common soldiers' meat and drink.
For we will scorn they should come near ourselves.

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

img: 25-b
sig: D1r

Anippe Yet sometimes let your highness send for them
To do the work my chamber maid disdains.

They sound the battle within, and stay

Zenocrate Ye Gods and powers that govern Persia.
And made my lordly Love her worthy King:

Now strengthen him against the Turkish *Bajazeth*,

And let his foes like flocks of fearful Roes,

Pursued by hunters, fly his angry looks,

That I may see him issue Conqueror.

Zabina Now *Mahomet*, solicit God himself,
And make him rain down murdering shot from heaven

To dash the Scythians brains, and strike them dead,

That dare to manage arms with him,

That offered jewels to thy sacred shrine.

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

When first he warred against the Christians.

To the battle again.

Zenocrate By this the Turks lie welt'ring in their blood
And *tamburlaine* is Lord of *Africa*:

Zabina Thou art deceived, I heard the Trumpets sound,
As when my Emperor overthrew the Greeks:

And led them Captive into Africa.

Straight will I use thee as thy pride deserves:

Prepare thyself to live and die my slave.

Zenocrate If *Mahomet* should come from heaven and swear,
My royal Lord is slain or conquered.

Yet should he not persuade me otherwise.

But that he lives and will be Conqueror.

Bajazeth flies, and he pursues him.

The battle short, and they enter,

Bajazeth is overcome.

Tamburlaine Now king of Bassoes, who is Conqueror?

Bajazeth Thou, by the fortune of this damned soil,

Tamburlaine Where are your stout contributory kings?

wln 1397

Enter Techelles, Theridamas, Usumcasane.

Techelles We have their crowns their bodies strew
the field.

Tamburlaine Each man a crown? why kingly fought i' faith
Deliver them into my treasury.

Zenocrate Now let me offer to my gracious Lord.
His royal Crown again, so highly won:

tamburlaine Nay take the Turkish Crown from her, *zenocrate*
And crown me Emperor of Africa.

Zabina No *tamburlaine*, though now thou gat the best
Thou shalt not yet be Lord of Africa.

img: 26-a
sig: D1v

wln 1408
wln 1409
wln 1410
wln 1411
wln 1412
wln 1413
wln 1414
wln 1415
wln 1416
wln 1417
wln 1418
wln 1419
wln 1420
wln 1421
wln 1422
wln 1423
wln 1424
wln 1425
wln 1426
wln 1427
wln 1428
wln 1429
wln 1430
wln 1431
wln 1432
wln 1433
wln 1434
wln 1435
wln 1436
wln 1437
wln 1438
wln 1439

img: 26-b
sig: D2r

theridamas Give her the Crown Turckess you were best.
He takes it from her, and gives it Zenocrate,
zabina Injurious villains, thieves, runagates,
How dare you thus abuse my Majesty?
theridamas Here Madam, you are Empress, she is none
tamburlaine Not now *theridamas*, her time is past:
The pillars that have bolstered up those terms,
Are fall'n in clusters at my conquering feet.
zabina Though he be prisoner, he may be ransomed:
tamburlaine Not all the world shall ransom *Bajazeth*.
Bajazeth Ah fair *zabina*, we have lost the field.
And never had the Turkish Emperor
So great a foil by any foreign foe.
Now will the Christian miscreants be glad,
Ringing with joy their superstitious bells:
And making bonfires for my overthrow.
But ere I die those foul Idolaters
Shall make me bonfires with their filthy bones,
For though the glory of this day be lost.
Afric and *Greece* have garrisons enough
To make me Sovereign of the earth again.
Tamburlaine Those walled garrisons will I subdue,
And write myself great Lord of *Africa*:
So from the East unto the furthest West,
Shall *tamburlaine* extend his puissant arm.
The Gallies and those pilling Brigandines,
That yearly sail to the Venetian gulf,
And hover in the straits for Christians' wrack,
Shall lie at anchor in the Isle *Asant*.
Until the Persian Fleet and men of war,
Sailing along the Oriental sea,
Have fetched about the Indian continent:

wln 1440
wln 1441
wln 1442
wln 1443
wln 1444
wln 1445
wln 1446
wln 1447
wln 1448
wln 1449
wln 1450
wln 1451
wln 1452
wln 1453
wln 1454

Even from *Persepolis* to *Mexico*,
And thence unto the straits of *Jubalter*:
Where they shall meet, and join their force in one
Keeping in awe the Bay of *Portingale*.
And all the Ocean by the British shore:
And by this means I'll win the world at last.
Bajazeth Yet set a ransom on me *tamburlaine*.
Tamburlaine What, thinkst thou *tamburlaine* esteems thy gold,
I'll make the kings of *India* ere I die,
Offer their mines (to sue for peace) to me,
And dig for treasure to appease my wrath:
Come bind them both and one lead in the Turk.
The Turckess let my Love's maid lead away.
They bind them.
Bajazeth Ah villains, dare ye touch my sacred arms.

wln 1455
wln 1456
wln 1457
wln 1458
wln 1459
wln 1460

O *Mahomet*, O sleepy *Mahomet*.
 zabina O cursed *Mahomet* that makest us thus
The slaves to Scythians rude and barbarous.
 Tamburlaine Come bring them in, and for this happy conquest
Triumph, and solemnize a martial feast.
 Exeunt. *Finis Actus tertii.*

wln 1461

Actus. 4 Scaena. 1

wln 1462
wln 1463
wln 1464
wln 1465
wln 1466
wln 1467
wln 1468
wln 1469

Soldan of Egypt with three or four Lords, Capolin
Soldan
AWake ye men of *Memphis*, hear the clang
Of Scythian trumpets, hear the Basilisks,
That roaring, shake *Damascus*' turrets down,
The rogue of *Volga* holds *zenocrate*,
The *Soldan*'s daughter for his Concubine,
And with a troop of thieves and vagabonds.

img: 27-a
sig: D2v

wln 1470
wln 1471
wln 1472
wln 1473
wln 1474
wln 1475
wln 1476
wln 1477
wln 1478
wln 1479
wln 1480
wln 1481
wln 1482
wln 1483
wln 1484
wln 1485
wln 1486
wln 1487
wln 1488
wln 1489
wln 1490
wln 1491
wln 1492
wln 1493
wln 1494
wln 1495
wln 1496
wln 1497
wln 1498

Hath spread his colours to our high disgrace:
While you faint-hearted base Egyptians,
Lie slumbering on the flow'ry banks of *Nile*,
As Crocodiles that unaffrighted rest,
While thund'ring Cannons rattle on their Skins.
 Messenger Nay (mighty *Soldan*) did your greatness see
The frowning looks of fiery *Tamburlaine*,
That with his terror and imperious eyes,
Commands the hearts of his associates,
It might amaze your royal majesty.
 Soldan Villain. I tell thee, were that *tamburlaine*,
As monstrous as *Gorgon*, prince of Hell,
The *Soldan* would not start a foot from him.
But speak, what power hath he?
 Messenger Mighty Lord,
Three hundred thousand men in armour clad,
Upon their prancing Steeds, disdainfully
With wanton paces trampling on the ground.
Five hundred thousand footmen threat'ning shot,
Shaking their swords, their spears and iron bills,
Environing their Standard round, that stood
As bristle-pointed as a thorny wood.
Their warlike Engines and munition
Exceed the forces of their martial men.
 Soldan Nay could their numbers countervail the stars
Or ever drizzling drops of April showers,
Or withered leaves that autumn shaketh down.
Yet would the *Soldan* by his conquering power:
So scatter and consume them in his rage,

wln 1499
wln 1500
wln 1501

img: 27-b
sig: D3r

That not a man should live to rue their fall,
Capolin So might your highness, had you time to sort
Your fighting men, and raise your royal host.

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
Advantage takes of your unreadiness.
Soldan Let him take all th'advantages he can,
Were all the world conspired to fight for him,
Nay, were he Devil, as he is no man,
Yet in revenge of fair *Zenocrate*,
Whom he detaineth in despite of us,
This arm should send him down to *Erebus*.
To shroud his shame in darkness of the night.
Messenger Pleaseth your mightiness to understand,
His resolution far exceedeth all:
The first day when he pitcheth down his tents,
White is their hue, and on his silver crest
A snowy Feather spangled white he bears,
To signify the mildness of his mind.
That satiate with spoil refuseth blood:
But when *Aurora* mounts the second time,
As red as scarlet is his furniture,
Then must his kindled wrath be quenched with blood.
Not sparing any that can manage arms:
But if these threats move not submission.
Black are his colours, black Pavilion,
His spear, his shield, his horse, his armour, plumes,
And Jetty Feathers menace death and hell,
Without respect of Sex, degree or age.
He raceth all his foes with fire and sword.
Soldan Merciless villain, Peasant ignorant,
Of lawful arms, or martial discipline:
Pillage and murder are his usual trades.
The slave usurps the glorious name of war.
See *Capolin* the fair Arabian king,
That hath been disappointed by this slave:

img: 28-a
sig: D3v

wln 1534
wln 1535
wln 1536

Of my fair daughter, and his princely Love:
May have fresh warning to go war with us,
And be revenged for her disparagement.

wln 1537

Actus. 4 Scaena. 2

wln 1538
wln 1539
wln 1540

*Tamburlaine, Techelles, Theridamas, Usumcasane,
Zenocrate, Anippe, two Moors drawing Bajazeth
in his cage, and his wife following him.*

wln 1541
wln 1542
wln 1543
wln 1544
wln 1545
wln 1546
wln 1547
wln 1548
wln 1549
wln 1550
wln 1551
wln 1552
wln 1553
wln 1554
wln 1555
wln 1556
wln 1557
wln 1558
wln 1559
wln 1560
wln 1561
wln 1562
wln 1563

img: 28-b
sig: D4r

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

wln 1572

wln 1573
wln 1574
wln 1575
wln 1576
wln 1577
wln 1578
wln 1579
wln 1580
wln 1581
wln 1582
wln 1583
wln 1584
wln 1585
wln 1586

Tamburlaine

BRing out my footstool.

They take him out of the cage.

Bajazeth Ye holy Priests of heavenly *Mahomet*,

That sacrificing slice and cut your flesh,
Staining his Altars with your purple blood:
Make heaven to frown and every fired star
To suck up poison from the moorish Fens,
And pour it in this glorious Tyrant's throat.

tamburlaine The chiefest God first mover of that Sphere,
Enchased with thousands ever-shining lamps,
Will sooner burn the glorious frame of Heaven.

Then it should so conspire my overthrow.
But Villain, thou that wishest this to me,
Fall prostrate on the low disdainful earth.
And be the footstool of great *Tamburlaine*,
That I may rise into my royal throne.

Bajazeth First shalt thou rip my bowels with thy sword,
And sacrifice my heart to death and hell,
Before I yield to such a slavery.

tamburlaine Base villain, vassal, slave to *Tamburlaine*:
Unworthy to embrace or touch the ground.
That bears the honour of my royal weight.

Stoop villain, stoop, stoop for so he bids,
That may command thee piecemeal to be torn,
Or scattered like the lofty Cedar trees,
Struck with the voice of thund'ring *Jupiter*.

Bajazeth Then as I look down to the damned Fiends.
Fiends look on me, and thou dread God of hell.
With Ebon Sceptre strike this hateful earth,
And make it swallow both of us at once.

He gets up upon him to his chair.

Tamburlaine Now clear the triple region of the air,
And let the majesty of heaven behold
Their Scourge and Terror tread on Emperors,
Smile Stars that reigned at my nativity:
And dim the brightness of their neighbour Lamps,
Disdain to borrow light of *Cynthia*,
For I the chiefest Lamp of all the earth,
First rising in the East with mild aspect,
But fired now in the Meridian line,
Will send up fire to your turning Spheres,
And cause the Sun to borrow light of you.
My sword stroke fire from his coat of steel,
Even in *Bithynia*, when I took this Turk:
As when a fiery exhalation

wln 1587
wln 1588
wln 1589
wln 1590
wln 1591
wln 1592
wln 1593

img: 29-a
sig: D4v

Wrapped in the bowels of a freezing cloud,
Fighting for passage, make the Welkin crack,
And casts a flash of lightning to the earth.
But ere I march to wealthy *Persia*,
Or leave *Damascus* and th'Egyptian fields,
As was the fame of *Clymene's* brainsick son,
That almost brent the Axle-tree of heaven,

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 air with fiery meteors.
Then when the Sky shall wax as red as blood,
It shall be said, I made it red myself,
To make me think of naught but blood and war.
Zabina Unworthy king, that by thy cruelty,
Unlawfully usurpest the Persian seat:
Dar'st thou that never saw an Emperor,
Before thou met my husband in the field,
Being thy Captive, thus abuse his state,
Keeping his kingly body in a Cage,
That roofs of gold, and sun-bright Palaces,
Should have prepared to entertain his Grace?
And treading him beneath thy loathsome feet,
Whose feet the kings of *Africa* have kissed.
techelles You must devise some torment worse, my Lord
To make these captives rein their lavish tongues.
tamburlaine zenocrate, look better to your slave:
zenocrate She is my Handmaid's slave, and she shall look
That these abuses flow not from her tongue:
Chide her *Anippe*.
Anippe Let these be warnings for you then my slave,
How you abuse the person of the king:
Or else I swear to have you whipped stark naked.
Bajazeth Great *tamburlaine*, great in my overthrow,
Ambitious pride shall make thee fall as low.
For treading on the back of *Bajazeth*,
That should be horsed on four mighty kings.
tamburlaine Thy names and titles, and thy dignities
Are fled from *Bajazeth*, and remain with me,
That will maintain it against a world of Kings.
Put him in again.

img: 29-b
sig: D5r

wln 1626
wln 1627
wln 1628
wln 1629
wln 1630
wln 1631

Bajazeth Is this a place for mighty *Bajazeth*?
Confusion light on him that helps thee thus.
tamburlaine There whiles he lives, shall *Bajazeth* be kept,
And where I go be thus in triumph drawn:
And thou his wife shalt feed him with the scraps
My servitures shall bring thee from my board.

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

img: 30-a
sig: D5v

For he that gives him other food than this:
Shall sit by him and starve to death himself.
This is my mind, and I will have it so.
Not all the Kings and Emperors of the Earth:
If they would lay their crowns before my feet,
Shall ransom him, or take him from his cage.
The ages that shall talk of *Tamburlaine*,
Even from this day to *Plato's* wondrous year,
Shall talk how I have handled *Bajazeth*.
These Moors that drew him from *Bithynia*,
To fair *Damascus*, where we now remain,
Shall lead him with us wheresoe'er we go.
Techelles, and my loving followers,
Now may we see *Damascus'* lofty towers,
Like to the shadows of *Pyramids*,
That with their beauties graced the Memphian fields
The golden stature of their feathered bird
That spreads her wings upon the city walls,
Shall not defend it from our battering shot.
The townsmen mask in silk and cloth of gold.
And every house is as a treasury.
The men, the treasure, and the town is ours.
Theridamas Your tents of white now pitched before the gates
And gentle flags of amity displayed.
I doubt not but the Governor will yield,
Offering *Damascus* to your Majesty.

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

Tamburlaine So shall he have his life, and all the rest.
But if he stay until the bloody flag
Be once advanced on my vermilion Tent,
He dies, and those that kept us out so long.
And when they see me march in black array,
With mournful streamers hanging down their heads,
Were in that city all the world contained.
Not one should 'scape: but perish by our swords.
zenocrate Yet would you have some pity for my sake,
Because it is my country's, and my Father's.
Tamburlaine Not for the world *Zenocrate*, if I have sworn:
Come bring in the Turk. *Exeunt.*

wln 1670

Act. 4 Scaena. 3,

wln 1671
wln 1672
wln 1673
wln 1674
wln 1675
wln 1676

*Soldan, Arabia, Capoline, with streaming colours
and Soldiers.*
Soldan.
MEthinks we march as *Meleager* did,
Environed with brave Argolian knights:
To chase the savage Caldonian Boar,

wln 1677
wln 1678
wln 1679
wln 1680
wln 1681
wln 1682
wln 1683
wln 1684
wln 1685
wln 1686
wln 1687

img: 30-b
sig: D6r

Or *Cephalus* with lusty Theban youths.
Against the Wolf that angry *Themis* sent.
To waste and spoil the sweet Aonian fields.
A monster of five hundred thousand heads,
Compact of Rapine, Piracy, and spoil.
The Scum of men, the hate and Scourge of God,
Raves in *Egyptia*, and annoyeth us.
My Lord it is the bloody *Tamburlaine*.
A sturdy Felon and a base-bred Thief.
By murder raised to the Persian Crown.
That dares control us in our Territories.

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 **presumptuous** Beast,
join your Arabians with the Soldan's power:
Let us unite our royal bands in one,
And hasten to remove *Damascus*' siege.
It is a blemish to the Majesty
And high estate of mighty Emperors,
That such a base usurping vagabond
Should brave a king, or wear a princely crown.
Arabia Renowned Soldan, have ye lately heard
The overthrow of mighty *Bajazeth*,
About the confines of *Bithynia*?
The slavery wherewith he persecutes
The noble Turk and his great Empress.
Soldan I have, and sorrow for his bad success:
But noble Lord of great *Arabia*,
Be so persuaded, that the Soldan is
No more dismayed with tidings of his fall,
Than in the haven when the Pilot stands
And views a stranger's ship rent in the winds,
And shivered against a craggy rock,
Yet in compassion of his wretched state,
A sacred vow to heaven and him I make,
Confirming it with *Ibis*' holy name,
That *Tamburlaine* shall rue the day, the hour,
Wherein he wrought such ignominious wrong.
Unto the hallowed person of a prince,
Or kept the fair *zenocrate* so long.
As Concubine, I fear to feed his lust.
Arabia Let grief and fury hasten on revenge,
Let *Tamburlaine* for his offences feel
Such plagues as heaven and we can pour on him.
I long to break my spear upon his crest,

img: 31-a
sig: D6v

wln 1720
wln 1721

And prove the weight of his victorious arm:

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

For Fame I fear hath been too prodigal:
In sounding through the world his partial praise:
 Soldan Capolin, hast thou surveyed our powers.
 Capolin Great Emperors of *Egypt* and *Arabia*.
The number of your hosts united is,
A hundred and fifty thousand horse,
Two hundred thousand foot, brave men at arms,
Courageous and full of hardiness:
As frolic as the hunters in the chase:
Of savage beasts amid the desert woods.
 Arabia My mind presageth fortunate success,
And *tamburlaine*, my spirit doth foresee
The utter ruin of thy men and thee.
 Soldan Then rear your standards, let your sounding
Drums
Direct our Soldiers to *Damascus* ' walls.
Now *Tamburlaine*, the mighty *Soldan* comes,
And leads with him the great *Arabian* King.
To dim thy baseness and obscurity.
Famous for nothing but for theft and spoil,
To race and scatter thy inglorious crew,
Of Scythians and slavish Persians.

Exeunt.

wln 1743

Actus: 4 Scaena 5

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

*The Banquet, and to it cometh Tamburlaine all in
scarlet, Theridamas. Techelles, Usumcasane, the
Turk, with others.*

Tamburlaine

NOw hang our bloody colours by *Damascus*.
Reflexing hues of blood upon their heads.

img: 31-b
sig: D7r

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

While they walk quivering on their city walls,
Half dead for fear before they feel my wrath:
Then let us freely banquet and carouse
Full bowls of wine unto the God of war,
That means to fill your helmets full of gold
And make *Damascus* ' spoils as rich to you,
As was to *Jason Colchos* ' golden fleece.
And now *Bajazeth*, hast thou any stomach?
 Bajazeth Ay, such a stomach (cruel *tamburlaine*) as I could
Willingly feed upon thy blood-raw heart.
 tamburlaine Nay, thine own is easier to come by, pluck
out that,
And 'twill serve thee and thy wife: Well *zenocrate*,
techelles, and the rest, fall to your victuals.
 Bajazeth Fall to, and never may your meat digest
Ye Furies that can mask invisible,

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

img: 32-a
sig: D7v

Dive to the bottom of *Avernus* ' pool,
And in your hands bring hellish poison up.
And squeeze it in the cup of *tamburlaine*.
Or winged snakes of *Lerna* cast your stings,
And leave your venoms in this Tyrant's dish.
zabina And may this banquet prove as ominous,
As *Progne*'s to th'adulterous Thracian King.
That fed upon the substance of his child.
zenocrate My Lord, how can you suffer these outrageous curses
By these slaves of yours?
tamburlaine To let them see (divine *zenocrate*)
I glory in the curses of my foes.
Having the power from the Imperial heaven,
To turn them all upon their proper heads.
techelles I pray you give them leave Madam, this
speech is a goodly refreshing to them.

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

Theridamas But if his highness would let them be fed, it
would do them more good.
tamburlaine Sirrah, why fall you not too, are you so daintily
brought up, you cannot eat your own flesh?
Bajazeth First legions of devils shall tear thee in pieces.
Usumcasane Villain, knowest thou to whom thou speakest
tamburlaine O let him alone: here, eat sir, take it from my
sword's point, or I'll thrust it to thy heart.
He takes it and stamps upon it.
theridamas He stamps it under his feet my Lord.
tamburlaine Take it up Villain and eat it, or I will make
thee slice the brawns of thy arms into carbonadoes,
and eat them.
usumcasane Nay, 'twere better he killed his wife, and then she shall
be sure not to be starved, and he be provided for a month's
victual beforehand.
tamburlaine Here is my dagger, dispatch her while she is
fat, for if she live but a while longer, she will fall into a
consumption with fretting, and then she will not be
worth the eating.
theridamas Dost thou think that *Mahomet* will suffer this
techelles 'Tis like he will, when he cannot let it.
tamburlaine Go to, fall to your meat: what not a bit? belike he
hath not been watered today, give him some drink.
*They give him water to drink, and he flings it on
the ground.*
Fast and welcome sir, while hunger make you eat.
How now *zenocrate*, doth not the Turk and his wife
make a goodly show at a banquet?
Zenocrate Yes. my Lord.
theridamas Methinks, 'tis a great deal better than a consort
of music.

img: 32-b

wln 1814 *tamburlaine* Yet music would do well to cheer up *zenocrate*:
 wln 1815 pray thee tell, why art thou so sad? If thou wilt
 wln 1816 have a song, the Turk shall strain his voice: but why
 wln 1817 is it?

wln 1818 *Zenocrate* My lord, to see my father's town besieged,
 wln 1819 The country wasted where myself was born,
 wln 1820 How can it but afflict my very soul?
 wln 1821 If any love remain in you my Lord,
 wln 1822 Or if my love unto your majesty
 wln 1823 May merit favour at your highness' hands,
 wln 1824 Then raise your siege from fair *Damascus*' walls,
 wln 1825 And with my father take a friendly truce.

wln 1826 *tamburlaine* *Zenocrate*, were Egypt *Jove*'s own land,
 wln 1827 Yet would I with my sword make *Jove* to stoop,
 wln 1828 I will confute those blind Geographers
 wln 1829 That make a triple region in the world,
 wln 1830 Excluding Regions which I mean to trace
 wln 1831 And with this pen reduce them to a Map.
 wln 1832 Calling the Provinces, Cities and towns
 wln 1833 After my name and thine *zenocrate*:
 wln 1834 Here at *Damascus* will I make the Point
 wln 1835 That shall begin the Perpendicular.
 wln 1836 And wouldst thou have me buy thy Father's love
 wln 1837 With such a loss? Tell me *zenocrate*?

wln 1838 *Zenocrate* Honour still weight on happy *tamburlaine*:
 wln 1839 Yet give me leave to plead for him my Lord.

wln 1840 *Tamburlaine* Content thyself, his person shall be safe.
 wln 1841 And all the friends of fair *Zenocrate*,
 wln 1842 If with their lives they will be pleased to yield,
 wln 1843 Or may be forced to make me Emperor.
 wln 1844 For Egypt and Arabia must be mine.

wln 1845 Feed you slave, thou may'st think thyself happy to be
 wln 1846 fed from my trencher.

wln 1847 *Bajazeth* My empty stomach full of idle heat,
 wln 1848 Draws bloody humours from my feeble parts,
 wln 1849 Preserving life, by hasting cruel death.
 wln 1850 My veins are pale, my sinews hard and dry,
 wln 1851 My joints benumbed, unless I eat, I die.

wln 1852 *Zabina* Eat *Bajazeth*, Let us live in spite of them,
 wln 1853 Looking some happy power will pity and enlarge us.

wln 1854 *tamburlaine* Here Turk, wilt thou have a clean trencher?

wln 1855 *Bajazeth* Ay Tyrant, and more meat.

wln 1856 *tamburlaine* Soft sir, you must be dieted, too much eating
 wln 1857 will make you surfeit.

wln 1858 *theridamas* So it would my lord, specially having so small
 wln 1859 a walk, and so little exercise.

wln 1860

Enter a second course of Crowns.

wln 1861

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

wln 1862

theridamas Ay (my Lord) but none save kings must feed
with these.

wln 1863

wln 1864

techelles 'Tis enough for us to see them, and for *tamburlaine*
only to enjoy them.

wln 1865

wln 1866

tamburlaine Well, Here is now to the Soldan of *Egypt*
the King of *Arabia*, and the **Governor** of *Damascus*.

wln 1867

wln 1868

Now take these three crowns, and pledge me, my contributory
Kings.

wln 1869

wln 1870

I crown you here (*Theridamas*) King of *Argier*:
Techelles King of *Fez*, and *Usumcasane* King of
Moroccus. How say you to this (Turk) these are not
your contributory kings.

wln 1871

wln 1872

wln 1873

wln 1874

img: 33-b
sig: E1r

wln 1875

Bajazeth Nor shall they long be thine, I warrant them.

wln 1876

tamburlaine Kings of *Argier, Moroccus*, and of *Fez*.

wln 1877

You that have marched with happy *Tamburlaine*,

wln 1878

As far as from the frozen place of heaven.

wln 1879

Unto the wat'ry morning's ruddy hour.

wln 1880

And thence by land unto the Torrid Zone,

wln 1881

Deserve these titles I endow you with.

wln 1882

By value and by magnanimity.

wln 1883

Your births shall be no blemish to your fame.

wln 1884

For virtue is the fount whence honour springs.

wln 1885

And they are worthy she investeth kings.

wln 1886

theridamas And since your highness hath so well vouchsafed,

wln 1887

If we deserve them not with higher meeds

wln 1888

Then erst our states and actions have retained,

wln 1889

Take them away again and make us slaves.

wln 1890

Tamburlaine Well said *Theridamas*, when holy Fates

wln 1891

Shall 'stablish me in strong *Egyptia*.

wln 1892

We mean to travel to th' Antarctic Pole,

wln 1893

Conquering the people underneath our feet.

wln 1894

And be renowned, as never Emperors were.

wln 1895

zenocrate, I will not crown thee yet,

wln 1896

Until with greater honours I be graced.

wln 1897

Finis Actus quarti.

wln 1898

Actus: 5 Scaena. 1

wln 1899

The Governor of Damasco, with three or four

wln 1900

Citizens, and four Virgins with branches

wln 1901

of Laurel in their hands.

wln 1902

Governor.

wln 1903

wln 1904

img: 34-a
sig: E1v

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

wln 1920

wln 1921

wln 1922

wln 1923

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

img: 34-b
sig: E2r

wln 1937

wln 1938

wln 1939

wln 1940

wln 1941

wln 1942

wln 1943

wln 1944

wln 1945

wln 1946

wln 1947

still doth this man or rather God of war,
Batter our walls, and beat our Turrets down

And to resist with longer stubbornness,
Or hope of rescue from the Soldan's soldan's power,
Were but to bring our wilful overthrow,
And make us desperate of our threat'ned lives:
We see his tents have now been altered,
With terrors to the last and cruel'st hue:
His coal-black colours everywhere advanced,
Threaten our city with a general spoil:
And if we should with common rites of Arms,
Offer our safeties to his clemency,
I fear the custom proper to his sword,
Which he observes as parcel of his fame:
Intending so to terrify the world,
By any innovation or remorse,
Will never be dispensed with till our deaths,
Therefore, for these our harmless virgins' sakes,
Whose honours and whose lives rely on him:
Let us have hope that their unspotted prayers
Their blubbered cheeks and hearty humble moans
Will melt his fury into some remorse:
And use us like a loving Conqueror.
Virgin If humble suits or imprecations,
(uttered with tears of wretchedness and blood,
Shed from the heads and hearts of all our Sex.
Some made your wives, and some your children)
Might have entreated your obdurate breasts.
To entertain some care of our securities.
Whiles only danger beat upon our walls,
These more than dangerous warrants of our death
Had never been erected as they be,
Nor you depend on such weak helps as we
Governor Well, lovely Virgins, think our country's care

Our love of honour loath to be enthralled
To foreign powers, and rough imperious yokes:
Would not with too much cowardice or fear,
Before all hope of rescue were denied,
Submit yourselves and us to servitude.
Therefore in that your safeties and our own
Your honours, liberties and lives were weighed
In equal care and balance with our own,
Endure as we the malice of our stars.
The wrath of *Tamburlaine*, and power of wars.

wln 1948
wln 1949
wln 1950
wln 1951
wln 1952
wln 1953
wln 1954
wln 1955
wln 1956
wln 1957
wln 1958
wln 1959
wln 1960
wln 1961
wln 1962
wln 1963
wln 1964
wln 1965

Or be the means the overweighing heavens
Have kept to qualify these hot extremes.
And bring us pardon in your cheerful looks.
2. *Virgin* Then here before the majesty of heaven,
And holy *Patrons of Egyptia*,
With knees and hearts submissive we entreat,
Grace to our words and pity to our looks
That this device may prove propitious,
And through the eyes and ears of *tamburlaine*,
Convey events of mercy to his heart:
Grant that these signs of victory we yield
May bind the temples of his conquering head,
To hide the folded furrows of his brows,
And shadow his displeased countenance,
With happy looks of ruth and lenity,
Leave us my Lord, and loving countrymen,
What simple Virgins may persuade, we will.
Governor Farewell (sweet Virgins) on whose safe return
Depends our city, liberty, and lives.

Exeunt.

img: 35-a
sig: E2v

wln 1966

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

Actus. 5 Scaena. 2

*Tamburlaine. Techelles Theridamas, Usumcasane,
with others: Tamburlaine all in black, and very
melancholy.*

Tamburlaine

What, are the Turtles frayed out of their
nests?
Alas poor fools, must you be first shall feel
The sworn destruction of *Damascus*.
They know my custom: could they not as well
Have sent ye out, when first my milk-white flags
Through which sweet mercy threw her gentle beams
Reflexing them on your disdainful eyes:
As now when fury and incensed hate
Flings slaughtering terror from my coal-black tents.
And tells for truth, submissions comes too late.
1. *Virgin*. Most happy King and Emperor of the
earth.
Image of Honour and Nobility.
For whom the Powers divine have made the world.
And on whose throne the holy Graces sit.
In whose sweet person is comprised the Sum
Of nature's Skill and heavenly majesty.
Pity our plights, O pity poor *Damascus*:
Pity old age, within whose silver hairs
Honour and reverence evermore have reigned,
Pity the marriage bed, where many a Lord

wln 1993
wln 1994
wln 1995
wln 1996

img: 35-b
sig: E3r

In prime and glory of his loving joy.
Embraceth now with tears of ruth and blood,
The jealous body of his fearful wife,
Whose cheeks and hearts so punished with conceit,

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 think thy puissant never-stayed arm
Will part their bodies, and prevent their souls
From heavens of comfort, yet their age might bear,
Now wax all pale and withered to the death,
As well for grief our ruthless Governor
Have thus refused the mercy of thy hand,
(Whose sceptre Angels kiss, and Furies dread)
As for their liberties, their loves or lives,
O then for these, and such as we ourselves,
For us, for infants, and for all our bloods,
That never nourished thought against thy rule,
Pity, O pity, (sacred Emperor)
The prostrate service of this wretched town.
And take in sign thereof this gilded wreath,
Whereto each man of rule hath given his hand,
And wished as worthy subjects happy means,
To be investors of thy royal brows,
Even with the true Egyptian Diadem.
tamburlaine Virgins, in vain ye labour to prevent
That which mine honour swears shall be performed:
Behold my sword, what see you at the point?
Virgin Nothing but fear and fatal steel my Lord.
tamburlaine Your fearful minds are thick and misty then
For there sits Death, there sits imperious Death.
Keeping his circuit by the slicing edge.
But I am pleased you shall not see him there,
He now is seated on my horsemen's spears:
And on their points his fleshless body feeds.
Techelles, straight go charge a few of them
To charge these Dames, and show my servant death:
Sitting in scarlet on their armed spears.
Omnes. O pity us.

img: 36-a
sig: E3v

wln 2029
wln 2030
wln 2031
wln 2032
wln 2033
wln 2034
wln 2035
wln 2036
wln 2037

tamburlaine Away with them I say and show them death.
They take them away.
I will not spare these proud Egyptians.
Nor change my Martial observations,
For all the wealth of Gihon's golden waves.
Or for the love of *Venus*, would she leave
The angry God of Arms, and lie with me.
They have refused the offer of their lives,
And know my customs are as peremptory

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

img: 36-b
sig: C4r

wln 2061
wln 2062
wln 2063
wln 2064
wln 2065
wln 2066
wln 2067
wln 2068
wln 2069
wln 2070
wln 2071
wln 2072
wln 2073
wln 2074
wln 2075
wln 2076
wln 2077
wln 2078
wln 2079
wln 2080
wln 2081
wln 2082
wln 2083
wln 2084
wln 2085

As wrathful Planets, death, or destiny.
 Enter Techelles.
What, have your horsemen shown the virgins Death?
 techelles They have my Lord, and on *Damascus*' walls
Have hoist up their slaughtered carcasses.
 tamburlaine A sight as baneful to their souls I think
As are Thessalian drugs or Mithridate.
But go my Lords, put the rest to the sword.
Ah fair *Zenocrate*, divine *Zenocrate*,
Fair is too foul an Epithet for thee,
That in thy passion for thy country's love,
And fear to see thy kingly Father's harm,
With hair disheveled wip'st thy watery cheeks:
And like to *Flora* in her morning's pride,
Shaking her silver **tresses** in the air.
Rain'st on the earth resolved pearl in showers,
And sprinklest sapphires on thy shining face,
Where Beauty, mother to the Muses sits,
And comments volumes with her Ivory pen:
Taking instructions from thy flowing eyes,
Eyes when that *Ebena* steps to heaven.
In silence of thy solemn Evening's walk.
Making the mantle of the richest night.

Exeunt.

The Moon, the Planets, and the Meteors light,
There Angels in their crystal armours fight
A doubtful battle with my tempted thoughts,
For Egypt's freedom and the Soldan's life:
His life that so consumes *Zenocrate*,
Whose sorrows lay more siege unto my soul,
Than all my Army to *Damascus*' walls.
And neither Persians Sovereign, nor the Turk
Troubled my senses with conceit of foil,
So much by much, as doth *zenocrate*.
What is beauty saith my sufferings then?
If all the pens that ever poets held,
Had fed the feeling of their master's thoughts,
And every sweetness that inspired their hearts,
Their minds, and muses on admired themes:
If all the heavenly Quintessence they still
From their immortal flowers of Poesy,
Wherein as in a mirror we perceive
The highest reaches of a human wit.
If these had made one Poem's period
And all combined in Beauty's worthiness,
Yet should there hover in their restless heads,
One thought, one grace, one wonder at the least,
Which into words no virtue can digest:
But how unseemly is it for my Sex

wln 2086
wln 2087
wln 2088
wln 2089
wln 2090
wln 2091
wln 2092

img: 37-a
sig: E4v

My discipline of arms and Chivalry,
My nature and the terror of my name.
To harbour thoughts effeminate and faint?
Save only that in Beauty's just applause,
With whose instinct the soul of man is touched.
And every warrior that is rapt with love,
Of fame, of valour, and of victory

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 have beauty beat on his conceits,
I thus conceiving and subduing both:
That which hath stopped the tempest of the Gods,
Even from the fiery spangled veil of heaven,
To feel the lovely warmth of shepherds' flames,
And march in cottages of strewed weeds,
Shall give the world to note for all my birth,
That Virtue solely is the sum of glory,
And fashions men with true nobility.
Who's within there?

Enter two or three.

Hath *Bajazeth* been fed today?

Anippe Ay, my Lord.

tamburlaine Bring him forth, and let us know if the town
be ransacked.

wln 2108

Enter Techelles, Theridamas, Usumcasane and 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

techelles The town is ours my Lord, and fresh supply
Of conquest, and of spoil is offered us:

tamburlaine That's well *techelles*, what's the news?

techelles The Soldan and the Arabian king together
March on us with such eager violence,

As if there were no way but one with us.

tamburlaine No more there is not I warrant thee *techelles*

They bring in the Turk.

theridamas We know the victory is ours my Lord,
But let us save the reverend Soldan's life,
For fair *Zenocrate*, that so laments his state.

tamburlaine That will we chiefly see unto, *theridamas*.

For sweet *zenocrate*, whose worthiness
Deserves a conquest over every heart:

img: 37-b
sig: E5r

wln 2123
wln 2124
wln 2125
wln 2126
wln 2127

And now my footstool, if I lose the field,
You hope of liberty and restitution:
Here let him stay my masters from the tents,
Till we have made us ready for the field.
Pray for us *Bajazeth*, we are going.

Exeunt.

wln 2128
wln 2129
wln 2130
wln 2131
wln 2132
wln 2133
wln 2134
wln 2135
wln 2136
wln 2137
wln 2138
wln 2139
wln 2140
wln 2141
wln 2142
wln 2143
wln 2144
wln 2145
wln 2146
wln 2147
wln 2148
wln 2149
wln 2150
wln 2151
wln 2152
wln 2153
wln 2154

img: 38-a
sig: E5v

wln 2155
wln 2156
wln 2157
wln 2158
wln 2159
wln 2160
wln 2161
wln 2162
wln 2163
wln 2164
wln 2165
wln 2166
wln 2167
wln 2168
wln 2169
wln 2170
wln 2171
wln 2172
wln 2173
wln 2174
wln 2175

Bajazeth Go, never to return with victory:
Millions of men encompass thee about.
And gore thy body with as many wounds,
Sharp forked arrows light upon thy horse:
Furies from the black *Cocytus* ' lake,
Break up the earth, and with their firebrands,
Enforce thee run upon the baneful pikes.
Volleys of shot pierce through thy charmed Skin.
And every bullet dipped in poisoned drugs,
Or roaring Cannons sever all thy joints.
Making thee mount as high as Eagles soar.
zabina Let all the swords and Lances in the field,
Stick in his breast, as in their proper rooms,
At every pore let blood come dropping forth.
That ling'ring pains may massacre his heart.
And madness send his damned soul to hell.
Bajazeth Ah fair *zabina*, we may curse his power,
The heavens may frown, the earth for anger quake,
But such a Star hath influence in his sword,
As rules the Skies, and countermands the Gods
More than Cimmerian *Styx* or Destiny:
And then shall we in this detested guise,
With shame, with hunger, and with horror aye
Griping our bowels with retorqued thoughts,
And have no hope to end our ecstasies.
zabina Then is there left no *Mahomet*, no God,
No Fiend, no Fortune, nor no hope of end?

To our infamous monstrous slaveries:
Gape earth, and let the Fiend's infernal view,
As hell, as hopeless and as full of fear
As are the blasted banks of *Erebus*:
Where shaking ghosts with ever howling groans,
Hover about the ugly Ferryman, to get a passage to *Elysian*
why should we live, O wretches, beggars slaves
Why live we *Bajazeth*, and build up nests,
So high within the region of the air,
By living long in this oppression,
That all the world will see and laugh to scorn.
The former triumphs of our mightiness,
In this obscure infernal servitude
Bajazeth O life more loathsome to my vexed thoughts,
Than noisome parbreak of the Stygian Snakes,
Which fills the nooks of Hell with standing air,
Infecting all the Ghosts with cureless griefs:
O dreary Engines of my loathed sight,
That sees my crown, my honour and my name,
Thrust under yoke and thraldom of a thief.
Why feed ye still on day's accursed beams,

wln 2176
wln 2177
wln 2178
wln 2179
wln 2180
wln 2181
wln 2182
wln 2183
wln 2184
wln 2185
wln 2186

img: 38-b
sig: E6r

And sink not quite into my tortured soul.
You see my wife, my Queen and Empress,
Brought up and propped by the hand of fame,
Queen of fifteen contributory Queens,
Now thrown to rooms of black abjection,
Smeared with blots of basest drudgery:
And Villeiness to shame, disdain, and misery:
Accursed *Bajazeth*, whose words of ruth,
That would with pity cheer *Zabina's* heart:
And make our souls resolve in ceaseless tears,
Sharp hunger bites upon and gripes the root:

wln 2187
wln 2188
wln 2189
wln 2190
wln 2191
wln 2192
wln 2193
wln 2194
wln 2195
wln 2196
wln 2197
wln 2198
wln 2199
wln 2200
wln 2201
wln 2202
wln 2203
wln 2204
wln 2205
wln 2206
wln 2207
wln 2208
wln 2209
wln 2210
wln 2211
wln 2212
wln 2213
wln 2214
wln 2215
wln 2216
wln 2217
wln 2218
wln 2219

From whence the issues of my thoughts do break,
O poor *zabina*, O my Queen, my Queen,
Fetch me some water for my burning breast,
To cool and comfort me with longer date,
That in the short'ned sequel of my life,
I may pour forth my soul into thine arms,
With words of love: whose moaning intercourse
Hath hitherto been stayed, with wrath and hate
Of our expressless banned inflictions inflictions:
zabina Sweet *Bajazeth*, I will prolong thy life,
As long as any blood or spark of breath
Can quench or cool the torments of my grief.

She goes out:

Bajazeth Now *Bajazeth*, abridge thy baneful days,
And beat thy brains out of thy conquered head:
Since other means are all forbidden me,
That may be ministers of my decay.
O highest Lamp of everliving *Jove*,
Accursed day infected with my griefs,
Hide now thy stained face in endless night,
And shut the windows of the lightsome heavens,
Let ugly darkness with her rusty coach
Engirt with tempests wrapped in pitchy clouds,
Smother the earth with never-fading mists:
And let her horses from their nostrils breathe
Rebellious winds and dreadful thunderclaps:
That in this terror *tamburlaine* may live.
And my pined soul resolved in liquid **ay**,
May still excruciate his tormented thoughts.
Then let the stony dart of senseless cold,
Pierce through the centre of my withered heart,
And make a passage for my loathed life.

He brains himself against the cage.

img: 39-a
sig: E6v

wln 2220
wln 2221
wln 2222
wln 2223
wln 2224
wln 2225
wln 2226
wln 2227
wln 2228
wln 2229
wln 2230
wln 2231
wln 2232
wln 2233
wln 2234
wln 2235
wln 2236

Enter Zabina.

zabina What do mine eyes behold, my husband dead?
His Skull all riven in twain, his brains dashed out?
The brains of *Bajazeth*, my Lord and Sovereign?
O *Bajazeth*, my husband and my Lord,
O *Bajazeth*, O Turk, O Emperor, give him his liquor
Not I, bring milk and fire, and my blood I bring him
again, tear me in pieces, give me the sword with a
ball of wildfire upon it. Down with him, down with
him. Go to my child, away, away, away. Ah, save that
Infant, save him, save him. I, even I speak to her, the
Sun was down. Streamers white. Red, Black, here
here, here. Fling the meat in his face. *Tamburlaine*,
tamburlaine, Let the soldiers be buried. Hell, death,
tamburlaine, Hell, make ready my Coach, my chair, my
jewels, I come, I come, I come.

She runs against the Cage and brains herself

wln 2237

Zenocrate with Anippe,

wln 2238
wln 2239
wln 2240
wln 2241
wln 2242
wln 2243
wln 2244
wln 2245
wln 2246
wln 2247
wln 2248
wln 2249

Wretched *Zenocrate*, that livest to see,
Damascus' walls dyed with Egyptian blood.
Thy Father's subjects and thy countrymen:
Thy streets strewed with dissevered joints of men,
And wounded bodies gasping yet for life.
But most accursed, to see the Sun-bright troop
Of heavenly virgins and unspotted maids,
Whose looks might make the angry God of arms,
To break his sword, and mildly treat of love,
On horsemen's Lances to be hoisted up,
And guiltlessly endure a cruel death.
For every fell and stout Tartarian Stead,

img: 39-b
sig: E7r

wln 2250
wln 2251
wln 2252
wln 2253
wln 2254
wln 2255
wln 2256
wln 2257
wln 2258
wln 2259
wln 2260
wln 2261
wln 2262
wln 2263
wln 2264
wln 2265

That stamped on others with their thund'ring hooves
When all their riders charged their quivering spears
Began to check the ground, and rein themselves:
Gazing upon the beauty of their looks:
Ah *Tamburlaine*, wert thou the cause of this
That term'st *Zenocrate* thy dearest love?
Whose lives were dearer to *Zenocrate*
Than her own life, or aught save thine own love.
But see another bloody spectacle.
Ah wretched eyes, the enemies of my heart,
How are ye glutted with these grievous objects,
And tell my soul more tales of bleeding ruth?
See, see *Anippe* if they breathe or no.
Anippe No breath nor sense, nor motion in them both
Ah Madam, this their slavery hath Enforced,
And ruthless cruelty of *Tamburlaine*.

wln 2266
wln 2267
wln 2268
wln 2269
wln 2270
wln 2271
wln 2272
wln 2273
wln 2274
wln 2275
wln 2276
wln 2277
wln 2278
wln 2279
wln 2280
wln 2281

img: 40-a
sig: E7v

Zenocrate Earth cast up fountains from thy entrails,
And wet thy cheeks for their untimely deaths:
Shake with their weight in sign of fear and grief:
Blush heaven, that gave them honour at their birth,
And let them die a death so barbarous.
Those that are proud of fickle Empery,
And place their chiefest good in earthly pomp:
Behold the Turk and his great Emperesse.
Ah *tamburlaine*, my love, sweet *tamburlaine*,
That fights for Sceptres and for slippery crowns,
Behold the Turk and his great Emperesse,
Thou that in conduct of thy happy stars,
Sleep'st every night with conquest on thy brows,
And yet wouldst shun the wavering turns of war,
In fear and feeling of the like distress,
Behold the Turk and his great Emperesse.

wln 2282
wln 2283
wln 2284
wln 2285
wln 2286
wln 2287
wln 2288
wln 2289
wln 2290
wln 2291
wln 2292
wln 2293
wln 2294
wln 2295
wln 2296
wln 2297
wln 2298
wln 2299
wln 2300
wln 2301
wln 2302
wln 2303
wln 2304
wln 2305
wln 2306
wln 2307
wln 2308
wln 2309
wln 2310
wln 2311
wln 2312
wln 2313

Ah mighty *Jove* and holy *Mahomet*,
Pardon my Love, oh pardon his contempt,
Of earthly fortune, and respect of pity,
And let not conquest ruthlessly pursued
Be equally against his life incensed,
In this great Turk and hapless Emperesse.
And pardon me that was not moved with ruth,
To see them live so long in misery:
Ah what may chance to thee *zenocrate*?
Anippe Madam content yourself and be resolved,
Your Love hath fortune so at his command,
That she shall stay and turn her wheel no more,
As long as life maintains his mighty arm,
That fights for honour to adorn your head.
Enter a Messenger.
Zenocrate What other heavy news now brings *Philemus*?
Philemus Madam, your father and th' *Arabian* king,
The first affecter of your excellence,
Comes now as *Turnus* 'gainst *Aeneas* did.
Armed with lance into the Egyptian fields,
Ready for battle 'gainst my Lord the King.
Zenocrate Now shame and duty, love and fear presents
A thousand sorrows to my martyred soul:
Whom should I wish the fatal victory,
When my poor pleasures are divided thus,
And racked by duty from my cursed heart:
My father and my first betrothed love,
Must fight against my life and present love:
Wherein the change I use condemns my faith,
And makes my deeds infamous through the world.
But as the Gods to end the Trojans' toil,
Prevented *Turnus* of *Lavinia*.

img: 40-b
sig: E8r

wln 2314 And fatally enriched *Aeneas*' love.
wln 2315 So for a final Issue to my griefs,
wln 2316 To pacify my country and my love,
wln 2317 Must *Tamburlaine* by their resistless powers,
wln 2318 With virtue of a gentle victory,
wln 2319 Conclude a league of honour to my hope,
wln 2320 Then as the powers divine have preordained,
wln 2321 With happy safety of my father's life,
wln 2322 Send like defence of fair *Arabia*.

wln 2323 *They sound to the battle.*
wln 2324 *And Tamburlaine enjoys the victory, after Arabia*
wln 2325 *enters wounded.*

wln 2326 *Arabia* What cursed power guides the murdering hands,
wln 2327 Of this infamous Tyrant's soldiers.
wln 2328 That no escape may save their enemies:
wln 2329 Nor fortune keep themselves from victory.
wln 2330 Lie down *Arabia*, wounded to the death,
wln 2331 And let *Zenocrate*'s fair eyes behold
wln 2332 That as for her thou bear'st these wretched arms.
wln 2333 Even so for her thou diest in these arms:
wln 2334 Leaving thy blood for witness of thy love.

wln 2335 *zenocrate* Too dear a witness for such love my Lord,
wln 2336 Behold *Zenocrate*, the cursed object
wln 2337 Whose Fortunes never mastered her griefs:
wln 2338 Behold her wounded in conceit for thee,
wln 2339 As much as thy fair body is for me.

wln 2340 *Arabia* Then shall I die with full contented heart,
wln 2341 Having beheld divine *Zenocrate*,
wln 2342 Whose sight with joy would take away my life,
wln 2343 As now it bringeth sweetness to my wound,
wln 2344 If I had not been wounded as I am.

img: 41-a
sig: E8v

wln 2345 Ah that the deadly pangs I suffer now,
wln 2346 Would lend an hour's license to my tongue:
wln 2347 To make discourse of some sweet accidents
wln 2348 Have chanced thy merits in this worthless bondage.
wln 2349 And that I might be privy to the state,
wln 2350 Of thy deserved contentment and thy love:
wln 2351 But making now a virtue of thy sight,
wln 2352 To drive all sorrow from my fainting soul:
wln 2353 Since Death denies me further cause of joy.
wln 2354 Deprived of care, my heart with comfort dies.
wln 2355 Since thy desired hand shall close mine eyes.

wln 2356

Enter *Tamburlaine* leading the *Soldan*, *Techelles*,
Theridamas, *Usumcasane*, with others.

wln 2357

wln 2358

wln 2359

wln 2360

wln 2361

wln 2362

wln 2363

wln 2364

wln 2365

wln 2366

wln 2367

wln 2368

wln 2369

wln 2370

wln 2371

wln 2372

wln 2373

wln 2374

Tamburlaine Come happy Father of *Zenocrate*,
A title higher than thy *Soldan*'s name:
Though my right hand have thus enthralled thee
Thy princely daughter here shall set thee free.
She that hath calmed the fury of my sword.
Which had ere this been bathed in streams of blood,
As vast and deep as *Euphrates* or *Nile*.

Zenocrate O sight thrice welcome to my joyful soul.
To see the king my Father issue safe,
From dangerous battle of my conquering Love.

Soldan Well met my only dear *Zenocrate*,
Though with the loss of Egypt and my Crown.

tamburlaine 'Twas I my lord that gat the victory,
And therefore grieve not at your overthrow.
Since I shall render all into your hands.
And add more strength to your dominions
Then ever yet confirmed th'Egyptian Crown.

img: 41-b
sig: F1r

wln 2375

wln 2376

wln 2377

wln 2378

wln 2379

wln 2380

wln 2381

wln 2382

wln 2383

wln 2384

wln 2385

wln 2386

wln 2387

wln 2388

wln 2389

wln 2390

wln 2391

wln 2392

wln 2393

wln 2394

wln 2395

wln 2396

wln 2397

wln 2398

wln 2399

wln 2400

wln 2401

wln 2402

The God of war resigns his room to me,
Meaning to make me General of the world,
Jove viewing me in arms, looks pale and wan,
Fearing my power should pull him from his throne,
Where'er I come the fatal sisters sweat,
And grisly death by running to and fro,
To do their ceaseless homage to my sword:
And here in *Afric* where it seldom rains,
Since I arrived with my triumphant host,
Have swelling clouds drawn from wide gasping
wounds.

Been oft resolved in bloody purple showers,
A meteor that might terrify the earth,
And make it quake at every drop it drinks:
Millions of souls sit on the banks of *Styx*,
Waiting the back return of *Charon*'s boat,
Hell and *Elysian* swarm with ghosts of men,
That I have sent from sundry foughten fields.
To spread my fame through hell and up to heaven:
And see my Lord, a sight of strange import,
Emperors and kings lie breathless at my feet,
The Turk and his great Empress as it seems,
Left to themselves while we were at the fight.
Have desperately dispatched their slavish lives:
With them *Arabia* too hath left his life,
All sights of power to grace my victory:
And such are objects fit for *Tamburlaine*.
Wherein as in a mirror may be seen,

wln 2403
wln 2404
wln 2405
wln 2406

img: 42-a
sig: F1v

His honour, that consists in shedding blood,
When men presume to manage arms with him.
Soldan Mighty hath God and *Mahomet* made thy hand
(Renowned *tamburlaine*) to whom all kings

wln 2407
wln 2408
wln 2409
wln 2410
wln 2411
wln 2412
wln 2413
wln 2414
wln 2415
wln 2416
wln 2417
wln 2418
wln 2419
wln 2420
wln 2421
wln 2422
wln 2423
wln 2424
wln 2425
wln 2426
wln 2427
wln 2428
wln 2429
wln 2430
wln 2431
wln 2432
wln 2433
wln 2434
wln 2435
wln 2436
wln 2437
wln 2438

Of force must yield their crowns and Emperies,
And I am pleased with this my overthrow:
If as beseems a person of thy state,
Thou hast with honour used *Zenocrate*.
tamburlaine Her state and person wants no pomp you see,
And for all blot of foul in chastity,
I record heaven, her heavenly self is clear:
Then let me find no further time to grace
Her princely Temples with the Persian crown:
But here these kings that on my fortunes wait:
And have been crowned for proved worthiness,
Even by this hand that shall establish them,
Shall now, adjoining all their hands with mine,
Invest her here my Queen of *Persia*,
What saith the noble *Soldan* and *Zenocrate*
Soldan I yield with thanks and protestations
Of endless honour to thee for her love.
Tamburlaine Then doubt I not but fair *Zenocrate*
Will soon consent to satisfy us both.
Zenocrate Else should I much forget myself, my Lord,
Theridamas Then let us set the crown upon her head,
That long hath lingered for so high a seat.
Techelles My hand is ready to perform the deed,
For now her marriage time shall work us rest:
Usumcasane And here's the crown my Lord, help set it on
Tamburlaine Then sit thou down divine *Zenocrate*,
And here we crown thee Queen of *Persia*,
And all the kingdoms and dominions
That late the power of *Tamburlaine* subdued:
As Juno, when the Giants were suppressed,
That darted mountains at her brother *Jove*:
So looks my Love, shadowing in her brows

img: 42-b
sig: F2r

wln 2439
wln 2440
wln 2441
wln 2442
wln 2443
wln 2444
wln 2445
wln 2446
wln 2447

Triumphs and Trophies for my victories:
Or as *Latona's* daughter bent to arms,
Adding more courage to my conquering mind,
To gratify the sweet *zenocrate*,
Egyptians, Moors and men of Asia,
From *Barbary* unto the Western *Indie*,
Shall pay a yearly tribute to thy Sire.
And from the bounds of *Afric* to the banks
Of *Ganges*, shall his mighty arm extend.

wln 2448
wln 2449
wln 2450
wln 2451
wln 2452
wln 2453
wln 2454
wln 2455
wln 2456
wln 2457
wln 2458
wln 2459
wln 2460

And now my Lords and loving followers,
That purchased kingdoms by your martial deeds,
Cast off your armour, put on scarlet robes.
Mount up your royal places of estate,
Environed with troops of noble men,
And there make laws to rule your provinces:
Hang up your weapons on *Alcides*' post,
For *Tamburlaine* takes truce with all the world
Thy first betrothed, Love *Arabia*,
Shall we with honour (as beseems) entomb,
With this great Turk and his fair Emperesse:
Then after all these solemn Exequies,
We will our celebrated rites of marriage solemnize

wln 2461
wln 2462

*Finis Actus quinti et ultimi 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*.